



Do you know your branch history - RAFA Davos?

Douglas Schofield

The Ball of the Century - in fact, if memory serves, there were two balls, I believe, the first at the Palace Hotel, Davos, and the other at the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, February 5 and 6, 1954. Both events were accompanied by film premiers, cabaret shows, giant tombolas, Dutch auctions and visits to the patients in the various sanatoria. The dance section of the Central Band of the RAF was in attendance. I understood that the champagne flowed freely.

I was asked to cast my mind back to the early period of our Branch to see what I remembered of that grand fund-raising exercise. When I was just about to draw a blank, hoping in a way that I would not be asked again, good old Alan Baker kindly stuffed a huge bag full of the Branch's historical 'bumf' into my letter box and said, "There, this should help remind you". Anyway we all knew that this great event was supported and sponsored by the 'crème de la crème' in the UK and elsewhere. The names on the programmes left you spell-bound. Among the celebrities performing in the cabaret were such names as Cicely Courtneidge, one of England's great stars at the time.

The purpose of all this was to raise funds in support of the welfare work caring for all the ex-service TB patients at the different Davos sanatoria. About 200 companies were sponsoring this grand social whirl. The famous Marquis of Amodio, the hand behind the founding of the Swiss Branch in 1951, was indeed at the organising

helm of the Davos/St. Moritz event, along with Gerald Boak, the London-based General Secretary of the RAFA. We were all involved to different degrees. Our Branch secretary in those days was Isabel Grise, and Isabel played a huge part in the co-ordination requirements, together with her husband, for the great Ball. The Air Attaché, Ian Spencer, and subsequently R.C.E. Scott and W.H. Birch were prominent members of the organising committee. Elizabeth Turner, our Branch welfare officer, a giant organising stalwart, was also very much involved.

The famous Marshal of the Royal Air Force, the Lord Tedder, led the stunning list of dignitaries who flew out to Zurich from London in a hired Dakota. Regarding Gerald Boak, I remember him together with the Marquis of Amodio as being top achievers - both played highly important roles in setting up various European RAFA branches - not just here in Geneva. Whatever the task, the Marquis was always 'floating' in the background overseeing all the detail just like some magician, assigning the tasks to different persons.

Running the Branch in those early days, with some 130 or more patients at the different sanatoria in Davos, a regular paid welfare officer on the spot, a host of different problems on the plate needing early attention, etc., the Air Attaché and his staff, including London HQ looking over our shoulders, was almost a full-time job. In fact, my dear wife would easily say to enquirers, "Douglas has no time because he works all day for the RAFA." A joke, of course.

We all know that TB subsequently ceased to be a threat, and as far as I know, most of the Davos and Leysin sanatoria are closed and many of them have been converted into hotels. Let us not overlook that the British Legion

performed the same welfare work for ex-service TB patients in Leysin.

Incidentally, going through the mass of paper left me by Alan, I stumbled across the name of our Treasurer of those days, Adam Szapiro. 'Szap', as we used to call him had served in the Free Polish Air Force. If today's committee think we have difficulties extracting funds from the Treasurer, you should have seen how 'Szap' dealt with money matters. I also came across the name of the fameuse *Brasserie Genevoise* where we used to meet regularly in that huge first-floor *salle* (in Chantepoulet - no longer there now). Elizabeth Turner would organise our entertainment in the *Genevoise*, all our meetings took place there too.

Anyone for chess?

Editor's note: This piece was written long before Douglas' illness. A fitting insight into our Branch's history from one of its founders.

Les Glières – 72nd Anniversary of the Battles

Alain L. Dardelin

Sunday 3 April 2016, the ceremony marking the 72nd Anniversary of the Battles of Glières took place at the National Necropolis of Morette under the presidency of General Hervé Bizeul, Commander of the *27ème Brigade d'Infanterie de Montagne (27è BMI)* and the presence of Mr. Georges-François Leclerc, prefect of Haute-Savoie, and the mayors of Thônes, Mr. Pierre Bibollet and La Balme de Thuy, Mr. Pierre Barrucand. Local parliamentarians, civil, military and religious representatives were in attendance.

A detachment of the *27ème Bataillon de Chasseurs Alpins (27è BCA)* and its *fanfare* provided the guard of honour and music throughout the ceremony, while some 60 standards representing veterans associations stood either side of the memorial, Most regretta-

bly, the standard bearers of the Swiss branch, John Hannon and Alain Dardelin, both recovering from nasty falls on the ice, had to watch the ceremony "from the wings", whilst Régis Pizot was taking shots of the ceremony.

