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395TH FIGHTER SQUADRON  
Office of the Intelligence Officer

D-N-2

APO 595, U.S. Army  
20 November 1944

COMBAT REPORT

- A. Combat
- B. 19 November 1944
- C. 368th Fighter Group, 395th Fighter Squadron
- D. 1015 hours
- E. Heistern Area (F-014450)
- F. CAVU
- G. 20 plus FW 190's
- H. Confirming Lt Caldwell's claim for 1 FW 190 Destroyed and 1 FW 190 Damaged
- I. While flying Number Two position in Blue Flight, approximately one minute after the fight near Duren started, I saw a stream of smoke extending up to about 7000 feet. I was orbiting near Weisweiler with the Flight Leader. The plane leaving this stream of white smoke was a FW 190. When first seen, it was at about 2000 feet and doing all-eron rolls or a slow spin while going straight down. I watched it until it crashed and exploded near the woods about 5 miles South West of Duren.

VIRGIL NORIEGA,  
Capt., Air Corps,  
Pilot.

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- F. CAVU
- G. 20 plus FW 190's
- H. 1 FW 190 Destroyed and 1 FW 190 Damaged

I. I was leading Purple Flight in trail of the other two flights just after dive-bombing for Booty. We were flying about 7 o'clock to the sun at an altitude of 6000 feet when suddenly my Number Three Man, Lt Diman, called "Purple Leader -- break left," I pushed everything forward and turned sharply to my left. The ship went into a high speed stall but I could see the 190's about 75 or 100 yards behind coming out of the sun so I held the ship in the stall-turn till I had done a 360 degree turn causing them to overshoot. I spotted a FW 190 and made a pass at him observing no hits. I checked and saw I had no wing man. At the same time I saw another Jerry on the tail of a P-47 so I broke for the FW 190 and picked him up as he overshot the P-47 which looked like it had been hit. Crossing in on the Jerry from about 60 degrees I gave him a ring and a half and then I cut loose getting strikes on his wings and along the top of his fuselage behind the canopy. Lt Ivey leading Black Flight witnessed strikes on this FW 190. At this point I saw a FW 190 after another one of our boys so I broke off and went after him. The Jerry saw me when I started firing from 30 - 40 degrees off at 250 - 300 yards. He started for the deck doing aileron rolls in about a 60 degree dive. I closed to 150 - 200 yards, and checking my tail between bursts, fired until my ammo was gone.

I observed flashes where I was getting hits on his fuselage and right wing about 1/3 out from the root. As I got down to my tracers, I could see them completely covering the FW 190. I was still getting strikes around the canopy when the last of the ammo was gone. I kept closing on him and

checking my tail. The last time I looked back I got a glimpse of a ship on my tail. Since I had been alone, and since I was around 2000 feet, I rolled the old girl into a right turn and pulled her nose up. The FW 190 was then starting another roll to the left, still in a 40 - 50 degree dive, and seemingly out of control. The Jerry was around 1000 feet when my attention was called away from him because of the Bogie. As I pulled my plane up I looked down and saw a mushroom of smoke shoot up from the area into which the 190 was diving.

I claim one FW 190 Destroyed; and one FW 190 Damaged.

ROBERT E. CALDWELL,  
1st Lt., Air Corps,  
Flight Leader.

1. Combat film exists on this combat
2. Combat film forwarded to IX Air Force  
19 November 1944.

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COMBAT REPORT

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- E. Heisterm Area (F-014450)
- F. CAVU
- G. 20 plus PW 190's
- H. 1 FW 190 Destroyed

I. I was flying Flapper Black Four position on 19 November. We had just completed a dive-bombing and close support mission East of Aachen and had already dropped our bombs. Our flight had just finished a strafing pass on Heisterm and we were gaining altitude in the target area. We were at about 6000 feet and our air speed was about 150 indicated. My Element Leader called a break, but my radio was out so I didn't hear him. He started a sharp turn to the right and I started to follow; at about that time a E/A was on my tail and getting hits on me. My tail was shot up badly and I started stalling and snapping. I finally got my plane under control and called my Element Leader that I was hit bad and I couldn't stay with him so I was going home. At this time I was at about 4000 feet. I saw a plane crash right below me. I couldn't tell whether it was enemy or friendly. I switched to another channel and called Sweepstakes for a homing and started to head for home. A P-47 came by my nose with a FW 190 on his tail. They were in a 45 degree dive. They appeared to be coming from about 8 o'clock. I got a bead on the 190 and started shooting. He evidently saw me because he started turning towards me. I followed him, as I continued to fire and closed to 150 - 200 yards. We were in a 10 - 15 degree diving turn to the right. He started smoking and straightened out from the turn as his nose went down in a 60 degree dive. The last I saw of him he was still in a 60 degree dive and was pouring out smoke. He was at about 800 - 1000 feet altitude when I had to pull up because I was having some trouble with my plane. About

that time a Group of P-38's came over and I started flying home under their cover.

I claim one FW 190 Destroyed.

BRYER A. RALSTON,  
2nd Lt., Air Corps,  
Pilot.

