

# DWARF NEWS

**The Official Newsletter of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain**

**No Dwarfs were harmed in the making of this publication**

## **EDITORIAL**

A warm welcome to all our readers from this, the November issue of 'Dwarf News'. We have good news regarding the fate of former Super-Dwarf William Bigger, following his time in a drying-out clinic. There is also a report on the mystery buyer of the old 'Dwarf News' printing press, and an interview with the owner of the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society, where the press is to be re-assembled as a working exhibit.

Questions are being asked within the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain, as to how the old press ended up in a scrap yard. This may yet become the biggest scandal to hit the Society for many years, and we bring you all the latest developments.

This month we also start our new Problem Page, with a letter from a lady who's Dwarf has a tendency to fall down on the job. Relationship counselor and grandmother of five Auntie Linda offers some practical advice.

October saw the Society's annual get together, DwarfFest, held in the grounds of Little Hampton Hospital, and naturally 'Dwarf News' was there to bring you all the stories and gossip. Finally, the Colour Supplement has an article by Jane Von Smith B.A. on the teaching staff at Merkin College, Cambridge, where she was recently awarded her Degree in Applied Dwarf Lore. (Owing to problems with the delivery of green paper, which is explained in a report within this issue, the Colour Supplement had to be printed in black and white. – Ed).

## **FORMER RACING DWARF IS GIVEN NEW HOME**

William Bigger, once Britain's premier Floodlit Dwarf Racer, has started a new life, as the live-in gardener of newlyweds Jane and Eric Von Smith. The couple discovered William in London's dockland last month, while on their honeymoon. William has just been released from a clinic in Harley Street, where he was placed by the Von Smiths, in order to help him overcome an addiction to methylated spirits. He is said to be in poor health.

Mr Bigger was left homeless and alone after the death of his Dwarf Keeper, Dwarf Owner's Racing Club President Lady Felicia Crumble, in a tragic accident at a meeting in Leeds. She fell from the roof of the grandstand, after William had won his race against the strongly fancied second favorite. On his sad return to Crumble Manor, he discovered that the home he shared with his owner had burnt to the ground, after a visitor had accidentally dropped a milk bottle full of petrol into the fireplace in the main hall. Dwarf Racer 'Lightening' Larry

Rogers, still in hospital at Little Hampton Burns Unit, has suggested to 'Dwarf News' that the fire, and Lady Felicia's fall, may not have been accidents at all. He has pointed the finger at an organization known as Pink October, believed to be a group of mature lady Dwarfs who spend their time raising money, some of which goes to charity. As neither 'Dwarf News' nor anyone else has a way of contacting Pink October, his allegations, made two days before his bed at the hospital apparently caught fire while he was smoking in his oxygen tent, remain unsubstantiated.

William had been living rough for several months, and it was feared he had either drowned in the Thames, or fallen prey to the rats that frequent the older areas of London's docks. There was an unconfirmed sighting of him at the Dwarf Owner's Olympics, however he was reported to have thrown an empty bottle at the person who claims they saw him, and then vanished into the crowd, leaving only the slight smell of meths behind him.

'Dwarf News' sent Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio Sophie to Oxford, to talk to the Von Smiths. Jane told her that William is still devastated by the death of his owner. "The poor little chap is heartbroken. I've had to put him in the bedroom next to mine, so I can go in and comfort him when he cries at night", she told Sophie. Remembering that the Von Smiths told her that their marriage is a platonic one, due to the author's injuries sustained in a vicious kneecapping by Dwarfs unknown, Sophie asked Mrs Von Smith how her new husband reacted to her having to devote so much time to William. "Well, he was finding it difficult to sleep with all the noise, as William's bedroom is actually between mine and Eric's", Jane told her. "He's trying to re-write his second book, after the Dwarfs who attacked him also stole the manuscript. He said he was having trouble concentrating on '*Interstellar Voyages of the Dwarfs*', so I've sent him off to our villa in France with the new butler, where he can work undisturbed". Jane revealed that the couple, who are worried about further action against Mr Von Smith by Dwarfs inflamed at comments in his first book, have hired their best man, 'Masher' De Vere Hopkins, to act as butler and personal assistant to Mr Von Smith. Mr De Vere Hopkins is a former bodyguard to the stars, who's many famous clients include punk rocker Sid Vicious, one time Beatle John Lennon, and former Nirvana front man Curt Cobain.