In the opening speech, General Jean-René Bachelet, president of the Glières Association used the same words pronounced by General de Gaulle in November 1944 whilst on a visit to Thônes and Morette: "*Qui ne serait pas profondément remué, quand il se trouve dans ces lieux ?*" "Who would not be deeply moved when in this very place?". Other orations would follow before 105 schoolchildren of neighbouring communes would lay flowers on each of the graves as the names of the fallen were called out to the sound of "*Chants des Glières*" ably played by the *fanfare* of the *27è BCA*.

Once wreaths were laid by various dignitaries and one minute silence observed, the procession saluted the



Each grave receives flowers from local schoolchildren as a central part of this moving ceremony. The children are escorted by young soldiers from the 27è BCA.

standards and made its way to the community centre of Thônes for a *vin d'honneur*. Following it and before sitting down for lunch, more formal speeches were delivered in which recognition of the role the RAF played in dropping vital supplies to the Resistance was made. Our little team was personally made welcome and thanked for its participation in the ceremony by General Bachelet.

A day to be remembered for the emotion it brought out to the last survivors and so many of the younger generation.

Roundel production team:

John Hannon, Régis Pizot (photographs), Alain Dardelin and the indefatigable stuffers.

We hope you like our new two-column layout. Please let us know what you think.



'Live Free or Die' runs the motto framed either side by the names of the fallen.

La Chapelle-Thecle Commemoration. 23 April 2016.

Alan Baker



Our Flyer advertising this annual event asked the question “Can Spring be finally just around the corner?”. The song “The Day That The Rains Came Down” could appropriately define the reality of this year’s visit to the little hamlet of *Le Petit Bordey*.

More than 20 Members, relatives and friends from the Swiss and Lyon Branches assembled diligently outside the ancient farm lying close to the memorial, ready to march forward at 10.30. What a shame that the *Fanfare de Louhans* might not have been told of the timing

change! Dripping wet, the many Standards of *Anciens Combattants*, plus those of both RAFA Branches and the Union Flag, paraded at 11.00.

Irrespective of the weather, a large number of villagers shared in the wreath-laying ceremony and words of welcome given by the *Sous-Préfet* for Louhans,

George Bos, and the Mayor of La Chapelle-Thecle, Alain Chaillet, as well as those of thanks offered by Bryan Pattison. Speakers recalled that Betty

Our two Standard Bearers, Alain Dardelin and John Hannon, damp but on their feet again following their respective injuries.

Bascombe was unable, for health reasons, to be with us this year and was much missed by everyone. On Betty’s behalf, Margaret Duff laid a pot of flowers beside the memorial stone and a single red rose alongside it (in continuance of Betty’s tradition of laying a rose beside her husband’s grave near Lyon).

The formalities over, everyone – except the author’s and four other cars – progressed to the local village hall for a traditional *vin d’honneur*, kindly offered by the Commune. Those left behind had their vehicles extracted from the mud that had engulfed their wheels, by an ancient tractor! We managed to reach the village hall in time to recover, helped by a Kir or two.

L’Hostellerie du Cheval Rouge, in Louhans, once again excelled in serving a larger than normal number of us with an excellent lunch. The occasion enabled a toast to be given in honour of The Queen’s 90th Birthday and for friends unavoidably absent to be remembered.

Do join the Branch at this and the autumn visit to nearby Montcony, whatever the weather, to experience the heartfelt welcome and generosity offered by our friends in neighbouring France. Time passes by but memories of the help and sacrifice provided to France by Great Britain in its hour of need live on.

ANZAC Day at Vevey

Graham Robertson



All four Standards after the ANZAC ceremony.

