

Chapter 1 : Biography of Hans-Joachim Marseille

Hans-Joachim Walter Rudolf Siegfried Marseille (13 December - 30 September) was a German fighter pilot during World War II. A flying ace, he is noted for his aerial battles during the North African Campaign.

A non-conformist and brilliant innovator, he developed his own personal training program and combat tactics, and achieved amazing results, including 17 victories in one day, and an average lethality ratio of just 15 gun rounds per victory. Marseille was described by Adolf Galland, the most senior German ace, with these words: His achievements were previously considered impossible. He initially served in fighter wing 52 under Johannes Steinhoff victories. In his third combat sortie he shot down a Spitfire and by the end of the Battle Of Britain he had seven victories, but he was also shot down four times, and his behavior on the ground got him into trouble. A charming person, he had such busy night life that sometimes he was too tired to be allowed to fly the next morning. He also loved American Jazz music, which was very politically incorrect in the Nazi military. As a result, he was transferred to another unit as a punishment for "Insubordination". His new unit, fighter wing 27, was relocated in April to the hot desert of North Africa, where he quickly achieved two more victories but was also shot down again and still had disciplinary problems. Luckily for him, his new Wing Commander, Eduard Neumann, recognized that there might be a hidden potential in the unusual young pilot and helped him get on the right track. With his problems on the ground finally over, Marseille began to deeply analyze his combat activity, and started to improve his abilities as a fighter pilot with an intense self-training program, both physical and professional, that he developed for himself. He stopped wearing sun glasses, deliberately exposed his eyes to the desert sun, and shifted from alcohol to milk. He also noticed that in the intensely lit dry desert atmosphere, aircraft can be detected from greater distances than over Europe and deduced that hiding and surprise are less practical over the desert than in the cloudy sky over Europe. G-Force - Marseille worked endlessly to strengthen his abdominal and leg muscles in order to enhance his ability to sustain higher G-Force and for longer durations during dogfights better than the average fighter pilot. G-Force is the enormous centrifugal force experienced when a fighter aircraft makes sharp turns during dogfight. The modern G-suit that helps pilots sustain it was not yet invented in World War 2. Aerobatics - Marseille used every opportunity to perform breathtaking aerobatics. In addition to free entertainment to his friends on the ground, this also gave him an outstanding control and confidence in extremely maneuvering his Messerschmitt aircraft. Marksmanship - Marseille spent his unused ammunition practicing firing at ground objects and trained a lot not just in plain strafing but also in high deflection shooting while in a sharp turn, which is much harder. Intelligence - he began to read every possible intelligence information he could find in order to maximize his knowledge and understanding of the enemy. He claimed that in the perfect visual conditions over the desert, large formations are in a visual disadvantage against highly maneuvering single aircraft. He preferred to fight alone, with a single wingman providing warnings from a safe distance. He also claimed that fighting alone eliminates the high risk of firing at or colliding with a wingman in such extreme maneuvering. He deduced that over the desert, a fighter pilot can become "invisible" only by extreme maneuvers at close range, and that the intensity of the maneuvering was more important than the speed of flying. The Hans Joachim Marseille that emerged from this self-training program was a fighter pilot with superior abilities. He saw enemy aircraft before others did and from greater distances, he could sustain higher G-Force and for longer durations, he made unbelievably sharp turns and generally achieved better performance with the Me than others. He greatly outmaneuvered his enemies, nullifying the significant numerical advantage they had, often becoming "invisible" to the enemy pilots by maneuvering so fast, and using his high-deflection short range firing method he achieved an amazing record of lethality, shooting down enemy aircraft with just 15 gun rounds on average. During a fighter sweep, he suddenly broke formation and hurried to a direction where no one saw anything. When the formation caught up with him, he already shot down a bomber. Later the same day, his formation of six Mes met a formation of 16 Hurricanes. Marseille and his wingman were ordered to provide cover to the other four Mes which attacked the Hurricanes, but after three Hurricanes were shot down, Marseille told his wingman to cover him and attacked a formation of four Hurricanes. He dived at them,

leveled at their altitude, and shot down two Hurricanes in a single burst while in a sharp turn. He then dived below the Hurricanes to gather some speed again, and then climbed back to them and shot down a third Hurricane. At that stage, the two formations disengaged each other, but Marseille climbed alone to a higher altitude and later dived at the retreating Hurricanes and shot down a 4th Hurricane, his 5th victory that day, and only then flew alone back to base. This was the beginning of his amazing series of dogfight victories, which lasted a year until his death in an accident. His most "classic" combat, by some analysts, was on June 6, at noon. While in a bomber escort mission, he saw a formation of 16 P Tomahawk fighter and ground attack aircraft, but initially remained with his formation, escorting the German bombers. After ten minutes, he left his formation with the escorted bombers and flew alone to attack the 16 Tomahawks, but his faithful wingman followed him. Marseille climbed above a tight formation of four, then dived at them. From a range of just ft he selected his first victim and turned at him. From a very short range of just ft he fired and shot it down. He then pulled up, turned, and dived at his 2nd victim, shooting it down from a range of ft. The others began to dive, but Marseille dived at them, turned at his 3rd victim and shot it down at altitude of about ft 1km. He passed thru the smoke from his 3rd victim and leveled at low altitude, and then climbed again. He then dived again, at his 4th victim. The remaining Tomahawks were now all at very low altitude. He leveled at them and quickly closed distance. He found himself beside one of the Tomahawks, he turned at him and fired, hitting his 5th victim in the engine and the cockpit. He climbed again, watched the remaining Tomahawks, selected a target, dived, levelled, and fired, and passed just above his 6th victim. He then climbed to his wingman which observed the battle from ft above, and then, short of fuel and ammunition, flew back to base. In 11 minutes of combat, fighting practically alone against a large enemy formation, he shot down six victims, five of them in the first six minutes. He was the only attacker in the battle, and not a single round was fired at him. The surviving Tomahawk pilots said in their debriefing that they were attacked "by a numerically superior German formation which made one formation attack at them, shot down six of their friends, and disengaged". In a post-war analysis of this dogfight these pilots testified the same. The fatal accident The 22 years old Hans Joachim Marseille became a star, and he kept improving with experience. During this month he shot down 54 enemy aircraft. He taught his methods to his friends, but none of them was able to match his level of achievements in using these methods. He received a new Me aircraft but refused to replace his faithful aircraft. His status was such that only an order by Fieldmarshal Kesselring, the supreme commander of the German forces in the southern front, convinced him three days later to use the new aircraft. The next morning, Sept. They met no enemies, and turned back towards the German lines. Marseille then had a technical problem. Encouraged by his fellows, Marseille flew his burning new Me three more minutes until he was again over German held territory. He then turned his aircraft upside down, jettisoned the canopy, and then released himself and fell outside of the burning fighter. Bailing out is not always safe, and Marseille was hit in the chest by the rudder of his Me and lost consciousness, so he did not open his parachute, and fell down to the ground and died. Only 9 other German aces were awarded this medal. On his grave, his comrades wrote his name and rank, and added just one word:

Chapter 2 : Marseille, Hans Joachim "Jochen" - WW2 Gravestone

Hans-Joachim Marseille (13 December - 30 September ; German pronunciation: [hants joˈaχ̩tʃəm mɛˈʁɛˈsɛʃ]) was a Luftwaffe fighter pilot and flying ace during World War II. He is noted for his aerial battles during the North African Campaign and his Bohemian lifestyle.

Siegfried later rejoined the Army in , and was promoted to General in . While on sick leave in Athens at the end of December , he was summoned to Berlin via a telegram from his mother. When Marseille was still a young child his parents divorced and his mother subsequently married a police official named Reuter. He acquired the reputation of being a rebel from a lack of discipline, a characteristic that would plague him early on in his Luftwaffe career. Eventually he attempted a reconciliation with his father, who subsequently introduced him to the nightlife that was to initially hamper his military career during his early years in the Luftwaffe. However, the rapprochement with his father did not last and he did not see him again thereafter. He was considered to be a lazy student at first, and was constantly playing pranks and getting into trouble. On he was assigned to I. He defeated his opponent by pulling up into a tight chandelle, to gain an altitude advantage before diving and firing. Marseille did not take any pleasure in this kill and found it difficult to accept the realities of aerial combat. In a letter to his mother, dated 24 August, he said: Today I shot down my first opponent. It does not sit well with me. And I am to blame for this death. I am sad, instead of being happy about the first victory. Johannes Steinhoff finally grew intolerant of the undisciplined Marseille and successfully transferred him to another unit in North Africa. In retrospect, this transfer allowed Marseille to change from a good fighter pilot to a larger-than-life figure. In his sister Inge was murdered by a jealous lover. When he joined his new unit, it was difficult to foresee his outstanding career. His new Gruppenkommandeur, Eduard Neumann, Neumann died old age 93, in , later recalled: Of the 7 kills he had claimed fighting along the English Channel, 4 had not been confirmed – a large percentage. He was tempestuous, temperamental and unruly. Thirty years later, he would have been called a playboy. Many of them were depressed and had to be brought back to Germany from Africa. Marseille was initially buried in a German military cemetery in Derna, Libya during a ceremony which was attended by leaders such as Albert Kesselring and Eduard Neumann. He was later re-interred at Tobruk, Libya. In , a new grave marker and a new plaque was placed at his grave site.

Chapter 3 : Capt Hans-Joachim "Jochen" Marseille () - Find A Grave Memorial

Hans-Joachim "Jochen" Marseille "The Star of Africa" By Stephen Sherman, Dec. Updated July 7, One of the real playboys among the Experten was Hans-Joachim Marseille.

He is noted for his aerial battles during the North African Campaign and his Bohemian lifestyle. One of the most successful fighter pilots, he was nicknamed the " Star of Africa ". No other pilot claimed as many Western Allied aircraft as Marseille. A charming person, he had such a busy night life that sometimes he was too tired to be allowed to fly the next morning. As a result, he was transferred to another unit, which relocated to North Africa in April Under the guidance of his new commander, who recognised the latent potential in the young officer, Marseille quickly developed his abilities as a fighter pilot. The blow either killed him instantly or incapacitated him so that he was unable to open his parachute. Siegfried later rejoined the Army in , and was promoted to General in Promoted again, he attained the rank of Generalmajor on 1 July He served on the Eastern Front from the beginning of Operation Barbarossa. He was buried in the local cemetery. While on sick leave in Athens at the end of December , he was summoned to Berlin by a telegram from his mother. Upon arriving home, he learned his sister had been slain by a jealous lover while living in Vienna. Hans-Joachim never recovered emotionally from this blow. He acquired the reputation of being a rebel from a lack of discipline, a characteristic that plagued him early on in his Luftwaffe career. Eventually he attempted a reconciliation with his father, who subsequently introduced him to the nightlife that was to initially hamper his military career during his early years in the Luftwaffe. However, the rapprochement with his father did not last and he did not see him again thereafter. He was considered to be a lazy student at first, and was constantly playing pranks and getting into trouble. Toward the end of his school years he started to take his education more seriously and qualified as one of the youngest at 17 years, six months to achieve his Abitur , graduating in early Marseille then expressed his desire to become a "flying officer. Consequently, Marseille was ordered to stay on base while his classmates were on weekend leave. Please take my chores. He was reprimanded by his commanding officer, Hauptmann Mueller-Rohrmoser, and taken off flying duties and his promotion to Gefreiter postponed. Soon after, during a cross-country flight, he landed on a quiet stretch of Autobahn between Magdeburg and Braunschweig and ran behind a tree to relieve himself. Infuriated, the farmers reported the matter and Marseille was again suspended from flying. Marseille was then engaged from above by more Allied fighters. By pushing his aircraft into a steep dive then pulling up metres above the water, Marseille escaped from the machine gun fire of his opponents: No one followed me and I returned to Leeuwarden [sicâ€™Marseille was based near Calais, not Leeuwarden]. Marseille was reprimanded when it emerged he had abandoned his wingman, and staffel to engage the opponent alone. In so doing, Marseille had violated a basic rule of air combat. Marseille became an ace on 18 September after claiming a fifth aircraft shot down. While returning from a bomber-escort mission on 23 September flying Werk Nummer W. Nr , his engine failed 10 miles off Cap Gris Nez after combat damage sustained over Dover. Nr was destroyed in this engagement by Robert Stanford Tuck , who had pursued a Bf to that location and whose pilot was rescued by a He 59 naval aircraft. Marseille is the only German airman known to have been rescued by a He 59 on that day and in that location. He paddled around in the water for three hours before being rescued by a Heinkel He 59 float plane based at Schellingwoude. Severely worn out and suffering from exposure , he was sent to a field hospital. He received a stern rebuke and final warning from Herbert Ihlefeld , during which he tore up his flight evaluations with a visibly upset Marseille looking on. Other pilots were voicing their dissent concerning Marseille. Because of his alienation of other pilots, his arrogant and unapologetic nature, Ihlefeld would eventually dismiss Marseille from LG 2. Bf E-7; W. Expecting congratulations when he landed, his commander was critical of his actions, receiving three days of confinement for failing to carry out an order. This was a humiliation for him, suspecting that his abilities were being suppressed so the squadron leaders could take all the glory in the air. He wrote off four aircraft as a result of operations during this period. He was a very gifted pilot, but he was unreliable. He had girl friends everywhere, and they kept him so busy that he was sometimes so worn out that he had to be grounded. His sometime irresponsible way of conducting his

