

ALAN WIGGINGTON'S FATHER

My father decided to enlist rather than wait for call-up papers to arrive, thinking this would allow him to select the service he would like to join.

However, although he rather liked the idea of joining the Royal Air Force and becoming a "Brylcreem Boy" he did not feel comfortable putting down R.A.F. on the form and wrote "anything but the NAVY". Unfortunately, in the recruiting office, the clerk only saw the word NAVY and consequently my father received orders to report to Chatham Dockyard, to start training as a 'Writer' (clerk) in the Royal Navy.

While serving in Scotland he requested leave to travel down to North London to propose to my mother. Once leave was granted, his "mess" was informed of his intentions and his "mess" companions offered him a sip or gulp of their rum ration (a rum and water mixture) to send him on his way.

As a result he promptly fell asleep on the train and only woke when roused by a guard, the train having pulled into a siding in London. The guard escorted my father back to the station where he caught the next train back to Scotland.

I don't know where and when my parents did get engaged but they were married on 30th November 1946.

[This information is supplied by resident Alan Wiggington. It is from his father's account of travels and experiences in and around the Mediterranean towards the end of the Second World War]