April 25th. For us that means a visit to the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery at Vevey for the annual commemoration of

ANZAC Day. This is in memory of the 1915 World War I Gallipoli campaign in Turkey which is widely seen as the crucible in which nationhood for Australia and New Zealand (NZ) was formed. The day started with heavy flurries of snow but our antipodean friends always seem to arrange the ceremony to take place in sunshine. This

year the New Zealand (NZ) Ambassador to WTO, H.E. Mr Vangelis Vitalis, hosted the service along with the Rev Clive Anderson in front of a congregation of about 50 people. The NZ and Australian flags were led into position by an Australian bagpiper. The RAFA standards swept into the cemetery to coincide with the end of the first hymn. After commemoration addresses by the NZ and Turkish Ambassadors, wreaths were laid, bugler Peter Fairgrieve sounded the Last Post, and we remembered the 6 soldiers and 8 airmen from Australia and New Zealand buried at Vevey. Then we all attempted our best Maori to go with English while singing the NZ and Australian National Anthems. When the service was finished, the NZ contingent kindly treated us to some of their excellent wine and the delicious ANZAC biscuits specially baked for this occasion. By then it was a beautiful sunny day for us to return home and remember that we are the Royal Air **Forces** Association.

“Groupie Lowe’s Airforce” The RAF Regiment in Jordan, 1956

John Heptonstall

My very first posting after passing out from the RAF Regimental Depot at Catterick was to RAF Amman, Jordan, and I became a flight commander in 29 Squadron, 19 LAA Wing. Life was idyllic. A delightful colonial-style officers’ mess, built around a garden. Stone bungalows: junior officers sharing. I had my own batman, a Palestinian refugee, who brought me tea in the morning then sat around for the rest of the day in case I should want some more. And a great squadron commander, John Bangay, who let me take my flight out into the desert on a ‘signals exercise’ from time to time, in which we always managed to stumble across the remains of a crusader castle or a Caliphate hunting lodge. I should have known that it was too good to last. It all came to a very sudden



end when Britain and France invaded the Suez Canal zone.

We had no way of knowing if King Hussein would support his fellow Arabs. RAF Amman was just on the edge of the city (we even shared the runway with the civil airlines) and was clearly indefensible. There was, however, another RAF facility in Jordan, at Mafraq; deep in the desert about half way between Amman and Damascus. Desolate, but defensible. The local Venom squadron immediately took off and flew to Mafraq. The rest of us loaded what we could onto trucks and Land Rovers, hitched up the guns, and followed.



On arrival at Mafraq, the senior Regiment officer, Wing Commander Inglefield, quickly drafted a defensive plan, and the Regiment gunners spent the night digging gun-pits all around the periphery for the 24 guns, 40 mm Bofors L60s, which were deployed in eight sections of three guns each.

The next day was quiet. There was still no indication as to which way Jordan might move. The day was spent preparing slit-trenches, and constructing small tented camps at each gun position. That night, I was duty officer. About 02.00 the corporal at one of the gun positions called me on the field telephone to say ‘Sir, I can hear tractors’. With some trepidation, given the hour, I called the Wing Commander, and there was a general stand-to. At daybreak, we found that about 2,000 yards out from the perimeter there were tanks, hull-down. They were Russian-built T34s, usually considered the best tanks used by anybody in WWII, and we were surrounded by a Syrian armoured brigade.

For the rest of the day we had AP rounds loaded in the guns and the gunners sitting in their seats, watching those tanks. (Actually it was all a bit optimistic, because with luck we might have managed to get a round

through the armour of a T34 at 50 yards maximum, but perhaps they did not know that. Anyway, having the guns made us feel better). We carried personal weapons at all times: I sat down to dinner in the mess with my Sten hanging on the chair back.

Neither Syria nor Jordan had made any move in support of Egypt, however, except that a British aircraft on a reconnaissance flight had been shot down by Syrian fighters.

In the middle of the third night, three RAF Hastings aircraft arrived from Cyprus, having been very bravely flown across Syria in the dark, and disgorged a troop of the Royal Artillery, equipped with three 25 lb. field guns. These, with squash-head anti-tank ammunition, would have made a much bigger bang than the old L60s, and made us feel better still.

After a few more days, thanks to the intervention of our American 'friends', the Suez operation folded up. A very strange period then started. The Syrians made no move to attack us, but also no indication that they planned to withdraw. After about a month, we heard via the Embassy in Amman that King Hussein was beginning to be concerned about the intentions of the Syrians. A few days later we saw another military conglomeration, beyond the Syrian lines, which proved to be a Saudi-Arabian brigade – invited by the King and intended as a hint to the Syrians that they had overstayed their welcome. The whole thing might have become very interesting indeed from our point of view – but fortunately the Syrians took the hint.

