

A NOTE FROM THE SOCIETY

Personnel changes at 'Dwarf News'

The Editor has been dismissed; his place has been taken by the Deputy Editor.

Dwarf Keeper Jane Collins B.A. is to remain as Assistant Editor at the present time.

The Society would like to apologize to members for recent problems regarding the Colour Supplement, and are confident this will be resolved in time for next month's issue.

DWARF NEWS

The Official Newsletter Of The Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain

No Dwarfs Were Harmed In The Making Of This Publication

Applications are invited for the position of Deputy Editor, 'Dwarf News'. You must own a Dwarf, and be a full member of the Society.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to August's 'Dwarf News'. Both Jane and Harry have returned to work. Jane has confirmed that the couple are to divorce, and things at the office have been a little tense throughout July. Harry has asked the police not to press charges after an incident at the couple's home last month. He has moved into a hotel, and Jane has changed the locks, and had the sitting room window replaced. Jane is much in the news at present, as readers will discover in this issue. At the moment she has been sent to Oxford to interview author Eric Von Smith, now back at home after an enforced stay at Leeds City Hospital, but still confined to a wheelchair. Jane has been told to take a fortnight's annual leave, and intends to remain in Oxford after concluding her interview with the author. She has also written an article for this month's issue.

Our new secretary, Sophie, claims that Jane has definitely had cosmetic surgery on her upper chest. "Trust me, I'm an expert on fake boobs", she told other staff, after meeting Jane for the first time.

There is good news for the supporters of radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small in Court Diary, balanced by the sad story of William Bigger, now unlikely to represent his country in the forthcoming Dwarf Keeper's Olympic Games. Our Colour Supplement contains an article by the Principle Reader of the Newly Established Department of Political In-Fighting at Merkin College, Cambridge, Doctor Leon Cannarbis, on the 'Fall Guy' system of committee politics. As the final legacy of the previous editor, this is in black and white.

FORMER EDITOR'S LAST CHANCE TO PRODUCE COLOUR SUPPLEMENT ENDS IN FAILURE

In a last, desperate attempt to retain his position, the outgoing Editor of 'Dwarf News' decided on a novel approach for ensuring the Colour Supplement was printed on the correctly coloured green paper for this month's issue. He chose to print it in black and white, a process he can claim to have had much experience at, and then to dye the paper the correct shade of green afterwards. Surprisingly, this proved to be successful, in that the paper was found to be exactly the right colour after it was removed from the dye tank.

Unfortunately, however, one or more of the chemicals used in the dye caused all the letters to fall off the paper, and settle to the bottom of the tank. Despite many attempts, he was unable to stick them back on.

Since leaving 'Dwarf News', he has visited several members of staff at their homes, in an attempt to interest them in purchasing double-glazing. So far, no one has taken him up on his offer.

ASSISTANT EDITOR'S NUDE PHOTOS ENRAGE SOCIETY

The Assistant Editor of 'Dwarf News', Jane Collins B.A. is reported to have exchanged angry words with the Dwarf Keeper Royal, after it was revealed that she has posed nude for 'Tall Tales', otherwise known as Play Dwarf. Jane is featured in the present issue as their Playmate of the Month. Few Dwarf Keepers have ever seen a copy of this magazine, which is only sold to members of The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion. We are told that the issue price is ten pence, but it is rumored that the edition featuring Jane is now being sold by members for up to sixty pounds each, although the expression 'changing hands' might be more appropriate. After recent revelations concerning Jane's private life, she has become the favorite pin-up of male Dwarfs nationwide, and since news of her impending divorce in July's 'Dwarf News', several extremely short men bearing boxes of chocolates have presented themselves at the office asking to speak to her. Jane has refused to see them, and Sophie, given the task of telling them to go away, always ends up with the chocolates, and says she must have put on at least half a stone in the last week. Sophie has also been placed in charge of replying to the many proposals received by mail. She has used the office computer to produce a form letter, with a space left to insert the name of the unsuccessful applicant.

Jane has told Sophie that she is welcome to take her pick of the many suitors. "I've had enough of men for a while", she told Sophie, in a private conversation in the lavatory, overheard by the Senior Print Technician. Apparently, Jane is looking for a companion who is interested in her mind, rather than her body. As she is now Dwarfless, Jane can only remain as Assistant Editor for three months, after which time she will have to resign from the Society. Meanwhile, the Senior Print Technician has received a written warning, for hiding in the cubicles of the ladies' lavatory.

