

Subject: Albums Of Remembrance

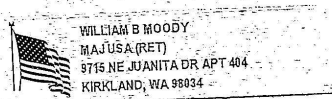
To: Luke Martin
75 Salty Way E.
Selbyville, DE. 19975

From: William B. Moody
9715 NE Juanita Dr. #404
Kirkland, WA. 98034-4240
May 29, 2000

Dear Luke::

This story mostly explains itself except that it was the ME 262 photo that brought it about. Harry Hadlock was the Curator of the Boeing Museum of Aviation. When I told him about the Jet Airplane during a visit to the Museum, he asked me to write the story of how I got the shot of the airplane. The story was not displayed in the Boeing Museum but it was sent and then displayed as a story (with the pic's I am enclosing) in the North Carolina Museum of Aviation History). I hope you and the rest of the guys at the Little Rock Reunion enjoy the story. The pictures of the Gas Chamber in Dachau were taken by Col Howard A. Buechner, Medical Corps, A.U.S., Retired, 45th Infantry Division from his book "Dachau, The Hour of the Avenger", Thunderbird Press, Inc., Metairie, Louisiana.

William B. Moody



Major William B. Moody, AUS, Retired
9715 NE Juanita Dr. #404
Kirkland, Wa., 98034

Boeing Museum of Aviation
%Harry Hadlock
5209 156th Ave NE
Redmond, Wa., 98057

Dear Harry:

Here is the story that goes along with the German Jet airplane from WWII:

Saarbrucken, Germany, on or about 1 May 1945. The troop commander of the 103rd Div Recon Cavalry Troop received a message from the Commanding General of the 7th US Army, Anthony C. ("NUTS") McAuliffe to the effect that the Commanding General of all the German Forces in Italy wanted to surrender his forces to the CG, 7th Army as soon as possible. He would deliver and halt his forces at the Brenner Pass in Northern Italy. Capt. Durand, CO of the 103rd Cavalry Troop was designated to meet up with the German Forces at Brenner Pass and accept the surrender as the personal representative of the CG, 7th Army, US Forces in Europe. Captain Durand called in a Cpl. Hell, a German American interpreter for his unit, who was designated as the Advance Party to coordinate and make preparations for the ceremony and impending surrender. He was to leave immediately, fully armed and to stop for no reason. After gassing up, loading 2 jeeps with water, rations, extra gas and extra ammunition for our .30 Caliber machine guns, we all jumped in the jeeps and took off down the road to the Autobahn.

Now why, some hundred or so miles later Cpl. Hell decided to disobey orders, I didn't know then nor will ever know but Hell decided to side track to Dachau, a few miles outside Munich but definitely out of the direct route to Brenner Pass. It had to be something he knew that the rest of us didn't

know. When we first rolled into Dachau, we were all shocked, including Cpl. Hell. I was sure that we would have to fight our way out. It was gruesome and ugly. The smell was overwhelming. A mixture of death, blood, sweat, urine and feces permeated the air. Looking around, Hell didn't seem too anxious to stay very long. When we spotted the first prisoners in their striped suits, we stopped. Hell got out of the Jeep and told me to keep him covered with the .30 Caliber. He had what we called a Grease Gun, with which he shot off the lock and chain to the enormous gate and started into the compound. The prisoners all started toward us. There had to have been several hundred of them. They seemed to be just skeleton heads with bones covered with striped pajamas. The smell was nauseous and the situation began to be very tense. Hell turned and ran back to the gate and jumped into the Jeep. Needless to say, we took off very fast. We found out later that the 45th Inf Division, which had been on our right flank during the Vosges Mountains Offensive had liberated most of Dachau two days prior. To name just a few of the prisoners that were liberated:

- 1) Leon Blum, Former Premier of France
- 2) Jacob Stalin, son of Joseph Stalin, leader of the USSR
- 3) Prince Leopold, nephew of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany
- 4) Peter Churchill, nephew of Sir Winston Churchill

Later, while still headed SW from Munich and near Garmish, we came across a large German Airfield. The Jeep driver was the first to spot the German Jets on the ground. Although we were running late, we pulled into the airfield to get a closer look. These were the first jets we had ever seen. We didn't stay long but we heard later that another American G.I. not in our outfit had climbed into the jet, closed the canopy and began pretending he was going to fly the plane. He inadvertently pulled the cockpit ejection lever and was shot out through the canopy; he was taken back to a Munich hospital and later died of his injuries.