After speaking to Mrs Von Smith, Sophie telephoned the controversial author at his villa on the Cote D'Azure, to ask him how the book was coming along. The writer was unavailable for comment, but she did talk to Masher, who told her that the work was going well, and the first draft was nearly finished. Sophie pointed out the book is already attracting criticism from Dwarf organizations world wide, before anyone has even read it. She asked how the author felt about the fact that it was now described as the most controversial book since '*Lady Chatterley's Lover*'. "I wouldn't go mentioning Lady Chatterley to Mr Von Smith if I were you, he might think you're talking about his wife", Mr De Vere Hopkins advised, before hanging up.

## **DWARFFEST '04 SEES ATTENDANCE RECORD BROKEN**

This year's DwarfFest, held in the grounds of Little Hampton Hospital, saw the largest crowd to ever attend the event in recorded history. Many well-known faces from the Dwarf Keeping world, both from Britain and abroad, made an appearance. Unfortunately, a vicious

rainstorm, which lasted all day, marred the event and the majority of the demonstrations, contests and displays had to be held in the marquee.

Most of the 'Dwarf News' staff attended, and our Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio Sophie was definitely the center of attention, drawing admiring glances from males of all heights. Although Jane once offered Sophie the chance to take her pick from the many male Dwarfs who proposed to her, after the break-up of her marriage to 'Dwarf News' office boy Harry Collins, Sophie still remains resolutely single. This has led to certain unkind comments from some members of staff, and Sophie was expected to arrive at DwarfFest with a boyfriend, if only to dispel the rumours. Instead, she brought along her landlady, a substantial woman in her early fifties, with iron gray hair, a smart suit and very sensible shoes. The rumours continue.

As readers are aware, this year's knitting competition, arranged by The Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion, was cancelled after the sponsor; Wendy's Wool Shop, was demolished by a stolen thirty-eight ton lorry. The Sisterhood has appealed for a new sponsor to support the event next year, but so far there has been no response.

The highlight of the afternoon's events, held in the marquee, was a demonstration by the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team. This display, which they perform, with variations, every year at DwarfFest, is usually the cue for a mass exodus to the bar. This time most of the audience stayed to watch, as the team will sadly not be competing in the indoor league when the season begins next month. As reported in our last issue, their representative failed to get the entry form in by the cut-off date, due to leaving it in his trousers pocket when he went to register. A group of thirty-five Dwarf Keepers have since signed a petition, which they have presented to the Dwarf Keeper Royal, asking him to use his influence to get the team accepted as a late entry. He is said to be considering their request.

The rain helped to cause controversy, after the members of The Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion who had been selected as finalists for the flower-arranging contest, refused to appear in the marquee at the same time as the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team. As a result, the judging for the contest had to take place outside, in the main show ring, despite a heavy downpour.

For the information of readers who have never been able to attend DwarfFest, previous years have seen arguments over the winner of the flower-arranging contest, and accusations of favoritism from the losing competitors. This year, Principle Show Judge Ivor Smallpiece suggested that, as all female Dwarf Keepers are the registered owners of male Dwarfs, apart from a few strange couples that no one likes to mention, the judge for the contest should be chosen by ballot from among their number. (Are we to assume that these strange couples are a sort of mixed height version of Sophie and her landlady? – Ed). Unfortunately, the ballot selected new Dwarf Keeper Minnie Small, owner of Jane's former husband Harry Collins. As Minnie is only three feet nine inches tall, she is considerably shorter than Harry, who is five feet one, and was allowed to become a Dwarf Keeper under an exception to rule four, in that Harry was already registered as a Dwarf with the Society. She is therefore the shortest Dwarf Keeper in the history of the Society, and was considerably smaller than all the finalists in the contest. As Minnie is a former radical Dwarf feminist, who is still on probation for belonging to a proscribed organization, the Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion were not impressed with her appointment as judge, however it was too late to rig the result of the ballot, so the contest went ahead.



Minnie, as the judge, took her place on the main stage, under a canvas cover, while the contestants had to stand in the show ring, which had turned into a quagmire due to the rain. After a box was found for her to stand on, so that she could reach the microphone, Minnie was helped into position, with her new daughter held proudly in her arms, and was heard to remark to the baby, "Look at all the silly ladies, standing in the pissing rain". As the microphone was switched on, this did little to dispel the feeling of unease that had descended over the event. Minnie, standing in the dry, then looked at the sodden competitors, with their decidedly worse for wear flower arrangements, and suggested that unless someone had brought a bunch of water lilies, they might as well all fuck off.

The Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion have since made a formal complaint to the Dwarf Keeper Royal, and threatened to boycott next year's DwarfFest en masse, unless he takes appropriate action. He has promised to look into the matter.

The winner of the contest to choose Miss DwarfFest 2004 was Sophie, as was to be expected. After the result was announced, she was seen talking to a group of young male Dwarfs, believed to be the team responsible for producing The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion's monthly newsletter, 'Tall Tales', more commonly referred to as Play Dwarf. Sophie later confided to the Editor that she had been asked to pose for the magazine, as Play Mate of the Month, but had refused. "I haven't really got the chest for it", she told him.

