



NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 2014 EDITED BY LARRY CROSS



Dear Members,

Things have been happening during our 'Close Season,' namely that Anne Gange has decided to retire for health reasons. However, we now have a new secretary, who in spite of possible long hours and low pay volunteered to fill the breach.

There have been two Air Shows which produced 3 new members, furthermore we discovered three new associate members.... sadly we lost two others.

The final Air Show of the season will be on Saturday & Sunday 13th & 14th September and will be fully manned.

Les Millgate with Stan Dell have been manning the Recruitment Stand with volunteers during Jim's absence Jim Garlinge's health and domestic situation are at a standstill at the moment, so we all we can do is send him and his mum our very best wishes for the future.

Bowing Out

We have indeed been fortunate to have Anne Gange as our hard working and diligent secretary for the past eight years, longer than the five that she originally took the job on for. As well as her secretarial role Anne often sup-

ported Jim Garlinge on the Recruiting Table at Air Shows and has organised the popular Annual Dinner. Anne has always been the first to acknowledge that her success in the job has much to do with the support she has received from her husband Les. On behalf of us all, the committee and members, we extend a huge vote of thanks and appreciation for their

services to our association. At the time of her resignation Anne expressed the hope that the post would be taken up by another lady. Well, that desire has been fulfilled

Signing On

We are pleased to announce that your new secretary is Kerris Denley (Safety Equipment 1959/60) and we

warmly welcome her to the committee. Kerris is married to Colin whom she met at Duxford and as many of you will be aware, have been actively involved in our association for many years, providing the wreath for the Remembrance Sunday Service at Duxford for the past two.

Kerris has already announced that she has recruited her IT support

team, namely Colin, and is looking forward to easing herself into the job. We wish to thank Kerris for volunteering for this important role and hope that she gets a great deal of pleasure. As she has already been told, Heck! we all have a laugh, that's why we have a Chairman, to keep our wings straight and level... and clipped when necessary!

October Meeting

As advertised, the meeting on Sunday 5th October will be held in the Astra Cinema at 13.00hrs. and we sincerely thank Carl Warner and Kay Cooper (IWM Staff) for their efforts, enabling this special event to take place.

If you are planning to attend the meeting please inform Bob Hope of your Car Reg. and number of passengers A.S.A.P. and No Later than Wednesday 24th September

Tel 01554 890520 email sl542@hotmail.co.uk (that is sl542..... not s1)

It has been agreed that members will enter the site via the guardroom Gate as usual and collect the pass, then follow signs to parking on **North Side** via the bailey bridge. Any members wanting to visit the main site before or after the film show will be able to park as normal on the main site. Please arrive promptly at the Cinema, no later than 12.45pm.

As there are more implications for parking this time Bob must have the car registration numbers by Wednesday, 24 September so that we can ensure enough space is made available.

New Members

We are pleased to welcome the following Members and Associate members.

Ken Tudball, served briefly at Duxford in 1941 as an Air Frame Fitter on Air Servicing Flight, servicing any non resident aircraft, helping to turn them around and get them back into battle.

Dennis Dewey, served on 92 Sqdn at Duxford 1948/9 on Meteors.

John Simpson, served at Duxford as an Armourer on 65 Sqdn 1954/6

Peter Butler, Associate Member, served in the RAF Regiment in the early fifties.

Jan Dell, Associate Member, wife of the treasurer, silent supporter and asst. treasurer, joins on the basis of, if you can't beat them.....

Angela Fox, who lived as a child in married quarters when her father, Battle of Britain pilot John Ronald Urwin-Mann DSO DFC and bar, served at Duxford.

David Law passed away on June 23rd. It was a shock to all of us who were expecting to meet with him and Sue at our annual dinner. Sadly, just a couple of weeks before, he was rushed into hospital and never recovered. Dave served at Duxford on 66 Sqdn in 1947/8 servicing Spitfires, Meteors and Vampires. He was an active member of the Scouting movement for 50yrs. The Old Dux Association were represented to offer our condolences and pay our respects to a valued member. It was with regret that we heard recently that Thomas Hutchinson (Station Flight and ASF 1952/5) had passed away earlier this year.

We have also had two resignations for age related health reasons.

