“Remembering California”

Out of all the dorms at JBU, it could easily be said that the California Dorm had the most character. The groundbreaking for this monumental building was July 6, 1922; unfortunately due to difficulties in fundraising, the building was not completed until five years later. The dorm itself has pure California roots, for not only its funding coming from people in California, but its architect, James A. Hoose and the man supervising the construction, R.N. Allen, were also hailed from California. Likewise many students from California assisted with the construction of the dorm. Even the building material, like the Spanish tiles on the roof, had a Californian heritage. Several thousand people attend its dedication ceremony on July 1, 1927, where it was referred to as being one of the finest academic buildings in Arkansas.

Throughout its life, California not only housed a countless number of students, but it also housed faculty, offices, dining facilities, and a bakery. In 1927 California had 64 student rooms, 4 bathrooms, and 4 washrooms; additionally, it was a co-ed dorm with ladies living on one wing, and men on the other. However in 1928 it became a women’s dorm until the 1980s (excluding a brief period during WWII when men were housed there).

In 1980 the school decided to renovate California instead of tearing it down; from then until 2001 it was co-ed. The spring semester of 2001 was the last time in 74 years that students would live in the dorm. Furthermore, the fall homecoming of 2001 was even centered on “Remembering California.” While the dorm captured the heart of all who lived within it (and some who did not), it was structurally unsound and had to be demolished before anyone became injured. Therefore in December of 2002, shortly before Christmas break, the demolition of California began. In order to make the memorial that stands at the top of the hundred steps, 2,500 bricks and 700 roof tiles were saved. As a Californian alumni states, in a final tribute to California in the 2001 yearbook: “I like to think of California dorm as the Rocky of the dorms. It is disheveled and should probably be condemned, but it has got a lot of character, and you cannot stop that.”
There Is No Joy in Mudville
OR
Why Women Faint and Strong Men Go Mad

From where I sit in my lonely room, it is exactly 563 steps to that awful place, that den of madness, that thing which has made me the way I am. Each day I, and many others, trend that well-worn path to the—the—you’ve guessed it, the Print Shop. We use to be gay, young, and happy, and look at us now—broken, sad, and dejected.

As we enter the establishment, we see our dear editor, Hairy Watersouse doing his best to hold back the avalanche of snoopers trying to find out if their names are in this week’s issue. “Let me in,” they cry. “No! No! A thousand times no!” cries handsome Hairy “You insulted me last week,” cries another.

“I’ll have you and your staff hanged, burned at the stake!”

“No! No! Never,” cries little Georgie Pearson as he buries a fire axe in the persistent students head.

Finally the attack is repulsed, and we of the staff get settled down to our serious (?) business.

“Here it is the end of the week,” cries Hairy.

“Which week?” chorus the staff members.

“This week, you bunch of fat-heads!” cries Hysterical Hairy “Still no copy has been submitted. What will we put in the paper?”

“Nothing!” shouts David Showalter. “Nobody reads it anyhow.”

“I can’t understand it anymore,” cries Hairy. “Joanne Thompson and Paul Goring are always late with their copy; Walitzer is always insulting somebody and the paper can’t take anymore slander suits—sigh.”

“What about me,” cries David. “I’m always having trouble with advertising. The cuts never come in on time. What shall I do? I’m losing my mind!”

“You never had one to start with!” cries Chlorine Livingston.

Poor Hysterical Hairy has passed out meanwhile, and has been revived with a bucket of cold water. Hairy now speaks. Speak Hairy.

“Every time I go down to the dining hall to hand out papers on Saturday, the students mob me. They tear my clothes, they pull my beard, they shout at me. I just can’t stand it anymore! I, too, am going mad—stark, raving mad! Last Saturday one of them asked me if the Threefold in Threefold Advocate meant fold it three times and throw it away. Nobody appreciates us—nobody! Here we are—dejected, hounded, unwanted.

With this, dear Hairy dropped dead by popular request. If you are ever up on Boot Hill, look up his grave and you’ll find this quaint inscription on his tombstone:

Hairy Watersouse, Esquire
(Also Saturday Evening Post)
Born too soon. Died by Popular demand.

POME
Here lies Hairy in his coffin
Blew his top just once too often.