



Pictured above are some of the members of that notorious and infamous gang known as the Brunswickan staff seen at one of their secret meetings in the office of their leader, the mad looking one in the front row, second from right.

It's been a big year here at the Bruns what with us doing all our own paste up of copy, writing and composing our own heads and generally making all our own mistakes. The manhours that go in this paper would astound even normal paranoids. Before we affectionately say good bye to everybody, one word to our do-horts in Woodstock. Many thanks and Weldon (he's our press operator) we hope that by next year Cadogan breaks down and hires a three toed sloth somewhere to help you ink the rollers and turn all the knobs that need to be turned and the ink stains that need to be shared. Happy travels to Bruce who is going to take his long lockes out of Woodstock because the whole world's hasseling him. Where ever he goes we hope that someone shows him how to put picture negatives in right side up.

"this announcement is to announce that exams will be written by members of the staff contrary to opinions held by the staff that they won't have to because of their service to humanity but humanity has issued a release stating that all will in fact write exams" the great era of the big scare is on paranoia is having your name mentioned in the paper's ip se dixit column for fear what authority will think Fuck authority over and above the call of duty. fantruckingtastic right on ed janice has read the new novel senuous woman J and has allusions to a water bed while blues wants blue water, more comfort and a gift of heat for the senuous man M kimo left us before the rush and all rumors to the effect that she is not getting married are not true, if propositioned she won't stand, if married will not kneel liz smith who is aiding macfarlane in his retirement years marching with the sisterhood to free the uterus heavy ed the thirsty triumvirate constantine collum willet will corporate to colate the view over the valley for wanton capitlaist love of foreign gold at the border which is to say they more

to relate in materialism than idealism could sustain however the corporation trio recant on conjugal bliss for debauch the tourist morrison will offer a summer course in captivating the focal points for leroy or gauthier who are madly scrambling for the tuition olafson is vacating albert co. for the west and calgary men of the long reach joining her in the westward treck is thomson super jock to Vancouver fisher going to the paternal warehouse and plot for next year, tact is dime a dozen speaking of dimes stevens simons dubious duo will carry their tokebags on their backs for safer landings right on says crasher ed who is building a darkroom for wendall, to sit in watching jomini chase the fast 510 out to calgary where blonde bomb awaits to travel the long rail in full photo display rudnikoff will buy newspaper to work for hiring de Freitas to run a coop for the employees roberts will start travelling to montreal to work where mcdonough can enter the partnership to pro-

duce potent stuff in green colours liquid consumption send it to colli palmer to ease their relations says ed who knows all tells all but is so shy of bylines that he keeps his name out of print whenever possible but beaton gave up dex for love and just wants to rest the slippers all summer unless the call to mexico put the heat back with drummond slacking the heat in the junction living on sabattical and ed's lover going down that road to get a lift from spear and wishing for a press thats as free as names don't mean a thing as players politicians and kings mcpherson will don a rock and dip a linus blanket in grand lake pound will service the corporation with feminism and macmullin cut his hair enrolled in the narc banking community and will mine all summer I can't help it if freality is Marxist. The more I make the revolution the more I want to make love, the more I make love, the more I want to make the revolution -- us.
Hi Mom, Hi Dad - from news scoop.

This being the last BRUNS for this academic year, I'd like to take the time to thank all the members of my staff for the blood, sweat, and tears that they have shed in the production of this paper. I couldn't have done it without you. We've had our share of disagreements and arguments, but I think we've managed to come out of them as a closer-knit group, which has helped us to stay together when the going got rough. I'm not much at speeches, so I'll end this by saying it's been a pleasure and an honour to be your editor. See you all in Sept'.

in peace,

Blues Roberts.
Editor