We remained at Mafrq for the rest of 1956, and rather felt that we had been forgotten. Overflying Syria was still



a no-no, and our only contact with the outside world was a daily 'pig' (Vickers Valetta) from Habbaniya bringing in supplies. Most airmen had been accommodated in barracks, but the Regiment gunners were still under canvas. Morale, though, was excellent. The Station Com-

mander, Group Captain Godfrey Lowe, was a great character, and we called ourselves 'Groupie Lowe's Air Force'. We even had a Mafrq tie made. At Christmas we were still mostly under canvas. Incredibly, we had a white Christmas: the first snow in the Jordan desert in many years.

Early in 1957, King Hussein announced that he wished to end the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, and would like all British forces to be withdrawn. The role of the Regiment now became the command and protection of a series of convoys of trucks to the port of Aqaba on the Red Sea, as we moved everything worth moving out of the country. Only the last fifty miles was surfaced road: the rest was scrub desert, and navigation was largely by compass. (There is now a motorway!) On one journey I was delighted to come across one of the Turkish trains blown up by T E Lawrence ('Lawrence of Arabia') in 1917, lying on its side and still blocking the railway!

Finally, when the evacuation was complete, 19 Wing was ordered to move to Habbaniya, Iraq, and was there disbanded. National service officers and men were given early release. Most of the rest of us were transferred to 3 LAA Wing at RAF Nicosia; just in time for the EOKA campaign to become interesting. I found myself in Wing HQ as Control Flight commander, reporting to one of the Regiment's all-time great characters, Wing Commander 'Black Mack' McDonald. But that is another story.

Geoff Tomlinson's memories of service with the Royal Air Force

In 1953, much to my mother's chagrin, I went off to Hornchurch to take part in the aircrew selection process. At the end of a three-day gruelling grilling I was offered training as a navigator, provided I agreed to 'sign-on' for eight years. For some reason I was desperate to be a pilot and a contract of eight years, at age seventeen, seemed a lifetime, and so after a couple of weeks' agonising, I declined.

(continued on page 7).

Douglas Schofield 1923-2016.

Life Vice President and one of the founder members of the Swiss Branch.

What follows is taken from the funeral eulogy for Douglas delivered by our colleague from the RBL, Ben Holt.

Douglas' family have asked me to say a few words about him. I am humbled by this because I have only known him a relatively short time, perhaps only 10/12 years. But I got to know him quite well while I was writing up his wartime experiences and I like to think that he considered me quite a close friend.

It didn't take me long to realize that this was a *Special Man*, not only for his war record, which I will come to in a moment, but for the range of his professional activities over a long period of time – after all, he was still only 23 when the war ended!

Please forgive me if I move quite quickly over Douglas' business and professional life; it is difficult to condense 70 years into a few minutes!

In 1946 he joined his father who was Manager of the Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, London and that led to an exchange with a young Swiss from the Hotel des Bergues, in Geneva. During that time he saw an advertisement for someone with an aviation background related to a job at the airport. He applied and, to his astonishment, he was given the job – with TWA, Trans-World Airlines. And a work permit (rare in those days) was produced in 24 hours!

An important element of all this was, you will not be surprised to hear, a girl; but not just any girl; she was a beautiful and talented (spoke 5 languages perfectly) Tuscan named Anne-Maria, who had been helping him learn French! Douglas realized that remaining in the hotel business would entail his returning to England which was not possible for Ann (Douglas always called her Ann). Thus the attraction of the job in Geneva.

Very sadly Ann died in 2003 so I never met her. They were a devoted couple and enjoyed 54 years of marriage having been married in Rome in 1949 at a time when marriage between different denominations was rare. She later trained as a Jungian Psycho-analyst and they had two children, Sabine and Hugh.

After 11 years with TWA Douglas moved to Lockheed Aircraft as Managing Director Switzerland (for aviation

buffs this was the time of the famous C130 military transport aircraft) until 1980 when he moved to TAG Aviation (Canadair Challengers). He then set up his own company Land-Air-Sea-Space International. And, having done all that, he took up Consulting and Career Counseling.

However his outstanding achievement at the age of 65 was as Founder, Producer and Director of the well known Geneva Forum, the No.1 world-wide Conferences on Commercial Aircraft Finance which he did, believe it or not, till age 88.