Editor's Note: 'Dwarf News' has managed to obtain a picture of the scene inside the 'Play Dwarf' studio, taken secretly during the photo shoot. We have also managed to obtain a print of one of the photographs. This has been sent to readers in a separate e-mail, entitled 'Jane, Naked'. Readers who are easily offended are advised to send this direct to their recycle bin, without opening.





POLICE SOLVE MYSTERY OF MISSING HAMMER

Police claim to have finally discovered the truth regarding the unfortunate death of Dwarf Charles Longfellow, Senior Engineer at the old Printing Shop of 'Dwarf News'. Charles, first husband of Assistant Editor Jane, slipped and fell into the main print roller while adjusting the steam pressure release valve at our old premises, now demolished. Police were concerned, because although Charles was apparently adjusting a delicate and vital piece of safety equipment, no hammer was found with the body. The hammer was discovered late last month hidden beneath the boiler, by a team of workmen who were removing the press before demolishing the building. Police found marks in the bloodstains on the handle, and fingerprinted all the staff at 'Dwarf News', in the hope of finding the guilty party. They have since arrested the former Editor, and charged him with wasting police time.

The detective in charge of the case has released a press statement, which is quoted below.

"The former Editor of 'Dwarf News', who has been assisting us with our enquiries for the last forty-eight hours, has admitted that he was responsible for hiding a hammer, formerly the property of the Dwarf known as Charles Longfellow, beneath the boiler at the old 'Dwarf News' Printing Shop. The Editor has told the investigating officers that he was working late in the office one Friday evening in March, when he was alerted to a problem in the Printing Shop. He heard the steam pressure release valve blowing, and went to investigate. On entering the Printing Shop, he was horrified to find that the Chief Engineer, who was running a print test alone in the shop, had fallen off his stepladder. His head had been crushed in the main print roller. He discovered that the engineer's hammer, which he had presumably been using to adjust the steam pressure release valve, had jammed the main print roller drive chain. This had caused the press to come to a halt, and the steam pressure release valve was allowing the steam to escape. This piece of safety equipment had stopped the boiler exploding, due to a build-up of pressure.

On realizing that the last person to visit the Printing Shop that evening was the Assistant Editor, Jane Longfellow, wife of the deceased, he decided to take the opportunity to implicate her in the death of her husband. The Editor had been concerned for some time that Jane was after his job. Since she had recently gained a degree in Applied Dwarf Lore from Merkin College, Cambridge, and was now more qualified for the position of Editor than he was, he felt that this was the chance he had been waiting for.

He has confessed that he wound the press back by hand, removed the hammer which had stopped the mechanism, then allowed the steam pressure to rise, before re-engaging the clutch on the press, and watching the roller crush the body to a thickness of approximately half an inch. He then threw the bloodstained hammer underneath the boiler, and replaced the engineer's stepladder against the wall. On returning to the office, he called the emergency services, and told police that Jane had been the last person to see her husband alive. Jane, when questioned, admitted that she had entered the Printing Shop before going home that evening, to ask her husband what time he would be home for tea. The former Editor has been charged with wasting police time, and has been released on police bail".

Police now accept that Mr Longfellow's death was the result of a tragic accident. They are still making enquiries regarding the identity of the two female Dwarfs caught on a

hotel security camera stealing Jane's new husband's boots, which were used to implicate the couple in the death of Charles Longfellow. A police spokesman told 'Dwarf News': "The Editor has denied any knowledge of the boots, which tends to suggest that a third party also wanted to make police think Jane was involved in her husband's death". Asked by officers if she could think of anyone else who might hold a grudge against her, Jane claimed that no one came to mind. She has denied the existence of other boyfriends, stating, "I was always faithful to Charles. Well, apart from with Harry, in the stationary cupboard at lunchtimes". 'Dwarf News' has since learned that our former Editor has been fired from his new job as a double-glazing salesman, and is currently unemployed.

WOOL SHOP DEMOLITION "NO ACCIDENT"

By Jane Collins B.A. Assistant Editor.

