THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY YEARBOOKS

A STUDY OF STUDENT LIFE FROM 1889 TO 2015

KATHERINE BUDINGER
The Debutante.
Published By
The Class of
'89
Johns Hopkins University.
1889- The First

Robert Tunstall Taylor was best known by his classmates as an artist. Thus, he was recruited early on for the task of creating The Debutante, and insisted on being named an editor for his efforts.

The majority of the book had been written, and was currently undergoing final exits. Thus, the only elements left were the few planned photographs and Taylor’s illustrations. Another student had also been called upon to assist, but as a member of the senior class, the most important pieces had fallen upon Taylor to bring to life.

Direction had been minimal, so it was entirely dependent on his own imagination to conjure up designs. The first he attempted, on behalf of the banjo club, had been easy; the instruments themselves were the obvious subject matter, so Taylor sketched out a few banjos, a guitar, and even a mandolin. He knew that the banjo players often wound ribbons around the heads of their instruments, so he pulled inspiration from those in order to weave the letters of the club name. A quick book of music, then his signature, and that illustration was done.

The tennis club drawing was born from an old sketch he had uncovered while reviewing for a final English exam, penned quickly on the back of some lecture notes. Taylor had copied it onto nicer paper, finalized the details, then set it aside for approval from the other editors.

What proved to be the greatest challenge was what to craft for the class of ‘89. A full-page drawing of some kind, to introduce the class, its members, then eventually the class history essay, was requested, and proved to be the most troublesome. An easy option would have been to sketch a building or even the nearby Washington Monument, with its lofty column topped by the presidential statue, but Taylor was not moved to
create by such mundane ideas. The establishment of The Debutante was not one brought about by mere admiration, but rather passion and pride, the sort that demands documenting. If The Hopkins was to maintain its esteem, its yearbook needed to be on par with those of far older institutions.

Taylor flipped his pen between his thumb and his forefinger, mindful of the ink and its tendency to splatter. The desk at which he sat in his rooms overlooked the street, and occasionally a horse would clomp through the new spring heat, creating a monotonous sort of ambiance not unlike that of insects buzzing, which Taylor could also hear through his window.

It occurred to him, in the midst of his contemplation, that he had yet to actually read the class history that had been composed by Faust, one of the other editors. He found the folder containing one of the drafts beneath a few books, flipped it open, and began to read.

The opening metaphor immediately caught his attention. Taylor adjusted his grip on his pen and reached for a new sheet of paper. Students in an exploding bomb, “ready to be hurled upon the world” was a good line that Taylor would have to commend Faust for upon their next meeting. Thus, Taylor sketched a cannon, a ball breaking apart in order to unleash men onto the world. He saw a rare opportunity for a few portraits, and crafted the antique crowd standing behind the cannon to be the likenesses of those known to students, such as Professor Remsen, labeling them adequately. Within the hour, Taylor had completed the second to last of his illustrations.

Then Taylor moved on to the most important illustration; he had been honored to even be asked to illustrate it: the first page of the premiere Johns Hopkins University yearbook.
So here then is
the Hullabaloo
or book of the
Senior Class of
the Johns Hopkins
University

All herein
having been made
or selected
by certain men
out of that class
and done into a book
at Baltimore by
the Horn-Shafer Co.
in this year of our
Lord one thousand
nine hundred and
fourteen
1914- Gilman Hall

Newly constructed buildings always have a shiny sort of charm to them, especially when they feature bells that chime the hour and elegant white marble. The hall’s construction had stretched on and on for months that moved far too slowly, leaving the student population of Homewood campus endless entertainment in observing the slowly growing goliath from the safety of their McCoy windows. Bricks and marble crawled their way out of the earthy pit that had been dug and reached up towards the Baltimore skies, only to be adorned with crisp white trim, fine roof tiles, and large panels of glass.

Her name was Gilman Hall, and she looked down from her high clock tower at the students who approached her doors. She had spent her infant years peeking out at them from between scaffolding as they crossed the grassy quad, laden with books and papers. Now, they were close to taking down her construction barricades and inviting visitors. She was excited to show off her beautiful windows, and her clock tower provided not only a fantastic view, but also a reminder of time and its consistent passing.

She was aware that someday a building may come alongside a newer age that would outshine her, but she would always be content as long as there were photos of her immortalized. She was a rather vain building, and had little appreciation for the photos of her that showed her young stages with wood and signs of construction around her base, but until she was finished that was all students would know of her. It would likely take another year, but the day she was complete could not come soon enough.
HULLABALOO
OF THE
JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
VOLYME XXII
ANNO DOMINI
NINETEEN
HUNDRED
AND
EIGHTEEN
PUBLISHED
BY THE
CLASS OF 1918
1918- The Reserve Officers’ Training Corps

I was very glad to have picked up a shovel rather than a pickaxe; one was simple enough, the other a tool so foreign to me that I knew I would be completely inept with it.

