Able, energetic, registrar and publicity director, Frank Junell left a host of friends of the college and himself, and a big gap to be filled when he withdrew at the end of the first semester from the staff of Texas Mines to affiliate with a private business firm. In recognition of his service to the institution, we dedicate this section of the book to him.
PUBLICATIONS BOARD, composed of the editors of the college publications, three faculty members, two representatives from the Student Council, and the President of the Student Association, acts as the Board of Directors of the incorporated Student Publications. By making awards to energetic publications workers and supervising all business affairs of the enterprises, the board insures the smooth operation of the publications and their continuance from year to year.
To every student who has fortunately remained on the subscriber's end of the Prospector and Flowsheet, the Press Club is probably little more than a rather empty title. Actually it is an organization that plays quite an important role in the life of the college, since its membership is composed of the actual working staffs of the school publications. Legitimate activities of the club are rather limited, since each member is more or less absorbed in the performance of his or her actual duties on the publication staffs. Its chief function this year was to sponsor the annual convention of the Southwestern High School Press Association, in which some three hundred high school journalists trekked to El Paso and were shown a whale of a good time. The Press Club is a member of the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association and acted as host for the 1941 convention of this group.

Front row: Napoles, Morton, Evans, Saxon, Long, Kennedy. Back row: Gish, Willis, Mr. Williams, Hope, Manker.

PRESIDENT AMELIA MORTON
With an All-American rating to maintain, the Prospector staff, headed by Amelia Morton, turned out a commendable paper. College news was emphasized throughout with discussion on national and international affairs being limited to student opinion on these subjects.

Coverage of the campus activities was bolstered by the addition of the journalism classes to the reportorial staff. In the matter of editorial policy, the paper entered into a crusade to have the football queen chosen by the football team. After this goal was achieved, the editorials confined themselves to admonishing freshmen to attend class and other students to attend college functions.

Page two became the center of interest in the paper with the Vinegar Eel, written by Jack Salem, as a feature. The column, which became Mein Kampus in the spring, was a humorous, satirical, caustic discussion of sororities, politics, cats, Ward Evans, and Jack Salem. After Salem’s resignation, the column was taken over at various times by various students.

The sports page usually consisted of week-old flashes on victories of Mucker teams interspersed with an astonishing number of correct predictions by sports editor Tommy Saxon. Inside information was furnished by basketballer Donald Lance and in the fall, by footballer Owen Price.

Society news and fashion hints were ably presented by Betty Barbara Long who managed to include more than the usual list of members and dates in her stories.

Prospector staff: Parker, Bryan, McDonnell, Snelson, Manker
Plagued by an excess of activities and romantic intrigues, Flowsheet staff members whooped through another year to astonish even themselves by producing the creation in which these words so miraculously appear. The staff worked—spasmodically! But could you blame them? What would you have done if there had invariably been half-a-dozen gorgeous co-ed beauties lounging on your desks, sprawling over the office chairs and going through all your copy and pictures? Under those conditions would you have pasted picture panels, planned layouts and written copy? Would you have laboriously clipped photographs with the Coca-Cola and juke box realms of the co-op only a hundred or so feet from your office? You're blamed right you wouldn't—and Flowsheet staff members didn't either. In fact it was only on May first that slave-driver Nations was reasonably sure that the book was going to come out at all.

Editor Hildon Nations, a pre-med student, was a driving swing drummer, a more or less energetic worker, and
a would-be wolf among the weaker sex. Nations planned his book this summer in the work-conducting atmosphere of a laundry truck (plug). After a short trip to St. Louis, the red-headed one returned with a few additional freckles and a bunch of copied layouts, which between intervals of worrying over his dance band, he proceeded to put into reality with the aid of ever-willing Bill Blocker and intermittent bursts of assistance from associate Marshall Willis and managing editor Hope.

In all seriousness, the staff has worked hard to give you what they believe to be a different and a good book. Sincerity and real effort are represented on every page of the blamed thing and it is their earnest hope that it pleases you. Only lack of space prevents giving recognition to more of the staff members; we can say that the efficient work of feature editor Rosita Martinez and copy editor Johnnie Hicks was particularly outstanding.