


the Sam Campbell Special

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The "Sam Campbell Special" is issued periodically by the Chicago and North Western Railway, and sent to those who have been or are going on a Sam Campbell tour. Our warmest welcome to those new to these joyous travel experiences, who have now made reservation on the 1955 Tour-Cruise to Alaska. Your trip will be more than just a trip -- it will be an experience that will enrich your whole life!

HERE COMES THAT PARTY!

THE ANNUAL REUNION AND GET-TOGETHER OF THE CAMPBELL TOUR FOLKS WILL BE APRIL 16, 1955

Put the date down. It isn't one bit too early to make plans for attending. The place will be the Lake Shore Club of Chicago, 850 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. The Club has remodelled its beautiful Grand Ballroom providing a wonderful atmosphere for this annual meeting of friends and fellow travellers. Guests will begin arriving at 11:30 A.M. for greetings, huggings, and kissings. A fine luncheon is planned, and the afternoon will be devoted to a joy-making program. There will be recollections of Hawaii, and anticipations of Alaska. Also, there will be plenty of room for guests--so plan on making up a party all your own.

We want lots of things on our display tables -- photo collections, scrap books, souvenirs you have gathered in travels, mementos, kodachrome slides and viewers, etc., etc. Figure out what you can bring, and bring it.

The Cost will be \$4.00 per plate. Later all Campbellites, both new and old, will receive a letter giving details and a way to make reservations for this laughing, lovely, luscious, liltng, luncheon. This announcement is just to give you the date and place, so you can get ready.

ALASKA HO

The Alaska Cruise-Tour is developing by leaps and bounds like a western jack-rabbit. As this goes to press about two-thirds of the reservations are gone, and applications are coming in daily. The reserves are of that high quality expected on a Sam Campbell Tour.

The period when the tour is being organized the Campbells and Dicksons consider one of the happiest periods of the whole experience. They are in touch with each other by long distance constantly, and over the wire will come the exciting news: "The Dr. Robertsons are going!" "Mr. & Mrs. Gasser's application is in!" "Mable Corson is going!" "Margaret Knoebel will be with us, so will the Logans of Milwaukee, the Warren Smiths of Buffalo, May Miller of Toledo, Dr. Stowell of Rockford. The Balsoms, the Valkenaars, Mary Kingston and Mary Carmichael, the Voneys, etc., etc., etc." Every mail brings names of old friends and new friends who are going to join in this adventure, and the organizers love it.

Incidentally, there are some Campbellites who have said they want to go, and who have not sent in their applications as yet. Better take the final step, folks. We have held space as long as we can. The Steamship Company requires that our reservations be completed by April 15. While some switching of space may be possible after that, the party must be substantially organized by that time. Last year some of our friends delayed asking space on the Hawaii trip until we were sold out, and we felt badly about it.

PREVIEW

Alaska and the Yukon occupy such a prominent place in our plans, and their very names are so intriguing we are likely to forget that other elements of our tour

hold much in store for us.

There is Jasper National Park, for instance, our first stop. Wherever travellers gather and question as to which is the most beautiful spot in the world, the name of Jasper Park is sure to be mentioned as a candidate for the title. It contains 4,200 square miles of Canada's finest mountain scenery. There are emerald lakes set in among rugged snow covered peaks, and streams that stay white-watered from their source to the sea. Magnificent forests deck the valleys and mountain sides. Animals are protected in the area, and so are unafraid and easily seen. There will be deer, bear, ospreys, and eagles to look upon and photograph, and likely mountain goat, too. The Columbia Ice Fields, which we will visit June 14, is the largest ice field south of the Arctic Circle. The ice field is 110 miles in area, and its tongue comes right down to the roadside.

Jasper Park Lodge has a way of hanging on to the coattails of everyone who visits it. On our previous trip to Alaska, some of the guests wanted to stay right on at Jasper and forget the rest of the journey. The sleeping rooms at Jasper are found in many modest sized cabins scattered among Canadian spruce trees, connected with the central lodge by beautiful walks and trails. The lodge itself is a kind of miracle. The size and beauty of the place is over-powering. It faces out upon lovely Lac Beauvert, and from its spacious lawn can be seen the rugged outline of Mount Edith Cavell. Snow-capped peaks are on every side.