Trench digging was one of those training requirements that I had not anticipated when I signed up for the Reserve Officers’ Training Corps. With a war on in Europe, enlisting seemed like the best way to make use of my future degree in Romance Languages; if luck was on my side, then perhaps I could work for the War Department as a translator, given my proficiency in Spanish, German, and French. First, however, I had to practice digging a trench.

I huffed out a breath, watching the puffs disappear in the morning air with each shovelful of dirt that I launched over my shoulder. Closer to the tree line, there were still banks of snow, the remnants of a long winter clinging to the heat of a fast-moving world. My fingers chafed against the wooden shaft of the shovel, red and swollen without gloves. The digging was just laborious enough that it made my
body warm in its standard issue wool uniform, but left my fingers and nose at the mercy of the weather.

Next to me, four other men sunk deeper and deeper into the frozen soil with me; we seemed to have decided, without any verbal consultation, that we would focus on digging deeper rather than lengthening the trench. I paused after my next scoop of dirt and surveyed our work.

Our part of the trench looked like a grave.

Three people from the Hopkins had already died in this war. One of the mathematicians among us had said that, considering the couple hundred of us in the corps, it made our odds of surviving pretty great, but that only served as a temporary balm for the tiny demon of doubt that had taken up residence in my stomach. It liked to awaken every now and then and gnaw at my innards when I thought too much about the possibility of being drafted overseas into the heart of the fighting, where I doubted that my bayonet battles with training dummies would do me much good against a real German soldier. All I could do was pray that my intended degree would pave my way for the diplomatic corps; I did not care to understand what the Germans might say when they died.

One of the other men in the trench broke our rhythmic silence, punctuated by the slide of shovels in dirt and clacking of pickaxes.

“I would kill a man for a cigarette,” he huffed.

I muttered, “Algún día podrías tener la oportunidad.”

He furrowed his brows in incomprehension, which was all for the better. Instead I offered him half a smile before bending over to move more dirt.

One of the men next to me with a pickaxe had encountered a rock, and had been chipping away at it in a steady rhythm, a waltz of destruction. I could not tell how long it had been since he had encountered the problem, but he was attacking it with the ferocity of a chemistry student who had just been provided a periodic table to make use of during a key exam. I paused my shoveling for a moment to watch his progress, and as I did he brought down the pickaxe without enough precise aim, and the spike raked a long gash along the side of his boot. He muttered a few curses, causing a long stream of steam to flow from his lips.

I was very glad to have picked up a shovel rather than a pickaxe.
The Hullabaloo

Autumn 1943

The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore · Maryland
Charlie looked at the staff gathered around the table, empty chairs more prevalent than occupied ones. There was an unspoken arrangement as to where each man on the Hullabaloo staff sat during every meeting, at least that was the way it had been in the past before the Hopkins became a train station terminal. The number of students present in any club or class was in flux, and had been for a while now because of the draft. So far the Hullabaloo had lost more men than it had gained, which necessitated a constant shift in who occupied the various leadership positions; Charlie Beachley, as editor, had stuck it out at the helm.

These sorts of meetings to replace major contributors had become common practice by now, and Charlie had already come up with a plan.

He did not bother with semantics; when the brief chatter ceased, Charlie said, “Ray was ordered to active duty yesterday.”

Someone on the left side of the table murmured, “Shit.”

“We need someone else to head up the photography end of things. I know that this is not an easy task, given the war-time restrictions, but Ray already started the process of better, albeit fewer, pictures.” Charlie swallowed. “Ira, you worked closely with Ray on this endeavor. Would you be
willing to take over for him?"

Ira Singer tugged at the lapel of his jacket. “Of course.”

The reply was short, but it was enough for Charlie. He posed to the table, “Have we gotten a hold of the updated list?”

The decision had been made that this autumn edition of the Hullabaloo would be focused on the Juniors and Seniors who had plans to leave the school; most of them were being called to active duty. Nearly every club on campus had rotated leadership multiple times already to account for the absences, so often they had two or three presidents listed for just about every club.

Charlie knew all of this would likely necessitate another college annual in the spring, not to mention the spring sports and activities that would demand immortality in the pages; creating a fall edition had been hard enough, so he could only hope that the world might improve just enough by then so that he and the staff might have an easier time with it all. The budget in particular had almost halted the endeavor right from the start, but they had found ways around it, just as Ray had found ways around the photography restrictions.

Charlie looked at the men remaining at the table, his own corps of soldiers toiling against the herculean task of putting together this book; it would remain when the war was finally over, and it would represent all of the hardships, chances, restrictions, and shifts that were piling up with every passing day. He took a deep breath, reminding himself of his friends overseas who needed a place in this book, and hoped that one day they would all get to see it.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to

David Bosted
Peter Harnick
James Keogh

These individuals were unable to receive their diplomas with our class. In a questionable move, the administration suspended them just before graduation. Their crime: using peaceful means in an attempt to induce the Academic Council to abide by its own by-laws and rules.
1970- Vietnam

I expected many things from my first year at Hopkins; I was prepared for the stares and jeers and comments. I did not anticipate class strikes.

