Excerpts from Pulitzer Prize-winning

“In April 1942, [Rear Admiral Henry Kent Hewitt] Hewitt had been ordered to Hampton Roads [Virginia, USA] to command the Atlantic Fleet’s new Amphibious Force; late that summer came [President Franklin Delano Roosevelt] Roosevelt's decision to seize North Africa in Operation TORCH. Two great armadas would carry more than 100,000 troops to the invasion beaches. One fleet would sail 2,800 miles from Britain to Algeria, with mostly British ships ferrying mostly American soldiers. The other fleet, designated Task Force 34, was Hewitt's. He was to sail 4,500 miles to Morocco from Hampton Roads and other U.S. Ports with more than 100 ships bearing 33,843 American soldiers. In a message on October 13 [1942], [Lieutenant] General Eisenhower, the TORCH commander, had reduced the mission to twenty-six words: 'The object of the operations as a whole is to occupy French Morocco and Algeria with a view to the earliest possible subsequent occupation of Tunisia.'... Few of the 72,000 troops embarked in Britain knew or cared about these travails. Outnumbering their British comrades two to one, the Americans were mostly drawn from three divisions staging in England, Scotland, and Northern Ireland: the 1st Infantry, the 1st Armored, and the 34th Infantry... The 34th Infantry merits particular scrutiny because it had been the first American division dispatched to the European theater and because the division's saga, in North Africa and beyond, would embody the tribulations and triumphs of the U.S. Army as fully as any of the eighty-nine divisions ultimately mustered in World War II.

Twenty months earlier [FEB 1941], the 34th had existed only in principle, as regiments of the Iowa National Guard and sister units from Minnesota. Guardsmen in peacetime met once a week, usually on Monday evenings. For two hours of close-order drill they earned a dollar. Training in the art of war was limited to bayonet assaults against a football goalpost and skirmishes across the town square, where platoons practiced out-flanking the local Civil War monument. Training in more sophisticated martial skills was limited to a couple of weeks of summer camp. Troops were pressed into civil service for floods, or harvests, or strike-breaking at the Swift meatpacking plant in Sioux City, where Guardsmen in 1938 had pierced the workers' cordon with a flying wedge before setting up their machine guns on a loading dock. That was the closest to combat most had ever come.

On February 10, 1941, after nine false alarms, the War Department federalized the Iowa and Minnesota regiments to form the 34th Division. It was among the last of eighteen Guard divisions swept in the the Army under the congressional act that limited Guardsmen to a year of service in defense of the western hemisphere. Regiments staged hasty recruiting drives to fill out their ranks before heading to Louisiana for further training... The 34th Division was rushed to Britain in January 1942 as a symbol of American commitment to the Allied cause... With the decision to undertake TORCH, the 34th – already in Britain and thus deemed available even if ill-prepared – was consigned to Algeria. The lower ranks were still flush with boys from Iowa and Minnesota, but not the division's officer cadre; thanks to a general purge of
National Guard officers from the Army, the 34th retained few of the leaders who had led them out of the Midwest. Once begun, the turmoil snowballed. In the past year alone, for example, the officers in the division's 168th Infantry Regiment had been cashiered almost wholesale three times.

Among those who survived the purges was an engaging citizen-soldier named Robert R. Moore. Now aboard the [assault transport HMS Keren] Keren, Moore had spent the days since sailing from Britain quelling mutiny in the mess hall and keeping his men occupied with calisthenics and busywork. Of average height, with a broad Irish face and toothy grin, Moore had gray eyes and a forelock that hung from his crown like a pelt. He hailed from the southwest Iowa town of Villisca, population 2,011, where he owned the local drugstore, a homey place with a striped retractable awning and Meadow Gold ice cream signs in the window. Moore joined the Iowa Guard in 1922 at the age of seventeen, and six years later took command of Company F of the 168th Infantry's 2nd Battalion. Known as Cap'n Bob or the Boy Captain, Moore was obstinate, charming, and unsparing, purging the company of those he deemed 'no-accounts' and working hard to prepare his Guardsmen for the war no one expected to fight.