The destruction of Wendy's Wool Shop last month, and the sad death of the Dwarf Owner's Racing Club president, Lady Felicia Crumble, may be connected, according to police. An appeal for the two female Dwarfs who witnessed Lady Crumble's fall from the top of the grandstand, at a Floodlit Dwarf Racing event in Leeds, to come forward has produced no results. Police are also no closer to finding the driver of the stolen lorry, which demolished Wendy and Maureen's wool supply business, while the two owners were asleep upstairs. Although they have consistently refused to be interviewed, I was able to talk to Wendy by telephone, just before she and her partner flew to Australia to start a new business, three days after their shop was flattened by the thirty-eight ton lorry. Wendy claimed they are eager to start again somewhere where there is less traffic, and told me "We can take a hint". When I pointed out that Australia has always been short of Dwarfs, she replied "Good".

(Australian Dwarfs are few and far between. The crews on sailing ships used to transport early 'settlers' to the former colony, amused themselves by treating Dwarf convicts like terriers, throwing them into the bilges and gambling on how many rats the Dwarf could kill before being overcome. Australia's most famous Dwarf, Kylie Minogue, now spends much of her time in France, where tall people are rare. This is believed to be due to the decision, during the First World War, to only dig the French trenches five feet six inches deep. – Ed).

I have spoken to many former radical Dwarf feminists, most of whom are now married with families. Some of them are prepared to hint at the existence of a group of lady Dwarfs, operating in the background of the feminist movement. Other contacts in the world of Floodlit Dwarf Racing whisper of an organization, which controls much of the on-course bookmaking, and may be responsible for deciding the result of certain races before the start. No one is prepared to speak publicly, however.

When the rumours and hints are sifted through, there remains the suggestion of an unknown group of Dwarf feminists, with the ability to influence the huge number of radical movements now known to exist.

In the early nineteen seventies, after the formation of the New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, and its subsequent split to form a number of related groups, rumours

began to emerge of a shadow organization, one not beset by the constant arguments and divisions the movement was experiencing at the time. These rumours claimed that a group of young members of the Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, fed up with the Sisterhood's obsession with knitting and flower arranging contests, resigned to concentrate on more important matters. The split was seemingly amicable, and caused barely a ripple, compared to the previous bitter arguments over teacups and curtains that had characterized the formation of The New Age Sisterhood a few years earlier.

"They were so secret, that they didn't even have a name for ten years", I was told by one source, who insisted on remaining anonymous. "They were so far in the background that if they'd actually had a name, none of them would have been cleared to know what it was. That's what I call security".

This group, never numbering more than a handful, is rumored to still be in existence. There are no ex-members, or known associates of the original founders. The Dwarfs who formed it have never gone public, spending the last thirty years under cover. The only name ever associated with the organization is 'Pink October', and both The Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, and all the various splinter organizations, immediately deny the group exists at all. The Dwarf Owner's Racing Club claims never to have heard of them. If it still exists, then it's members must now all be in their forties and fifties, long past the age when most radical Dwarf feminists have married, had children, and moved on from their youthful militancy. After extensive enquiries, the one name I have heard mentioned in regard to this group is that of the Chair Dwarf, a mysterious figure known only as 'Auntie Rachel'.

COURT DIARY

Mon 19 July

The appeal court met this morning, to consider the conviction of radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small. Miss Small is currently serving six years, for her involvement in the brutal kneecapping with toffee hammers of controversial author Eric Von Smith, who's bestseller, '*Chariots Of The Dwarfs*', has inflamed Dwarfs throughout the country. Von Smith's use of the phrase, "All habitable planets in the universe may well already be infested by dwarfs", and his insistence on spelling "Dwarfs" without a capital "D", have resulted in The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion issuing a blood oath, swearing to break his kneecaps.

The appeal is based on new evidence, uncovered by police investigating the death of the Dwarf Charles Longfellow, formerly Chief Engineer at 'Dwarf News', and first husband of assistant editor Jane Collins B.A. Videotape has revealed that two female Dwarfs, disguised as Goblin Teasmaids, were responsible for the theft of Jane's new husband's boots while the couple were on honeymoon. The boots were later used to plant evidence implicating Jane in her first husband's death. The description of the boot thieves exactly matches that of Eric Von Smith's attackers.

Tues 20 July

In the Minnie Small appeal, Mr Scrote Q.C. representing the Crown, has informed the court that the police are no longer satisfied that Minnie Small and her accomplice Maxine Small, (no relation), were responsible for the attack on Eric Von Smith, and have re-

opened their enquiry into the case. As a result, the appeal court judges have overturned the conviction. They are due to meet again tomorrow, to consider an appeal against the additional sentence of eighteen months imposed for belonging to a proscribed organization, The Provisional Wing of The Radical Dwarf Feminist Movement, The New Age Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion. Some indication as to the result regarding this verdict may be gained by the decision to release Miss Small on bail this evening, pending the result of their deliberations.