DwarfFest concluded, as usual, with a barbeque. Due to the rain, this had to be held in the marquee. After the resulting fire, Perkins Hire Company advised the Society to find someone else to provide the marquee and toilets for next year. We are pleased to report that no one was injured, apart from Floodlit Dwarf Racer 'Lightening' Larry Rogers, who had been wheeled down from the hospital burns unit to attend the event. He is expected to be out of action for at least six months, and it is doubtful if he will have recovered from his injuries in time for the start of next season.

## OLD 'DWARF NEWS' PRINTING PRESS FINDS NEW HOME

The printing press from the old 'Dwarf News' building, now demolished, is to become a working exhibit at the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society headquarters; the old engine sheds at Middle Whallop Junction Railway Station. This building, purchased by the preservation society after the station was closed in the nineteen sixties, already houses a large collection of static steam engines and small gauge locomotives. The mystery owner of the press has been revealed as 'Dwarf News' Assistant Editor Jane Von Smith B.A. It is believed that she asked new husband Eric Von Smith to purchase it for her as a wedding present. Jane has told the Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society that the press is intended to be a monument to her first husband, the Dwarf Charles Longfellow.

"Charles started working at 'Dwarf News' as an apprentice, and was the Senior Engineer when the accident happened", Jane told the Deputy Editor during a telephone call. "I couldn't bear to think of the old press rusting away in a scrap yard, so I found out which firm took it away, and went round to see them". She told the Deputy Editor that she discovered the press round the back of the yard, covered by a tarpaulin, and asked if she could buy it. As the yard's owner, Mr Sidney Nupple, was not on the premises, she spoke to his son Julian, who was minding the business while his father was enjoying a dinnertime pint at a local inn. She paid twenty pounds for the press, complete with its boiler, on the

understanding that she was responsible for arranging to transport it off the premises. “Mr Nupple’s son told me that his father had paid ‘Dwarf News’ a fiver for it, and to prove it he had a receipt signed by someone in the Society”, Jane informed us, “He said his dad would be well pleased that he’d sold it for twenty quid”.

Jane promptly rang a local haulage firm, who has the contract for delivering green paper to ‘Dwarf News’ for the Colour Supplement. They immediately cancelled their jobs for the next three days, and arrived at the scrap yard within half an hour. (Unfortunately, one of the jobs cancelled was the paper’s regular delivery of green paper. – Ed). After using the yard’s forklift to load the press and boiler onto a low loader, they were off the premises before Mr Nupple had returned from his lunchtime drink. The load had to remain on the transporter for a further three weeks, until Jane found a steam preservation society who had sufficient space to give the old press a new home. We were told that Mr Nupple himself rang Jane that evening, to demand the return of his property. Eric and Jane’s butler, Mr ‘Masher’ De Vere Hopkins, told him that Jane had brought the press legally, and had a receipt signed by his son, Julian, to prove it. “Mr Nupple said he’d already sold it to a third party, so it wasn’t his to sell any more. He even offered to pay the transport costs, and give me fifty pounds for the inconvenience”, Jane said. “When I spoke to him, and said that it was not for sale, he began threatening me, so Eric asked Masher to go and see him, to check if he had any paper work to prove he had sold it to somebody else.”

According to Mr De Vere Hopkins, who spoke to us by telephone from France, the scrap dealer had no proof that the press had already been sold, “So I asked him very politely not to telephone Mrs Von Smith again, then disconnected his phone, and put it in the dustbin. I think he got the message, I tied the phone cord round his neck first”.

‘Dwarf News’ Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio Sophie was sent to Middle Whallop to watch the arrival of the press, after the Editor agreed to pay her 2p per mile allowance for the use of her own moped. The entire staff of Middle Whallop Steam Preservation Society were on hand to welcome the new exhibit, as was Jane, who had driven over with her gardener, former Floodlit Dwarf Racer William ‘Super-Dwarf’ Bigger, a recovering meths drinker. After the tarpaulin was removed, the owner of the Preservation Society saw the old printing press for the first time. Sophie tells us that he was greatly impressed. “I wish I could have been around a hundred years ago, to see it working”, he told Jane. On being informed that the press was being used to produce ‘Dwarf News’ until six months ago, he was astonished. “Fookin’ hell! Haven’t you people ever heard of Health and Safety? I’m surprised that thing didn’t kill someone”, he told Jane, before being informed that it had. “Yes, we have heard of Health and Safety, they’re the people who shut it down, just before the Environmental Health Inspector condemned the building, because of the rats”, she added. After explaining that he needed a week to inspect the press, and write an engineer’s report, Sophie telephoned the office, and was given permission to remain at Middle Whallop for a further seven days, providing she paid her own hotel bill, and booked the time as annual leave. (How many employers would be willing to let a staff member take a week’s annual leave, over the telephone, at such short notice? I’m sure they all think I’m a soft touch. – Ed).