duties was the main reason I fired him. But he had irresistible charm. When he joined his new unit, it was difficult to foresee his outstanding career. His new Gruppenkommandeur , Eduard Neumann , later recalled, "His hair was too long and he brought with him a list of disciplinary punishments as long as your arm. He was tempestuous, temperamental and unruly. Thirty years later, he would have been called a playboy. He stated in an interview: His squadron departed the scene after they had ensured that he had got down safely. Marseille continued his journey, first hitchhiking on an Italian truck, then, finding this too slow; he tried his luck at an airstrip in vain. Finally he made his way to the general in charge of a supply depot on the main route to the front, and convinced him that he should be available for operations next day. Nevertheless he caught up with his squadron and arrived on 21 April. As Marseille was leaning forward the rounds missed him by inches. Marseille managed to crash-land his fighter. Just a month later, records show that James Denis shot down Marseille again on 21 May Marseille engaged Denis, but overshot his target. A turning dogfight ensued, in which Denis once again bested Marseille. By this time, he had crashed or damaged another four Bf E aircraft, including a tropicalised aircraft he was ferrying on 23 April He was further frustrated after damage forced him to land on two occasions: Marseille often practiced these tactics on the way back from missions with his comrades. Marseille became known as a master of deflection shooting. Marseille allowed us that escape, our penance I suppose. By mid December, he had reached 25 victories [37] and was duly awarded the German Cross in Gold. His achievements had previously been regarded as impossible and they were never excelled by anyone after his death. He worked to strengthen his legs and abdominal muscles, to help him tolerate the extreme g forces of air combat. Marseille also drank an abnormal amount of milk and shunned sunglasses, to improve his eyesight. The tactic was effective and dangerous as a pilot attacking this formation could find himself constantly in the sights of the opposing pilots. Marseille often dived at high speed into the middle of these defensive formations from either above or below, executing a tight turn and firing a two-second deflection shot to destroy an enemy aircraft. The successes Marseille had begun to become readily apparent in early Marseille "worked" alone in combat keeping his wingman at a safe distance so he would not collide or fire on him in error. Marseille developed his own special tactics, which differed significantly from the methods of most other pilots. When attacking a Lufbery circle he had to fly very slowly. He even took it to the point where he had to operate his landing flaps as not to fall down, because, of course he had to fly his curve turns more tightly than the upper defensive circle. He and his fighter were one unit, and he was in command of that aircraft like no-one else. The enemy flies in a defensive circle, that means they are already lying in a curve and the attacking fighter has to fly into this defensive circle. By pulling his aircraft right around, his curve radius must be smaller, but if he does that, his target disappears in most cases below his wings. So he cannot see it anymore and has to proceed simply by instinct. I often experience combat as it should be. I see myself in the middle of a British [sic] swarm, firing from every position and never getting caught. Our aircraft are basic elements, Stahlschmidt, which have got to be mastered. From left or right turns, out of a roll, on your back, whenever. Only this way can you develop your own particular tactics. Attack tactics, that the enemy simply cannot anticipate during the course of the battle – a series of unpredictable movements and actions, never the same, always stemming from the situation at hand. Only then can you plunge into the middle of an enemy swarm and blow it up from the inside. He sometimes acted like one too. With a wingman, Marseille bounced the Kittyhawks. Marseille nevertheless managed to shoot down another Kittyhawk Sergeant Colin McDiarmid; AK , before nursing his overheating aircraft back to base. After landing he drove out to the crash site. The P had landed over Allied lines but they found the dead pilot within German territory. Buckland died two days before his 21st birthday. On 3 June , Marseille attacked alone a formation of 16 Curtiss P fighters and shot down six aircraft of No. Robin Pare six victories , Cecil Golding 6. This success inflated his score further, recording his 70 – 75th victories. All the enemy were shot down by Marseille in a turning dogfight.