Wed 21 July

The appeal court judges have upheld the conviction of Minnie Small, for belonging to a proscribed organization. They have decided, however, to reduce the sentence to that of time served, plus two year's probation. Miss Small has now been released, and has promised to speak to the press at a conference tomorrow morning.

Thurs 22 July

Radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small, accompanied by her barrister, Mr Arthur Law Q.C., has spoken to the press after her release from prison. Miss Small, who is approximately seven months pregnant, told reporters she has been in contact with the father of her child. "I telephoned him from prison on the twenty-eighth of June. He didn't know about the baby. He has asked me to marry him as soon as his divorce comes through", Miss Small revealed. She added that they intend to buy a small cottage in the country, and concentrate on the important things in life, namely choosing carpets and curtains. "We're definitely going to have mugs, and teabags", she added. "I'm not having tea leaves all over the place, and I hate sodding teacups".

Fri 23 July

Mrs Violet Small, mother of suspected Dwarf feminist Maxine Small, has demanded compensation from the prison service, after her daughter committed Upsy Daisy while on remand at Hollywell Prison, on the twenty-fourth of March this year. Her legal representative, Mr Arthur Law Q.C., pointed out that police have already insulted his client by suggesting that Mrs Small, who is of Afro-Caribbean descent, had given birth to twin sisters of different racial backgrounds. This would have necessitated Mrs Small having relationships with two completely different men, in the space of a few hours. Police later apologized to Mrs Small, and also to Mrs Doris Small, (no relation), for a similar suggestion that her daughter, Minnie Small, who has blond hair and blue eyes, had an Afro-Caribbean twin sister. As the appeal court has overturned the conviction against Maxine's alleged accomplice, Minnie Small, any damages paid to Mrs Violet Small are likely to be considerable. A police spokesman told 'Dwarf News', "There goes my bloody pay rise for next year".

SPORTS NEWS

July 2004

Final preparations for the Dwarf Keeper's Olympic games are underway, and team selection is now complete. A recent collection for the Lady Dwarf's basketball team raised enough money to replace their old wooden stepladders with the very latest titanium

models, and their average height of four feet seven and a quarter inches makes them favorites for the Gold Medal. The former favorites, the Americans, are still reeling from the suspension of several key players, after they tested positive for the banned substance known as highballs. These are made by dropping two tablespoonfuls of liquidized giraffe's testicles into twelve ounces of single malt whisky. The American coach has admitted that there can be no doubt about the test results. "They were so pissed the little buggers couldn't even stand up", he told 'Dwarf News'.

As the basketball competition is the opening event of the games, the all male Dwarf snooker team have been promised the use of the stepladders afterwards, and the coach is predicting a good result.

In the newly recognized Olympic Floodlit Dwarf Racing competition the news is not so good. Our medal hopes now rest with 'Mighty' Maurice Jones in the steeplechase, after it emerged that Britain's Super-Dwarf, William Bigger, is unlikely to compete.

William disappeared after the death of his owner, Lady Felicia Crumble, in a tragic accident last month. As the home William shared with her, Crumble Manor, was burnt to the ground on the same evening, William is now homeless. A racing Dwarf and friend of William has spoken to 'Dwarf News', after we promised not to reveal his identity. 'Lightening' Larry Rogers, told us that Mr Bigger is living as a down-and-out in London's dockland. "He's devastated by the loss of Lady Felicia, and he's drinking heavily", Larry told us. "He is worried that he might have an accident too, like his owner. He's drunk almost all the time, and barely keeping one step ahead of the rats".

After hearing this sad tale, the sports coach started a collection among the team to raise money for William, who lost everything in the fire. They collected a magnificent forty-seven pounds and twenty-six pence, five pesetas and two buttons. Larry, who took the money to William, said that the Dwarf was extremely grateful to the team for their generosity. "It's enough money to keep him in meths for a fortnight", Larry reported, adding "There may even be some left over to rub under his armpits. It helps to keep the lice down".

It has since been reported by Larry that he has lost touch with William. He has vanished into the capital's underclass, where even a tall person can exist unnoticed for many years.