Ye Olde "Dwarf News" Printing Press

# Dwarf News Printing Press

## Annotated Lithograph After The Silver Halide Photograph By Roger Bradbury, Photographer.

General note: Many of the functions of the press are controlled and operated by steam. This was thought at the time to be the technology of the future, rather like computers and digital cameras are now.

- 1) Adjustable pressure release valve. Beneath it hangs the 'Apprentice Piece' sign made by Mr Charles Longfellow. Mr Longfellow met his end (literally) under (6)
- 2) Spanner for (1) tied to (3) to prevent it falling under (6). This may have been a recent addition.
- 3) Main steam supply pipe.
- 4) Chain drive to great roller control arm pivot, driving (8), and (6) via another chain, not visible on the far side.
- 5) Trevithick Penydarren locomotive (part of), thought by many to have been sold for scrap and dismantled many years ago.
- 6) Great roller, oak cased and lead filled.
- 7) Great roller control arm.
- 8) Chain driving (10), and great roller lifting cam (not visible) which raises the great roller to allow the printing plates to be withdrawn.
- 9) Access steps for safe adjustment of (1).
- 10) Rotary steam valve. This device allows timed control of the various operations of the press, by off/on, or 0 and 1 'signals' to each part.
- 11) Paper retractor, which removes printed sheets from the press. Note compressed air pipe. The operating piston can be clearly seen on the support post. A similar device places an unprinted sheet into the press, from the far side. (Not visible).
- 12) Paper trolley descent mechanism, with steam bleed control valve. A similar device raises a trolley on the far side. (Not visible).
- 13) Steam powered compressor and cylinder (Maximum 20 p.s.i.) This blows air onto paper in the press to ensure that each sheet can be separated and lifted easily, (Like a good bra). Steam would just make the paper damp.
- 14) Pegged oak press chassis. It was good enough for the Mary Rose, so should be okay here. The press was found to be top heavy on installation, which proves that some people never learn.
- 15) Bottom printing plate (In more than one sense, as Mr Longfellow found to his cost).
- 16) Ink rollers, upper and lower.
- 17) Top printing plate, raised up on its curved guide. The printing plates are hinged together and operated by pistons under the bed of the machine, behind the great roller.
- 18) Adams Fireplace, relieved (hacked about) to permit the exit of the smoke stack



## COURT DIARY

### Mon 11<sup>th</sup> October

Mr Sidney Nupple, a scrap metal dealer, was in front of the magistrates today accused of assault, after police were called to the Nupple scrap yard when neighbours telephoned to report a disturbance. He pleaded guilty, and will be sentenced on Friday.

Officers who attended heard screams from the rear of the yard, where they discovered Mr Nupple inserting a one and three eighths Whitworth spanner into the rear orifice of his son, Julian Nupple. He was taken to Half Street Police Station, where he was subsequently charged. Mr Nupple Junior was taken to the local hospital, where surgeons performed a three-hour emergency operation to clear the obstruction.

### Fri 15<sup>th</sup> October

Mr Sidney Nupple has been fined two hundred pounds, with seventy pounds costs, and bound over to keep the peace for two years.

**Editor's Note: As mentioned in last month's issue, there is no Sports Diary for October, however the next issue will have a report on the start of the indoor leapfrog season, plus news of the preparations for the 'Roo Cullers and Dwarf Wranglers Club of Australia's annual mixed height tennis tournament.**

## DWARF KEEPER ROYAL ISSUES PRESS STATEMENT

The Dwarf Keeper Royal has issued the following press statement, after problems at DwarfFest '04.

"Thank you to everyone who attended this year's DwarfFest. I have reluctantly agreed to ensure that the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team will compete in the indoor league this season, after receiving a petition signed by thirty-five members of the Society. These Dwarf Keepers have since all been given three months suspension, for showing unhealthy interests.

Dwarf Keeper Minnie Small has been given three months suspension, after I received a formal complaint from The Ancient Sisterhood of The Dwarfs of Albion regarding the judging of their flower arranging contest.

A full investigation has begun, into how the old 'Dwarf News' printing press ended up in a scrap yard, after it was sold for five pounds. I should like to assure all members that there is no reason to suspect the Chair of the Awards Committee at this time. The fact that various holders of this office have been found guilty of corruption in the past should not encourage anyone to jump to conclusions before the investigation is completed. At this moment, she has my complete confidence, and I know that she can be relied upon to do the honorable thing, if she is found to have been involved".

