Some might look at the current size of Siloam Springs and think that the town has always endured a rather slow growth rate. Yet, following the arrival of the railroad in 1893, Siloam experienced a fifty-year growth spurt, during which Siloam became a center of agriculture and a popular health resort (due to the supposed medicinal properties of the town’s springs).

Unfortunately, the town’s boom period had an early end in the 1930s with the onslaught of the Great Depression. At the start of 1930, historic downtown offered the services of three banks, but all three failed during the next year’s financial crash. According to Siloam historian Maggie Smith, “The effects of the failure of the banks of Siloam Springs would be difficult to overestimate.” Local banks were unable to return more than a few cents of each dollar to clients, real estate values plunged, and merchants suffered huge setbacks. According to Smith’s research, no other town in Northwest Arkansas suffered comparable losses.

The only financial institution that continued to serve Siloam during the crash was JBU’s College Bank. During the spring of 1932, citizens of Siloam would come to the current Hyde Engineering Building, home of the JBU Bank, for their pressing financial needs. Since the JBU Bank had been organized under a state cooperative banking law, the campus bank was unaffected by the state and federal banking controls which had doomed other institutions.

Within a year of the crash, financial stability began to return to the region, marked by the opening of the Bratt State Bank in the summer of 1932. However, campus institutions like the bank and the school store continued to serve community needs whenever possible.

From the works of John Brown, Sr.

God’s people should always stand ready to champion any worthy cause and give themselves wholeheartedly to that work. Over and above all, however, they must be strong to proclaim the message of redemption and to warn men that it isn’t reformation the people need, but regeneration! The Christian life is a warfare—the call of God is the call to a battlefield. Many a church sings, “Am I a soldier of the Cross?” when any fool can see [that] if there are soldiers there, they are of the “tin” variety. The lament is that strong men—men with red blood jumping through their veins—men of large vision and possibility—are turning from the church. Only the strong can command the strong.

If the church puts a premium on cold blood and small caliber, she will command that type of a following. That type of church may lead the aged, and the infirm, and the compromisers, and the setters, and the sleepers, and the loafers, and the deadheads, but men of high ideals, and large faith, and ginger, and go, and grit, will turn aside to follow her no more.

The aggressive church, the aggressive preacher, the aggressive church member, may make mistakes, will make mistakes, will make enemies, will cause some one to ridicule and sneer; but to refuse to take sides, to refuse to march, lest we make a mistake, is to fill the grave, at last, of a spiritual “runt”—is to eternally fail! The glory of a young man is his strength. The glory of the church is its strength—the strength that the Holy Ghost gives. A church of tomorrow must be an aggressive church—must be a strong church.

Excerpt from “The Holy Spirit and the Soul Winner”

Insights

The Lantern, a nonprofit publication of the John Brown University Archives, exists for the purpose of educating the community about the University’s history and heritage. It is available at the Archives Office and on the Archives website at www.JBU.edu/library/archives. Editor: Brent Swearingen  Assistant Editor: Jen Heller
ECHOES OF THE PAST

Renee Netherton’s POV:

It has often been called to different people’s attentions that “dating” refers to Carbon-14 around here. The obvious truth is that the guys are gutless and paranoid of the possibilities of bruised egos, but that’s letting them off too easy. There has to be a solution, right?

1. We need to change our attitude. Ignoring the guys doesn’t seem to change matters, except to make them worse.
2. Show him you’re interested. Subtly jump into his arms in the middle of the cafeteria. Send him a dozen roses every day, for a week. Send him poetry, such as “How Do I Love Thee, Let Me Count the Ways…”
3. If these tactics don’t work, try something obvious.
4. Once you get his attention, and he still doesn’t call, remember how busy he is on the weekends. He does important things, such as … a. Call home; b. Count the bricks in the walls; c. Read the dictionary; d. Play ping-pong, pool, or video games.
   The list is endless.
   So, girls, the next time you’re sitting (or standing) in the crowded, cramped T.V. room on a weekend evening, feeling discouraged, remember…
   We have to do what girls have done for years at JBU. Live for TWIRP weekend!

Scott Branch’s thoughts:

Dear Women of John Brown University:

Because of my growing concern over the latest talk about dating, or lack thereof, that I hear crashing through many cafeteria conversations and group discussions, I have taking the liberty of offering some simple explanations as to the cause of this mysterious phenomenon.

The obvious thing would be just to admit that guys are gutless and paranoid of the possibilities of bruised egos, but that would mean my having to be honest; instead, I’ve come up with seven let’s-sidestep-the-real-issue-excuses in answer to that age old question, “Why does the trash get taken out more often than the women at JBU?”

1. Trash doesn’t say “no.” I’ve never heard of a glad bag stating that it would rather stay home and blow-dry its plastic top.
2. Trash doesn’t complain about where it’s being taken. Men around the globe have spent many an enjoyable evening at a Bruce Lee rerun with their trash bag at their side. You see, trash loves to go anywhere.
3. Trash doesn’t expect anything. With trash, a date is a date, not some promise of true love and eternal devotion.
4. Once you get his attention, and he still doesn’t call, remember how busy he is on the weekends. He does important things, such as … a. Call home; b. Count the bricks in the walls; c. Read the dictionary; d. Play ping-pong, pool, or video games.
   The list is endless.
   So, girls, the next time you’re sitting (or standing) in the crowded, cramped T.V. room on a weekend evening, feeling discouraged, remember…
   We have to do what girls have done for years at JBU. Live for TWIRP weekend!

So my advice to you who are lovelorn and are reading this article, is to keep hoping and praying, and to live for TWIRP weekend; after all, we guys do.

Did you know? Textiles “Woven” into Campus History

It may not have been underwater, but at one point basket-weaving was one of the elective options available in JBU’s vocational education program. During the 1930s, weaving of all types took place in the Helen Brown Hodges Dress factory, located on the second floor of the modern Hyde Engineering Building. Factory students produced dresses for national stores as well as campus women, who were required to wear factory produce while they remained at JBU.