SOCIETY'S TECHNICIANS NO CLOSER TO SOLVING URINAL SIDE STAND PROBLEM

The Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain's Technical Department, led by Dwarf Friend Chris Straw, are still struggling to find a solution to the problem of putting the side stand down on celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce's new motorcycle. Simon, who has already dropped the Russian monster-bike once, has legs which are too short to reach the stand, when seated on the bike. The stand also has a strong spring, which folds it automatically into the raised position unless it has the considerable weight of the machine resting on it.

Chris, whose solutions to such problems have made him the natural successor to Leonardo De Vinci, ("The device worked perfectly, but the Dwarf died. Bring me another Dwarf"), has abandoned his earlier attempts with trainer wheels, and telescopic boot heels. He is now working on a pair of boots with a spring-loaded toecap. The left

boot will have a clockwork time delay switch, so that Simon can ensure his foot is correctly placed after he has pulled the string, which is attached to the trigger mechanism. Unfortunately, unless the foot is placed in exactly the right position, the spring in the left boot causes the rider to rotate backwards through two hundred and seventy degrees, pivoting around the handlebars, before landing on the front mudguard. Obviously, the bike then falls over.

Cocking the device before riding the motorcycle is also likely to be a hazardous procedure. This will involve Simon lying on the ground, a position he is familiar with from his drinking days, and pushing the sprung toecap against a suitable solid object, until the trigger locks into place. When asked how far Simon was likely to be thrown backwards if the device went off half cocked, Chris admitted that this was undetermined. "It depends how far away the nearest wall is", he told the Editor.

The best idea so far seems to be that of Simon carrying his Dwarf Keeper, Jackie Bruce, on the pillion, as Chris points out that her legs are more than long enough to reach the stand when sitting on the rear seat. Unfortunately Jackie, who's legs are so long that they are rumored to go up to her armpits, is not always available as a passenger, as she has to work five days a week. Finding himself a spare long legged female passenger to carry when Jackie is busy is not recommended, as the neutering kit is only a phone call away. We will keep members informed of future developments. Readers who have their own idea about a solution should contact the Editor, with drawings if possible. The best suggestion will win its creator a 'Dwarf News' T-Shirt. Entries by 25th August, please.

Editor's Note: In a late breaking addition to this story, a letter has been received from Dwarf Friend Chris Straw, head of the Society's Technical Department. It is reproduced below.

Dear "M";

I have abandoned the Spring-Loaded-Toecap-Device-For-Lowering-Side stand as it has become apparent that in order to balance out the not-inconsiderable forces involved, a spring-loaded heel would also have to be fitted. This I believe to be simply too hazardous a device to allow a Dwarf to have in a public place, or indeed, within 3 miles of any Public building, person, edifice or erection (including houses). The release synchronising timing mechanism of the device simply could not be persuaded to fit into anything less than the size of a large suitcase. This is obviously not practical, and experiments conducted without a synchroniser have been.....er.....inconclusive, except for the Test Dwarf. Put simply, the unsynchronised release of both toecap and heel caused the Dwarf to rotate, violently, around his centre of gravity, first in a clockwise and then anti-clockwise direction, with repetitions ad lib. The oscillations and their attendant harmonics taking a good three minutes to damp out with the aid of a bucket. Cleaning-up, also with the aid of a bucket, took quite some time, and it is quite obvious that a rapidly spinning Dwarf hurtling through the air at eye level and ricocheting off various buildings as the direction of spin is reversed, poses an unacceptable threat to Public Safety.

I am now trying something a little more basic, involving levers and possibly a pigeon.

Yours,
"Q"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To: The Editor
Dwarf News

Sir:

As an avid reader of your august publication, I have come to the conclusion that there are a great many more Dwarfs living in this country than even the Dwarf Keeper Royal may be aware of. Obviously, not all of these will be registerable as pure or 'pedigree' Dwarfs, but I consider them to be worthy of note nevertheless.

My conclusion is based upon observation of some of my work colleagues, who come from many parts of the country, thereby providing a statistically significant sample. As I have recently been suffering from a series of sharp pains in the region of my knees, I will change the names of the persons involved in order to protect my own interests.

Frank B. is male, fifty-something, approx. 5' 3" in height, prone to fall over under the influence of whisky, shows a remarkable degree of interest in scooters and, significantly, owns a stepladder and cultivates bonsai trees. (Does he stand on the stepladder to prune the trees? – Ed). Also displays signs of nervousness in the presence of bricks.

