

Written by Alma M. Clark

One of my special memories of the war years was in Scotland. My husband joined the army when the war broke out and I and our son aged a year old, went to live with his family in Paisley, after a nearly a year he found us a room near where he was stationed near Edinburgh and then a cottage in a village called Aberlady - we were there for 17 and a half years!!!

The memory I hold was one night, with the black out in place - we heard an unusual noise from the street outside, putting the light out we peaked round the corner of the curtain to see the shadowy shapes, a muffled rattle of chains and metal. The convoy crept through the village it was a convoy of DUCKS heading for Edinburgh.

I always love to see any mention of these! My husband was in Iceland, on Russian convoys and on the Queen Mary with Churchill before being torpedoed off America!!!