The name "Jasper" has a rather disappointing origin. Way back in the pioneer days a trapper by the name of Jasper came to the region. No one seems to know much about him except that he was redheaded. No one seems to know why his name was chosen for this wonderful park, either, but it was -- and we see again how some folks have fame thrust upon them.

Lordly Mount Robson, the term "lordly" being used so much it is practically part of the name, is 12,972 feet high. We will look upon it as our train moves on west from Jasper. It is a spectacle of such splendor that people generally view it in silence, as language is inadequate to express their feelings.

The route on to Vancouver from Jasper is one of the most beautiful in the world. It follows the course of the turbulent Fraser River much of the way. Incidentally, the Canadian National Railway is the largest system in North America. It has more than 24,000 miles of track.

Just when our hearts have had so much beauty poured into them it would seem they could contain no more, when Alaska is behind us and we are journeying home, comes Lake Louise! No mood of man, either stoical or surfeited, can be indifferent to the grandeur of that place. The journey on the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver has prepared thought for something great. Lake Louise gratifies that expectancy. You need not walk far nor climb high for the supreme view. Just step out on the terrace of the Chateau Lake Louise and look at the spectacle right before you. If it doesn't make you gasp for breath, it means you have seen it before and are enforcing restraint. The emerald green waters of the lake lie cupped within rugged peaks. To the left is Fairview Mountain, to the right The Bee Hive, far in the distance is Victoria Mountain, with Victoria Glacier, white and glistening, on its side. It is one of those unbelievable things, as though all the ideals of outline, form, and color here had been objectified.

It is a place to let thought soar to spiritual contemplations, to release waking dreams to run their course. Here fantasy seems to join hand with fact. If such beauty is possible in this world, then the highest hopes of the heart must be true.

Other scenic wonders hover about Lake Louise, as though the law that "like attracts like" had ruled the formulative days of creation. Near at hand is the Valley of the Ten Peaks, the Bow River Valley, Emerald Lake, Johnson's Canyon, Marble Canyon, Takakkaw Falls, and an abundance of undisturbed wild life.

All of this -- and Alaska besides!

ECHOES OF HAWAII

These little islands out there in the center of the Pacific are not as innocent as they look. Their soft and subtle enchanting ways are all the while weaving a spell about their visitors, and these latter become their prisoners forever. You may leave the islands, but they never leave you. Near at hand they are always to seize your thoughts in any unguarded moment, to lead you off into dreams and yearnings.

One evening when winter was playing wild melodies on barren branches of the trees with sub-zero winds, and snow swirled about the cabin, we sat before a grate fire in fit mood for retrospection. The spell of Hawaii crept over us, and in a moment we were dreaming of the islands, mixing memories with wishes and plans. We recalled a precious hour -- one of those times when the thoughts of people transcend materialism and reaches aloft into an atmosphere satisfying to the soul.

It was on the island of Kauai. Our party had been taken to a hukilau, prior to our departure for the island of Hawaii. The hukilau was a failure, as far as the catch of fish was concerned, but the luncheon and entertainment were of the quality we learned to expect of those Hawaiian people. Then our drivers sang the "Wedding Song," for it was the anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Horner. There were many handkerchiefs slipped up to gather in stray tears, so impressive was the music and so rich and deep the sincerity that prevailed. Then Mr. Horner acknowledged the tribute in words that were well selected and pronounced with feeling. Out of his memory he drew the following poem, most appropriate to the occasion:

"Friendship is a chain of gold
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A clasp of the hand, a word of cheer,
As steadfast as the ages roll,
Binding closer soul to soul.
No matter how far or heavy the load,
Sweet is the way on friendship's road."

We do not know the author--perhaps it is Mr. Horner's own. But we know it fitted the circumstance and carried the thoughts of all present to a spiritual level not often attained. We have received a number of letters since asking for this poem. Truly Hawaii has a way of finding and releasing the love and friendship which is native to our hearts.

A number of folks from the 1954 Hawaii Cruise have asked us to hold space for them in the next trip to the islands in 1956. That is neither surprising nor foolish. A wise traveller has said, "I always enjoy my second trip to a place better than the first. I am prepared then for its beauties, know where to look for its oddities and interesting things, and I have the feeling of belonging."