

**May 25, 1944**

This journal was given to me by my uncle Richard, my mother's brother. He was the only one who gave me a gift at the going-away party my folks had for me. After the party Mom said that she didn't have anything to give me and I told her that I didn't need anything. I wanted to tell her about wanting my picture on the wall, but I didn't. Maybe when all of this is over I will tell her.

On the wall in the living room, over the settee, are two pictures. One of them is of my great-grandfather, Phillip R. Collins, who fought in the Civil War and was wounded at Second Manassas. In the picture he looks strong and proud and has eyes more or less like my father's, but he looks thinner than Dad. There is a Confederate flag in the lower center of the picture.

The next picture is of Dad, who was in the army during the First World War. He was stationed in Alabama and then went to France, where he served as an ambulance driver.

I would like to have my picture on that wall. It would make me proud to show that I have served my country, just like my dad and great-grandfather did.

Bobby Joe Hunter came to our party and everybody toasted the two of us. Afterward I drove him home and we vowed that we would stick with each other no matter what. Me and Bobby Joe didn't get along too well

in school. He's the kind of guy that always has to be the star of something. He played quarterback on the football team and I mostly sat on the bench. I heard from Jerry Villency that when Bobby Joe couldn't start on the baseball team, he quit. He's been pretty decent over here, so far, and we haven't had any trouble. When we reached England, we went on pass together and we traveled to a place called Stonehenge. It was really cold and rainy there. We were both glad to leave.

## May 27

Today we had a long lecture about the Nazis and what they have been doing in Europe. After the lecture, which was really kind of boring, we saw a cartoon with Hitler and Tōjō, and that was pretty funny. Lt. Rowe said that the Germans were really good soldiers and were going to be tough to defeat. Bobby Joe said that the reason the Germans looked so good was because they hadn't fought Americans. I believe that Bobby Joe is right.

I wrote to Danny and Ellen, telling them what England looks like. A captain brought the letter back to me and said that I couldn't tell them where I was. He gave me the letter and I saw that he had crossed out everything except *Dear Danny and Ellen*, at the top; the part about us marching under the Admiralty