The next day in ceremonies at Brenner Pass, Italy, Captain Durand standing under an American Flag held by First Sergeant Cogdell of the 103rd Recon Cavalry Troop accepted the sword and the surrender of thousands of German combat troops by their Commanding General.

For those of us standing there at Brenner Pass that day the long war that saw millions killed, and a world turned upside down was finally over.

Subject: The Passing of an American World War II Hero

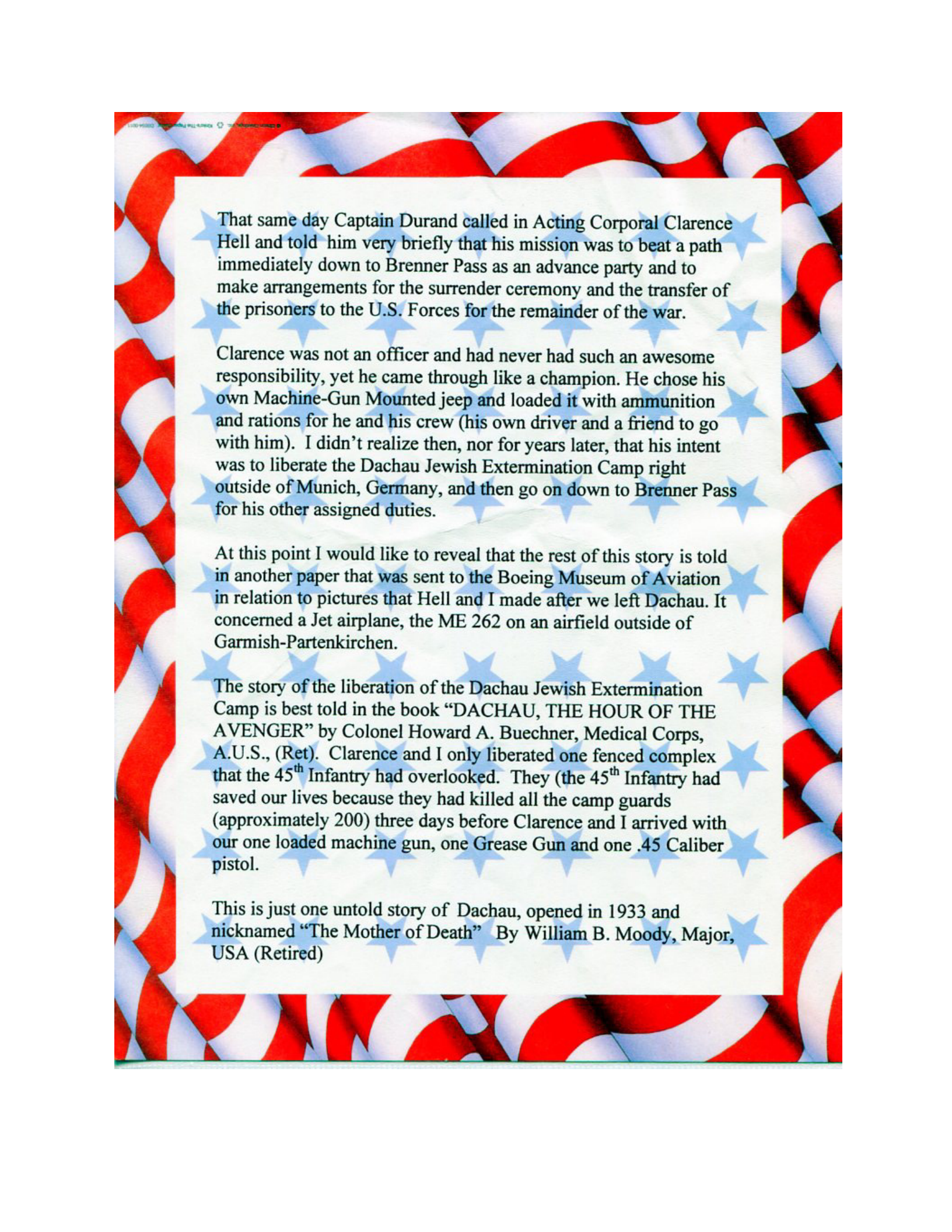
To: Some Awfully Fine and Unselfish People up North