Fourteen years later, Bob Moore was thirty-seven. No longer a boy, he was also no longer a captain, having been promoted to major and appointed executive officer – second in command – of the 2nd Battalion. At night on the Keren, in his crowded cabin or by moonlight on the weather deck, Moore scribbled letters home and thought often of the last days in Iowa, in February 1941, as the regiment had prepared to leave for what everyone believed was a year's training. Those days were the benchmark against which all subsequent progress could be measured in the transmutation of ordinary American boys into troops capable of crushing the Third Reich. Moore remembered how the men had plucked the brass 'Iowa' insignia from their uniforms and replaced it with a brass 'U.S.'... For three weeks they had practiced the manual of arms in the same soup-bowl helmets their fathers had worn at the Meusse-Argonne, with the same Springfield bolt-action rifles. They pitched tents on the town square, grousing about their four-buckle shoes, which they swore the Army had deliberately designed to be an inch shorter than the average depth of mud; then they ate chicken-fried steak in the Presbyterian church basement. The Methodists organized a town banquet honoring the departing warriors with roast turkey served by home economics students in red, white, and blue uniforms...

Then the time had come to leave, and in thirty-two Iowa towns during the first week of March 1941 the troops gathered at their armories while citizens lined the streets leading to the train depots. Aging veterans of the Great War, their shadows stretching long and blue across the snow, stamped their frozen fees and reminisced about their own call to the collars nearly a quarter century before. In Des Moines, a live radio broadcast covered the progress of 600 men of the 168th Infantry from East First Street across the Grand Avenue Bridge to Union Station. When the band launched into Sousa's 'Field Artillery March,' a haunting anthem of World War I, a mother marching with her son had shrieked, 'Those bastards! They promised they'd never play that again!' At Clarinda, the high school band played 'God Be with You Until We Meet Again'
as the anti-tank company boarded the Burlington special. At Red Oak, where officers from Company M had urged mothers to stay home and 'avoid any emotional display as the men leave for their year's training,' scores of tearful mothers thronged the platform, clinging to their sons in a last embrace.

And in Villisca, on March 2 [1941], cars lined the village square and 1,500 people spilled from the little depot into the adjacent streets. 'Most cars I ever saw in Villisca on Sunday morning,' said the graybeards, before launching into another account of the departure of '17. Shortly before 8 A.M., someone spotted the flash of the drum majorette's baton on Third Avenue. 'Here they come!' the crowd murmured. Behind the Company F guidon, Bob Moore led his men across the viaduct in perfect march step. At the station, he commanded them to halt and fall out for final hugs and handshakes and murmured words of reassurance no one quite believed. An airplane circled overhead. 'There's a German bomber!' a prankster shouted. A nervous twitter rippled through the crowd. Then the fatal order was given, and the men disentangled themselves to heave their packs into the coaches, blowing kisses through the windows. With a shudder, the train lurched forward, and a great cry formed in the lungs of those standing on the platform, a roar of pride and hope and dread of all that was yet to come.

*The boys are okay, you need have no fears.* Eighty-seven weeks had passed since that moment [02 MAR 1941], far short of the three years [Brevet Brigadier General Sylvanus Thayer, 'Father of the U.S. Military Academy' at West Point, NY, USA] Sylvanus Thayer deemed necessary to make a good army from the best men. Bob Moore knew he was a better officer now, and that his men were better soldiers. But whether the division was worth a damn remained to be seen...

Thirty-three thousand Allied troops stumbled onto the beaches east and west of Algiers on November 8 [1942] without grace, finesse, or agility. Overloaded landing craft shipped water and sank. Others foundered when their bow ramps opened prematurely, or broached from an inexperienced hand on the tiller. Some scrambling nets proved too short, requiring soldiers to leap six feet in the waiting boats...

The 168th Infantry of the U.S. 34th Division, which was supposed to hurry east to reinforce [Lieutenant Colonel Edwin T. Swenson] Swenson beleaguered TERMINAL [mission to capture the Algiers port intact] force at Algiers harbor, was both late and lost. Four thousand Americans in the regiment were scattered along fifteen miles of coastline. Officers raced upon and down country lanes in confiscated autos, searching for their commands. Among the displaced was Major Robert Moore, the former Boy Captain from Villisca, Iowa, now second-in-command of the regiment's 2nd Battalion. Launched before midnight from the Keren, Moore led his two companies in nine landing craft to an assembly area several hundred yards from the ship. After futilely waiting almost an hour for the rest of the battalion flotilla to arrive, Moore ordered the coxswain to turn toward land.

A naval officer motoring through the swell a mile offshore assured Moore that he was on
course. But after beaching the boats and dragging their equipment across the sand, the men were chagrined to see British 11th Brigade troops. Moore quickly deduced that instead of landing at the beach code-named Beer White, the boat crews had veered eight miles down the coast to Apple White. Moore sent a scouting party inland; when it failed to return, he roused the remaining 200 men from their bivouac and set out to find the rest of his battalion...

