

# The Sam Campbell Special!

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ALOHA! LUCKY CAMPBELLITES, ALOHA! Bón Voyage — and may all your blessings be big, your troubles tiny. Now you go Railing and Sailing out to that Paradise of the Pacific. Bring back some of that sunshine on your cheeks and in your smiles, plus a large measure of Hawaiian happiness in your hearts.

The Chicago and North Western Railway

## FOLKS, THIS IS IT!

Walking right up to us now, all dressed up in spangles and stuff, is that October 24th we have been looking for. THAT'LL BE THE DAY. Remember way back when we first began planning and talking about our HAWAII TRIP? Didn't the date of October 24, 1956, seem almost hopelessly buried in the future then? But here it comes — and here we go!

Here are a few last minute suggestions — maybe you thought of them but perhaps you haven't:

Take a small flashlight along — fountain pen type is especially good. See that your friends and relatives have a list of your mail addresses. IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT YOU INSURE YOUR BAGGAGE, ITS CONTENTS, AND ALL PERSONAL BELONGINGS HAVING MUCH VALUE. The cost of such insurance is relatively small, and it can be taken out through your agent, or at any Railway station or ticket agency.

Bring a list of the names and addresses of all those to whom you wish to write or send cards.

Take proper sunglasses.

Take a light weight raincoat.

Make a photographic record of your trip. If you do not take pictures of your own, you may purchase excellent ones at photo shops.

Determine that you will do everything, see everything and take part in everything that this journey offers.

This next suggestion is almost futile — we have learned from experience, but we make it anyway: EAT MODERATELY! There will be mounds of delicious food before you, but really you will have a better time if you let the waiter take some of it back.

Determine that you will allow some time, particularly aboard ship, for rest, reading and quiet thought.

## WHAT IS AHEAD OF US

To those who know and love Hawaii the phrase "Paradise of the Pacific" is not merely a catch title coined for the convenience of commercial copy writers. There are more things there that human beings do like and less that they don't like than in most any other place in the world. That adds up to the heavenly harmony the name implies.

It isn't too warm—and it isn't too cool in those islands. At the latitude where Hawaii is anchored it might be quite warm, uncomfortably so, except that cool waters from the Bering Sea come drifting along to air condition the whole region.

There are sharks in the ocean, but they aren't the biting kind. Hence, swimmers can paddle about in perfect peace, not burdened with the thought that they may become the Piece de Resistance on a fish smorgasbord. That helps a lot. A legend of the Hawaiians makes note of the friendly sharks. The fish are considered to be descendants of a family of sharks who were gods. They are credited with keeping the waters about Hawaii free of savage, man-eating types of fish.

This paradise is free of poisonous snakes. What a relief that is to those folks who like to hike, climb rocks and go wandering among the tall grasses and wild flowers. Snakes are useful critters, and it is easy to like them once you understand them. But at that, some of them get too fresh, and it is nice to be where they aren't.

There were no mosquitos in Hawaii until back in 1826 when a whaling vessel landed some of them at Lahaina, Maui. The mosquitos like the place and the people—and you can't blame them for staying. However, they are unwelcome guests and are being ushered out by modern methods. We are not apt to meet any as the island of Maui is not on our calling list.

How things do grow in this island paradise! With most crops you don't have to start them in a certain month in order to harvest at a chosen time. You can just plant any time, and the seeds just get busy and grow. Seasons, as we know them on the mainland, do not exist there. Such summery things as flowers, picnics, sunsuits and swimming—just go on the year around.

Just think of it! There are no billboards along the highways in Hawaii! Imagine having a chance to look at ocean shores, mountains, wayside flowers, forests and fields without dividing your view with grim and glaring tooth paste ads or pretty portraits of puffed up "men of distinction." Oh! That could only be a condition of paradise!

Long before the white man invented the title of "Paradise of the Pacific" the native Hawaiians had the idea. Their legends, given in their charming chants, tell that the islands are "children of the gods" — Papa, the earth, being mother and Wakea, the sky, being father.