Date: August 28, 2000

RE: CLARENCE A. HELL, DECEASED
Circa 1924 – 1996

Clarence was a full blooded descendent of a family that had migrated early in the 19th century from Germany to the United States. He was from Hankinson, North Dakota. Although he was loyal to the race of his ancestors, he hate the NAZIS with a passion hard for outsiders to conceive. He only revealed his hatred to good friends. On or about the 28th of April, after spending months in furious gun battles inside an M8 Scout Car (which vaguely looks like a tank from a distance), he drew an assignment that will seem unbelievable to many old soldiers. Clarence had two things going for him, he spoke fluent German and he belonged to a unit, the 103rd Division Cavalry Recon Troop that could move fast and were trained to do just that at a moments notice.

When General Karl Wolff, the senior SS officer in Italy decided to surrender to the American forces in Bavaria, he sent word through Switzerland to General Anthony (NUTS) McAuliffe, Commanding the 7th Army in Bavaria, that Field Marshal Albert Kesselring wished to surrender a million troops of armed Germans to General Mc Auliffe at Brenner Pass, Italy as soon as possible. General Wolff 's message generated a series of events that were truly unique in the annals of military protocol. General McAuliffe contacted Captain Durand, CO of the Recon Troop, to meet Field Marshal Kesselring's Advanced Party at Brenner Pass, Italy the next day to plan for the surrender of a million armed German troops.



That same day Captain Durand called in Acting Corporal Clarence Hell and told him very briefly that his mission was to beat a path immediately down to Brenner Pass as an advance party and to make arrangements for the surrender ceremony and the transfer of the prisoners to the U.S. Forces for the remainder of the war.

Clarence was not an officer and had never had such an awesome responsibility, yet he came through like a champion. He chose his own Machine-Gun Mounted jeep and loaded it with ammunition and rations for he and his crew (his own driver and a friend to go with him). I didn't realize then, nor for years later, that his intent was to liberate the Dachau Jewish Extermination Camp right outside of Munich, Germany, and then go on down to Brenner Pass for his other assigned duties.

At this point I would like to reveal that the rest of this story is told in another paper that was sent to the Boeing Museum of Aviation in relation to pictures that Hell and I made after we left Dachau. It concerned a Jet airplane, the ME 262 on an airfield outside of Garmish-Partenkirchen.

The story of the liberation of the Dachau Jewish Extermination Camp is best told in the book "DACHAU, THE HOUR OF THE AVENGER" by Colonel Howard A. Buechner, Medical Corps, A.U.S., (Ret). Clarence and I only liberated one fenced complex that the 45th Infantry had overlooked. They (the 45th Infantry) had saved our lives because they had killed all the camp guards (approximately 200) three days before Clarence and I arrived with our one loaded machine gun, one Grease Gun and one .45 Caliber pistol.

This is just one untold story of Dachau, opened in 1933 and nicknamed "The Mother of Death" By William B. Moody, Major, USA (Retired)



Corporal Hell

The Jeep Driver

Private Moody



Illustration 6. This was Dachau, the Mother of Death. (photograph courtesy of the 45th Infantry Division Museum)



Illustration 7 The dead at Dachau, (photograph courtesy of the 45th Infantry Division Museum)