

Mission 2 Paris Renault Works 11/12th March 1942

PILOT

P.O. Jack Worthing
Pilot Officer

FLIGHT ENGINEER

F.O. Algy Moncreif
Flying Officer

NAVIGATOR

Flt.Sgt Cecil Cardew

BOMB AIMER

F.O. Gwyn Fairfax

WIRELESS/GUNNER

Flt.Sgt Lance Bracknell

MID UPPER GUNNER

Flt.Sgt Able Butler

TAIL GUNNER

Flt Sgt Mitch Prism

Waiting for briefing the lads gave our Able our MUG an awful wiggling about his new girlfriend - the new barmaid at the Nags Head. Given his ability to get drunk on a half pint of shandy this hardly seems a match made in heaven. He took it all in good part and he was wearing one of her old stockings around his neck as a good luck charm.

Despite the poor weather over base the takeoff was good, and we crossed the French coast in no time and were untroubled by either searchlights or flak. Paris here we come.

Just before the target zone we were bounced a ruddy great Ju88c6 who came out of nowhere but luckily his first pass completely missed. However, he was definitely made of sterner stuff as he made four more passes but without causing any major damage. Our lads blazed away but didn't manage to do him any lasting damage.

A straight run in on the target which was slightly obscured by ground fog and smoke as the leading bombers had already dropped their loads. Gwyn reckons that we managed to drop ours in the right place so headed off for home. It is a ritual of ours that we do not open the flasks of cocoa until we have turned for home, so now seemed as good a time as any. Just then Able spotted two new types of fighters Do217 J1. The first flew right by clearly hadn't seen us but the other was undeterred by our defensive fire and shot up our starboard wing

causing a massive fuel leak but luckily no fire. He came back for more and caused some superficial damage to the bomb bay and port wing then on his third attack from our six o'clock completely smashed up our rudder and tail wheel.

This put some ginger into Gwyn our tail gunner who opened up shattering the canopy, killing the pilot and splitting the fuselage open.

Just as we dropped down to make our approach to base a Ju88C6 decided to interfere shooting up our port wing taking out the brakes on our landing gear came around to try to do the same on our starboard wing but Gwyn managed to get him some hits that made him decide to break off but the stupid clot tries going over us and his wing tip smashed into our mid upper gun.

Got Algy to fire the "wounded aboard flare" so that we could get down quickly and have a rescue crew ready. Despite no rudder, brakes and the tail wheel out the landing was uneventful if a bit longer than usual. We were unable to reach Able as the MUG section was a hell of a mess. The wait for the ambulance and rescue crew seemed to take forever but the Erks managed to prise their way into Able who was making these awful bubbling sounds so we knew that he was still alive.

The report from Doc was that Able had severe head injuries and would not be able to resume flying duties.