The potentials are there, all right, all that anyone could want in weather, beauty, isolation, atmosphere, activity and tradition. Yet, the full measure of this haven cannot be ours except as we approach it in proper mind and spirit. What says the old Spanish proverb? "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." Into this Paradise we must carry our own love, friendliness, receptivity, peace, patience, enthusiasm and joy. Only then, looking through the lens of these qualities within our own thoughts, will we find that Island world abounding in the same.

#### CALL IT KAUKAU

Having pleaded with our party to be moderate in eating, we will now make doing so as difficult as possible. It should be illegal to have food in such quantity, quality and variety. You feel as if you ought to taste everything, but if you do—heaven help you! They call it "Kaukau." It isn't the real

Hawaiian word for food. They say it is a corruption of a Chinese word. It means too much, too often--at least that is what it has come to mean. As Hawaii has become a melting pot for all races, it has become a cooking pot for all their kinds of food. Japanese, Italian, Mexican, Chinese, English, German, Turkish, American and Syrian and other dishes get along as well together as do the people of these countries (when they get the chance).

On the Lurline you will come abruptly face to face with this bewildering, confusing and--in a nice way--discouraging series of menus. Prior to that you will have had too much to eat of the kind of food you are accustomed to--for Railroad diners, Yosemite Valley and San Francisco meals are notably good. But once aboard the Lurline you have the same quality and abundance, but accompanied with strange names, unsuspected combinations, intriguing sauces and stuff that keeps you more bewildered than a national election.

We can't predict what they will have on the Lurline, or at the hotels in Hawaii. No doubt they have new things we didn't even see when we went to the islands before. It is right safe to wager you will have mahimahi several times aboard ship, anyway, and don't miss it. That is, if you like fish, for mahimahi is the South Pacific dolphin, and it is delicious. They know how to cook it on the Lurline! Another fish, toothsome for the fish eaters, is the ono. It is pronounced "Oh-no" but you'll be saying "Oh, Yes" on the second helping, once you have tasted it. Lomilomi is the name of a Hawaiian dish made of shredded salmon, mixed with onions, tomatoes and spiced in a native fashion. This isn't on many menus, but you may see it. It is well worth trying.

Even before you reach Hawaii, right there aboard the Lurline where they ought to know better, you will be served POI. Ough! This is the basic food of true Hawaiians, and the strange thing is, they like it! Well, they can have it. Poi looks like wallpaper paste, it tastes (to us) like wallpaper paste, it sticks to your ribs like wallpaper paste--and as far as we are concerned, it IS wallpaper paste! Poi is used as a sort of condiment. You are supposed to put a bit of fish or something else that would otherwise be good in your mouth, then dip your fingers in said "paste" and slurp them off. Then you swallow quickly to get rid of the stuff, and try to smile. Some folks insist they like it--even some malihini's. Well, maybe. It isn't just generosity that makes us repeat "you can have it."

But though you are intrigued by the names of the new dishes you see, do not fail to learn from experience how wonderfully these cooks of the Lurline and the Island Hotels can prepare our mainland dishes. Roast beef, roast pork, roast lamb, ham, steak--all are done wonderfully well, and strangely you may find these items even on the breakfast menus.

The extreme of eating adventures in the Islands is that native Hawaiian feast called the "luau." Luau is the leaf of the taro plant, but it has come to mean something akin to a clambake coupled with a smorgasbord and a basket picnic. We have not included one in our Tour activities, for we would not want the responsibility of doing so. If you want to attend one, we suggest you look into the matter during our first two days at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, November 10 and November 11. These days are without planned events, and by inquiry you can find where a luau is being held. You may attend it on your own responsibility, and no doubt they will roll you back to the hotel. This doesn't begin to tell the food story. We repeat, meekly and hopelessly, "be moderate in your eating!"

AND NOW--ALOHA!

See you on October 24. Train leaves at 4:30 p.m. CST. Come early!