## LOCAL MOTORCYCLE CLUB CELEBRATES TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Milton Keynes Motorcycle Club The Barrel Bikers, who number many Dwarfs and Dwarf Keepers among their membership, held a party to celebrate twenty-five years existence on Saturday, 25<sup>th</sup> September. Many of the 'Dwarf News' staff attended, and a good time was had by all. It was decided by the Chair of the Awards Committee, Zena, that there would be no award for Best T-Shirt, as ninety per cent of the guests wore the Barrel Biker's famous 'Duck on a Rugby Ball' emblem emblazoned across their chests. Awards were made for Best Dwarf Boots, however.



Kate, Winner of Best Dwarf Boots (Female), and 'Dwarf News' reader Yogi, who took the award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male).

## BEST DWARF BOOTS AWARD WINNER KNOBBLED AT MOTORCYCLE RALLY

Just seven days after winning the Award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male), at The Barrel Biker's twenty-fifth birthday party, 'Dwarf News' reader and Club Chairman Yogi was rushed to hospital at Milton Keynes, after someone crept up behind him and trod on his ankle and then ran away, at the club's annual GPO Rally. Yogi suffered severe damage to his Achilles tendon, and was unable to wear both boots for the remainder of the event, thereby ruining his

chance of winning the award for a second time. The Awards Committee has refused to announce awards winners for the event, until a full investigation has been carried out.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor, 'Dwarf News';

I would like to place a strenuous denial that my Dwarf was in any way involved in the attack upon a certain person last Saturday evening which resulted in the injury to said person's Achilles tendon. I can vouch for where Jok was at the time as he checked in with me every 3 hours during the weekend festivities!

That said we would like to send our best wishes to said person's quick recovery.

Yours sincerely,  
Marith Mauseth-Clark

Dear Marith;

Thank you for your denial. The editorial team at 'Dwarf News' were not aware that your Dwarf had been accused of causing the injury, and find it interesting that this denial comes before the suggestion that your ankle-biter was in some way involved. It is not the policy of this publication to change names to protect the guilty. Indeed, we rely on half-truths, innuendo and malicious rumour to fill our pages. We are not afraid of legal action for libel, as we have no money to pay damages. I have detailed a staff reporter to investigate further. She is working on the theory that the injured party may have been deliberately knobbled, in order to ruin his chances of winning the award for Best Dwarf Boots, (Male).

I must admit to being surprised that you are of the opinion your Dwarf was not be able to get up to mischief during the three hour periods when you state you were not aware of what he was up to.

Yours sincerely,  
Editor, Dwarf News.

The winner of last month's T-Shirt competition was 'Dwarf News' reader Biggles, who correctly worked out that the answer was Dwarf News, despite getting the wrong answer to one of the clues.

## PROBLEM PAGE

'Dwarf News' relationship counselor, grandmother of five Auntie Linda, gives readers her advice on their personal problems. This month, a letter from a Dwarf Keeper who needs help to prevent unwanted pregnancies.

*Dear Auntie Linda;*

*Eight years ago my husband ran off with the barmaid from his local pub, leaving me with three children and an enormous bar bill. Two years ago I met a local Dwarf, fell in love, and re-married. My Dwarf and I are very happy together, and he has done a wonderful job of replacing the children's father.*

*As we already have the three children from my first marriage, we decided that we would not try to increase the size of the family, and would take precautions. Unfortunately, I am unable to take the pill, due to a medical condition. As a result we only make love in the standing position. While this has proved effective in preventing an unwanted pregnancy, my Dwarf has suffered seventeen sprains, and three broken ankles as well as a twisted knee in the last two years, due to his landing awkwardly when I kick the bucket away. Can you suggest an alternative method of contraception for me?*

*Yours sincerely,  
Margaret Williams (Mrs).*

Dear Readers – welcome to your new Problem Page. As we've all seen from the recent issues of Dwarf News relationships of all kinds can cause trauma and distress: mistaken identity of the ignorant kind (remember police assumptions about the Small girls); greed and jealousy (just about everywhere you look in the last 2 editions); and ignorance in the general public. Not everyone has a reliable friend or confident to whom they can turn and it is these people I will try to help on this page.

Do not expect me to give trite answers. Unlike the Editor of this respected publication, I am no advocate of wholesale neutering; nor should you expect me to deride those who have failed in their attempt at Upsy-Daisy; each cry from the heart will be dealt with on its own merit and an answer given that respects the nuances of each individual situation.

Having stated my intentions then follow me, gentle reader, into the heart of the matter.