If all this was not enough he also wrote a cookery book for beginners [He learned to cook for his wife when he semi-retired and she was busy working as a brilliant and well-known psycho-analyst], and a Self-coaching guide entitled "You're Fired, you are hired" and he wrote short stories!

He also founded the Great Britain & Commonwealth Philatelic Association, the Equipe Quatre of the Cuisines Scolaires and, very importantly, in 1951, the Swiss Branch of the Royal Air Forces Association of which many members are present today.

By the way, he always maintained that Bomber Command was the most demanding school. Quote: "We were known as Masters of all trades....and Jack of None"!

So, seeing that my contact with Douglas concerned mainly my interest in recording his wartime experiences, I would like to concentrate on

that in the second part of this address. For, although his business activities since the war were, as we have seen, very considerable, what he and others like him did for us in that conflict has probably affected us more *directly* and should be remembered.

Extracting that information proved more difficult than I had anticipated because, not only was Douglas a modest man, but there was much more to hear than I had expected. And there was another reason which I will come to at the end.

So we used to meet over lunch in various little restaurants and I would *prise* out of him his recollections of his time in Bomber Command 1942 – 45. Douglas later said to me, 'In reality, every night was a lucky escape if you got back alive!'

Douglas was indeed incredibly lucky to survive: *60'000 men were killed or taken prisoner and only 27% of air-crew survived a tour of 30 operations.*



At the end of our discussions I asked Douglas what his thoughts were looking back 70 years. His answer surprised me. He said "The Bomber Command campaign over Germany and France left a huge shadow in terms of what is acceptable, and what is not, in war. The RAF is still being accused of indiscriminate bombing, but the errors were mostly due to technical and human deficiencies. I, for one, was not at all proud of what I was doing *but something had to be done and someone had to do it. It was as simple as that*".

On closer questioning he said, "Quite frankly our minds were more or less blank. The question of right or wrong did not enter our heads; it was 'get out there, do the job as best we can and get back again in one piece'. When you are part of this type of operation you could only become terribly callous about the loss of life all round, and you had to force yourself not to think about it.....otherwise you would finish up in an asylum.

Casting my mind back to those terrible sights over towns which were literally on fire from end to end, the ack-ack, the searchlights, the flares, the night-fighters, knowing that thousands of people were being killed on the ground, I do not know how one could possibly be proud in any shape or form; it was simply a horror. You had to be almost lunatic to think in terms of pride".

So, I would not like this occasion to pass without pausing to reflect on the sacrifice made by Douglas and men like him - *not just at the time but, I suspect, throughout their lives*.

This was brought home to me twice recently.

Firstly, when eventually the French government arranged the award of the Légion d'Honneur in early December at the French Consulate, you could see that Douglas was visibly moved by the occasion. When I asked him about it afterwards he said, "The investiture brought it all back to me. I remembered all those friends and comrades I lost".

The second occasion was a couple of weeks later when I asked him if he would like to read something that I had put aside about Bomber Command. He politely but firmly declined and I realised immediately my mistake. He said "You managed to squeeze it out of me; otherwise I had hoped to forget about it".

So, let us pause for a moment to reflect on this and *give thanks* for his valiant contribution to the safety and peace which we have all enjoyed since. And let us *thank God* that he was *strong enough* not to let those terrible events impinge upon or damage his later life.

A personal note: I remember Douglas' gruff kindness and his welcome to me as a new member. I was invited round one evening to very acceptable tea and cake and a chinwag. He then proceeded to trounce me thoroughly at chess - twice, I think it was. *John Hannon*

Geoff Thomlinson (continued from page 5)

The following year I was called up for National Service, chose the Royal Air Force, and instead of the compulsory two-year period, signed up for three years. I was brought up in the town of Bridgnorth, which boasted an RAF basic training camp, where I hoped to be posted. But instead I was sent to Hednesford on the exposed flanks of Cannock Chase.

At the end of the training period I was posted to Hems-well and for six months worked as a clerk in the Headquarters. After promotion to Leading Aircraftsman, I was sent to run the office at the end of a hangar, housing 97 Squadron. The commanding officer was Squadron Leader Grant. At that time the Lincoln bombers were being used to re-train navigators to fly in Canberra's and were fitted out with the modern equipment they would find in those jet bombers.

