

# the Sam Campbell Special

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The big day is getting closer, Campbellites! One fine morning--sooner than you think--you will look at the calendar and find it is time to pack you muusmus and aloha shirts and hop aboard the Sam Campbell Special Train, Hawaii bound. These are the days to devote to that important element in the joy of journeys--getting ready.

## HOW IT HAPPENED

It is a good thing we didn't plan our Hawaii Cruise-Tour two or three million years ago, we might have been disappointed. According to the calculations of geologists, there wouldn't have been anything, or anyone, out there to greet us. Right where Honolulu puts on the royal welcome for visitors these days was nothing but an ocean some three miles deep. Certainly, it was no place to go wading or lolling about in the sunshine.

However, mighty plans were at work. Down on the ocean floor were forces operating that make our H-bomb efforts sound like a cap pistol. A great crack in the earth developed some two thousand miles long. Out of it came pouring tremendous volumes of lava. There were no eye witnesses except a few funny looking fish, but the folks who study such things seem satisfied that it happened this way.

The lava cooled in ever growing heaps. Through the ages more kept coming out and the piles grew higher. A few of the deposits became so great they reached above the surface of the water and high into the sky. These peaks are the islands we know and love today--running from Midway Island in the west east to Hawaii. Along the line of the great crack are many peaks that did not reach the surface, and they exist as submarine mountains. The mountains that did lift their heads above the waters gradually evolved soil, attracted plant life, became an ideal place to live, and so drew to themselves a strange, itinerant people.

There is some difference of opinion as to who these folks were who made up the first tour to Hawaii, only to fall in love with its charms and stay. The theory that they were Polynesians is favored by most students at present. Whoever they were, they certainly knew a good place when they saw it. What gripping drama there is in thinking imaginatively of that day nearly a thousand years ago when these travellers in canoes frail in comparison to the ocean waves they faced, came in sight of these inviting and luxurious islands! Doubtless they had left behind them homes where they had known difficult and trying circumstances, to make them launch forth into the unknown. They brought with them the banana, breadfruit, taro, coconut tree, and paper mulberry tree. These plants originate in the Indo-Malay region and their presence in Hawaii indicates where these first visitors came from. For many centuries they lived and prospered on the Islands, undisturbed except by their own foolish wars and squabbling. You see, even in this little island world there were occasionally those who wanted to rule, and boss, and impose their ideas on others.

Then on January 20, 1778, Captain James Cook, making his third exploration of the Pacific, anchored in Waimea Bay, Kauai, and there trouble began. When he landed the natives thought he was the incarnation of their god, Lono, and they received him as such. Had he behaved like a god, or better still like the Son of God, he might have had a much more pleasant time. But he didn't, nor did his men, so he lost his life and an opportunity.

Once the white man arrived history was written rapidly, some of it good, some of it bad. Some of it was Christianly, some of it the opposite. But out of it all has come the Islands and the people as they are today, a fine place to go and fine folks to know.

So you see, dear children, how much trouble the world has gone to just to get ready for the Sam Campbell Tour.

### Baggage Plans

Details of the plans for handling baggage will be sent to all tour party members later. However, the following outline is presented here so you will know what to expect, and plan accordingly.

Let it be stated again that a vital secret of happy travelling is to go lightly. A recent letter from a leading travel agency on the islands begs visitors to reduce luggage as much as possible. They say that fully one half the trunks and suitcases brought to Hawaii are never opened! The things they contain are not needed.

Sam Campbell likes to tell of the Indian Guide he knew years ago in the Canadian canoe country--old Indian Joe. Joe was a stickler for light packs, and abhorred the tendency of newcomers to take along loads of luxuries. One spring he told that his son had frozen his feet while on the month's trip into the wilderness during the winter. It seems that the boy, taught by his Indian father the ways of the trail, went through some thin channel ice when the temperature was 20 below zero. The boy didn't have an extra pair of sox, and in the wet ones he froze his feet. Old Joe was disgusted. "I tol' that boy ef he gonna be gone month in winter--he orta tak' extra pair sox!"