Dear Margaret

I think it best if we discuss alternative methods of contraception to save your Dwarf any more mishaps. After two years of pain and frustration I feel it essential that you save him any more damaging *interruptus*.

I cannot believe that it has taken you this long to seek help nor can I believe that you still have your wonderful partner after so much agony and so little ecstasy. You talk a great deal about love and happiness but I can envisage a very different story should I have received this letter from your husband. You mention the medical condition that stops you from taking the pill, does this condition also make it dangerous for you to lie down or, stretching one's imagination, bend at the knees? Have you not visited your local Boots the Chemist and seen the display of rubber wear on offer? Why, even your local Tesco superstore sells specialist devices for ladies who, through age, are becoming harder to please.

What a selfish person you must be to refuse to explore alternatives while your poor Dwarf spent increasing amounts of time in A&E; indeed, I'm surprised that the Dwarf Welfare Society haven't paid you a visit on grounds of suspected abuse. Love! You talk of love yet let the supposed object of your affection and desire be pulled down by his unrequited yearnings for you. You say he replaced your children's father but we all know this kind of replacement is impossible – you must admit, especially to yourself, that he is no more than a super-nanny. You could, of course, acknowledge your perverted propensity as a dominatrix and then he may enjoy having you shout “No!” at him and knock him down in his moment of glory. Perhaps you can see yourself in black leather and chains but I suspect he's had enough by now and just wants a bit of peace and quiet. Quite frankly, I'm not surprised your first husband ran off while the enormous bar bill simply paid for the painkillers he could no longer get from a suspicious GP.

You ask about an alternative form of contraception; well, Margaret, I suggest you take the next bus to Boots or prepare yourself, once again, for a life where increasing the size of your family won't mean finding a 6'2" boyfriend but, rather, finding any boyfriend at all.

Yours Sincerely  
Auntie Linda

**Editor's Note- Alternatively, the Society sells a full neutering kit, complete with carbon fibre thumb guards, at a very reasonable price.**

# SUPPLEMENT

Due to the interest shown in the staff of Merkin College, Cambridge, by readers, Jane Von Smith B.A., at present Assistant Editor, has provided the following article.

## TEACHING STAFF AT MERKIN COLLEGE

There are four main departments at Merkin College, so I will deal with their heads in alphabetical order. I will leave Doctor Bodkin until the end, as he is not really a member of the teaching staff.

### **Doctor Leon Cannarbis, Principle Reader, the Newly Established Department of Political Infighting.**

This department was opened after I had completed my studies for a degree in Applied Dwarf Lore, so I am not familiar with the doctor. I have heard reports from female students that he is familiar with them, however.

I did get the chance to talk to him when I was invited to the College Easter Dinner, as I was seated next to him. Unfortunately, we did not have time for a proper conversation. Having been warned that the doctor took a particular interest in female students, I turned to him immediately he started to talk to me. I turned so quickly that I accidentally knocked his bowl of hot tomato soup off the table, and into his lap. He had to leave the dining room, and it seems he was quite badly burnt. I did write to him afterwards to offer my apologies, and explain that accidents will happen.

### **Professor Hugo Darkley, Senior Lecturer in Applied Dwarf Lore.**

Hugo is definitely my favorite member of staff. His knowledge of the subject is extensive, and he can present it in a way that retains his student's interest. He is a Dwarf Keeper himself, having been married to his Dwarf and wife Daphne for thirty years.

The professor is considered to be the foremost expert in the country on the ancient Dwarf art of Upsy Daisy, and since the retirement of Ivor Smallpiece, to concentrate on his duties as Principle Show Judge at DwarfFest, he has served The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion as Junior Upsy Daisy Judge for the last ten years. He is an enthusiastic bungee jumper, despite being nearly sixty years old, and famous for a stunt he performed at the college while he was a young professor. He executed a bungee jump from the top of the college clock tower, at night, in order to remove the college porter's hat. (He was very drunk at the time). Afterwards, he apologized to the porter, and explained that he had forgotten to empty his pockets first, which had upset his weight calculations. He also bought the porter a new hat with his own money, and helped to cut off the old one, which had been driven down over the porter's ears by the force of the impact. Many drunken students have either died or been seriously injured attempting to re-create the stunt, and it is now forbidden to leap from

the clock tower, with or without a bungee, on pain of instant expulsion. The last student to do this was John “Misery Guts” Tompkins, a week after the death of his parents, when he learned he had failed his finals. He was expelled posthumously.

Hugo is the head of the College Council, and is expected to become Principle on the retirement or death of the present incumbent, Professor Smythe. As the good professor is eighty-seven years old, and recently married a former Danish Exchange Student and part-time lap dancer of twenty-four, Professor Darkley is not expected to have to wait much longer.