Chapter 4 : Talk:Hans-Joachim Marseille - Wikipedia

Hans-Joachim Marseille: An Illustrated Tribute to the Luftwaffe's Star of Africa [Robert Tate] on blog.quintoapp.com
**FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This new book is a look at the man better known as "The Star of Africa" on the 65th anniversary of his death - legendary Luftwaffe ace Hans-Joachim Marseille.*

Signature of Hans-Joachim Marseille. Hans-Joachim Marseille, looking suave and a bit devious, in rare color] [Below: Hans-Joachim Marseille, blue eyes shining] [Below: Hans-Joachim Marseille, September - Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv. The ribbon seen attached to his button represents an Iron Cross 2nd Class. He was a true hero. Marseille reading Signal Magazine. Marseille in the cockpit. Marseille explaining to a comrade the details of his last mission. Marseille and Fritz Dettmann. Marseille with his mother Charlotte in Marseille and his fiancée, Hanneliese Kupper. Marseille 2nd from right with fiancée Hanneliese Kupper during leave at Berlin Palast after an award ceremony. Marseille speaks with teenagers from Hitlerjugend about his exploits in North Africa. The final picture taken of Hans-Joachim Marseille in the evening prior to his death. Crash site of Hans-Joachim Marseille. His Italian comrades also attended with his countrymen. In his family, countrymen, comrades and former enemies gathered in Egypt to honor him. What a superb human being he must have been. And on a side note, Marseille would fly back to the area after a battle to look for the pilots of the planes he had downed, in hopes of helping them. This was quite a daring thing to do, and his superiors ordered him not to do it any longer, but being who he was, he still did it. They broke the mold when the gods made Hans-Joachim Marseille.

Chapter 5 : Hans-Joachim Marseille

Hans-Joachim Marseille was born on December 13, in Berlin, Germany. As to his surname, he was a descendent of French Huguenots who fled France during its purge of that sect. His father, Siegfried, was an Army officer in WWI, and a general during WWII.

Unusual behaviour for a German officer in the Third Reich, but Marseille was no card carrying member of the Nazi party, in fact he despised them. He hated Nazis and he despised authority in general and always had strained relations with his authoritarian father who was the model of a strict Prussian officer. Hans was truly the opposite of his father. Tired of his undisciplined behaviour, a superior officer had him transferred to North Africa in But the record suggests he was no ardent Nazi. He listened to banned Jazz music openly, drank a lot and sometimes showed up to service smelling of booze and in hangover, he was a known womanizer, going against Nazi ideology in every possible manner and getting away with it. An incident happened which really shows the metal and attitude of the man. But a more telling incident of his attitude to Nazism was to come. On one occasion when he was summoned to Germany, he noted that Jewish people had been removed from his neighbourhood including his Jewish family Doctor who delivered him and grilled his fellow officers as to what happened to them what he then heard were the plans for the Final Solution the extermination of the Jews of Europe. Marseille took him as a personal helper rather than allow him to be sent to a prisoner of war camp in Europe. Letulu was put to work by the Germans initially as a driver. Here, Letulu came to the attention of the reckless and romantic Hans-Joachim Marseille. By this time Letulu had advanced a little in his lot to a helper in 3 Squadrons club casino, where he took a particular liking to Marseille. Besides Mathew, Hans would often see other captured Allied pilots and talk to them in English and socialise. Hans would also violate a direct order not to notify the enemy of the fate of their pilots he would take off solo with a parachute note explaining the names of the captured pilots and that they were alive and well. As he flew over enemy airfields to drop these notes he would be attacked by AA fire, so he was risking his life to let the families of his enemy pilots know that the pilots were alive and well or dead, removing their MIA Missing in Action status. According to various sources he was like that. Marseille also drank an abnormal amount of milk and shunned sunglasses, to improve his eyesight. The tactic was effective and dangerous as a pilot attacking this formation could find himself constantly in the sights of the opposing pilots. Marseille often dived at high-speed into the middle of these defensive formations from either above or below, executing a tight turn and firing a two-second deflection shot to destroy an enemy aircraft. Marseille attacked under conditions many considered unfavourable, but his marksmanship allowed him to make an approach fast enough to escape the return fire of the two aircraft flying on either flank of the target. In a dogfight, particularly when attacking Allied aircraft in a Lufbery circle, Marseille would often favour dramatically reducing the throttle and even lowering the flaps to reduce speed and shorten his turn radius, rather than the standard procedure of using full throttle throughout. Emil Clade said that none of the other pilots could do this effectively, preferring instead to dive on single opponents at speed so as to escape if anything went wrong. One of them, Robin Pare, was killed in the combat. After the engine of his Bf G fighter developed serious trouble, he bailed out of the aircraft close to friendly territory under the watchful eyes of his squadron mates. He was either killed instantly or was knocked unconscious; in either case, his parachute did not deploy, and he struck the ground about 7 kilometers south of Sidi Abdel Rahman, Egypt. Mathias was the first to greet them, and the following is accounted from a memoir by Wilhelm Ratuszynski. Hans liked to change into a fresh uniform after the flight. He always liked to look presentable. Mathias opted to use gasoline this time. They wash would dry in just few minutes. Usually, this was done by scrubbing uniforms with sand to rid it of salt, oil and grime. Everything was in short supply. Being a personal batman for Hans-Joachim Marseille, the most famous Luftwaffe pilot, had its advantages. For instance he was given a little of aircraft fuel for washing. Mathias liked being Jochens servant and he liked Jochen himself. Mathias had barely started his chore, when the sound of approaching aircraft signaled to ground personnel to change torpidness for activness. Mathias put the lid on the soaking uniforms and started to walk towards the landing aircraft. He was looking for familiar

