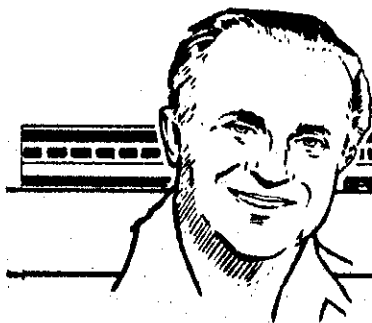


# the Sam Campbell Special 1956



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Here we are, Campbellites, getting knee-deep into 1956. A bonus comes with this year, you know. There is one extra day included, and it is sort of like getting a refund on your income tax. One extra day to go places, see something beautiful, do something friendly, love and be loved! Thank you, 1956.

## THOUGHTS ON TRAVEL

The virtue of travel depends largely on how you do it. That is true of art or music, or any one of life's experiences. There is a right and a wrong way to do things, but the amazing and gratifying fact is that we human beings have within our mental capacities the ability to discern and to do what is right.

Not all our great thinkers have given unqualified approval to travel. Emerson once called travel "a fool's paradise." Yet Emerson, who certainly wasn't a fool, roamed far and wide, sharpening his keen intellect with adventures in foreign lands and watering his wisdom through contact with many peoples. Socrates is charged with saying "See one promontory, one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all." But that quotation is in "Anatomy of Melancholy" (Burton), and that is a fitting place for it.

Both the criticisms and praises of travel point to one thing: there is much to learn about it. It is, in itself, an art related to all arts. Surely, one does it an injustice if he thinks by merely going some place he is to get rid of himself and all boredom. Travel is not a substitute for self-culture, for innate joy and fellowship, for tolerance and good will toward men, for self-discipline and growth of character — but it aids in the accomplishment of these virtues once the heart is set upon them.

The wise traveler embarks on a journey not to get away from home, but rather to take the world into it. Perhaps he finds a measure of truth in what Socrates believed, and that there is a similarity in all rivers and mountains and seas. But it is a beautiful and satisfying similarity that keeps him seeking it again and again. It pleases his heart that nature's grandeur can be expressed in so many ways without straying from the one pattern. It is no less gratifying to realize that down deep under custom and color there is a basic sameness to people, that the love of friends, of family, of virtue, of simple sincerity, is in some way the primitive substance of all.

The wise traveler goes forth to give more than to get. To those he meets along the way he has the cheery greeting, the smile with substance back of it, and the handshake that truly reaches from heart to heart. He is alert, appreciative, patient, grateful, that his journey is a mode and means of cultivating these qualities.

Action is synonymous with life. We can't just be, we must do. Traveling, under intelligent control and direction, is a wonderful thing to do. It combats narrowness, reduces egotism, corrects false impressions about other lands and peoples, enhances the sense of beauty, and points out the utter foolishness of those childish things which promote enmity between nations.

Travel is not just for the sake of a chosen destination. The mere going has a virtue. "For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson (who once lived in Hawaii!). "I travel for travel's sake. The great affair

is to move." And he just traveled with a donkey! Think of his enthusiasm if he could have gone with the Campbellites. True there must be the place in our plans to establish the object and govern the direction of our journey—but the process of getting there has virtue all its own. There is the excitement of the departure, things to remember and things to forget, the bon voyage of friends and loved ones, the waves, the smiles, the silly things we say—surely at that moment the world has lost all humdrum. Then we sit aboard our conveyance, whatever it may be, and watch the countryside drift by, gathering treasures of beauty from each passing mile. We meet new friends, hear new viewpoints and opinions, face new situations, and all the time have that stimulating feeling of going, going.

Haliburton, who spent his life traveling, set forth the criterion when he wrote, "The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same?"

### THAT HAWAII TOUR

The reservations to date make up a party of 50% new comers, and 50% old timers—that is, those who have been on our tours before. That is a nice proportion. It is always interesting at this stage of organization to see how well requests for cabins and Pullman space balance with that which is available. Occasionally there is a call for reservations we cannot supply, but it doesn't happen very often.

Roy Dickson especially requests that in your applications you are careful to specify the kind of space desired. Quite a few have failed to do this, and this causes a lot of extra correspondence. If there is anything under the sun Roy DOESN'T want right now, it is extra correspondence. Roy and Tess Dickson made a trip to San Francisco recently to confer on tour matters with the Matson Company. The Company, with its policy of friendly cooperation, is providing us with additional space. So-o-o-o, we are going to have good accommodations for you folks, and if you are going, get your applications in.

