

Gazette editor hired by B.S. Ooze

by Jack Goff

As the editor of the Dalhousie *Gazette*, a student newspaper with Marxist-Leninist elements, he scribed stories on student unemployment, presidential candidates and soaring tuition costs. He also authored editorials on engineers, bigotry and nuclear energy.

As a journalist, Tom Regan had a menial existence. He was frustrated over a total lack of readership and as a result became horribly addicted to Golden Glow and wood cement.

But Regan's depressingly gruesome past is just that; for now he reports for this paper and has thousands of faithful readers. Gone are the days of trite stories over which nary an eyeball scanned. As a member of the B.S. Ooze, Regan, or as he is called in the newsroom,

Tom, writes scathing reports on gut issues which affect us all; namely sex, crime and violence.

His first story to splatter our front page—headlined 'Sackville Man Blows Head Off Albino Deer'—won him rave reviews and a wide following, not to mention a pass to the Waverly Gun Club. Soon to be published is Regan's brilliant piece of investigative journalism on what goes on beneath the tables at senior citizen bridge tournaments. A truly important report that is not to be missed.

To bring you an insight into Tom Regan, the writer and the man, we visited him at his flat above a massage parlour on Gottingen Street.

"It's great working for the Ooze," beamed a smiling Regan, leaning back in a swivel chair, his hands behind his head and his

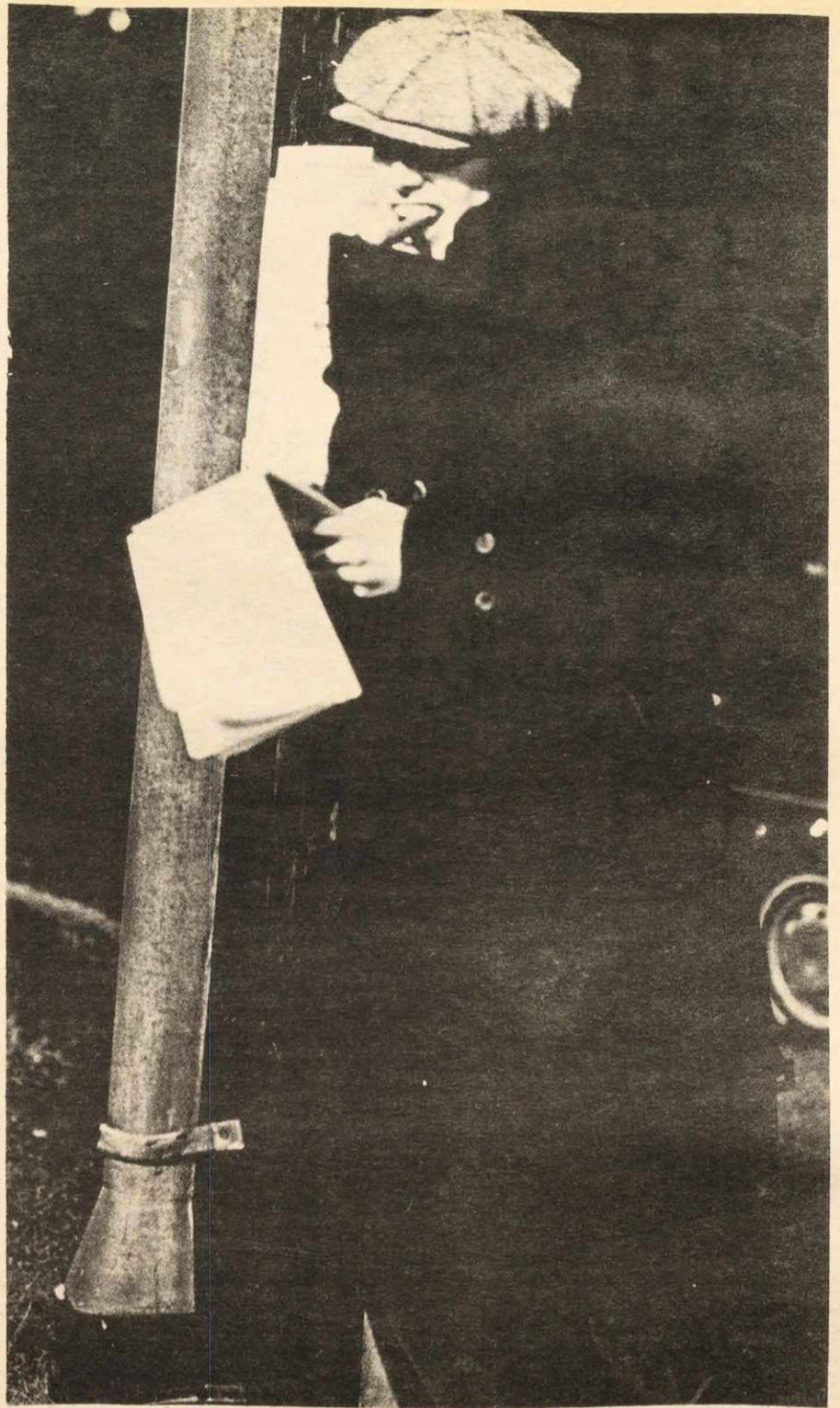
hobnailed boots propped upon a stack of Penthouse magazines. An autographed photo of Harold Robbins sits on a desk as does a picture book entitled 'The Horrors of Auschwitz'.

