



# the Sam Campbell Special 1955



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May your reunion luncheon be an outstanding success! We like the way you Campbellites keep alive your friendships, your memories, and your plans by these periodic get-togethers. You don't let the dizzy pace of the world take these joys from you. More power to you!

(The C&NW Ry.)

## Luncheon Plans

By this time you have notice of the Sam Campbell Reunion Luncheon (November 12, 1955), including a reservation card. PLEASE GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, so we know how big to bake that cake!

The entertainment features line up well. Bill Lani and his Hawaiian Trio will be there. These boys really know and play Hawaiian music. They appear regularly at the Waikiki Club in Chicago. And Kealoha will be there, too. Kealoha (pronounced Kay-a-lo-ha) is a Hawaiian girl who does the island dances as they should be done.

There will be a beautiful sound-film in color, showing the voyage to Hawaii on the Lurline, and the beauties of the islands. Sam Campbell will then show an informal assembly of recently taken scenes, both of animal life and the pictures made this year on the Alaska Cruise.

There will be leis for everyone, singing, talking (not too much), the renewal of friendships, and that grand companionship which is the crowning feature of all our experiences.

Because we know from past experience that other folks, like ourselves, misplace notices, we repeat here the details of our luncheon plans:

Date: November 12, 1955  
Hour: Visitin' begins at 11:30 A.M., Luncheon is served at 12:30.  
Place: Grand Ballroom of the Lake Shore Club of Chicago. (The Lake Shore Club is at 850 Lake Shore Drive -- we use the special Ballroom entrance on the north side of the building on Chestnut Street.)  
Cost: \$4.00 per plate, including gratuities.  
Reservations: Should be sent to Mrs. Phoebe Obermayer, 121 N. Warrington Road, Des Plaines, Illinois (Phone Vanderbilt 4-1406)  
Closing Hour: About 4:30 P.M.

(Sh-h-h-h -- did you notice that "Mrs. Phoebe Obermayer"? Yes, that's our sweet Phoebe (nee) Cramer. She's gone, and went, and got married. Ken Obermayer (the lucky stiff) is one of the grandest fellows you could ever meet. They will be at the speakers' table at the luncheon -- though we suppose that Ken's speaking days are over.

Now there is plenty of room in that Grand Ballroom. Feel free to invite anyone and everyone you think would enjoy our kind of fellowship, requesting the reservations of Phoebe. And bring along slides, pictures, souvenirs, etc., for our display table.

We want the atmosphere as Hawaiian as possible. Hence, those of you who have been to the islands, wear your aloha shirts, Hawaiian dresses, and those screwy hats if you have them.

Among other events that day, we are going to ask members of the audience to take part in the Hukilau dance. Remember how we learned to do it on the Lurline? If you do, maybe you will want to get up with the others and loosen up a few vertebrae. Both wahines and kanes (women and men) will be invited to take part. "Have fun" is the commandment of Hawaii, and we can do it right here.

#### HAWAII CALLS

It is strange the pull that little cluster of islands has on our hearts. Our quiet hours, when we can give way to dreams and musings, are not very numerous, but when such precious periods come we find thoughts reach out across the blue Pacific to that Paradise.

One who has been there before, and is now joining the Sam Campbell Hawaii Cruise-Tour of 1956, writes beautifully of these yearnings. We have permission to reproduce the letter here, anonymously.

"I am lonesome tonight. I want Hawaii. I want to see its date and coconut palms waving rhythmically in the steady trade winds, and to watch the long, white-haired waves breaking on the beaches.

"I'm lonesome tonight -- lonely for Hawaii. I want to feel the meaningful grip of the hand by Hawaiian people, to see their smiles, to hear their songs, to join in their laughter and good will. My thought yearns for the unhurried pace of life in the islands, for rest from the drive of our mainland lives.

"I want to greet anew the flowers of Hawaii, to touch them, to take in their fragrance, and to unhurriedly admire their beauty. I want to see the coral hibiscus again, the fantastic barringtonia, the climbing lily, the cup of gold, the golden shower tree, the odd shrimp plant, and the orchids that once rendered me speechless with their beauty.