plane which supposed to have number 14 painted in visible yellow on fuselage. It was supposed to land last. He noticed that three planes were missing, and last one to touch down had different number on it. Unalarmed, he turned toward Rudi who had already jumped on the ground from wing of his. He saw Mathias coming and cut short his conversation with his mechanic. His face was somber when he looked at Mathias and slowly shook his head. And Mathias understood immediately. He noticed a strange sensation. No anger, sorrow, grief, nor resignation. He was calm yet something gripped his throat. Muscles on his neck tightened and he found it hard to swallow. He walked for few minutes without noticing others who were staring at him. For a moment he looked like he wanted to go somewhere, but climbed out and approached the soaking uniforms. He looked at the canvas bag with initial H-J. M laying right beside it. He reached into his breast pocket for matches. Slowly but without any hesitation he struck a match and threw it on the laundry. Flames that burst out added to the already scourging heat. At that moment last rotte was flying in. Mathias intuitively lifted his head, following them. The lump in his throat got bigger. While the entire squadron was devastated at the loss of such a great fighter ace, Mathias, despite having known Marseille only for a short time, was deeply depressed at the loss of a dear friend. Marseille was initially buried in a German military cemetery in Derna, Libya during a ceremony which was attended by leaders such as Albert Kesselring and Eduard Neumann. He was later re-interred at Tobruk, Libya. Cpl Letulu remained with the Squadron even after Franzisket was forced to bail out whereby he too struck the vertical stabilizer, shattering a leg in the process. By the summer of the situation there had grown critical with a British invasion of the Greek continent imminent. Franzisket planned this coup together with Hauptmann Buchholz. Everything went off without a hitch. They immediately sent him an invitation, paid for the journey and other expenses, and finally, at the tenth reunion of the Deutsches Afrikakorps in the fall of , they were once again reunited with their old South African friend. The former pilots were elated to see him and invitations rained from all around. He was always full of humor and friendly. And he was very good to me. Related work and links:

Chapter 6 : [Ace Profile] Hauptmann Hans-Joachim "Jochen" Marseille - News - War Thunder

Hans-Joachim Marseille was a Luftwaffe fighter pilot and flying ace during World War II. He is noted for his aerial battles during the North African Campaign and his Bohemian lifestyle. One of the most successful fighter pilots, he was nicknamed the "Star of Africa".

Bick of the 1st Panzer Grenadier Regiment stopped his car at a remote site near Sidi Abdel Rahman on the northern coastline of Egypt. Lying only metres from an unopened parachute, face down, was the body of a young aviator. Bick rushed over to examine the body; the young man was thin and emaciated, and had probably been killed by a horrific wound at his hip where his body had slammed into his own aircraft whilst attempting to jump out. Hans-Joachim Marseille had survived undefeated from countless combat encounters, only to be killed by his own aircraft. He had transitioned from a selfish, immature and bitterly unpopular pilot into being hailed and idolized by his comrades and subordinates as possibly the greatest natural fighter pilot who ever lived. At the age of 22, he was now lost to the Luftwaffe and his comrades. His teachers commented that his natural intellect only made this all the more frustrating. He did, however, show a remarkable aptitude for music and was described as a child prodigy, particularly when it came to his love of American blues and jazz. After completing his compulsory Reich Labour Service in , Marseille carried out basic infantry training; whilst his determination was remarked upon, his complete lack of teamwork was also highlighted. Still in regular contact with his father " now a high ranking officer " he mentioned his aspirations to become a fighter pilot. His father supported this wholeheartedly and wrote letters to influential friends to secure Marseille a training slot within the ranks of the Luftwaffe. Reprimanded and punished on numerous occasions, he caused resentment amongst his peers when his father stepped in again and again to pull rank and ensure Marseille was not kicked out of training. Marseille inspecting a Hawker Hurricane, shot down by him On August 10th , now a qualified fighter pilot, Marseille joined I. On his first combat sortie, Marseille abandoned his wingman to shoot down a British fighter, without even calling his intentions over the radio. Whilst he was again reprimanded, it was in a letter to his mother where he revealed a far larger problem: By the end of the Battle of Britain, Marseille had claimed seven British fighters destroyed; he continued to regularly abandon his wingman and fail to call when sighting the enemy so he could attack first. He also crashed or bailed out of six Bfs, through battle damage or running out of fuel, prompting his bitter colleagues to comment on him also being an RAF ace. After a brief period with II. Marseille, obsessed with his own personal victory tally, saw his score rising sharply but with it a continued hostility from his peers and seniors alike, not helped by his propensity to play practical jokes on any and all members of his squadron. He was grounded on many occasions due to his indiscipline in the air and on the ground, which led to delays in his promotions. From May 2nd through to June 16th, Marseille not only failed to shoot down a single enemy aircraft but also regularly returned home with his own fighter severely shot up. His reputation as an immature prankster and risk taker became more set in stone, and his plummeting moral brought about by his drought of kills was only worsened by regular bouts of dysentery and ill health. However, after shooting down two Hurricanes on June 17th, Marseille was back on form: By the end of , Marseille had shot down 36 aircraft and had been awarded the German Cross in Gold. At the end of the year, ravaged by malaria, jaundice, dysentery and gastroenteritis, the waif like Marseille was ordered back to Berlin to recover. Whilst on route home, he received a telegram from his mother: A quieter, angry Marseille returned to North Africa. Only his Group Commander stepping in averted the court martial. Marseille thanking his ground crew for keeping his aircraft in good condition Marseille still found his revenge: Only four days later he shot down four fighters in six minutes. A more mature Marseille was now emerging; a dependable wingman and calculating pilot in the air, he was fast earning the respect and admiration of his comrades. His chivalrous nature was also apparent; on one occasion he flew in formation with a heavily damaged P40 to assist the wounded pilot in landing. He helped the wounded pilot out and over to the medic. Wherever possible, Marseille would visit the pilots he had shot down in hospital. He also flew over enemy airfields to drop messages to inform allied squadrons of the condition of their downed comrades. Marseille became a legend in Germany. As his rising tally approached , he received