Natalie W; slim, (very) blonde, blue-eyed, 30-ish, apparently 5' 10" until you realize that she always wears very Dwarfish-looking boots with eight inch platform soles, of a type to cause palpitations in even the most debauched Dwarf.

Loretta C; brunette, 30-ish, describes herself as "petite", (a dead giveaway, that) causes a deep humming note to be heard when passing male members of staff (thought to be due to worn testicle bearings), unable to determine height accurately as her "significant other" is 6' 4" and a rugby player, but believed to be in the region of 5' 1" in her boots.

Ash P; male, 5' 3", rides a 400 Fire Blade with cut-down seat padding, currently considering a change to a 535 Virago (N.B: a 535 or "baby" Virago has a seat height of 20"), most often found rummaging in the guts of one of our digital presses, which requires the smallest engineer available.

Out of a workforce of about 40 people, this would mean that these four, if taken as being statistically significant, represent a population of around 10% closet or in-denial Dwarfs over the whole country. The four mentioned above all deny being Dwarfish, sometimes vehemently. Indeed, Natalie W; when asked by myself "What is your position on Human/Dwarf mating? Would you like to demonstrate this? I am willing to act as a guinea pig....." declined to comment. The thick ear I am currently nursing is entirely coincidental.

Yours Sincerely,
Chris Straw, D.F; P.D.Q.

Dear Chris:

Thank you for your fascinating observations. Although Dwarfs are notoriously difficult to breed true, owing to their willingness to mate with other species at every available

opportunity, the suggestion you made to Natalie W. probably deserved a thick ear. To ask her about Human/Dwarf mating may not have been wise, to follow this up by implying she may enjoy mating with a guinea pig was undiplomatic, to say the least. Most tall people have some Dwarf blood, just as nearly all Dwarfs are also tall people to a greater or lesser degree. The experts at Merkin College, Cambridge, believe that the only true tall people left in the world are the Masai, who live on the plains of Africa. They argue that any Dwarf who tried to survive in this environment would not last long, as they would not be able to see the lions coming due to the tall grass. Your work colleagues probably have a large percentage of Dwarf genes in their make up. As to whether they themselves are aware of this or not is open to question. Many Dwarfs spend their whole life denying their ancestry, and this may be the case with Natalie W. As to her position regarding Human/Dwarf mating, it would probably be on top, for preference.

Yours Sincerely,
Editor, Dwarf News.

T-SHIRT CONTEST WINNER ANNOUNCED



'Dwarf News' T-Shirt by the Products Dept. Stomach by Boddingtons Ales Ltd.

Winner of this month's 'Dwarf News' T-Shirt is Roger Bradbury, who combined poetry with a demand for a free press, after Dwarf Keeper Peter Rollison's membership was suspended for one month, when the Dwarf Keeper Royal read his poem about Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. After many such criticisms, the Dwarf Keeper Royal has been forced to reconsider, and has since cancelled the suspension. Roger's entry is reproduced overleaf.

A young lad sent a poem
a simple little rhyme
of seven dwarfs and young Snow White
and how they passed the time.

You said the words din't always rhyme
with the example bucket
but I say near is good enough
in other words, ah fuck it

The editor would not it print
"it is obscene", he said,
"it tells how blondes have loose morals
and how Snow White gave head

"I'll tell of blood and violence,
when wrong goes Upsy Daisy
but faced with consenting adults
(and dwarfs)
my reasoning goes hazy

"As editor I know your place
I really do know best
a dwarf should not be talked about
minus their nice warm vest"

You may think that your word is law
and the conclusion's foregone
but editors can go too far
just ask poor Peirs Morgan

An editor who sez stuff that he doesn't like
should be kept to a hush
may find one day to his surprise
his nuts turned to a mush

Roger

(Inventor of the inverted periscope camera for the easy photography of Dwarfs)

**Newly Appointed Editor's Note: The Editor concerned has since been dismissed,
after problems regarding the Colour Supplement.**

SUPPLEMENT

This month's supplement contains an article by Doctor Leon Cannarbis, who has been appointed Principle Reader of the Newly Established Department of Political Infighting at Merkin College, Cambridge. After reading the article, members will understand why Doctor Cannarbis refused to take the title 'Chair'.