"I'm lonesome tonight. My ears are listening for Hawaiian music. I want to hear the guitars, the ukuleles, and those singers whose voices blend with the soft atmosphere, patient and harmonic as the stars.

"It isn't that I am unhappy where I am. I live amidst a host of friends whom I love and whose companionship I treasure. I can't help it, I'm just lonesome for Hawaii -- and I like being lonesome for Hawaii, because -- well, just think how wonderful it will be when I go there again."

Thank you, our friend, we know just how you feel.

Some of the folks on the 1954 Hawaii Tour met Hiram Naipo at the Kauai Inn. Hiram was the director of the fine group of drivers that took us about this island. His friendliness, courtesy, and good will are proverbial in Hawaii. Word comes that Hiram is now cruise director on the LURLINE. Howard Morris, who held this station when we made the previous tour, has taken to the Lecture Field along with other activities. It is good to know that this important station will be filled by such a capable and lovable person as Hiram Naipo.

Hawaii now has a population of about 500,000, of whom 85% are American citizens. The cluster of islands looks rather small compared to the great area of ocean about them and yet Hawaii is greater in size than Delaware, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined.

The story is current of the lady who boarded the Lurline for Hawaii on one of last season's voyages. She came aboard about three hours before sailing time, and used this period to wander about getting acquainted with the ship. Unwittingly, she walked across the gangplank into the waiting room on shore. When the air was full of "good-byes" and "bon voyages" she stood at a window waving at what she supposed were the folks on shore. Suddenly as the Lurline turned and pointed its bow toward the Golden Gate Bridge, she realized her situation. Thanks to ship-to-shore phones, and a patient ship captain, the Lurline slowed down until she could be brought alongside in a launch. But a Campbellite would never do that -- or would he?

Our brochure of the 1956 Hawaii Cruise-Tour is coming off the press as this is being written. Copies will be mailed at once to all Campbellites. A few days later these will be sent to general mailing lists.

Please bring this Tour to the attention of your friends. We know that your friends are sure to be the kind of folks we want on our trips!

### OUR FOLKS

We had a card from Reverend and Mrs. Johnson, mailed during a Caribbean Cruise. "Better bring your crowd down here sometime. It is really good!" is their comment. The Johnsons have been on several of our Tours. They are grand folks, and maybe we should listen to their advice.

Also had a card from Dorothy Martin, mailed in Southampton. You folks who were on the 1954 Hawaii Cruise will remember Dorothy. She was a star pupil in the hula classes aboard the Lurline. Remember, too, our other Dorothy (McDonald) - who gave us the scare at Waikiki. The outrigger canoe in which she and several others were riding was swamped by a big wave. Betty Koenig, who could take care of herself in the water, called to the husky Hawaiian who had charge of the canoe, "Save Dorothy! Save Dorothy! She can't swim." The Hawaiian paddling about calmly, said, "Madam, please, just who is Dorothy." Dorothy popped up out of the sea about that time, and was properly introduced. All ended well. They splashed the water out of the canoe, and then climbed aboard. Two wonderful girls, these Dorothies.

At their North Woods Sanctuary this summer, Sam and Giny found many new and interesting animal friends. They also discovered that they had become baby-sitters for a lot of these forest creatures. Mother raccoons were bringing their young over to the island where the Campbells live, and leaving the little ones while they went off on carefree, social adventures. One family of four raccoonlets were left there repeatedly. The little ones had no fear whatever, and were just natural pets. One insisted on coming into the cabin, and Sam named him "Cominski" because he comes in. A second one would follow him, and Giny called him "Me Too." A third of the family would stand on the doorsill and not go out or in. He was "Half and Half." The fourth one wouldn't come in at all, and he was "I-du-wanna." The star performance was when Cominski, strolling about the cabin, suddenly saw himself in a mirror. He bared his teeth, and raised the hair on his back, after the manner of an irritated cat. He wagged his tail, and growled. The raccoon in the mirror aped everything except the growl. Cominski crept up to the mirror ready to disintegrate that nervy critter that had invaded his realm. The critter crept up too. Only when he had bitten at the glass did Cominski discover his mistake. Chagrined, he went out the door and didn't return for two days.

"thought-of-the-month"

"I would so live as if I knew that I received my being only for the benefit of others."

(Seneca)