The deficiencies of the past two years in preparing the 34th Division for war now began to tell. The amateurish football field maneuvers and town-square drilling by the Iowa National Guard seemed irrelevant in the scrub pines of coastal Algeria. The hurried dispatch of the 34th to Britain ten months earlier, the dispersal of regiments across Northern Ireland, the poor training facilities, the rapid turnover in commanders, and the diversion of troops for use as laborers and headquarters guards meant that most of the infantry units arriving in Africa 'were not prepared for combat service,' as a division history acknowledged. Like other regiments in the division, the 168th had a proud history, including five ribbons in the Great War. But old ribbons would not take Algiers, nor infuse the men with combat experience, nor tell Bob Moore where he was.

Moore marched his two companies for more than a mile through vineyards and pine copses along the coastal hills before concluding that he was on the wrong road. He halted the men and ordered a counter-march, but the lieutenant at the head of the column failed to get word and instead continued unawares with a small vanguard. At mid-morning, 200 French colonial troops in a dozen trucks drove past Moore and his men, who stared wide-eyed and silent until the convoy disappeared from sight without a shot.

Hours after landing, footsore and thirsty, Moore heard gunfire in Lambiridi, just west of Algiers. A French machine gun on a knoll overlooking the road had killed two soldiers from Company G and wounded two others. Moore ordered three platoons to outflank the position; after a flurry of shots, seven enemy soldiers surrendered. French sniper bullets chewed into masonry walls and gouged divots from the pavement while children with outstretched palms begged cigarettes from American soldiers huddled in the doorways. Arabs in grimy robes and blackened sandals ambled across the square, acknowledging neither the snipers nor their American targets.

Moore hurried across an exposed intersection by mingling with the pedestrians, then tried to organize another flanking assault. He now commanded fragments from all three of the regiment's battalions, including scores of stragglers. A second machine gun, firing from an upper floor, killed a lieutenant and wounded a captain. Moore worked his way along a hill overlooking the house. Squirming forward on his belly, he carefully rose up for better look.

Suddenly he was on his back, stunned and confused. A private next to him was bleeding from a gunshot wound. Moore unsnapped his own chin snap and removed his helmet. A deep groove from a sniper's bullet ran across the crest like a black scar. An inch lower and the first round ever fired at the Boy Captain would have killed him.
For the first time, Moore realized how frightened he was. Even nameless skirmishes could be lethal. 'I thought the fight with the snipers was quite a battle,' he would say months later, after receiving the Silver Star for his valor at Lambiridi. 'Now I know it was just a comic-opera war.' Still, good men lay as dead as if at Antietam or the Meuse-Argonne. When he had time to scribble a letter home, Moore wrote, 'I got my helmet creased and set back on my butt before I realized that I was being shot at. Outside of that and being scared, I came out okay.'

In those first hours of the war, Moore had learned several vital lessons that thousands of other American soldiers were also learning around the rim of Africa. Some lessons were fundamental: stay low; take a few extra moments to study the map before setting off. But others involved the nature of combat and leadership: a realization that battlefields were inherently chaotic; that improvisation was a necessary virtue; that speed and stealth and firepower won small skirmished as well as big battles; that every moment held risk and every man was mortal.

Moore shoved the helmet back onto his head and summoned a medic to attend the wounded private. The living awaited orders, and the white roofs of Algiers gleamed in the distance. Bob Moore, unhurt but now blooded, pressed on...

A brief, howling sandstorm swept across the Tunisian plain early Sunday morning, February 14 [1943]. German sappers cinched bandannas across their noses and finished lifting the last American mines from the western mouth of Faïd Pass. At four A.M. a bobbing procession of lights, almost ecclesiastical in grandeur, emerged from an olive grove east of the gap. Soldiers in black tunics tramped down Highway 13 carrying lanterns to guide more than a hundred tanks – a dozen Tigers among them – and as many lorries and half-tracks. Diesel stink and the creak of armor tracks filled the defile.

As dawn spread behind him, the commander of Operation FRÜHLINGSWIND, General [ der Artillerie ] Heinz Ziegler – a Russian Front veteran who now served as [ Commander-in-Chief of Heeresgruppe Afrika, Generaloberst Hans-Jürgen von Arnim ] Arnim's chief of staff – climbed a rickety parapet above the squalid hamlet of Faïd. Light seeped across the desert, exposing the odd humps of Djebel Lessouda on Ziegler's right and Djebel Ksaira on his left. Ziegler liked what he saw: nothing. The Americans did not appear aroused, nor even alert. At precisely 6:30 A.M. the drivers shifted into gear and panzers spilled from the Eastern Dorsal onto the plain. Behind them the sun rose through the dust in an enormous, molten orb...