We don't recommend going that far, but we do believe we can travel much more comfortably without many of the frills and extras. Life is simple in Hawaii, and needs are few.

In planning your packing, place the things you will need on the train and at the hotel in San Francisco in one suitcase. Those things needed on the ship and in Hawaii should be packed in other bags, and these will be checked from the Railway station in Chicago directly to the Lurline. The suitcase you keep on the train will be taken to the San Francisco hotel for you, and at the right time, on to the steamer. Thus once you board the Lurline, you will have all your baggage in your stateroom, and can rearrange it according to future needs.

Before reaching Honolulu, pack one suitcase with the things you will need for the Outer-Island tour. The air lines specifically state that we must carry only one bag per person. That will be easy, as the absolute informality of the outer islands makes clothing needs few. Your other bags will be taken to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and stored until you return from the outer island trip, and thus you will have your larger wardrobe on hand when you need it.

On the return journey all baggage will be in your possession on the Lurline. Plans are being worked out where unneeded baggage can be checked from the ship to Chicago, and that needed on the train placed in your space.

Baggage is an unavoidable problem in travel, but we are endeavoring to make it as small a problem as possible.

### Our Gang

Campbellites are moving about these days. A card has been received from Martha Fehling, who has been on most every Sam Campbell Tour. She is in Switzerland, a land she loves, but is coming back in time for the Hawaii jaunt.

Helen Albright and Florence Sherman have visited the Grand Teton Mountains this summer. These travel minded sisters say that region is all it is supposed to be. Many nature enthusiasts consider the Grand Tetons America's most beautiful range of mountains.

Helen Donahey has nearly worn out her seven league boots. No one can keep track of her. Among other things she did this summer was to fly to Boston, then to Newfoundland, then to Alaska--where she had a ride behind a dog team. She has promised us an account of her journeys, so there will be more of this later.

#### PROBLEM NUMBER ONE

Up at their north woods home, Sam and Giny are faced with a baffling problem. On their island there is a red squirrel that is determined to make his home in their attic. Now all animals are welcome on the Campbell island, but they know from experience that a red squirrel in their attic is a costly nuisance. One of the first things such an animal does is heap the insulation all in one spot to make a nest. A house without insulation in that country is just a natural deep freeze.

So, after a council of war, Gin and Sam decided the red squirrel must go. "You gotta go, Reddy," said Sam, with tears in his eyes. "It hurts me more than it does you, but you gotta go." "Oh, yeah?" answered the squirrel in his own language, and then he giggled all over the place.

Sam got a live trap, and laid out a tour for Reddy over to a fine stand of Oak trees, where the creature would have a wealth of acorns. Reddy simply wouldn't go near the trap at all. Sam strung peanuts up to the door of the trap, and then on in to the trigger. Reddy took the peanuts up to the thing, then stopped. Sam smeared the trigger with peanut butter, a tempting morsel for any squirrel. Reddy climbed on a stump near the trap and sat there for half an hour looking it over. Then he went in and licked the butter up so gently that the trap didn't spring. Sam put in some more peanut butter, ran a string from the trigger to a place in the bushes, and there waited to pull the string when Roddy went inside. Reddy got on his stump once more, and contemplated. Presently the plot was clear to him, and he let out a line of invectives toward Sam, the like of which was never heard in the woods. Sam, blushing, left his hidden post. Latest bulletin: Reddy is still at large on the island, each day chewing his way into the attic. HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS WILL BE MUCH APPRECIATED BY SAM.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

Sam Campbell's new book "Loony Coon--Antics of a Rollicking Raccoon" has been published by Bobbs-Merrill and is now on the market. It says nothing about ways to trap red squirrels.

#### Thought-of-the-month

"A merry heart doesth good like a medicine"

The Bible

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