Lost Contact: Bryn Jenkinson and Bob Eadington

The National Arboretum

Allan, Jennie McRae and friends recently visited the National Memorial Arboretum, Alrewas, Staffs. Whilst they were there they saw many impressive memorials to all the different military and civilian groups and thought and have proposed that it could be something that The Old Dux Members might wish to contribute to. The attachment that Allan has offered as the Art Work that could be used; and his Email to Bob is the gist of what is involved

" I asked the lady would it be possible to have a plaque from the Old Dux Association placed in the RAF wood. The answer was yes, but not in the wood as it is full. They are planting some beech trees nearby and the plaque would be placed by one of them, not clear as to exact location but all details are given when we place an order. At that time we will also need to complete a form and submit the design for approval. The cost of the plaque would be £230 and I would suggest that (if possible) we place a provisional booking soon to avoid any price increases. It takes about 12 weeks to produce a plaque once all the details have been approved, I explained that as 2015 was our 20th anniversary that would be the time we would choose for the placement, (exact date to be decided) Because of the way the plaque is manufactured the design cannot have too much fine detail, most of the one's I saw were mainly done in outline only. We could submit a design for approval early in the proceeding's to avoid any delays later on.



This is a **draft** design for the plaque, the white wings will probably not pass the outline criteria but it's worth trying! As you can see the design is a radical departure from the existing Old Dux badge, but I thought as it will be looked at for years to come it should reflect in some way the whole of Duxford's existence and it's people

hence my choice of wording and the dating. However, if asked, I will do what is wanted by the majority of members".

Thoughts from the Editor Memorial Plaques / Gardens have been on our agenda for some years now to be displayed in The Red Lion Hotel or gardens thereto, conveying the same message and for the same reasons.

We have never been able to go forward on this for various reasons, mainly I think because we could not decide what form it should take. We now have at our disposal three wooden plaques, badged with RAF Duxford Station, 64Sqn and 65Sqn. which could be mounted on a brass or wooden base and suitably inscribed, to be hung in the bar of the Red Lion Hotel. I do not think that there would be any objections from the management, the only question arising would be it's dimensions and will be discussed at the meeting.

Over many years the Red Lion has been the choice of most that were posted to Duxford and indeed was Officers Only from 1940 – 45 where some interesting evenings were probably enjoyed, especially after 1943 when the Americans arrived. I consider the Red Lion to be very much part of the History of Duxford up to 1961 and even more so from 1995, when our association was born, to the present day. Ed.

Letter of the Week

Sticks and Stones

I was pleased to hear from new member 93 years old Ken Tudball recently, who had taken the trouble to write to me regarding his name. I had Ken down on file as Keith, he writes a mean letter does Ken, but highly amusing: see below.

Dear Larry,

I know your name is John and everybody calls you Larry – but my name is KEN and everybody (except you) calls me KEN Of course there's is nothing wrong with the name Keith – it's just that after ninety three years I've become used to being called KEN

All the best, KEN

It seems apt at this point to explain that during my time with 65Sqn at Duxford 1952 – 55 we had AFN and Radio Luxembourg piped into the billets after duty hours. (switched on by the lovely PBX staff) Among all the music from the big bands was a popular american crooner called Larry Cross..... did someone someone hear me 'crooning' in the shower I wonder ? So there you have it.

It's an odd thing about names but not surprising as I imagine that all squadrons had a Lofty, a Titch, a Ginger, a Nobby and a Midge and never knowing what their first names were. There was an armourer on the Sqn.- a Ron Hinds, who had a speech impediment..... he was always known as 'one.' We had a couple that were perhaps unique, 'Toledo' whose surname was Steele and Spadge whose surname was Sparrow (now living just down the road from me) and a 'Johnny' Ray, popular then in the fifties.

Even our C/O was ' Red ' Evans, and of course **we** have Mr. M.C. 'Bob' Hope.

I could go on but just mention that round the table in the NAAFI one evening, Gary Hobson, another chap on 65Sqn (we didn't fraternize in those days) remarked, "Funny how people named White are always nicknamed Chalky,from that moment on he was known as Chalky Hobson

4090265 S.A.C. Cross John. AKA Larry

The British Penny - European Union Directive No. 456179

In order to bring about further integration with the single European currency, the Euro all citizens of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland must be made aware that the phrase "**Spending a Penny**" is not to be used after 31 December 2014. From this date onwards, the correct term will be: "**Euronating**". It is hoped that this will be a relief to us all.

