

The Lantern



ILLUMINATING HISTORY

November 2008

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE JOHN BROWN UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

November 2008

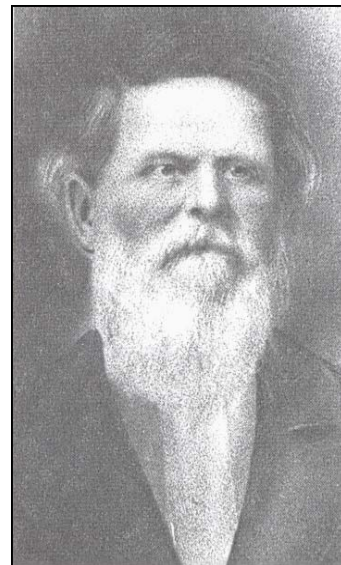
The Man Who Settled Siloam Springs

In 1832, at the age of 30, Simon Sager, a cabinet-maker, decided to immigrate to America from Leipzig, Germany; with wife Wilhemina, four brothers, and his five children. During 1832 he lived in St. Louis and Westport, Missouri; then in 1834, attempting to attain more freedom he moved to Siloam Springs. Sometime in the 1830s, presumably between 1834 and 1837, Sager built his home. The 765 square foot cabin shows Sager's skill as a carpenter; the stone on the fireplace was cut from the bed of Sager Creek and the timber was hand-hewn and joined with chamfer notching. According to the National Register of Historic places the house was the "first and oldest structure in Siloam Springs." Notably, the house was also used by early Methodist as a place of worship. In addition to being a carpenter, Sager was also a farmer, cattle drover, butcher, and trader. During the 1840s the Sagers befriended a Cherokee Indian, and from 1848-1851

Sager built male and female seminaries for the Cherokee in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. In 1851 Sager sold the cabin to Charles De Armand and moved his family, which had since grown to eleven children, to Box Springs (about a 1 1/2 miles northeast of Siloam Springs). During the Civil War four of his sons joined the Confederate army. In 1864 while Simon Sager was sitting on his porch reading his Bible he was killed by 4 men. It is believed that these men were either "Pin" Indians, or pro-Unionist who were upset that his sons had joined the Confederacy. Sager was buried by his wife in the Siloam Springs Cemetery.

John Brown purchased Sager's cabin in 1919, and during the school's early years the house was used for agriculture classes. In 1965 the cabin began the restoration process, through the initiative of Mrs. Maggie Smith, great-granddaughter of Simon Sager. It became an official historical place in 1976 and for a while operated as a museum. In the late 1990s it was converted into an

office for the Eagle Construction project. Today people visit the cabin from all over, and students enjoy the historical atmosphere it provides.



Simon Sager



Sager Cabin in 1960

Milestones

Thanksgiving 1935: The freshman planned, cooked, and served the meal; while upper-classmen entertained the alumni since homecoming was celebrated on Thanksgiving. It snowed that evening. The entire day was described as one big social hour.

November 12, 1937: The first issue of the Advocate was written.

Fall 1981: The first year for the JBU rugby club.



Insights

From the works
of John Brown, Sr.

On College Hill is a little city of interests, with radio station, bank, publishing house, garage, electric shop, planning mill, irrigated gardens, and Jersey herd. Here in this city of interests a marvelous youth is not, as multitudes mistakenly be-

lieve, working its way to an education, but using the phrase I have so often used and a phrase that a decade ago, few people

seemed to understand, this youth is "educating its way to work"—work

in the sense of giving the nation leadership in teaching and industry. Here in the first vocational university in America there is an opportunity for young people of good minds and good

bodies and good morals to train out into the only world where it can be safely said that there will be a demand for every graduate.

...there is an opportunity for young people of good minds and good bodies and good morals...

[...]

And just as it is true that the nation cannot live without God,

and cannot live without motherhood—the nation certainly cannot live without work. Youth is not to blame that America today is cursed with a vast army of parasites—these young

people do not choose to be parasites; further they stand today the victims of the most expensive educational program ever devised—an educational program that trained them away from life rather than back to it.

-The
American Crisis
and the Way Out

ECHOES OF THE PAST

Excerpt from the 2 February 1952 issue of the *Threefold Advocate*

"What To Do for Insomnia"

If you can't sleep at nite and are restless, here is what you do. Go out and fight fire for two and a half hours and you will feel almost like resting. In fact, you could even go to sleep.

The University fire crew experienced this. Not that they were not sleepy. After staying up until after twelve studying for exams, getting to bed and dozing off to the tune of a siren, well, you don't ... "..... The siren!!!!" "Got to get up." "Where did I put those old clothes?" "Get ya foot out am y mouth!" "Where you guys think you're going, a fire?" "Shadup!"

These were the sounds heard by the upstairs chapter of the Mo. Dorm. Yelling, shouting, but besides that they all wore boots and tripped gaily down the stairs with all the grace of a herd of grown rhinoceroses.

It seems that the night watch, Bob Sheridan, spotted a fire to the southwest and came up to Joe Wilson's room and woke him up. Wilson bolted out of his suspended bunk like a practiced parachutist and got a gang of guys together to view the situation. It was first thought that the fire could be at Ben Ward's

house, which is in line with the place where the fire really was located. The gang went to where the fire was and found it was a serious grass fire that had been traveling through the woods all night. The people that were at the fire when the gang got there said that they needed a truck and some guys to fight the fire. The gang came back, Sheridan turned on the siren, Wilson cranked up the truck, and the war was on. As was previously described, most of the upstairs was either awakened by the scuffle or the alarm. The truck pulled out with the usual amount of guys trailing behind it trying to hop on. Then the real war was on. Hoses were useless against the fire and so back fires were built by the men that called upon the boys to help. The fire was located about a mile and a half west of the airport. A car brought up the rest of the smoke-eaters and the menace was extinguished.

To the smoke-eaters, it was just another case of "Wenie, Wheatie, Weakie," which for the benefit of the uneducated, that means "we'uns come, we'uns seen, we'uns cankered." They tell me that it's supposed to mean something but it might be applied to the SMOKEY STOVERS JUNIOR DEPUTY VOLUNTEER AUXILIARY ASSISTANT APPRENTICE FIREMEN'S

ASSOCIATION.

And here are some on the spot reports, obtained just as the men (?) arrived home after a thrilling two and a half hour battle.

Bill Cochrum: "Gottagetsomeschleep!"

Gene Palmer: "Wotta workout, wotta workout!!!"

Bob Sheridan: "I shoulda kept my big mouf shut."

Wally Sheard: "Koff-koff."

Joe Wilson: "Jus' keep mah name outa th' papers."

Ed Von Hall: n. c. (No comment.)

Louie Scarbrough: "And this we are doin' for free!"

Jim Voss: "Jus' lead me to my bed, jus' lead me to my bed."

And thus another event goes down in history (the Advocate files) in favor of these brave heroic men. So don't smear the smoes mit smoking shoes. And if you want some tips on how to cure insomnia, just ask the Stovers.