### **Professor Henry Quigley, Lecturer in Dwarf Mythology.**

Technically, Professor Smythe is still head of the department, but Professor Quigley has run it for many years, as Professor Smythe has been too busy with his duties as College Principle. As Professor Smythe and his wife are fully occupied in preparing the nursery, in time for the birth of their first child in the spring, Professor Quigley is hoping to be named as the new head of department soon. He has been hoping for the last twenty-two years, and feels that he can't have that much longer to go. Many students who have been awarded a B.A. in Applied Dwarf Lore return for a Post-Graduate Course in Dwarf Mythology, an option I have considered myself.

Professor Quigley has never married, but the kind-hearted bachelor is well known for his generosity in sharing his rooms with a succession of homeless young male show Dwarfs, who are known affectionately on campus as “Quigley’s Queens”.

### **Professor Weetabix Julian Waverly, Chair, Department of Reverse Logic.**

During my time at Merkin, I decided to study reverse logic as a second subject, and got to know Professor Waverly quite well. He once told me that his family was so poor, that his mother deliberately got herself pregnant with the help of a next-door neighbor, in the hope that she would be able to eat a few decent meals while she was in hospital having the baby. When the time came for the birth, she was extremely weak from hunger, and it was expected that neither mother nor child would survive the delivery. The labour was so difficult, and took so long, that the hospital chaplain was standing by, ready to christen the baby the moment it was born. After the delivery, the chaplain took the child in his arms and prepared to welcome him into the church. By this time Miss Waverly was exhausted, and was slipping in and out of consciousness. Because of this, when the midwife bent down and asked her, “What would you like to call the baby?” all she heard was “What would you like?” before she blacked out for a few seconds. On coming round, she replied, “Weetabix”. The chaplain promptly stated, “I name this child Weetabix Waverly”. His mother called out, “No, Julian Waverly”, before blacking out again, and sleeping for the next fourteen hours. When she awoke, she discovered that her son had been christened Weetabix Julian Waverly, but by then it was too late to change it. She and the baby remained in hospital for three months, however she never did get a bowl of the cereal, as every time she asked a nurse, “Could I have Weetabix please?” they went off, only to return with the baby. Eventually, she gave up, and settled for Cornflakes.

The professor is proud of his humble origins, and told me that the story had a happy ending. During her stay in hospital, his mother fell in love with one of the junior doctors, and he fell in love with her. After she was discharged, the couple married, and her husband officially adopted Weetabix, and changed his surname to O’Leary. On reaching eighteen, Weetabix

decided to go back to his original surname. His mother and adopted father have now been happily married for forty-five years, and she still starts every day with a bowl of two Weetabix, with plenty of sugar.

Professor Waverly is a leader in the field of reverse logic, and it is a brave man who will start an argument with him in the staff room. He is acknowledged as the inventor of the famous 'Train and Fly' theory, which he uses as a test for first-year students.

"A train traveling at one hundred miles an hour hits a fly, which is traveling towards it at four miles an hour. The impact brings the train to a halt. Now, go away and prove it", he tells students. A week later, he explains it to the bemused class. "The fly goes from traveling in one direction, at four miles an hour, to traveling in the opposite direction at one hundred miles an hour. To do this, it must decelerate from four miles an hour to zero, and then accelerate back up to one hundred miles an hour. At the point where it stops going in one direction, but just before it starts to accelerate back up to speed in the other direction, it must, logically, be stationary. As, at this point, it is stuck to the front of the train, it follows that you can't have a stationary object stuck to the front of a train traveling at one hundred miles an hour. As we have already proved that the fly's remains are stationary, it logically follows that the train must also be stationary. Does anyone want to argue about it?" No one ever does. Obviously, students who are subjected to this argument then spend many months asking each other, "What's the last thing that goes through a fly's mind when it hits a train?" but students are often amused by simple things. Interestingly, a student I studied with was once six hours late for an exam. He arrived after everyone else had finished, and gone to the bar. On being admonished by the professor, he apologized. "I'm sorry, sir, but it wasn't my fault. The train ran into a swarm of flies, and there were so many of them, that it ended up going backwards". He was excused, and given an 'A Plus'.

**Editor's Note: Correspondence is invited from readers regarding the answer to the above riddle. Suggestions, apart from the obvious, will be printed in next month's issue. The best suggestion will win a 'Dwarf News' T-Shirt.**

### **Dr William Bodkin, Chair, The Little Known Department of Dwarf Psychiatry.**

No article about the College would be complete without mentioning Doctor William Bodkin. His department is not involved with teaching students, and can be considered as a research section, funded by donations from the Doctor himself. Although technically he specializes in the personality disorders of Dwarfs, his door is always open to all, regardless of height.