(Tony Harbour)

Kate Poole and Bill Amos

Two of our long serving members have recently been quite ill, Kate, who had assisted her late husband George, our treasurer until his death in 2010, has recently suffered a heart attack. The news we have is that she is now at home being cared for by her sons and is 'on the mend'. Bill Amos is still having problems with reduced lung capacity; along with shingles; they were in his loins; that has cleared; but now in his hair. He also has a reaction to a medication he has been taking for 7 years; fortunately, Bill is being nursed by his wife, Shirley, bless her. Cards were sent on behalf of the committee and members, wishing them a speedy recovery.

Ron Galloway a good friend of Bill's relates a story of their time in Cyprus.

We were on detachment to Cyprus and the EOKA trouble was on, anyway it ended and we were allowed into Nicosia. When Bill and I got there. there was a big rally on and all the Greeks were out chanting the name of archbishop Makarios. We stood silently watching this until one of them shoved a big tie with a photograph of him into our faces. Diplomatic young Bill decided to cut it off. They went berserk and dozens of them pinned us against the wall. Then shots went off and Army military police grabbed us and threw us in the back of a Landrover and drove off. You can guess what was said to us back at camp. THAT'S MY BILL, I could write a book about his antics.... (Go on then)

Our new Associate Member Angela Fox was pointed in our direction by Tony Harbour, the criteria required for joining was more than met, being the daughter of one of our most distinguished B of B pilots. Angela, then aged 5yrs lived in Officers M.Q. Duxford with her parents 1950 - 52.

S/Leader John Ronald 'Jack' Urwin Mann DSO, DFC & Bar, Angela's father was born in Victoria, British Columbia Canada, returning to England with his parents 2 yrs later and lived in Hove E. Sussex. He was educated in Brighton and later attended Xaverian College Brighton.



He joined the R.A.F. In 1939 and was awarded the D.F.C. In 1940. The citation read: F/O Urwin – Mann displayed initiative and dash in his many engagements against the enemy. He has led his section in an excellent manner and has destroyed at least eight enemy aircraft. In 1942 F/Lt. Urwin – Mann D.F.C.238Sqn led a formation of aircraft in combat against a superior force of Messerschmitt 109s. Although he was wounded in the back and his aircraft was badly damaged F/Lt. Urwin – Mann flew it safely back to base. Next day he was again leading his flight. For this action he was awarded a Bar to his D.F.C.

In the following year S/Leader Urwin – Mann while operating from Malta was awarded the D.S.O. after completing a large number of sorties involving attacks on factories port installation, power stations and airfields in Sicily and nearby islands.

Angela was seven when she left Duxford in 1952 but it was in 1998 when Angela and husband John, who served for three years in the R.A.F as a police Dog Handler last visited Duxford.

Angela's father, who was at that time unwell, had declined an invitation to the June Air Show to meet Gunther Rall, one of the few German Aces to survive the war, whom he had shot down during the hostilities 1939 – 45. In retirement Rall established firm friendships with his former British and American adversaries and made many visits to each country. A greatly respected, charming and modest man, he was in regular demand as a lecturer and attended many functions to sign books and aviation art. Angela and John agreed to represent her father on the day. The day went well, meeting Gunther was quite a pleasurable experience and who presented Angela with an autographed copy of Aviation Art, a book which she still has to this day.

Things we remember. By Alan Garner SAC

How I remember the glorious summer of 1960 at RAF Duxford. Yes, well over half a lifetime ago so you will forgive me for not recalling the actual date but for the year 1960 I am certain.

It seems that we forget so many things over time, faces change, names are lost in the depths of our minds as we struggle to recall them, but there are some things we never forget.

That day started as any other day, up out of bed, skid to the billet room door on squares of cut up blanket (or am I thinking of an earlier time, can't quite remember) then to the wash room to do whatever then back to the room gliding our way to our bed space polishing the floor as we went. With mug and irons in hand we arrive at the cook house for the mandatory breakfast (I seem to recall that breakfast was the only mandatory meal of the day) although I never heard of any one being charged for missing this first meal.

Then off to work, crossing the A505 passing the guardroom, stopping only to respect the raising of the flag, except on the day when 64 Squadron's large wooden insignia was swinging in the wind from the top of the flag pole, having been uprooted from its position outside the eastern end of their hangar, but that's another story.

