

August 3, 1941 -- Chicago Sunday Tribune

Yacht Dixonia Makes Its Last Cruise on Lake

By Lolita Linn.

ON BOARD THE DIXONIA

Like the perfect lady she is, Dixonia has spent the last hours of her carefree yachting life on old friends. Of course, that life may come again. But " for the duration " the flag of its owner, Mrs. Charles R. Walgreen, with its one lucky star will come down. In a few days the flag of the United States with its 48 stars will go up and for \$1 a year the Dixonia will be at the service of the United States army.

Old friends have always had first claim on the Dixonia. She was named in honor of Dixon, Ill., where the late Charles R. Walgreen spent his young life, and where the Walgreen family and friends still gather at all seasons of the year.

When the Dixonia set sail a few days ago on her farewell round of calls in the harbors of Lake Michigan she carried a friendly crew, many of whom have been with her most of her sea-going life. The master of the ship, Ivar Jacobsen, learned his trade on sailing vessels calling all the harbors of the world. As sturdy a viking as ever cast his bright blue eyes seaward, Capt. Jacobsen is constantly being rescued by taxi drivers as he tries to find his way on Chicago streets. But just give him a nice stretch of heaving water and he will make for his chosen harbor with three minutes to spare. Capt. Jacobsen is well prepared for the experiences of war. Torpedoed in the Mediterranean, mined in the North sea, he served in the last war as a first lieutenant in the United States navy.

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A very matter of fact internationalism exists in even as tiny a crew as that of the Dixonia. There is Frank, the assistant steward, from whose home in a tiny village on the Thames comes word of repeated bombings, but unflinching determination is " get on with it "; There are the two Norwegian sailors who awakened one morning in a South American port to find themselves without a country [we like the way these men bred to the rough life of a whaling vessel brighten up when Mrs. Walgreen comes on board]; there is the Danish boy who each night at sunset gathers in the Stars and Stripes - he sailed from Denmark two days before Hitler marched in.

After an uneasy night composed of three parts of "freshening" wind and one part lobster, to sail into Sturgeon bay is to think of old hymns about peaceful strands and heavenly harbors. But the cherries were ripe and the town of Sturgeon was far from slumbering. Her streets on Saturday night were crowded with cherry pickers beginning their seasonal round of Michigan fruit. They looked for all the world like the cotton pickers we had seen last winter in Arizona. Jostling them in the stores were the dark skinned descendants of Indians who must have once paddled their canoes up Sturgeon bay.

Far more typical of the serenity that seems to hover over Door county was the old man who sat on the curb holding a laden branch from a cherry tree. A rudely printed sign saved him all sales effort. It announced that cherries such as those he held were available at his nearby orchard for the picking and 30 cents a pail. He seemed well pleased with his sales campaign. The day before "just sitting" had sold \$30 worth of cherries. Best of all, his wife took care of the orchard.

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In true viking spirit, Jens Jensen, noted landscape artist of Chicago, established his school, The Clearing, where the waves beat highest along tiny Ellison bay. After asking directions of Mrs. Charles Karnopp of Winnetka, at whose pier we had landed, we started off over a trail that has been very little spoiled by civilization. Some might mention crawling under a barbed wire fence or anxiously skirting a bed of poison ivy, but our most vivid recollection is of coming out into a clearing and seeing before us a woodland cathedral. It was Sunday morning, so we hushed our voices and tip-toed in. Before us, instead of pews full of devout worshippers, were draftsmen's high tables covered with blueprints - the whole scene presided over by a window of surpassing height and narrowness. Apparently this was not a church, but a work room designed for students by one whose whole life has been spent in the creation of beauty.

To the crew and the guests on the Dixonia who watched the end of the Chicago-Mackinac Island sailing races from noon, when the first comers proudly rounded the light, to the next morning, when weary stragglers were still "getting the gun" the fascination seemed to lie not in the time or outcome of the race but in the hardiness of men and women who trust in the power of the wind and their own skill while powerful engines lie silent beneath them.

Perhaps the prettiest sight of the races are the great white sails spread out on the beach to dry. We noticed that the care of these silken wings took precedence over rest and food.

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Mackinac Island has, to our mind, always been a strange composite of honeymoon tales, of testimonials of hay fever victims, of the "longest front porch in the world," of bloody fights between the English and Americans, with the Indians doing most of the dirty work. Seen from our anchorage out in the harbor, Mackinac Island is a glorious seascape and "turtle back" of green woods by day, and a study in light and reflections by night.

There always is fascination in an island. But when you throw in the blackest cherries - acres of them - miles of shadowy woodland roads, cold springs of the purest water, two quiet lakes, a thousand deer, and bass that catch on almost before you drop your line [yes, they do] - then you have North Manitou Island. Masters of all they survey at North Manitou are Roger Sherman of Win- and XW. R. Angell of Detroit. Each fall the department of conservation of Michigan declares an open season on the deer that inhabit the island, and hunters from Chicago come to try their luck, if the deer are as accommodating as the bass there should be good hunting indeed.

Fortunately for those of us who had longed to see a sailing ship "close up," Jevne Haugan of Chicago invited us aboard the motor-sailer Sunbeam at Waukegan. We marvel at its compactness and beauty. At a nearby dock was Jiminy Cricket, motor launch, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Boynton Jr. of Highland Park. Their small sons, Frederick III and George, secure in their gaily colored safety belts, were paddling around the harbor in a tiny rowboat.