As the new boy on campus, the Doctor has infuriated many of his more distinguished colleagues, by his dress sense, and his habit of smoking a substance that he claims is herbal tobacco in the staff room. His students speak of him highly, and many of his female pupils have signed up for extra tuition. Judging by the high grades reported, these one-to-one late night sessions certainly seem to give the students concerned an edge over the rest of the class.

(As both the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain, and the various organizations run by the Dwarfs themselves, are governed by a multitude of committees, we hope that readers will find the article stimulating. –Ed).

THE FALL GUY

By Doctor Leon Cannarbis, Principle Reader, Newly Established Department of Political Infighting, Merkin College, Cambridge.

Whenever a group of people joins together, cemented by a common interest, hobby or political viewpoint, they will form an organization. This is true whether they are Dwarfs or taller people. This organization may be called many things, it may be a club, or a party, or a society, the name is unimportant. As soon as the new organization is formed, the leading members, often those who formed it in the first place, will become the committee. They will then elect a leading figure to represent their interests. We will call this person the Supreme Chairman. The first task facing the student is to identify this figure. In the local Parent/Teacher Association, for example, this is probably the Chairman of the Board of Governors, to whom all lesser Chairmen are subservient. The P.T.A. Chair has no real power, as the Supreme Chairman can overturn his decisions, without that elevated individual even breaking into a light sweat. In political parties, the Supreme Chair is the man at the top, the Prime Minister, or the Leader of the Opposition. Do not be misled by the title of Party Chairman. Though he may actually be the man in charge, he hides behind the Supreme Chairman, for reasons we are about to discover.

Supreme Chairmen fall into one of two categories. The first type is the man who really is in charge. Over the course of his career, he has been Chairman of a hundred lesser committees, each slightly more important than the last. He has survived many attempts to make him take the blame for a cock-up, and has always managed to shift that blame to a lesser being. By the time he reaches the top of the organization, he is the toughest of all. He has managed to wrest the power from those who usually hold it, the founders of the organization, the people who control the purse strings through their appointment of the secretary, or the vice-chairman. The men at the top all fear that one day the rank and file will realize that they run everything for their own benefit, and the common herd will rise up, and demand that someone takes responsibility for the mess the organization finds

itself in. At this point, the first type of Supreme Chairman will ensure that when the door finally gives way, and the rats swarm in demanding to be fed, he will be the man standing on the tallest stool, while holding the biggest stick. This is not to protect himself from the rats, but from his own colleagues. He knows that they will try to overturn his stool. They will try to feed him to the rats, in an effort to sate the rat's hunger. If they can succeed, the rats will be happy, they will consider themselves well fed, and the rest of the committee can escape with, at most, a few scratches. At this point, the Supreme Chairman will use his big stick to knock a few of his juniors off their stools, to ensure that he himself survives unscathed.

When fronted by such a creature, one who has taken the power for themselves, the committee is faced with the task of having to destroy the monster they themselves have created, if they want their power back. The only way to do this is to wait until the Supreme Chairman is looking the other way, out of the country, or concerned with a trivial issue, such as the death of a close relative or having a baby, then kick his or her stool away before they realize what is happening. This needs exquisite timing, and if the committee misjudges the moment, the Supreme Chairman will wreak a terrible revenge upon these enemies. If in government, the leaders of the rebellion will be posted to the Northern Ireland Office, or sent to count penguins in the Falklands. A good example of this is Margaret Thatcher, former Prime Minister. For years she had thrown lesser men to the rats, almost as a hobby. The party had to wait until she was abroad, and then kick her stool away while she wasn't looking. This is political backstabbing in its purest form, elevated to an art. It is a technique Julius Caesar became intimately acquainted with, though only for a very short time.

The second type of Supreme Chairman is the one we are interested in. This is the Fall Guy. He has survived being Chairman of lesser committees, certainly, but not by his own efforts. He has been protected, and groomed for the top, because the organization has realized that he is so stupid, and his ego so large, that to blame him for a minor cock-up is a terrible waste. He is so willing to take the credit for everything, that he is far too good to sacrifice. He is effectively put aside for the future, because those in power know that one day, there will be a cock-up so big, that only the Supreme Chairman himself will satisfy the hungry rats. As the big one approaches, so he will be maneuvered closer and closer to the top. This time, when the door finally gives way, and the rats swarm in, he will be the only one who hasn't seen it coming. He will believe that he is invincible, because he is the Supreme Chairman. It is at this point that he will discover too late that what he thought was the highest stool is, in fact, a milking stool with only three legs, and that his colleagues have already sawn halfway through two of them, while he wasn't paying attention.