For those of us who were privileged to service the Hunters of 65 Squadron out on the pan we thought life was exciting as we swarmed around our designated aircraft between flights to perform our particular jobs.

On this glorious summers day the Hunter making its way along the peritrack to our dispersal area was not one of mine so I continued to rock back on my high stool outside our little red and white tin hut which served as the crew room out there on the grass.

continued over

The pilot brought his aircraft to the point where he turned right to his parking spot, being marshalled into position. I felt the force of the exhaust as it wafted over me. I was now looking straight up the tail end as the engine whirled

to a stop. Then, all those designated to this aircraft converged around the now silent craft. The pilot climbed down and was gone. All the ground crew, airframe, engines, armourers etc. did their jobs as they have done many times before, a routine so familiar to all of us. The refuelling bowser also arrived driven by a short civilian chap (probably a WWII veteran by what he was about to perform in the coming minutes).

These inspections required two armourers in attendance, one enters the cockpit while the other opens a panel behind the gun pack and stands up inside to disconnect the multi pin firing connector cable which he would then connect to his four lamp test box, to check the four gun circuits. Meanwhile his colleague in the cockpit awaits his ready call. The guns are safe because there are safety switches on the main landing gear that disable the gun circuits.

So when the test box is connected to the cable the gun pack is isolated and doubly safe. At the ready call from the test box armourer the cockpit armourer would reach behind his seat to a guarded override switch (which overrides the landing gear switches), lift the guard, and hold the switch over while squeezing the trigger on the control column. The four test box lamps would illuminate showing everything is O.K.

Of course, all the other trades are going about their various tasks at the same time, the airframe chap is at the nose wheel checking the gear, all quite routine really. The large refuelling hose is grabbed from its stowage position on the bowser and pulled under the left wing into the wheel bay and connected for refuelling, at this point the gun pack cable is still being disconnected and the cry of O.K. goes out to the bowser driver to pump fuel.

The cockpit armourer heard a shout and reaches for the guarded override switch, holds it over and pulls the trigger. Boom, Boom, Boom the four 30mm cannons fire sending a shower of bullets across the airfield, in a pall of smoke the Hunter lifts its nose wheel off the ground by the recoil and everybody scrambles away from the aircraft except one, he had been inspecting the nose wheel with one hand supporting his weight with his fingers down the gun barrel exit hole.

I've tumbled over backwards on my stool onto the grass; on getting up I see the bowser driver is with the airframe chap who is still standing. I rush towards them as the driver comforts the injured chap leading him away from the scene. I saw first his limp hand hanging by his side with much of it missing; also his face was blackened and bleeding. To my relief as the smoke cleared I found we had only one casualty. Then suddenly others arrived including our engineering officer who immediately ordered me to go and retrieve the missing hand or what was left of it. "Yes sir," I said and contemplated venturing in front of the guns with much reluctance. Others were order to go and retrieve all the bullets and arming themselves with shovels went across the runway to the far off rising ground where they saw the scarred ruts showing them where to dig, they found eleven.

I crawled my way across the peritrack and over the grass towards the runway keeping my body below the line of fire, nervous of what I was to find. I first saw a shiny object which proved to be a chrome vanadium spanner very much bent out of shape. Nearby I found what I had come for, there were three or four pieces of my friend scattered in the grass which I collected together. I brought them back along with the spanner and handed them to our engineering officer as ordered.

I never saw, indeed I don't believe any of us ever saw our injured friend again. He was obviously given the best medical care the RAF could give, but I do wonder how his life panned out due to his terrible injury, wherever he is now if he is still with us, bless him.

I can't ever remember being questioned or giving any evidence of this incident. The RAF kept this whole thing very low key. For myself, I believe the cause of the accident was a procedural problem and hopefully that procedure was corrected so it could never happen again.

And so, that glorious summer at Duxford in 1960 will not be forgotten.

P.S. In subsequent days a 64 Squadron Javelin was seen while it taxied past a row of Hunters to wave a white handkerchief, after all this time we can take this as a mark of respect.

The Road to Valhalla

Final Episode

Dougie Sturgeon

. After joining the squadron, Schofield to all intents remained inactive in his Nazi role. Otherwise British Intelligence would have known about him, for despite post-war criticism they were not stupid and very much alive to the threat of Fifth Columnists. How much information Schofield passed to his masters during his time with the squadron was not disclosed at my interview. Yet I have since felt the SIB were very worried by their discoveries and considered some serious damage had been done. Enough at least to justify the threats and their subsequent demands for absolute secrecy.

