

the Sam Campbell Special



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These short days and long winter evenings offer a good opportunity to dream out travel plans--soon will come those long days and short evenings when such dreams come true. ALASKA, HERE WE COME!

ALASKA APPETISERS:

The grand thing about this good old world is that there are never two things alike in it. If we get bored with life it is because we want to, or are careless about resisting it--not because there is any germ of boredom in the teeming creation about us

Nowhere is newness and originality more apparent than in travel. True, there is a similarity in places and experiences, but they are not the same. "Behold, I make all things new," declares Holy Writ.

The Alaskan Cruise will sparkle with newness. Life aboard the luxurious SS Prince George will bring us pleasant reminders of our wonderful journey on the LURLINE. Likely no sailing experience in the world would surpass that voyage to Hawaii. The Prince George will give us something similar. It is a beautifully appointed ship of 5,800 tons. Its length is 350 feet, speed 18 knots, and it carries 260 passengers. We will find a definite similarity to life aboard the Lurline in the too-muchness of the meals. The breakfast, luncheon, and dinner menus are over stuffed with good things. You won't find mahimahi and ono, but you will find Alaskan Salmon so fresh and good you believe it jumped from the ocean into the pan. (Incidentally, don't fail to try "Halibut checks", which will probably appear on the menu after we leave Prince Rupert. This is a delicious filet taken from the cheek of the halibut, and not served outside this region). The Canadian cooks are famous for their roasts and desserts, the servings are embarrassingly generous, and the stewards are notably courteous and friendly. Like the Lurline, there will be "afternoon tea", and a "night supper" served in the dining room from ten to midnight. Those who were to Hawaii will barely get the waist line reduced from the effects of the Lurline, when the Prince George will start to expand it again.

The similarity to the Hawaiian trip ends when the ships have been compared. We are going into a different world--one of rugged grandeur, strength, and glorious magnitude. All things are on a big scale. The route up the inside passage, which measures about 1,100 miles from Vancouver to Skagway, constantly unfolds views that keep one gasping in wonderment. Never is the ship out of sight of land. Snow capped mountains reach high into the skies both to the east and to the west, while the inside passage winds on like a great river, feeling its way into the north. Virgin forests cloak the mountain sides and come down to the waters edge. Here is land that will challenge the hardest of the woodsmen, even today. It is wilderness that we look upon. Barely beyond this first range of mountains is a land not fully explored. Yet, we aboard the Prince George can gaze upon its beauties while we live in the highest luxury.

The skies will have our attention every night as we progress northward. The multitude of stars, sharp, clear, and bright in the crisp northern air, will be a thing of beauty in itself--and yet we will be looking for something more. We will study the northern horizon every night as we walk the deck of the ship, hoping, hoping until the miracle happens, and it usually happens. Long fingers of the northern lights will reach into the sky, brilliant gossamer draperies grace vast areas, and red and green scars wave mystically across the stars. It is a sight that never fails to thrill the onlooker, and to set his thought to speculating on the origin of this strange phenomenon, the aurora borealis.

As we progress northward we will see a great change in our mornings and evenings. There will be less and less of night, more and more of day. We do not reach the actual land of the midnight sun, but we approach it so closely that there is very little of heavy darkness left. At Juneau midnight will seem like seven in the evening. At Skagway, Whitehorse, and West Taku Arm we will be able to read a newspaper without artificial light through most of the night.

Along the route we are likely to see a great variety of wild life. Waterbirds of a great variety are often seen in flocks of hundreds. Porpoise will frequently play at the bow of the ship. On the previous Sam Campbell Tour to Alaska, the folks saw great whales leaping clear of the water. These huge beasts, sometimes seventy-five and eighty feet long, make this maneuver during mating season, darting from the water as nimbly as a bass does in a northern lake. Moose, deer and bear live in this far north country, and there is always the possibility of seeing these animals.