### YOSEMITE

Yosemite Valley has a strange fascination for those who are sensitive to nature's charms. There are nature lovers who will go to no other place, but come year after year to look upon this startling array of towering temples in stone and singing waterfalls. They live willingly under its spell, even as did Tenaya, Chief of the Yosemite tribe, when in the tough and exciting days of '49 the first white people looked upon this amazing package of scenery. Chief Tenaya was captured and taken away to a reservation, but his grief for his beloved "Ahwahnee Valley" as the Indians called it, was such that his captors freed him. He returned to Ahwahnee to remain for the rest of his life.

John Muir, the eminent naturalist, was scarcely less enthusiastic about the place. He arrived there in 1868, and fell head-over-heels in love with the place. It was good for both the man and the valley, for John Muir needed primitive nature in his life, and Yosemite Valley needed a friend. The days of faster transportation were at hand, and the exploitation of such places as Yosemite would follow. In 1889, John Muir began advocating that Yosemite be made a national park. On October 1, 1890, the necessary law was passed, and Yosemite National Park was created.

Yosemite has only one flaw—its tremendous popularity. In summer time it is over-run with people. The true devotees love it just the same. They look over the heads of the milling crowds and focus thought on the appalling beauty of Glacier Point, El Capitan, Half Dome and Sentinel Rock. They listen through the raucous laughter and shouts to the sounds of waterfalls, and wind in pine trees.

Our tour will be in Yosemite at its most quiet season. When you are there walk out into the evening until you have passed the range of artificial lights. Look up at the silent silhouettes of the towering peaks, seeming to reach among the stars. Look at the

silvery path of Yosemite Falls, threading its way some twenty-five hundred feet from mountain top to valley floor. Sense the age-old laws at work on every side. Then maybe you will feel the spell of Ahwahnee (meaning "deep grass valley"), which captured Chief Tenya and John Muir. For primitive Yosemite still lives on, and the world boasts no finer display of natural beauty.

## HAWAII

One of the miracles of Hawaii is the welcome accorded visitors, a welcome which never loses its freshness, spontaneity, enthusiasm and sincerity. Those who go to the Islands on the Lurline see this greeting at its best. Scores of official greeters come out to meet the great white ship on tugs. They board the ship far at sea while the passengers are thrilling at the sight of Diamond Head, Kokohead, Waikiki Beach and the Aloha Tower. The air is filled with their singing and their laughter. Everyone is presented with lovely flower leis, and the very ship sways to hula rhythm. You would think you are looking upon the introduction of a new idea, so happy a thing is the whole pageant. It would never occur to you that such greetings have been going on in Hawaii for a century.

How is the atmosphere of newness and enthusiasm created in an ancient custom? By the very sincerity of the Hawaiian Hosts. The welcome comes from their hearts. They love people, and they want you to love them and their Hawaii. Who could help it? Like attracts like we are told, and certainly the friendliness of these sweet people awakens in the hearts of newcomers an unfeigned affection.

Ashore the reception goes on unabated. In hotel lobbies Hawaiian music is being played by folks who love to play and sing. You feel that their songs must have been written just for you on this occasion. Long tables are stretched out on which is a generous supply of pineapple juice, served by charming native hostesses. Everyone is so happy you feel as if you have conferred a favor on them by coming. Smiles are everywhere, and the spirit is contagious. You find yourself smiling back, humming the songs, returning greeting for greeting, drinking deeply of the pineapple juice, and even more deeply of the prevailing joy.

The arrival in Hawaii is an adventure in itself, worth the trip alone.

The standard Hawaiian Hello and Good-bye is "Have Fun!" They mean it. This is properly the place to have fun. It is the fun capital of the world. That does not mean that it is a land of frivolity. There is more substance to Hawaiian fun than that. It is simply that these Islands are so richly endowed with natural advantages that there is time and occasion for happiness. Fun is big business in Hawaii. The climate is favorable to it, and the beaches invite it--the attitude of the people evolved through generations of living in such an environment is that fun is legitimate and proper. And who will argue with that?

Now!--there we got ourselves all worked up about Hawaii, and the tour won't leave until next October 24. WE WANNA GO NOW!

thought-of-the-month

"Life is a long lesson in humility."

James M. Barrie