



DIARY OF 51 MISSIONS

Ship #69
By Wally W Robinson
T/G 767 Squadron
(37) Sorties

2 April, 1944

Mostar, Yugoslavia. Dropped frag bombs on German airdrome. This was the first mission flown by the 461st. No enemy opposition. Two Liberators collided, and we flew through the debris. Saw several parachutes.

3 April, 1944

Nis, Yugoslavia. "Milk Run".

5 April, 1944

Lescovac, Yugoslavia. Marshalling yards. 500 lb. demolitions. Few enemy fighters in area but none near us.

7 April, 1944

Bologna, Italy. Marshalling yards. 500 lb. demos. Moderate flak. No fighters.

20 April, 1944

Trieste, Italy. Our first real taste of combat. The M.E. 109's were up in large numbers, and the flak was quite heavy. Our escort (P-51's) kept most of the fighters away from our group. What a way to celebrate my 21st birthday (also Hitler's).

21 April, 1944

Bucharest, Rumania. Marshalling yards. While standing in the chow line for breakfast before the mission, one of our planes caught fire and blew up. It was fully gassed and bombed up, and made a terrific concussion which we could feel a mile away. Messed up a couple of other planes nearby. Moderate flak over the target. Nose turret holed. Rollins got the "Purple Heart".

24 April, 1944

Bucharest, Rumania. Enemy action same as last trip here. Heated suit went out again. The temperature gets to be down

around 20-50 below at 20,000 feet and when the heated suits aren't working the protection is about like wearing an ordinary dress suit.

30 April, 1944

Milan, Italy. Marshalling yards. Routine mission.

2 May, 1944

Faenza, Italy. R. R. bridge. The weather kept getting worse as we neared the target. We finally had to scatter the formation when we could no longer see our wing men. When we broke out of the weather we were alone. Proceeded to La Spezia, our secondary target. Made our bomb run over the harbor and dropped the bombs among the many ships. There was no enemy opposition.

6 May, 1944

Campina, Rumania. Marshalling yards near Ploesti. Eight 500 lb. demolition bombs were loaded and our crew was lounging around outside the plane waiting for the green flare from the tower. One of the bombs fell out of the open bomb bay and hit the hardstand with a loud clatter. Instinctively we all ran away from it, and then came back rather sheepishly. The armorers took care of the bomb and we went to Campina. The mission was a milk run.

10 May, 1944

Weiner Neustadt, Austria.