"I see a lot of Professor Waverly's students", he once told me. "After a couple of hours arguing reverse logic with the Professor, people can become a little confused. Talking to someone who always proves his point by coming at it from completely the wrong direction is inclined to make a student wonder why he or she came here in the first place. Some of the staff drop by too, usually after a staff meeting. In severe cases, they even question where here is, although speaking as a psychiatrist, this question is not as important as the first one, which is known to be one of the four great questions that any intelligent person must consider, in order to become a balanced individual". For readers who are interested, I can recommend the Doctor's book, '*Four Questions Of Life, With Answers Included*', published by Merkin College Press. According to the Doctor, the questions are: Why am I here? Where do I come from? Where will I go when I die? And, How did a dwarf like Kylie Minogue become a sex object?



As I never felt the need to talk to the Doctor during my time as a student, I took him out to lunch while preparing this article, on my 'Dwarf News' expense account. Doctor Bodkin had never been to a Pizza Hut before, and said he enjoyed the experience. I asked him why he became a psychiatrist, and what made him specialize in Dwarfs.

"Psychiatry is the best branch of medicine to be in", he told me. "You work office hours, and don't have to take a bath when you get home in the evening, unlike a surgeon. Your patients don't end up dieing all over the place either, apart from the odd one or two who commit suicide, like John 'Misery Guts' Tompkins, and frankly he did the rest of mankind a favour. He was a totally inadequate human being, and would never have amounted to anything. I told him as much the last time he came to see me, just after his parents died.

"The main problem facing any psychiatrist is how to stand out from the crowd. There are thousands of us out there, all trying to persuade our patients that they really are ill, when all most people really need is a good kick up the arse. I've always felt the best advice you can offer any patient is go and sort your bloody life out. I decided to specialize in Dwarfs because no body else was, and I've always subscribed to the view that everyone is the same height when they're lying on the couch. We psychiatrists don't really think of people as tall or short, we think in terms of length. When all your patients spend their time with you in a horizontal position, you notice how far away from their head their feet are, rather than how far away from the ground the top of their head is. It's something that psychiatrists have in common with undertakers, and gynecologists".

The Doctor went on to explain that he has always been interested in Dwarfs. "It runs in the family. The founder of the Bodkin dynasty was a Dwarf, back in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the First. He started off as a sort of court jester. He became a favorite with the Queen, it's rumored that she used to hide him under her skirts during long meetings with the Lords and Ladies of the Court, to provide light amusement. He became a very powerful figure in Elizabethan society, and was eventually made an Earl. He was said to have adopted the name Bodkin as a sort of 'up yours' gesture to the rest of the court, who had always used him as the butt of every joke and insult they could think of. A bodkin was a long, thin spike, a bit like a hatpin. It was a favorite murder weapon in Elizabethan times. You could stab someone with a bodkin, and the wound would be so small that it would seal up almost instantly, leaving hardly any blood, and no discernable mark on the body afterwards. By adopting the family name Bodkin, he was basically saying 'so who's the little prick now, then?'

"He went on to marry a cousin of the Howards, one of Elizabethan society's top totties, a sort of prototype Tara Palmer Tompkinson. She was much taller than him; although to be fair, this probably applied to every woman he met who was over the age of five. He eventually fathered fifteen children, eleven of them with his wife, and they became the originators of the whole Bodkin clan. In the eighteenth century, the then Earl Bodkin came up with the family motto, '*Complicatus Nil Giganticus*', which roughly translates as 'May All Your Problems Be Little Ones'. My elder brother inherited the title, and I decided to go into medicine. Considering the old Earl's motto, and the light workload, psychiatry seemed to be the obvious choice. The family isn't short of a bob or two, so I fund my own department, and Merkin is glad to have another name on the letterhead, particularly as it doesn't actually cost the college any money. Does the cost of the entire meal really come to less than ten pounds? How extraordinary! No wonder they looked surprised when I asked for quail's eggs as an extra topping".

**Editor's Note: Many thanks to Jane for her insights. Next month's supplement will contain a fascinating article by my wife, on the art of hand knitting socks.**

## LATE NEWS

Author Eric Von Smith has announced that he is returning home, having finished the manuscript of '*Interstellar Voyages of the Dwarfs*'. His wife, Jane, is said to be looking forward to their reunion.

In a related story, The ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs of Albion have released a statement praising Jane for giving a new home to former Floodlit Dwarf Racer William 'Super-Dwarf' Bigger. Although the Brotherhood deploras her marriage to Eric Von Smith, who is still the subject of a blood oath issued by them, they have written to Jane, telling her that she has been re-instated as Play Dwarf 'Play Mate of the Month'.