A joyful social program takes place aboard the Prince George. There are deck games, table tennis, dancing nightly, music, talks, and lectures. There is a barber shop and a beauty parlor, so there won't be any excuse for us to come back looking like bush monkeys. The ship has radio service, and messages may be sent through the Purser's office, to any place in the world.

The Prince George has seven decks and eight spacious public rooms, including club rooms and sitting rooms. The cabins are most attractive. Each is equipped with two beds, while some can accommodate a third person. One bed folds away, always, to make greater room during the daytime.

Nowhere could one sail, outside of a bathtub, where there is a greater assurance of smooth waters. At two places in the 1,100 miles we cross stretches of water where the open ocean swells may be felt, but such areas last only about two hours. The rest of the time it is calm.

The weather we encounter is a shock to our preconceived notion of Alaska. The winters of the north have had so much publicity that one expects to see dog sleds and ear muffs in July. Yet, this whole coastal area through which we travel is relatively mild--not like tropical Hawaii, to be sure, but moderate. Ocean winds prevailing from the west bring air warmed by the Japanese current temperating the whole region.

The most original aspect of the Alaskan Cruise are the ports of call. We go sailing along for a few hours, and then visit Prince Rupert. On we go again, and then have time ashore at Ketchikan. Another sailing period and we land at Juneau. Still another, and we are at Skagway. Each place has its particular beauty and interest. While we go ashore our floating hotel waits, then at departure hour the ship lets out a blast that echoes about the town and brings us aboard in a hurry.

Yes, that cruise before us is filled with adventures that are new and thrilling. We get all goose pimply and duck-bumped thinking about it.

At the hour this goes to press the printer is still holding up our Alaska folder. But it is being run off, and you will have it soon. Come on--let's everybody go!

HAPPENINGS

Sam has been lecturing on the West Coast. While in San Francisco he had lunch with Jack O'Brien, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Matson Lines, and Duane Connell, who was assigned by Matsons to look after the Sam Campbell Hawaiian Cruise. Not much attention was paid to the food. Conversation was directed to recollections of the 1954 Cruise, and to plans for another in the future. Sam requested that Duane be sent with the next party again. No one could have served

more efficiently than did that tall, dark, and handsome young man--and no one could have been a greater favorite with the ladies!

Did you hear what the instructing waiter said to Sam on the train when the Hawaii Tour party was returning from San Francisco? He said, "Mr. Campbell, I've been a waiter on railroad diners for 39 years, and this is the finest, happiest group of people I ever served." Sam busted about three buttons off his shirt when he heard it.

The SS Lurline has been to the beauty parlor! It seemed to us that she was about as beautiful as a ship dared to be, but nevertheless she went in drydock and they gave her the works. The smaller dining saloon got the most attention. Some twenty thousand dollars was spent in dolling up this place. The rest of the ship was scrubbed and scraped, polished and painted, until it is something lovely to behold.

Once Hawaii gets you it never lets go. Campbellites are now dancing the hula all over America. Hardly a mail comes in that we do not hear of some one demonstrating the island wiggle before astonished and applauding friends. Iva Mae Muth, who learned to do the dance quite well, has been giving Milwaukee and vicinity a sample Dorothy Martin is entertaining the north shore folks. Recently the Weldons and Giny Campbell put on a Hawaiian shindig for folks about Barrington.

Howard Morris played to capacity audiences all the time he was at the Waikiki Room. Howard has a host of friends, and they surely flocked in to see him. He is back on the high seas now, teaching the Little Brown Gal and the Hukilau, all the while infecting his students with that wonderful smile that comes right from his heart. Howard said he would like to go to Alaska, though he cannot get away.

By the way, when you get the fold on the Alaska Cruise, if you are going please select the space you want and send the application blank and necessary deposit to Roy Dickson. The names of all who have expressed a wish to go have been kept on a list for preference in reservations. However a reservation cannot be completed until you select your space.

thought-of-the-month

"All that I have seen teaches me to trust God for all I have not seen."

Emerson

1/17/54