My many deliberations over the years offer one suggestion. The pathetic Command Reserve Aircraft scheme offered e choice snippet no undercover operator could ignore. It therefore stands to reason German Intelligence may well have been informed of this weakness in our defence system. Which in turn perhaps contributed to the Luftwaffe being so confident of victory from the onset of war.

let not these suppositions detract from the remainder of my story

Meanwhile,

continued over

The Road to Valhalla

The end of that interview is something I will never forget. To my amazement the SIB asked if I wanted to see their traitor before they took him away. I had little choice, as he was marched in under escort almost at once. He wore uniform minus forage cap, collar, tie and belt which made him look a sorry mess and so unlike his usual smart and dapper self. Even more pathetic was the way he clutched his belly. For a moment I thought he had been beaten up, until realising his trousers were in danger of falling down as the braces had also been confiscated. Despite his bedraggled appearance, Schofield stood regarding me with a crooked smile.

"Hello, old son," he said with all his old familiar style. "I'm sorry you've been roped in for all this. My fault entirely." He paused, eyeing me calmly up and down before adding. "Don't worry about me, I knew what I was doing." He paused again and one corner of his mouth twitched as if undecided whether or not to smile. Then to my astonishment he held out his hand, saying. "Do you mind? - For the sake of old times. Fair enough?" Utterly dumbfounded, I glanced at the SWO, who nodded to suggest it would be the easier way out. I took the proffered hand somewhat reluctantly and Schofield thanked me for being his friend. He even had the cheek to wish me well, adding. "I don't suppose we'll ever meet again, old son. Because we all know what happens to spies in wartime, don't we?" Then he straightened and winked at me, before turning with the escort and hitching up his trousers tried vainly to keep in step. Although an ignominious exit his attempts to march lent him a certain dignity and I felt sick and sorry to have been witness to it. Even to this day I have to admire his undoubted courage when faced with the consequences. He showed no signs of remorse or fear and behaved throughout those last few minutes with a composed self assurance which I am sure left a lasting impression upon everyone present. In fact the normally laconic SWO made a rare comment as the SIB gathered together their papers and prepared to depart, "An odd state of affairs, laddie." he observed quietly to me. "Difficult to believe I suppose. Yon's but a boy trying to be a man. A misguided bloody fool, but a brave one, all the same. Aye and very likeable too, more's the pity." The outcome is only rumour, but as everyone involved had sworn to remain silent for the rest of our service it was never discussed openly or at length. Nevertheless, a tale with little foundation did eventually filter through to suggest that Schofield had been shot in the Tower of London after being court-martialled in secret,

True or untrue, the natural assumption leans towards the former, Checking is a difficult and lengthy process. Even perhaps unwise, as such records are still zealously guarded by officialdom and best left alone. Again, perhaps "Schofield" was an assumed name, although the SIB gave no indication of it being so. To tie loose ends, I return to the mysterious uncle and his intense interest in the Spitfire tail-plane. After the war captured Luftwaffe files revealed that the early Messerschmitt fighters suffered structural failure when tails' broke off in flight. To remedy this defect, the designers fitted a strut on either side of the empennage to strengthen it. Unfortunately this modification had an adverse effect on the aircraft's maximum speed, giving the Spitfire a slight advantage.

Meanwhile, Leslie Mitchell who designed the Spitfire, was aware of the problem after a visit to Germany in the early Thirties and guarded against such a failure in his aircraft by punching rows of rivets around the fuselage. Apparently the Germans had heard rumours of this improvement in a fighter so much like their own. Consequently, Schofield's uncle had been sent to investigate. Although part conjecture on my part, this is very feasible and probably true, unless there are records available to prove otherwise.

Espionage may be the realm of novelists and story-tellers, but it is also very real and a constant threat to any society. My generation was raised in the aftermath of the Great War when our elders wanted to forget the horror, lies and deceit of four years bloody conflict. Consequently they wanted to shield their children from thoughts of it happening again and in many ways succeeded. Even after all this time and my subsequent long service it is difficult to accept how naive and gullible we youngsters were in those pre-World War II days.

Faith in Crown, Country and Empire had been instilled into us from birth and we considered them indestructible. Equally so, our antiquated code of honour and ridiculous sense of fair play made fools of us. Subversive activities in our midst just did not happen in peace-time. Alas they did and almost succeeded.

