



**Sgt. Olin J. Edwards (right)**

A picture of my late father, Sgt. Olin J. Edwards (right) in front of a B-24. He was an airplane mechanic of some kind. He told me his job was to load bombs on planes. I know he was in the 43rd Bomb group, and I believe 403rd Squadron...

...My father rarely spoke much about The Big One (as he lightheartedly referred to WWII), but he did have some interesting stories (although very few, because he did not enjoy the war).

He would talk about placing a case of beer in a wing of a plane before a high altitude recon flight. He said that was the only way to chill beer. He also talked about crawling out from under cover after an enemy air raid once, only to discover he had been hiding under a rack filled with bombs.

He said near the end of the war Japanese army stragglers would come down from the Philippine hills and try to blend in with the large number of local Filipinos already in line for a free meal at the Army camp. He said he was unable to distinguish the Japanese from the Filipinos, but that the Filipinos had no such problem and always immediately pointed them out to the MPs.

The last story that sticks out in my mind is that we never ever had lamb for dinner while growing up. This does not seem unusual to me because of the price of lamb, but when my wife serves lamb at Easter each year, I always tell the story about how my father refused to eat lamb because the Australian mutton was so horrible and had left such a negative impression that he refused to eat anything sheep related.



Olin Edwards, right



Olin Edwards