It was an exciting period, organising the rotas and weekly parades, producing squadron Standing Orders, compiling reports of the training flights, filing aircraft maintenance reports – even occasionally acting as a witness, as some poor mechanic was charged with some minor misdemeanour. I well remember feeling extreme sympathy for the sergeant who was servicing



an engine on a Lincoln parked right outside my office, when it caught fire and he was later charged for endangering his own life! When I spotted the flames I called the fire-brigade, grabbed a fire-extinguisher and rushed outside. The sergeant snatched the extinguisher and started spraying; happily the fire was well under control by the time the fire crew arrived. I was later amazed when the conscientious sergeant was charged and at the hearing I stood behind the poor man, formally wearing my cap, as required to do so, while the Squadron Leader harangued the man for his stupidity.

(Continued in the next edition of Roundel)

Her Majesty the Queen's 90th Birthday Celebration

Call for volunteers:

Dear RAFA Swiss Branch Members,

As you are aware, your Association is one of those which has kindly agreed to take part in organizing the celebration on 28 May to mark the 90th birthday of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

As you know, the event will take place at the Geneva English School in Genthod. In order to prepare the venue on the day and to assist with serving food and drinks we should preferably like to have two volunteers from each association. They will be required as from 13:00 for the preparation and then from 17:30 onwards to help with the service and clearing up. They need not of course be the same people for the whole period but there should desirably be two people from each association for each stage of the event, i.e: advance preparation and the Garden Party.

If you feel like volunteering please contact:

Michael G. Bruce,
Chairman of the British Resident's Association (Swiss Romande),
c/o Her Majesty The Queen's 90th Birthday Association,
Les Lucioles,
Grand Rue 7,
1146 Mollens,
Vaud, Switzerland.
Tel: +41 21 864 3460

Postage Stamp Sales on behalf of RAFA Swiss Branch.

I wrote a letter of thanks, via Roundel, in 2015 to all those Members and their contacts who had generously contributed postage stamps, old and new, for sale on behalf of the RAFA-Swiss Branch welfare fund. The show goes on and it is very pleasing to advise you that a further cheque, for £320, is soon to be credited to our account. Over and above that amount, your continuing generosity is ensuring that a regular flow of philatelic material arrives at the home of our Branch Member, Ian Crees, for conversion into welfare fund cash. Thank you, Ian, for your sterling work in finding contented buyers and new homes for material that has often lain forgotten in attics and other dark corners for years or is held in growing numbers of envelopes for use on that rainy day that never comes.

Thank you, all Branch Members, for continuing to think of the Branch whilst spring-cleaning or sorting out those old cupboards and boxes. Just give me a call or email and Postman Pat will arrange for their collection.

Alan Baker

RAFA SWISS BRANCH. Commemorative Items for Sale

The February 2016 Roundel gave details of the sale of a number of items which have kindly donated to the Branch to support our welfare funds. Branch members are invited to submit bids for those items they are interested in. The highest bid received by the Summer Lunch on 4 June 2016 will be the winner. Any item not sold to Branch members will be offered for sale elsewhere. Bids should be emailed to: g.robertson@orange.fr or sent to; Graham Robertson, 143 Chemin de la Milliere, F-74200 Marin, France

If you have mislaid your copy of the February 2016 Roundel, remember that back copies of Roundel can be viewed on the Swiss Branch website at <http://rafa-swissbranch.co.uk>

List of Events in 2016

13 May	10.00	European Area Conference, Blackpool
13-15 May		RAFA Annual Conference, Blackpool
4 June		RAFA - RBL Joint Summer Lunch, Yvoire
17 July	11.30	207 Sqn. Lancaster Commemoration, Le Bouveret
Aug (TBC)		Plateau des Daines Commemoration
18 Sept	10.40	Battle of Britain 76th Commemoration, CWGC Cemetery, Vevey
23 Oct	10.30	78 Sqn. Halifax Commemoration, Montcony + Lunch
4-6 Nov		European Area Conference, Malta
5 Nov		Joint BRA/RAFA/RBL Lunch, Kongresshaus, Zurich
Nov (TBC)	10.15	Remembrance Sunday, Parc Mon Repos, Geneva
11 Nov	10.40	Armistice Day, CWGC Cemetery, Vevey

Obituary:

Sadly we announce the passing of:

Douglas F. Schofield Life Vice President and one of the founder members of the Swiss Branch on 27 February 2016.

The Branch has also lost Mrs **Mary Cobb**, a long-standing Annual Member, who died in England on 6 April 2016.