Camp Buddy: A Wholesome Place to Be

In the time of its founding, JBU was so much more than the one campus in Siloam Springs. There were five different schools affiliated with John Brown and several camps. One of the camps was Camp Buddy. The camp was named after the son of John Brown Sr., John Brown Jr., whose nickname was “Buddy.”

Camp Buddy was created in the 1930s on the Sulphur Springs, AR property, twenty-six miles north of Siloam Springs. The dormitories, classrooms, park, lake, swimming facilities and playground were all at the disposal of the camp for the summer months. The purpose of Camp Buddy was to give children between the ages of five and sixteen a place to go in the free summer months where they could still learn and be active. The camp focused heavily on its “wholesome” nature and the unending benefits of being out in nature.

Activities at Campy Buddy included, “hiking, pack trips, motor trips, pioneer training, camping, swimming, dining, archery, baseball, Bible study, horseshoe pitching, handicraft, tennis, ping pong, group games, lead work, square knotting, fishing, sunrise breakfast, picnic dinners and marshmallow roasts.” The campers would take overnight hiking and motor trips to the Three State Monument, Sugar Creek, Cave Springs, Eureka Springs and Blue Springs.

Summer school was also available for the children. Classes were offered at no additional cost and junior and senior high school students could even earn full credits in English, history, math and other subjects. If students needed personal attention in specific subjects, counselors made time to give them coaching.

Camp Buddy seemed like a natural extension to the belief John Brown Sr. had in the necessity of integrating Head, Heart and Hand. The campers were encouraged to grow in their knowledge, spiritual health and physical well being. Camp Buddy provided a safe, wholesome and fun environment for kids to spend the summer months.

Milestones

November 2, 1990

Members of the Tae Kwon Do Club went through a rigorous testing process to earn higher rankings. Participants included: JBU Faculty and Staff members, Robert Jones, Maurcio Corredera, Peter Salveson and Anthony Gulotta. They were tested on form, a make-believe fight and a demonstration of front, side and ground kicks. High blocks and breaking boards were also expected from the athletes.

November 21, 1958

The JBU Science Club traveled to Tulsa, Oklahoma on Monday, November 17th. The group of sixteen toured the Texas Company and saw the refining of Texaco gasoline and the refining of the first jet fuel for commercial use. They also witnessed the production of steel from scrap iron to a finished product. The group also learned techniques of live telecasting from KOTV Channel 6.

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ECHOES OF THE PAST

Drama Group Organized—February 26, 1981

Tom Roberts, instructor of broadcasting, is organizing a Christian drama group at John Brown University. The group is to be called “Ichthus,” which is Koine Greek for “fish.” The symbol of a fish was used by Christians during the first century in their attempt to identify themselves to one another without being caught by Roman authorities.

“Our purpose is to produce high quality Christian theatre and present it to churches, schools, civic organizations, etc.,” Roberts said. “Few congregations have used drama as a method of presenting the Gospel,” Roberts added. “That may be because people think it’s too difficult to produce a play. It isn’t,” he said.

Ichthus will produce God’s Trombones this semester. “It’s a series of Negro sermons in verse,” Roberts explained. God’s Trombones will be presented in Reader’s Theatre style, which means no one will be required to memorize lines, he said.

Auditions for God’s Trombones will be in L150 from 3 to 5 PM Tuesday, March 10. Students wishing to audition for the production should prepare a three-minute dramatic reading, and be prepared to read a portion of the script of God’s Trombones, which will be given to them during audition.

Roberts, whose undergraduate major was speech and drama, organized the Religious Drama Guild of Ouachita Baptist University which presented dramatic readings in churches from Arkansas to the Carolinas.

Members of Ichthus must be free to travel two weekends a month for performances.

Insights

Works from John Brown, Sr.

“Did you ever hear of the story of the sea and the cloud? One beautiful summer day the sea gazed up into the sky and was attracted by a great snow-white, fleecy cloud that was floating lazily through the air. The sea was tired, tired, and longed for rest.

How wonderful it would be, thought the sea, if I could rise to that- if I could only be transformed into a cloud to float peacefully through space. Stretched around and about as far as the sea could see, were the heavens’ fenceless depths, and up there and out there all seemed unspeakably quiet and restful and vast!

At last the desperate resolve came. I will quit the life of the sea, with its ebbs and flows, with its eternal turmoil and upheaval, and I will rise to the privileges and the liberties and the glories of the clouds. And then came the frantic struggle, and what a struggle it was! The sea roared and foamed and heaved and tossed and clutched out pathetically toward the sky, but in vain. At last, desperate, it beat itself against the sands and rocks and managed to leap far up into the air, but only to sink back, moaning, to the restless level from which it sprang.

The great friendly sun had looked down upon this hopeless struggle and its big kindly heart was touched with pity.

“Friendly sea,” said the sun with its wholesome, healthful smile, “you cannot by any effort of your own, transform yourself into a cloud. Clouds are not made by any effort which you may make. What you cannot do for yourself, however, I can do for you, and if you will just lie still and look at me I will see what I can do.”

So the sea quieted down ceased entirely its unavailing efforts to become a cloud. Hour by hour it lay, gazing up into the great shining face of the sun, and out of the restless depth of the sea there was drawn the materials out of which a great, foamy, snow-white cloud was made.

Out through God’s fathomless space another summer cloud floated! The Christian has hours like that. Like the restless, foaming, moaning sea, old humanity is carried about by its ebbs and flows, its turmoils and upheavals, unto the overmastering passion of the life is a passion just to rest. How tired we do become—how very, very tired!

Looking up into the matchless face of Christ, we see written there, love, and joy, and peace, and long suffering, and gentleness, and goodness, and faith, and meekness and temperance, and our hearts reach out toward those calm and far away heights. We want peace, and Christ has peace. We want joy, and Christ has joy. We want love, and Christ has love. Then the desperate resolve comes. “I will arise to that,” and a struggle begins— a struggle that is pitiable enough, and tragic enough, and frantic enough to arouse the deepest sympathy of the angels. We look and long and struggle and toss and reach out and pray out and cry out, and when our efforts are ended—worn out by the violence of our attempts to rise, we find that we are just where we were when the struggle began.

We are away, away down here and the ideal is away, away out yonder! Then we learn the lesson of the sea. What we cannot become through effort of our own the Holy Spirit can make us. We cannot live the life of the Spirit without the Spirit. The Holy Spirit draws men and women up and into the stature of Christ.”

Excerpt from “The Fruit of the Spirit”