

Target for Tonight Steve Dixon's online campaign
Mission 10
Gun Positions Wimereux, France 23/24 May 1944

Aircraft: Berlin or Bust 102 Squadron

Filthy weather for our take off but the Met boys promise us clear weather over the target. Berlin or Bust is as right as ninepence and seems to have got over her temperamental mechanical problems and lifts off sweet as you like.

We are in the first third of the bomber stream tonight so I am hoping that this will be a piece of cake. Our target is some gun positions located to the West of Wimereux but we have been warned not to drift as the German Naval Headquarters are located to the North of the town and will be heavily defended.

England is carpeted in a blanket of ground fog with just the odd church steeple and Chain Home radar mast poking up above the murk. With a new moon visibility is not awfully good either. As we head out on an ESE course over the North Sea it's time to test the guns and then start chucking out bucketfuls of Window to swamp the enemy's radar screens. There has been a bit of a buzz about some of the Jerry nightfighters having a gizmo to home into our H2S signals so I hope that the boffins can come up with something to fix that.

"Change course to 209 skipper. Be careful not to drift as we don't want to catch a dose of flak over Calais."

"Roger."

Funny to think that the coast ahead is bristling with Jerries full of evil intent. Looks like the Pathfinders have woken the beast as fingers of bright light pierce the gloom and bursts of flak try to find the Mossies on their run into the target.

"Target dead ahead. Start your bomb run now Jeff. Clear skies so eyes skinned everyone."

No nightfighters but buckets of medium flak but nothing vital hit so far. "Bombs gone." The welcome upward surge as the burden of our bomb load leaves us. No flak on the way out.

"Bogey on our tail Skipper." Bert our tail gunner has seen a Ju88 silhouetted against the bomb blasts and TIs. With a long blast from his four .308s the German is sent spiralling into the ground as his port wing flutters to earth behind him.

Back over the Channel the 5/10ths cloud bubbles up again and the Luftwaffe seems to have taken the night off as we are left to go our merry way.

Breaking through the 10/10ths cloud cover over base we touch down as light as a feather. After a chin wag with the Intelligence bods it's time for bacon and eggs and a bit of shut eye. Just seen our photo of our bomb drop and a very creditable 60% on target. Hopefully wipes out the black we put up when we failed to bomb on our last mission.