sacks of fan mail from women all over the country. He boasted of his female conquests even more than his aerial victories. Openly and vocally anti-Nazi, he even insulted Hitler personally when asked to play piano at an evening event in front of the upper echelons of the Nazi party. After behaving himself for some time, he then broke out into raucous American jazz music, prompting Hitler to cancel the party and leave the room in a rage. Marseille even made a point of keeping a black South African POW as a personal servant, knowing full well the fate that would befall him if he fell into the hands of the Nazis. The two became the best of friends. Flying several missions on this date, he claimed a record breaking 17 kills in one day. Controversy still exists as to whether these kills can be confirmed, but more than one historian has backed his claims. Marseille had victories accredited when he was killed on September 30th, Chocking, escorted by his wingmen, he stayed with the fighter long enough to cross German lines before jumping out. Hauptmann Hans-Joachim Marseille was the most successful fighter pilot who fought against the western allies during the Second World War. His grave is inscribed with a simple epitaph: With an upcoming update we will introduce the insignia of the Jagdgeschwader 52, one of the units that Hans-Joachim Marseille flew with:

Hans Joachim Marseille, a young German fighter pilot, was the most amazing, unique, and lethal ace of World War 2. A non-conformist and brilliant innovator, he.

FWiW Bzuk talk Chaps, this has now been dealt with. It certainly was not BS!. I read the text of this article and I saw this sentence: In Riem was a big airport until I think this part of the sentence is correct. But perhaps the second place Erdingen could be incorrect. Why should the training be made at two places which are so far away from each other? As far as I know Erdingen has never had an airport or airfield. Maybe Erding was meant. And Erding has an airport since I tagged the article accordingly. If you have a problem with Kurowski then a solution can easily be made. I am concerned about the revert; please see: When to remove maintenance tags. If Kurowski is reliable, please demonstrate so via reliable secondary sources. I hope you equally appreciate my concern at the changes. I think that we have a similar agenda. My solution is, to back up all the in-line citations from him via a second source in some cases a third source. Or replace with another entirely. I think that would be fair. QS ; pls see Talk: Please see a sample from Heaton: Archived from the original on 25 April Retrieved 29 May He is an academic of some respect. Verlag Bublies , "a small, extreme-right publisher from Beltheim". For a general discussion on such sources, please see User talk: I believe the Unreliable sources tag should be restored. Per BRD, pls advise. You need to do more than this. Who says this is a neo-fascist publisher? There are no citations in the article given for it. I have looked but not found any on the internet. Marseille is a vastly visited topic, and I could do without Wubbe anyway. In fact, I could dispense with German authors altogether. You would also need to show that this information is controversial and or false. We need more on the author and his views and more information about this publication. Bublies Verlag, the de. This is cited in De. Meanwhile, I suggest the tag be restored. The concern is not just about Wubbe, but Heaton and Kurowski as well. At the moment, it appears Wubbe has published only one book and there is no evidence questioning his character. And let me say categorically: He is an academic and any personal opinions you may have about him are not relevant. This is not a publisher known for fact checking or neutral point of view. On Heaton, I was able to find his personal website: Where is he an academic at? Colin Heaton has written extensively on military history and the Second World War. A veteran of both the U. His work has included close liaison with veterans organizations throughout the U. The Evolution of Nocturnal Aerial Warfare, No reliable information on this publisher promoting Neo-Nazi ideas, and there is no evidence Walter Wubbe is unreliable as an author. Kurowski has to remain, as his name is indelibly linked to the claim controversy. If Kurowski has to stay, the the unreliable sources tag has to stay as well. In addition, no proof has been offered that Wubbe is RS -- is the work published with an academic publisher? What sources does he cite? It is absurd to ask us to prove the Wubbe is reliable: Kurowski can be used for personal information and he is connected to the controversy of the 15 September claims. He uses archive material Freiburg. Nothing is based in second-hand accounts. RS includes the publisher into the consideration. Since this publisher has been called into question, the onus is on those who wish to include this potentially WP: QS source into the article. What are the 3rd party sources that attest to the reliability? Trying to infer reliability or not by attacking the publisher is at best tendentious. The book was published by Verlag Siegfried Bublies -- de: The article appears to include indiscriminate amounts of information. It is all relevant. What is the encyclopedic reason for including the inscription? The left side bears the insignia.

Chapter 8 : Category:Hans-Joachim Marseille - Wikimedia Commons

This is the talk page for discussing improvements to the Hans-Joachim Marseille article. This is not a forum for general discussion of the article's subject.: Put new text under old text.