It started with a few dozen missing from lecture halls, posters around campus that were torn down within the hour, a notable lack of students on days where the National Mall was a sea of signs. The administration didn’t want to talk about Vietnam, but the students did. I stopped going to classes when I turned up to Genetics and found that I was one of two students awaiting a professor who was thirty minutes late and dismissed us after five.

Rumors of a large statement, something on-campus that could not be ignored, swirled amongst us Hoppies in October, which is how I ended up ignoring a few readings in order to stay up late painting signs and banners. There were six of us, all packed into a dorm; the floor was a dangerous pattern of wet paint and paper, stretching from one end of the room to the other which made getting to the door a grand puzzle or game of Twister. All the while, a radio crackled through the latest news, which was consumed by an entire country in protest broken up with mundane weather reports.
The following day, by the time I
arrived in front of Gilman Hall, it would have been impossible to make out the figures of my friends without the signs that I had helped paint held aloft over the heads. It was impossible to see the grass as I wove between bodies; I had never seen so many students gathered in one place, so logically there should have been some sort of awkwardness when bumping into so many unknown faces, but instead there was a mutual purpose that transcended the usual strange looks. I pushed my way to my friends, who had sought cover from the unusually hot October sun beneath a tree.

The clock tower chimed noon, and the mass of students began to shift and slither all around campus, waving banners denouncing the war and its violence. If you had replaced our signs with guns, you would have found a strange parallel to the very thing we were condemning.

Eventually, we marched down the sloping hill of the beach and into the streets. A few students had a coffin lofted on their shoulders and seemed intent to march all the way to Hopkins Square with it, which was a dedication that I could not help but admire.

“Is that one of them?” The phrase was not nearly quiet enough for me to miss, despite the buzzing and chanting of the protest.

“Yeah,” his friend replied.

“I knew there were women here now, but it was hard to believe without ever actually seeing any of them.”

I knew being one of the first women admitted would come with its challenges; this distant, zoo-like observation from the male students ceased to surprise me anymore. It was awkward for all parties involved, as though they did not know whether applauding my presence would be unintentionally condescending, but regardless of their opinions I was a step towards an equal world where wars could be stopped by a student body armed with signs.

We continued to march.
To be equal does not mean to be the same. As the American black man has emphatically demonstrated, one does not have to give up his cultural differences in order to seek equality.

As there can be little doubt that a black is differentiated by the color of his skin, there can be little doubt that a woman is differentiated according to sex. The problem is not to eradicate the difference but to destroy the barriers which deny freedom of movement to those who are different. To arbitrarily deny a woman her sexuality is as criminal as to deny her intellectual ability.

Although she may not choose to retain a sexual identity, she must not feel that shedding it is a prerequisite to freedom. The object is to increase the alternatives open to individuals, not to abandon one dictate for another. A woman may decide she wants to wear eye makeup and skirts. The important thing is that she must not feel that she is forced to. A woman may just want to be a housewife. That’s fine. But the silly restriction in this society against women holding positions that require intelligence or taking responsibility must be smashed.

This culture (especially clothing and cosmetic manufacturers) places tremendous emphasis on women conforming to a specific (and expensive) manner of appearance. It would be rather difficult to deny that this is oppressive. However, there is nothing wrong with wanting to look and be attractive for the opposite sex. It is the custom of having to that must be changed.
2015- A Eulogy for the Final Yearbook

We are gathered here today to mourn the loss of the Johns Hopkins University Yearbook, which passed away in 2015 after a tragic lack of student interest. Born in 1889, it is a great sadness that such a longstanding tradition could not, like many such concepts, endure in the modern age.

In its infancy, it was a book for no larger than two hundred gentlemen, with hand-illustrated pages from student artists and long essays written by the editors summarizing their time at the institution for which they held so much pride. The years went on, the name changed and so did the student populations. America evolved and experienced global events that made history; those that impacted student life made their way into the yearbooks, while others remained for history courses.

Eventually, the care of the past was exchanged for the speed of the present. Glossy pages of photo collages replaced the personalized essays, and words largely faded with age. It became easy for students to use standard computer software layouts in order to create pages upon pages of content in order to feature the many aspects of the large student body.

The yearbooks remain as a collection of memories and faces of the past, time capsules of paper bound in everything from leather to cardboard. These pieces of history will not ever be truly lost, and serve as both references and reminders of our institution’s past.

The Johns Hopkins Yearbook, whether it be called The Debutante or The Hullabaloo, may no longer be with us, but its memory remains. Some students note and miss its absence, and perhaps some day it will be resurrected, but in the meantime we shall acknowledge its importance for preserving student history for 126 years.
ALL IMAGES AND EXCERPTS TAKEN FROM THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY YEARBOOKS, WITH PERMISSION FROM THE SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK JIM STIMPERT, HEIDI HERR, AND THE SPECIAL COLLECTIONS FRESHMAN FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM FOR ALLOWING ME TO PRODUCE THIS PROJECT

THE YEARBOOKS CAN BE ACCESSED ONLINE AT HTTPS://JSCHOLARSHIP.LIBRARY.JHU.EDU/HANDLE/1774.2/37597