Schofield will only be remembered by those of us involved, as a traitor of the lowest kind. Yet he possessed some qualities of basic decency we found difficult to resist. No doubt he used them as tools of his trade, but I am sure they were more inherent than part of his pose. What he did was unforgivable, but his bravery when finally exposed must be respected. A spy is despicable to the enemy and a hero to his employers. We who sit in judgement are guided by loyalty, so too is the spy. Therefore it is all a matter of choice and under given circumstances often a difficult one to make. Whenever Schofield's name springs to mind, I still see him winking at me before he turned and disappeared from view so long ago. I feel that little gesture was not bravado, but his way of thanking me for shaking hands. Being much older now, I have no regrets for doing so. Because I learned a lot from him and we did indeed have some good times together. Unfortunately he chose the wrong road, one which took him to Valhalla. A phrase I am sure the Germanic side to his character would appreciate.

Maybe one or two of the others to be interrogated like me are still around. Their version of events would be interesting and maybe one day the truth of what happened to our deluded traitorous colleague will be made known. To conclude, these events dictate that truth is indeed stranger than fiction, a cliché for which I offer no excuse. For surely it is the only way to describe a personal and unforgettable experience

Worth a Try by Larry Cross

Our son, Russell and partners had taken a Trade Stand at the Shoreham Air Show recently and I thought it was an opportunity to fly our flag too. The Stand was put together in minutes.



A piece of card 24"x18 set on a camera tripod with 2 A4 posters and bingo. The weather was perfect, a great Air Show, but sadly no business... Ahhhh! However I did get a smile from Air Marshal Sir 'Dusty' Miller President of the RAF Association, as he strolled by. I also had chance to meet up with Tony Harbour and John Fox (Angela's husband) who were manning their RAF Police Association Stand. They are also very much involved with Blind Veterans UK, formerly St Dunstons the military charity for blind ex servicemen and women. They too had a stand next door and Tony took me to meet Rachel who told me of their latest charity fund raiser, Knit a Tank Top, I thought they went out years ago! The "Knit a Tank Top" event has been supported by knitters and crocheters from all over the country.



Blind Veterans UK received 2,223 squares in total and the project has raised over £2,500 and it doesn't stop there, next project - an aeroplane ! If you are interested call Rachel Chitty on 01273 391455 email rachel.chitty@blindveterans.org.uk

Car Stickers

I know they were not popular with everyone at the time but I still have members asking for them. As I can't re-order I would be pleased to have any that were not used. Return to me or someone on the committee J. Cross, 9 Shelley Rd Worthing BN11 1TU

Some Old Some New from Bob Hope

Two women knocked on the door and gave me a lecture on the benefits of brown bread for 30 minutes. I think they were those Hovis Witnesses.

After years of research, scientists have discovered what makes women happy.
Nothing

Seven wheelchair athletes have been banned from the Paralympics after they tested positive for WD40.

A mummy covered in chocolate and nuts has been discovered in Egypt Archaeologists believe it may be Pharaoh Roche...

Two Indian junkies accidentally snorted curry powder instead of cocaine. Both in hospital...one's in a korma.. The other's got a dodgy tikka!

An Englishman has started his own business in Afghanistan! He is making land Mines that look like prayer mats! Its doing well! Prophets are going through the roof!!

Since the snow came all the wife has done is look through the window. If it gets any worse, I'll have to let her in.



Spanish Oysters

An Australian stopped at a local restaurant after a day roaming around Madrid. While sipping his wine, he noticed a sizzling, scrumptious looking platter being served at the next table. Not only did it look good, the smell was wonderful.

He asked the waiter, 'What was that you just served?' 'Si Senor, you have excellent taste! Those are called Cojones de Toro, bull's testicles from the bull fight this morning. A delicacy!' , 'I will have the same please.' said the ozzie 'I am

so sorry senor. There is only one serving per day because there is only one bull fight each morning, if you come early and place your order, we will be sure to save you this delicacy.' He returned the next day, placed his order, and that evening was served the one and only special delicacy of the day.

Inspecting his platter, he called to the waiter and said, 'These are delicious, but they are much, much smaller than the ones I saw you serve yesterday.' The waiter shrugged his shoulders and said,... Ahhh! ,Si, Senor, sometimes the bull wins.