The main problem facing an organization with this second kind of Supreme Chairman is to stop him falling off the stool himself, before the rats are even hungry. So he is protected, and held up by everyone else. His cock-ups are concealed, his indiscretions covered up, sometimes before he is even aware that he has made them. But these mistakes are also put aside for a rainy day, in a bank account that he does not even realize exists. These are kept so that, if it becomes necessary to replace him during a quiet period, or to draw the rat's attention away from a full scale cock-up that they haven't noticed yet, a few of these earlier mistakes can be taken out, dusted off, and used to bait the rats, causing them to swarm at a time convenient to the organization.

The favorite Fall Guy for any organization is the winger. An organization likes nothing better than finding a winger, and setting him up as rat bait. It works like this: the winger complains about something, so the committee uses the complaint to dump the existing Chairman, who was appointed for this purpose in the first place, and replace him with the winger himself. This individual is ecstatic at this sudden development. “Last week I complained to the committee, and they have turned to me to sort out the problem”, he congratulates himself. “Just seven days ago I was cleaning the executive toilet, now, it is my excrement that is making it messy, and other, lesser beings clean the pan when I have finished my ablutions”. For the courage he has shown in complaining he has not only become one of the boys, he has been elevated straight to the top. He now stands at the very front, and all others line up behind him. He is, sadly, the only one who has not worked out that one day soon, the shit is going to hit the fan, which is why everybody else is standing well back. Ideally, he will now be maneuvered in to a position where his nose is actually brushing against the fan that the aforementioned shit is about to hit. He does not even know enough to duck, and certainly none of his fine new friends are going to shout a warning. After all, if he ducks, then some of the shit, which is about to exit the fan at high speed, will hit them, and this would defeat the whole point of the exercise. As an opening to my course in Political Infighting, I set my students a test, which you can try at home. Choose three organizations of different sizes, one small, one medium, and one large. Try a major corporation, the County Council, and your local fishing or cycling club. I shall choose the new Chairman of the BBC, the Master of Merkin College, Cambridge, and the recently appointed Chair of the Dwarf Owners Society’s Awards Committee. Now try and work out which category they belong to, it is often difficult for the rank and file. Occasionally even the committee itself cannot be one hundred per cent certain, which is what makes politics so interesting in the first place. Sometimes the only way to find out is to wait until the shit really does hit the fan, and then see if he ducks.

LATE NEWS

Mon 26 July

Britain’s Super-Dwarf, William Bigger, has been officially dropped from the Dwarf Keeper’s Olympic team. He has failed to turn up for training, and the coach fears that he may have fallen prey to the rats which are common in London’s dockland, his last known location. “He wouldn’t be the first Dwarf to win a race after the smart money had backed another competitor, and then have an accident”, said his friend, “Lightening” Larry Rogers. “It has been known for Dwarfs to fall into the Thames, and drown”. Asked whether William could swim, Larry told ‘Dwarf News’, “Not if he’s been sewn into a sack along with a couple of dozen bricks, he can’t”.

Next month’s issue will feature all the latest from the first week of the Olympics, and much more.

POSTSCRIPT

GRAVITY TWO, DWARF NIL

To:
The Editor,
Dwarf News.

20 July 2004

Latest news of the battle 'twixt Dwarf Simon the Bruce and Gravity: Round Two sees the current score at two-nil in the favour of gravity. Yes, sports fans, he's dropped that new bike again! This Dwarf is nothing if not consistent! The claimed culprit this time is an adverse camber, aided and abetted by a gutter unexpectedly materialising under the descending right foot and over he went, witnessed by your correspondent in the rear-view mirror. A beautifully controlled descent, though, the crash bars settling to the pavement slowly and gracefully, a truly majestic volume of profanity, audible even through the helmet and over the traffic noise.

Assistance was soon forthcoming, however (that bike's bloody heavy!) and verticality was restored. Asked for his analysis of his performance, Simon said: "Some bloody fool lowered the damn floor again!" before being awarded 3.5, 3.4, 3.4, 3.6 and 2.1 for Artistic Impression by various passers-by, the last being from an elderly gentleman who commented "That's the worst impression of James Cagney I ever saw, absolute rubbish. I want me money back."

Tea and cakes were not served.

Yours,
C. Straw, D.F; P.D.Q; E.L.O.

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