

9th PHOTO SECTION

STATIONS

Fort Robinson, Crawford, NE

ASSIGNMENTS

WEAPON SYSTEMS

ASSIGNED AIRCRAFT SERIAL NUMBERS

ASSIGNED AIRCRAFT TAIL/BASE CODES

UNIT COLORS

COMMANDERS

HONORS

Service Streamers

Campaign Streamers

Armed Forces Expeditionary Streamers

Decorations

EMBLEM

MOTTO

NICKNAME

CALL SIGN

OPERATIONS

"A bag of bones, a bunch of hair, We're in the Ninth Section, haven't a care." That's our way of introducing style as Kipling sings it. If you haven't heard about the Ninth Photo Section, you're not in the Army. If you're not in the Army, we want to shake hands, and ask how you kept out of it.

Well, last August (1918) at Garden City, U. S. A., we were created, formed, put into shape, as it were. We were issued everything we needed to be miserable, and we had to carry it around on our backs. The first Gould came to the U. S., with a pack on his back. He must have been a soldier. We don't blame him for deserting the European Army. One night we dressed up like pack mules and marched "somewhere". In the morning we were driven, right by file, on "some boat".

"A disappearing coast, flags flying high, we shed a tear and said 'good-bye'."

A sea voyage may be pleasant in peace times, but in time of war, NO! We prefer to see the same thing in the Movies and get the same feelings on a Scenic Railway; they don't last as long and there are no submarines around. Getting out of the submarine zone was like getting out of the Draft. We had to join the Army to get out of the Draft and we had to come to Europe to get out of the danger zone.

"A fog, a-hard biscuit, a cup of cold tea, Mother, wave the service flag from the top of a tree."

You can take a man to REST CAMP, but you can't make him sleep. That's an ancient parable modernized. We've seen warped boards but we've never seen boards warped to fit a man's Personnel of the Section back as a bed. We rocked over the English Channel, and then galloped all over France in a lame "Chevaux 8" car, until we reached Tours in September. There we went to school to learn what we threw overboard after we left the States. In October we "parti'ed" (that's French) to Colombey-les-Belles for supplies.

"The hum of a motor, a dazzling flare, A damnable explosion, a Hun in the Air."

We lost all the supplies we ever had. Terrible! The Hun never gave us a chance to eat supper, and in the morning we couldn't find a mess kit—and we developed one of the fastest runners in the A. E. F.

We were assigned to the "Flying Fish" at Ourches, but the Kaiser-must have heard that we were at the front, for the morning we were going over to get his picture, he signed the armistice.

"Gas shells, machine guns, one cannot laugh, every devilish invention we had to photograph."

And after the guerre was over, they finally sent us into the trenches. Over the top, looking into the mouths of machine guns, down into the dugouts we went. Even the heavy batteries didn't stop our advance. But not one live Boche did we find. They must have been afraid of a camera. We have enough souvenirs to fill all the junk shops in the States, and we have enough photographs to fill the albums of every officer in the Army.

"Now for us, the War's Fini, So take us home, and turn us free."

Sources

Air Force Historical Research Agency. U.S. Air Force. Maxwell AFB, AL.