Through the heavy metal framed canopy of the Messerschmitt BfF-4, the British Hurricane with its yellow, blue, white, and red centered cockade remains clearly recognizable against the crystal blue, cloudless North African sky. Pulling back on the stick, the G forces increase and the gut-wrenching turn tightens. Throttle full aft and maximum power, more pull on the stick and the Messerschmitt starts to gain rapidly on the brown and tan camouflaged British fighter. The Bf begins to shudder under the ever increasing strain of the battle as the airspeed rapidly bleeds off from knots indicated airspeed down to knots. The tan colored Messerschmitt with the sky blue underside responds like the thoroughbred she is. Defying this law of nature, Jochen aggressively applies full top rudder with his heavy, fleece lined leather flying boot and the now hangs precariously between stall and slow flight. A slight indication of stall warning and between and knots indicated airspeed, there is a large metallic clang that momentarily distracts the German pilot as the leading edge slats automatically slam into the extended position. Like an artist working and molding clay to create the perfect masterpiece, the 22 year old German pilot works his aircraft as an extension of his own body. Sweat pours down his back underneath his black leather flight jacket. There is a definite cold chill in the cockpit at his altitude made even more noticeable by the cool winter sun hanging high and listless in the Libyan sky. The webbed shoulder harnesses bite into his neck and stings as the sweat creeps into the raw and irritated skin. He is suddenly aware of the additional weight of the flight helmet on his head as the crushing forces of high G maneuvering continue to take hold of his thin and nearly frail body. These minor distractions however, no longer affect the German ace. He has been here before and the only thing that now matters is another victory. Looking over his left shoulder, the RAF pilot sees the tan Messerschmitt with white wing tips perched ominously off his left hind quarter. The white propeller spinner housing the deadly 20 mm cannon and the twin 7. Fear completely grips the British pilot for he now realizes it is no rookie pilot on his tail. Every evasive maneuver attempted has been flawlessly matched and countered by the German pilot who at the same time has been able to close the distance between the two adversaries with every turn. This is definitely an expert he is fighting today! With his fate evidently sealed, the ruddy faced Englishman, paralyzed with fear, takes a final look over his left shoulder to see the Messerschmitt approaching firing position. Young Jochen cocks his head slightly to the left and bites down on his lower lip. His large brown eyes see only the space in time where he calculates his deadly ordinance and the enemy plane will meet. The brown leather gloved index finger closes firmly around the red firing trigger and the control column shakes violently in his right hand. The cockpit immediately fills with the acrid smell of cordite as more than thirty pounds of steel per second of 7. A quick two-second burst and the German rolls his aircraft inverted and dives down and away, certain his aim was true. Angry orange and red tongues of flame lap hungrily from the engine, belching sickening black and gray smoke extending more than feet behind the stricken airplane. The damage, just beginning, gets worse as the shells quickly walk their way back along the fuselage to the cockpit. The destruction there is swift and complete, reducing the once proud British fighter pilot to a bloody, lifeless form inside the burning cockpit of his winged tomb. As German fighter ace Hans-Joachim Marseille turns for home, a total of four, oily black spills are left fouling the otherwise beautiful ocean surface, marking the graves of four British fighter pilots that will be mourned by family and squadron members alike yet celebrated as four more victory marks on the rudder of German fighter ace Hans-Joachim Marseille, known throughout Germany as "The Star of Africa," who is to become the most successful of all German fighter pilots in the North African theater. The morning of 30 September, was like most other late summer mornings in the North African desert, with the weather forecasted to be hot, dry and unrelenting. For the men of German fighter Gruppe I. As well it should have. However, as difficult as the situation appeared for the Gruppe, and despite the recent loss of two of the more experienced pilots in the unit, individual morale was extremely high. Problems affecting other fighter units in the area seemed somewhat removed from the men at this lonely desert outpost in northern Egypt. Captain Hans-Joachim Marseille rolled

out of bed on the morning of 30 September, and was greeted by Mathias, his personal batman from the Transvaal. The strain of one and a half years of almost continual aerial combat showed heavily on his young face of 22 years. Marseille, the youngest captain in the Luftwaffe, appeared to have everything going his way. He was confident, cocky, and by far the most famous and successful fighter pilot in the North African desert. After a slow start as a fighter pilot on the Channel Front during the Battle of Britain, having downed seven aircraft while losing several aircraft himself, Marseille overcame initial weaknesses as a pilot and made his Messerschmitt Bf fighter, with the big yellow 14 painted on the side, the scourge of the desert air war. During the previous 29 days, he had coolly dispatched no less than 54 British, South African, and Australian fighter aircraft, 17 of those in one day. Without a doubt, young Marseille was well on his way to becoming among the first group of Luftwaffe pilots to shoot down enemy aircraft. More victories and more glory bestowed upon the young man from Berlin. But this morning, a freak accident would reduce perhaps the greatest fighter pilot of the war from the hero of the German nation to a lifeless historical footnote on the floor of the North African desert. With the coming of the anniversary, the debate as to just how great the young Berliner was will certainly continue to rage within historical aviation circles. He was credited with destroying Allied aircraft, all but seven of those within an intense eighteen month period in the desert. All but four of his victories were against fighter aircraft, and all were against pilots of the western nations. No other pilot destroyed as many aircraft on the Western Front as did Marseille. During this same period, although shot down several times himself, Marseille escaped death from the angry guns of Allied pilots in over combat missions. Twenty-nine other German pilots would go on to score more victories than Marseille, however, those pilots scored the majority of their victories against Russian opponents on the Eastern Front. Marseille is still regarded by most German Luftwaffe pilots to have been the best of the best; excelling as a marksman, an acrobatic pilot, as well as one of the best combat tacticians in the Luftwaffe. Together, the synergy created by the accumulation of these talents forged one of the most lethal fighter pilots of his era. He wore his hair long, had a penchant for practical jokes, and listened to taboo music like American jazz and swing, which was often referred to as "Jew" and "Nigger" music. Marseille also had a fairly popular, and sometimes unpopular, reputation as being a "playboy. He was a gifted pilot and fighter, but he was unreliable. He had girlfriends everywhere, who took up so much of his time that he was often too tired to be allowed to fly. His often irresponsible understanding of duty was the primary reason I sent him packing. But he had an irresistible charm. To say Marseille was not the typical German fighter pilot or stereotypical Aryan Teutonic Knight would be a gross understatement. He came to see me and my squadron - No. He called it Otto. Then he drove off with a grin stretching across his face. Not only did Marseille claim 17 aircraft, but he did it in a fashion that was unheard of at the time. But it is precisely the speed and fury involved with these kills that has been the center of the Marseille debate for the past half century. For years, many British historians and militarists refused to admit that they had lost any aircraft that day in North Africa. Careful review of records however do show that the British did lose more than 17 aircraft that day, and in the area that Marseille operated. The British simply refused to believe, as many do today, that any German pilot was capable of such rapid destruction of RAF hardware. Facts are that Marseille is still acknowledged as among the best marksmen in the Luftwaffe. The Germans were very meticulous in filing combat reports with all relevant data to include time of battle, area of operation, opposition encountered, as well as an in-depth armorers report. At the end of a mission, the armorers would count the number of bullets and cannon shells expended during the fight. Marseille would often average an astonishing 15 bullets required per victory, and this with a combat resulting in his downing of several allied aircraft. No other German pilot was close to Marseille in this area. Nobody could do the same. He, he was an artist. Marseille was an artist. Several factors accounted for his success in the desert with one being attributed to his superior eyesight. Legend has it that Marseille would stare at the sun for extended periods of time in order to acclimate his eyes to the desert glare. Marseille, like American fighter legend Chuck Yeager, had the ability to see enemy aircraft long before anyone else in his formation. Another critical factor for his success was his superb flying ability. Through constant practice and a desire to be the best pilot in his unit, Marseille was one of the few pilots who was able to totally master his Messerschmitt fighter through the full flight envelope. He would practice his techniques over and over again, often against men in his own squadron while

