

# **3<sup>rd</sup> PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION**

## **MISSION**

## **LINEAGE**

3<sup>rd</sup> Photographic Section

## **STATIONS**

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## **COMMANDERS**

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## **OPERATIONS**

The Third in all things is considered fateful. To this rule the Third Photo Section was no exception. From August 14th up until the present our little horseshoe has never failed us, with the one exception that we are still in France. But for the enlightenment of the public let us begin. After dodging torpedoes for fourteen days on the Missanabie we were allowed the privilege of resting five days in England. We left there without any casualties and our good luck, in connection with a French freight train, brought us to Tours. From Tours to Luxeuil was but a matter of a few days. At Luxeuil-les-Bains we did our bit by listening to the guns and making use of Julius Caesar's Baths,

which were placed there about 50 B. C., showing the courtesy of the Italians towards the Yanks.

But one tires of too much luxury, so we left for a two weeks stay along the Swiss border, where we were objects of curiosity to the inhabitants. Hearing that there was danger of an Armistice being signed, we hastened towards the Toul sector. The news of our coming preceded us with the result that the Armistice was signed, the Germans retreated to the Rhine and we were halted temporarily in our drive at Toul. But we, not satisfied with our victory, began the pursuit anew and spent over ten weeks plotting dugouts, trenches and fortifications along the Hindenburg Line. Each evening we brought in prisoners in the form of helmets, gas masks, guns, and "Gott mit uns" buttons.

Finally we were recalled to Toul where we rest in our luxurious barracks, impatiently waiting for the C. O. to announce the "unfavorable news", the arrival of the orders for home.

Sometimes in our activities you will find us around our music box or barber's chair, praying for cloudy weather or waiting for the Frenchman at the power plant to throw in another shovelful of coal. Occasionally you may see us toiling into midnight, after Colombey-les-Belles has staggered an ambitious observer or the sun has shone too brightly during the day.

Being endowed with "Yank Modesty" we "hate to brag" but after we get home you will hear it rumored that we were indispensable to victory, that man for man we were the best section in France and Uncle Sam surely was in luck when he finally got us started overseas. Our work well done, with face turned hopefully westward, with our razors ready to shave our upper lips, we are expectantly for orders to embark.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE UNIT HISTORIES

Created: 27 Oct 2011

Updated:

Sources

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