

### Lincoln, Newest Born Jackson County Town, Fullfillment of Ideal of Founder, Built and Completed in Busy Year

By Mary Greiner

Just a year ago he placed his "John Henry" on a rocky hillside—and at the end of a set of corporation papers. Presently the once uninhabited slope in the Green Spring Mountain between Medford and Klamath Falls became a city. Last week it was christened "Lincoln," and a mill capable of grinding out 80,000 feet of lumber in an eight hour shift sawed its first huge log.

It may sound mysterious—the creation of a town within a year's time. But anything is possible when the right "John Henry" is available. And this is the secret.

The author of the town of Lincoln is in reality John Henry—or Johnnie as his friends call him. Twenty four years old, blond and grey eyed—a chip off a succession of blocks who never grew old, yet who passed on their characteristics from John to John. Johnnie didn't exactly create the town of Lincoln—he was its inspiration. He was the "John Henry" placed on the rocky slope and told to "make good." The other was the signature of his father, John Henry, retired capitalist of Pasadena, California, whose specimen of handwriting, incorporated the present town that Johnnie dubbed "Lincoln."

The name "Lincoln" might be one of the Henry customs, which is as firmly rooted as many of the seasoned pines in the family history. Lincoln, New Hampshire, the former home of the J. E. Henry and Sons Lumber and Pulp manufacturers, means much in the life and memory of J. H. Henry, who sold his interest out there twelve years ago. With his father and two brothers gone, he decided to move to the sunny southland with his family.

Pasadena became his home. California is a land of hobbies, and J. H. Henry pursued some of them and even derived a mild satisfaction out of them. Mrs. Henry is intensely interested in education, so he assisted her in establishing, just outside the beautiful little city of Covina, what is now known as the California Preparatory School for Boys.

It was here that Johnnie B. Henry, or Johnnie, and his pal Raymond Gillespie were educated. After finishing there the former went back to Dartmouth to get his university training. There was a visit to Lincoln, New Hampshire in vacation time, and Johnnie insisted upon being allowed to work with the men in the lumber mill that saw once his grand-father's and his father's. It seemed funny to the mill hands—this 18-year-old boy actually wanting to go to work when he didn't have to.

Receiving the work man's wage, Johnnie came home each night elated over his job, and spent the evening talking with his father—ironing out what he thought to be cogs in the wheels of the large industry. Each day he learned something new. The lumber mill was work and play, physical, mental and spiritual development—all rolled into one for the young John Henry, just as it had been for his father and his grand-father. Johnnie did not finish at Dartmouth.

Three years ago, John and his pal, Raymond Gillespie found themselves up in the timberlands of southern Oregon. Prompted by his son's inclinations toward the life work of the New Hampshire family, J. H. Henry purchased 4000 acres of timber in the Green Spring mountains including the site for the present mill.

Sticking close to the territory, the two boys attended business college in Medford in order to pick up a few essentials in book-keeping and office management. Through one Fall and Winter they camped on the mountain-side, clearing timber and getting the ground in shape for the new mill.

Actual construction on the town and mill began a year ago last August. The mill building of 160 by 38 feet dimensions with a shed 100 feet long was built along the most modern and artistic lines possible. A log pond, 400 by 200 feet was the next piece of work commenced, and the mountain side was filled with the great echoes of rock drilling and excavation work.