1. Combat film exists on this combat
2. Combat film forwarded to IX Air Force  
19 November 1944.

395TH FIGHTER SQUADRON  
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D-G-2

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- F. CAVU
- G. 20 plus FW 190's
- H. Confirming Lt Williams' claim for 2 FW 190's Destroyed

I. On 19 November 1944 at 1000 hours, I was flying Number Four position in Blue Flight in Flapper Squadron. Just after we had completed bombing a target for the First Infantry Division near Heistern and were forming up at about 7000 feet, our Squadron was bounced by 20 FW 190's. The weather was perfect for flying and the only incident which irked me was that I did not get to fire my guns. Lt Williams took off after a FW 190 in a left hand turn and followed him into a right hand diving turn, firing and scoring heavily all the while. Suddenly at about 2000 feet the prop of this FW 190 appeared to be only windmilling, the plane smoked very badly and I saw the FW 190 crash-landing in a field below, still smoking a great deal. I could not observe any more, for Lt Williams took off after another FW 190 and I had to keep up with him. He closed in on this second FW 190 to about 250 yards, firing and scoring hits on the canopy, cockpit and fuselage. This plane fell off on its left wing in a manner which appeared that no pilot was controlling it, and headed for the ground smoking from an altitude of about 1800 feet. We didn't wait around to see this plane crash for Lt Williams ran out of ammunition when his tracers came out. He really had this second plane bracketted with his shooting. In my opinion he destroyed both of these FW 190's.

JOSEPH D. GIANETTI,  
2nd Lt., Air Corps,  
Pilot

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- F. CAVU
- G. 20 plus FW 190's
- H. 2 FW 190's Destroyed.

I. I was flying Number Three in Blue Flight which was the lead flight of Flapper Squadron. We were on a close-support mission with the ground forces East of Aachen. Flapper Leader's radio was very weak, so I was relaying all instructions to him from the various Controllers. The target was marked by Booty with smoke, and I picked it up so I went down on the target; Flapper Leader and the other two flights followed me down. My left bomb hung up and my Wingman and I orbited the target until the others had finished; then I made another run and dropped my bomb manually. Black flight was strafing Heistern about the same time I was making my second run. We were climbing up to reform over the target area when 20 plus FW 190's jumped Flapper Purple out of the sun. Our Flight broke over to the left to help the others; I jumped a FW 190 who was in a turn to the left; he poured on the coal and reefed it in as soon as I settled on him. I had the water on but was unable to get in closer than 250 - 300 yards. I could turn inside of him enough to lead him but not enough to close on him. I got several strikes all over his fuselage and wings and he started smoking, oil beginning to pour out of right side. I followed him down to 400 or 500 feet trying to see if he hit the ground. His prop was windmilling and he was headed for a field in a glide. A burst of flak caused me to break off. I thought at first that it was a FW 190 that had sneaked up on me. I pulled up and threw the water on and as I got to about 5000 feet I saw another FW 190, so I tagged onto him. I followed him around for several seconds trying to get a good shot at him. I got quite a few

strikes on his canopy, fuselage and wings, every time I could get into position I would give him a burst each time, scoring heavily on the fuselage and canopy of this FW 190. Just as I ran out of ammunition this aircraft fell off on the left wing and helplessly headed for the ground from an altitude of about 2000 feet. Though I did not stick around to see him crash, the smoke pouring out of the fuselage and the helplessness of the planes behavior make me think I destroyed this FW 190 too. My Wingman, Lt Joseph D. Gianetti, did an excellent job of covering me throughout the entire dogfight.

I claim 2 FW 190's Destroyed.

JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS,  
1st Lt., Air Corps,  
Element Leader

1. No combat film exists -- camera jammed.

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- H. 1 FW 190 Destroyed.
- I. On 19 November at about 1005 hours, Flapper Squadron led by Captain Mazur was flying ground-support to the First Infantry Division in the vicinity of Heisterm. I was flying Purple Three position leading the Element in Lt Caldwell's flight. At about 1014 hours, we received instructions over the R/T from Booty Ground Controller to bomb a target marked by smoke. The weather was CAVU making for ideal flying conditions. The target was marked by smoke and we bombed it as per instructions. As we were forming at an altitude of about 7000 feet, I saw cannon shots go by my wings so I called "break" over the R/T. The FW 190's, some twenty in number, bounced us from out of the sun coming in between six and seven o'clock. Our flight broke off left and I turned into these FW 190's. One came in head on towards me and I fired my guns but he did not. I lost this one under my nose and in turning to the right to follow him picked up another FW 190 in time to fire a short burst at about 500 yards at a 90 degree deflection angle. I looked back to cover my tail for our Squadron was split up in the general melee and saw another FW 190 coming at me from four o'clock. I turned into him and in doing so he slid on over me due to his speed. That put him at nine o'clock to me. It appeared to me that he was trying to kill his speed and slide back behind me. As my speed was slower, I slid behind him and after thirty seconds of maneuvering, I fired from about a 15 degree deflection angle at about 300 yards range. I observed good strikes on the tail and fuselage of this FW 190. This airplane started to smoke, then went into a dive from about 2000 feet and exploded upon striking the ground. In my opinion,

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the pilot went in with his airplane which I saw to crash near  
Disternich (F2738)

I claim one FW 190 Destroyed.

WILLIAM O. DIMAN,  
1st Lt., Air Corps,  
Element Leader.

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2. Combat film forwarded to IX Air Force  
19 November 1944