returning home from sorties. He was so comfortable and confident in his flying abilities that he would often break standard rules of aerial combat by pulling his power to idle and using flaps to help tighten his turns. When encountered by a real or perceived superior force of enemy fighters, the DAF pilots would often form up in a defensive circle with one aircraft behind the other. This formation was much like the 2-dimensional wagon train circling in an attempt to both dissuade Indian attack and to afford the best defensive firepower. In theory, if a German aircraft attacked a British fighter from behind, another British fighter would be in place to immediately shoot down the enemy aircraft daring to intrude into the defensive circle. Marseille, one not to be discouraged or scared away, developed tactics, unfortunately at the expense of several of his own Messerschmitt fighters early in his North African career, that enabled him to enter and then defeat the otherwise efficient DAF formations. Starting at a point several thousand feet above the circle and displaced laterally a mile or so, Marseille would dive down below the formation and attack from underneath. There he would select one unsuspecting victim, line him up in his sights, and hammer one very short and deadly burst of cannon and machine gun fire from his aircraft. His aim was so accurate that he usually placed all of his shells from the engine back into the cockpit, often killing the pilot. After his firing run, Marseille would either slice through the top of the formation or stall the aircraft and spin down to safety. Once the full maneuver was complete, Marseille would set himself up for another run. By repeating this and variations of this deadly sequence, Marseille often shot down four, five, and six, aircraft in a single sortie. His movements were so fast that it was common for the unsuspecting allied pilots to think they were under attack by a large formation of aircraft. On 15 September, , for example, Marseille destroyed 7 Australian fighter aircraft within an eleven minute period and on 17 June, , Marseille destroyed six aircraft within a seven minute period. Other pilots who tried to emulate Marseille, but failed to master their own aircraft, were not as successful. Still many Allied historians refuse to believe that Marseille was as successful and deadly as the Germans claim. Major William Shomo was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for downing 7 Japanese aircraft in a single sortie on 11 January, . Many pilots on both sides of the war were credited with multiple kills on single sorties. Marseille just happened to make a deadly habit of it. During the fights over the convoys to Tobruk, the British introduced the defensive circle.

Chapter 9 : Hans Joachim Marseille - the Star of Africa

Hans-Joachim Marseille Erwin Rommel Afrika Korps Italienischer U-Jäger versenkt U-Boot - Duration: Deutsche Wehrmacht History 18, views.

As to his surname, he was a descendent of French Huguenots who fled France during its purge of that sect. In , he participated in the German invasion of Russia where he died. As a child, he had been rather sickly and almost died from influenza. Spoiled and pampered because of that, he never learned to respect authority and developed a reputation as a lazy, rebellious, and troublesome student. That changed when he joined the Luftwaffe German Airforce on November 7, 1935. During one cross-country flight, he landed in a field to relieve himself. He took off just as a group of farmers arrived to see if he was alright, blasting them away with his slipstream. Upset, they called the authorities, causing him to be suspended. Hans-Joachim Marseille in On November 1, Marseille was posted with the 5th fighter pilot school. But at the cost of abandoning his wingman, for which he got in trouble. His fourth victory happened on September 18, 1941 for which he again got in trouble. He had abandoned his leader, who was killed. Still, there was a war and Germany needed every able-bodied man it had. So Marseille achieved three more victories before they kicked him out and reassigned him to the 52nd Fighter Wing JG Neumann knew that Marseille was a troublemaker but saw his potential. Based in an airfield just outside Tripoli, Libya the lack of available women would change all that eventually. It was in North Africa that he learned to hone his skills, mastering a form of aerial combat known as deflection shooting. He not only took risks that went against the rulebooks, but also learned to get close to his enemies. As a result, he used far less bullets than most, averaging about 15 per hit. By February , he had 50 victories. By the end of June, he scored He was sent back to Germany in June to meet Hitler. During a party hosted by Willy Messerschmitt designer of the Messerschmitt Bf fighter plane , he was asked to play the piano. The following month, Marseille was at another party when he heard officials talking about the Jews. That visibly upset him since his family had been friends with a Jewish doctor who delivered him at birth. The official line was that the Jews had simply been sent off to Eastern Europe. But Marseille now knew otherwise. On August 13, he was in Italy to receive an award from Benito Mussolini, after which he disappeared. The Gestapo found him, eventually, and convinced him to return to his base. It must have worked because on September 1, he downed 17 planes in three sorties, bringing his total to a whopping It should be noted, however, that the British deny this, claiming he had shot down less. Whatever the case, September was his most productive month with a whopping 54 kills. Eight of these were shot down in 10 minutes, the most brought down by a lone pilot in a single day. But while he enjoyed the promotions, gifts, and praise, the killing bothered him. By September 26, Marseille made his 100th claim, but it came at a price, he was so exhausted that he could barely get out of his plane. They wanted to send him back to Germany for a vacation and to attend a speech Hitler was giving. Marseille refused, claiming his men needed him. On September 30, his cockpit began filling up with smoke. To the horror of his watching comrades, he hit the ground some 4. His death so traumatized his unit that they were put on furlough for almost a month. Marseille, who downed planes albeit in contention with his Messerschmitt Bf , became its 100th victim.