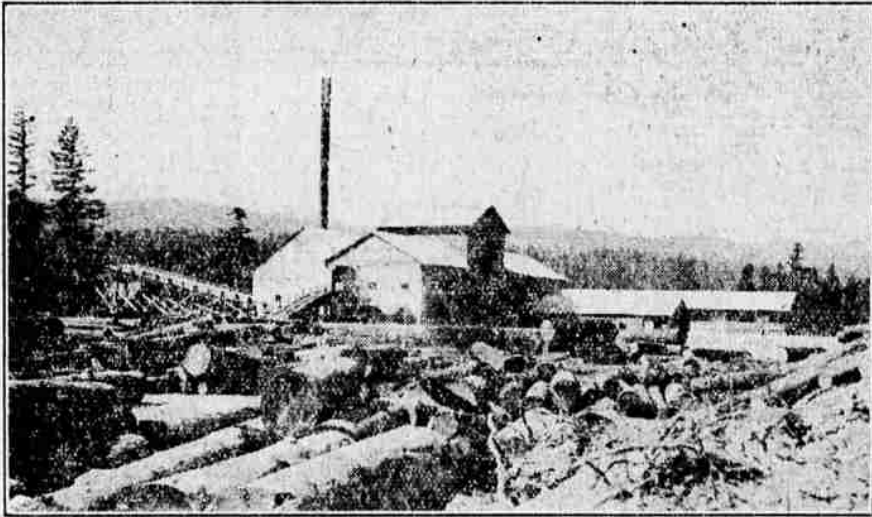
Several yards down from the mill the administration building and store for supplies were erected. A service station was installed. Beyond, came what Mr. Henry refers to as "the inn," where the mill hands and employees are served their meals. The upper story of this provides hotel accommodations for Mrs. Henry, M. Stenrud, who runs the eating place; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gibson, the former who runs the store and oversees the lumber company office adjoining it, and the latter who assists Mrs. Stenrud, and other employees. Below this is the large bunk-house where the mill hands sleep.

Across the highway from the "industrial center," the residential district sprung up. Five beautiful bungalows came first, built of pine and cedar shakes, and arranged so as to complete the picture of rugged landscaping. Up between these, a curved avenue winds its way, along which, other bungalows of the same materials but not of the same size are now being quickly constructed.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Henry—a five room house facing the highway is an inspiration. Setting back upon a generous front lawn, its neat rusticity is emphasized by gravel walks and driveways edged with pieces of native volcanic rock in natural colors. Back of the house



A portion of Lincoln, nestled among the pines and firs.



View of Henry Sawmill at town of Lincoln, opened last week.

a rugged bridge stretches up the hillside across a large pond, where native Oregon plants tell the lackadaisical story of a mountain dell. About the place natural rock gardens, tree stumps and stray bushes of native growth are highlighted by a skilled landscape artist, brought to Lincoln by Mr. and Mrs. Henry from their California home.

In another of the front bungalows Johnnie and his pal lived until last week when the first big social event of the new town took place. Ray Gillespie, and his California sweetheart, a graduate of the University of Southern California were married in the little school house—before an altar built to represent a miniature forest. Johnnie was best man, and Rev. Lyman Potter Hitchcock, chaplain for the California Boys' Preparatory school, and a great friend of the Henry family, performed the ceremony. Everything stopped in Lincoln for the event, which started off with the blowing of the mill whistle. Four days later the mill was dedicated, and the town named Lincoln.

The very next day, school was started for the first time there, in the little school house built

out of the same material and along the same architectural lines as are the houses, and donated to the district by Mr. Henry. Twenty-one children enrolled in the school on the first day, under Mrs. A. V. Harvey of Ashland. Practically all of them, sons and daughters of lumbermen, the students, during their spare time are building desks for the attractive little school house. In the meantime they are learning their three "R's" seated "around" tables and long benches in the school room.

A busy, happy little city is Lincoln. And while John Henry, the robust lumberman with snow white hair goes about his busy tasks in the office of the company, his keen eyes frequently light with satisfaction as they follow the lithe young form of a blue-overalled workman darning in and out among the mill hands below.

Yes, young Johnnie runs true to form—like father, like son. And that's all there is to the mystery—the rocky hillside that in one year became the complete little city of Lincoln. Inspired chips they were from the old block in New Hampshire, and they landed on the Green Spring Mountain!

### One Air Shipment \$1,200 in Stamps

The air mail service recently solved a perplexing problem for the Warner Bros. studios, who were faced with the difficulty of delaying the filming of a new feature production pending the arrival of 500 pounds of glass crystals from New York City, necessary decorations for two huge chandeliers being used in the picture.

The shipment of fragile glass was placed aboard an air mail plane and arrived in Los Angeles 21 hours later aboard a Western Air Express mail plane from Salt Lake City. The unusual cargo was covered with \$1200 worth of air mail stamps, and arrived in Hollywood without one of the hundreds of beautiful cut glass ornaments being broken.

Some idea of the huge chandeliers constructed for the picture may be conceived from the fact that they are sufficiently large to permit 21 girls to pose on the edge of the glass bowls.