"When I was at the Gazette I was called, among other things, a leftist, pinko-commie, radical fag. Grossly unfair. I've never even kissed a guy before—at least not on the mouth."

Regan says the world of political journalism is not his cup of pee. "Let me tell you something," he barfed. "Someday I'm going to write that proverbial 'Great Canadian Novel'. But will current affairs garbage sell millions of copies? No sir." He pauses and sips his Bloody Mary. "This is the real world," he said with an exaggerated sweep of his arm to indicate his voluminous library of Beeline novels, his collection of poetries by famous mass-murderers, his humungous pile of National Enquirers. "This is what sells."

"Working for the Ooze will be a tremendous boost. We're colorfully sensational and sensationally colourful. Yeh." He starts to salivate and wipes his cracked lips with the back of his hand. "God, we get to use some great words; like castration, decapitation, disembowelment, orgasmic, necrophilia, and lots more."

"It sells, it sells," he says, looking affectionately at Robbins' glossy.



Lassie Come Home Replayed in Halifax

Pester, a two-year-old golden labrador, was found at dusk yesterday by a weary six-year-old searcher, near the entrance to Point Pleasant Park. He looked tired after his ordeal but was not seriously hurt.

His owner, Miss Fret Ubet, cried as the dog limped to her side. "I was so worried about him," she said, falling to her knees and hugging his quivering body close to her. "He's so friendly, I was sure that someone had lured him into a car and taken him to make horse food out of him."

The happy reunion came after almost three days of constant searching on the part of Miss Ubet and a crowd of neighbours. They were aided by intermittent helicopter patrols by the coast guard and a megaphone-armed division of the RCMP.

The intensive search began on Monday morning after Pester had already been missing overnight.

"I let him out on Sunday afternoon for his regular afternoon constitutional," said Miss Ubet, "but he didn't come home when I called him an hour later."

She said he usually just plays near the entrance to the park, chasing small children, dodging cars and chewing on joggers warm-up suits.

A mounted division of the RCMP organized the neighbourhood children into an efficient search squadron. At the search headquarters, the park was divided into sectors and two searchers were sent into each with sticks, whistles and dog biscuits.

During the rescue operation, one child drowned while searching near Black Rock beach and another was severely injured when he slipped while clammering about the Battery ruins.

Miss Ubet expressed her thanks to one and all for their courageous efforts and offered cookies and milk to the remaining searchers.

World's first brain transplant a success

by Ima Nosyreporter

The world's first successful brain transplant took place yesterday at the Victoria General Hospital, according to Dalhousie faculty member Dr. Butcher.

This unprecedented operation was undertaken as a last resort to save patient Andrew MacBurger, president of Dalhousie University.

"MacBurger was suffering from terminal Scottish dourness," said Dr. Butcher.

"It was further complicated by an advanced case of presidential paralysis and a virus infection we call the MPHEC funding syndrome. This operation was his only chance."

Once the decision to transplant had been made, however, another problem presented itself. How could a donor be found for the operation? After several unsuccessful trips to prisons and mental hospitals, the surgical team had still not

found a volunteer.

"Late the previous evening we had still not found a donor," said Dr. Butcher.

"And overnight the patient's condition worsened. Realizing that the transplant had to take place immediately, we went out and found a little girl on the street. I held out the candy and Dr. Sawitout applied the anesthetic, and presto! we had our volunteer."

President MacBurger, still convalescing after the stren-

uous operation, had little comment to make about his unique experience.

"Ooh, my head hurts," said MacBurger.

"Can I have a red lollipop now Mr. Butcher? Where's my Mommy?"

Brave little Sheila Thompson, the 6-year-old volunteer who was the donor in the operation, was also taciturn.

"I don't feel that it would be expedient to make a statement at this time," said Sheila.

"Perhaps I could say something at a later date when all the implications have been sorted out."

Befordian man bears seven pound child while eating albino deer meat

by Mike Turd

Last Thursday Bedfordian Mr. Murray Tassel became the first man ever to successfully undergo childbirth. Mr. Tassel said the idea first came to him when he was watching "That's Incredible".

"I've always wanted to be an international star and

knew this was the only way," said Tassel.

Tassel realized that he didn't have much time because more and more men were attempting the feat. "The best guy I ever saw try it almost made it but lucked out during labour—he just didn't have the hips. Me, I've got real breeder's hips

just like my Momma".

Tassel's first problem was to find a proper mother. He didn't want anyone else getting in on his good deal so he went to a fertilization clinic. "After only three visits the doctor told me that the rabbit had kicked the bucket," said Tassel.

Although Tassel never ex-

perienced any morning sickness, he did say that one time he ate ten pounds of albino deer meat that a close friend gave to him.

The birth of the child, a seven pound hermaphrodite, will be televised on Sunday, December 14, 1980 in place of "Disney's Wonderful World".