Classified advertising gets results.

### W. C. T. U. Notes

In presenting these notes of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the public we are doing so with the hope of arousing more interest in the people of Medford and surroundings in our work and of enlisting their sympathies and goodwill with us and thereby increasing our membership.

The W. C. T. U. is an organization of Christian women banded together for the protection of the home, abolition of liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law. It's non-sectarian and welcomes all women regardless of creed or color. The dues are \$1.00 a year.

Men are admitted as honorary members. The organization values the counsel and influence of honorary members, while their membership fee (which is all used in local work) is of great assistance.

The W. C. T. U. was organized in 1874 in Cleveland, Ohio, and incorporated in March, 1882. Its growth has been tremendous, extending to all the states and territories of the United States and in all foreign lands. All told there are 23 departments of religious and civic work in the W. C. T. U., practically all of the work being done without compensation.

The regular meeting days in Medford are the second and fourth Thursdays of the month. Meetings held at the Y. W. C. A. at 2:30 in the afternoon.

At the regular meeting, Sept. 26th, the following ladies were appointed chairman of the various departments:

Christian citizenship, Mrs. S. L. Leonard; legislation, Mrs. N. C. Chaney; flowers and relief missions, Mrs. W. T. Berry; evangelistic, Mrs. A. E. Cudney; music, Mrs. Abbie Thomas; narcotics, Mrs. E. G. Roseborough; mother and child welfare, Mrs. Belle Litt-trall; Sunday school, Mrs. G. H. Prescott; scientific temperance, Mrs. B. H. Bryant; press director, Mrs. Ned Benschoten.

The following program was presented by Mrs. Raymond Doran:

Devotionals, Mrs. J. C. Woods, president. Talk on the Work, Mrs. W. T. Berry. Vocal solo, "My Task," Mrs. A. E. Lyman. Talk on Henry Ford, Mrs. S. L. Leonard.

Recitation, "A Little Matter of Real Estate," Mrs. Susie Campbell. Recitations, "How to Manage a Husband," and "Entertaining the New Minister," Mrs. Jenkins. Piano solos, "Dainty Miss" and "Wedding of the Painted Doll," Miss Eva Hiltzer.

Report of the Nationalization exercises, Mrs. Benschoten. Piano solo, "Falling Waters," Miss Joyce Doran. Vocal solo, "Valley of the Rogue," Mrs. Raymond Doran, accompanied by Miss Joyce Doran.

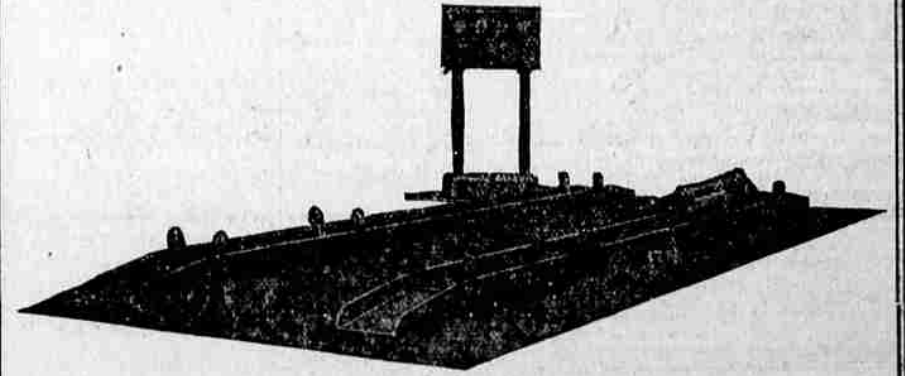
Refreshments served followed by a social hour.

### 305 Types of Airplanes Being Offered Public

A survey of the American aircraft and airplane motor industry has revealed a number of interesting figures concerning the number of planes now being produced. At the present time some 305 airplanes are under production. This figure is compared to 1928, when the purchaser of airplanes had his choice of 134 different types. A total of 7 different kinds of motors are now being manufactured, as compared to 45 for 1928. Of the airplanes listed for sale

272 are of the single motor type, priced plane on the market is a single seater, which sells for \$895. The most expensive is a 22-place cabin passenger plane quoted at \$85,000.

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