One after another the American units fell. A platoon of tank destroyers was itself destroyed by tanks... Enemy bullets and tank shells sheeted across the desert. Soldiers scooped shallow foxholes with their helmets or clawed at the ground until their fingers bled. 'All around me comrades were being machine-gunned from tanks,' one soldier recalled... Shermans left and right burst into flame... Uncertainty yielded to confusion, confusion to panic...
The folly of the Allied battle plan was clear: after losing [the eastern mouth of] Faïd Pass in late January, the Americans should have either recaptured the Eastern Dorsal – at whatever cost – or retired to defensible terrain on the Grand Dorsal. Instead they had dispersed across a vulnerable open plain where the enemy could defeat them in detail. Lessouda, like Djebel Ksaira in the hazy distance, was so steep, with such a commanding vista of the dun world below, that the Americans had been bewitched by an illusion of security. In fact, the hill provided [Lieutenant Colonel John Knight Waters] Waters only with a panorama of his own imminent destruction.

When the first wave of eighty German tanks and half-tracks had looped around the hill at dawn, a combination of glare, dust, and wishful thinking prevented Robert Moore and his 900 infantrymen from shooting, on the remote chance that the force was friendly...

Better visibility and dire reports from routed forces to the east soon clarified the predicament. By 8:30 A.M., German officers in peaked caps stood on their turrets just beyond rifle range, raking Lessouda with field glasses. Led by motorcycle troops, an enemy column on the east pressed up the lower sloped through a narrow wadi. At a range of 300 yards Moore gave the commend to fire. A stabbing red volley rippled from the rocks and the Germans fell back, leaving a trail of dead and wounded.

At noon the enemy tried again, this time pressing up the southern face where Water's command post was tucked into a gulch. Gray-clad figures darted through the olive trees and tuft grass below. Unable to reach Moore by radio, Waters sent his driver up the hill to find him. A few minutes later the soldier stumbled back, ashen, blood bubbling from a hole drilled through his chest by one of Moore's nervous infantrymen. 'Sir, I couldn't get up there,' he told Waters, 'and I got shot.' Waters wrapped him in a bedroll with two shots of morphine, and soon the young man was dead.

Waters radioed [Colonel Peter Conover Hains III] Hains. 'Pete, I'm going to shut this thing off,' he said. 'They are all around here and looking for me now, but I don't think they've discovered this half-track yet.' Not only were German patrols closing in, but locals had begun combing the battlefield to strip the dead and betray the living. Moore was marooned with his infantry on the upper slope...

Some troops indeed were fighting with uncommon valor; many were not fighting at all... Nine Axis battalions had slammed into the Americans...

Eisenhower summoned reinforcements from Morocco and Algeria, but not many; the Americans remained as fixated in the fantasy of an Axis strike through Spain... Those who heard the trumpet came slowly...

including U.S. 13th Armored Regiment of the 1st Armored Division] Robinett at Maktar and proposed borrowing a single tank battalion to drive the enemy from Sidi bou Zid...

The tank battalion chosen to lead the counterblow had never seen combat. Fitted with new Shermans and commanded by Lieutenant Colonel James D. Alger, a twenty-nine-year-old West Pointer from Massachusetts, the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Armored Regiment held battle honors dating to the Black Hawk War. But in this war the unit was green as grass. [Major General Orlando Ward, commander 1st Armored Division of the U.S. II Corps] Ward told in his diary: 'Alger was more or less on his own.'...

Just before one P.M., [15 FEB 1943] Alger's battalion appeared on a camel track from the north. The column wheeled with parade-ground precision around a lone gum tree and headed southeast for Sidi bou Zid at eight miles per hour. Dust plumed behind each Sherman. Tank destroyers flared to the flanks, and an infantry battalion followed in trucks and half-tracks, trailed in turn by a dozen artillery tubes. From a radio truck blared 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' clearly audible on the hillcrest, where a lieutenant who was immune to the prevailing confidence of his seniors murmured, 'Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.'

Alger had been told to push beyond Lessouda and Ksaira 'and then hold until friendly infantry could withdraw' from the hills where they were trapped...

Into the trap they had ridden, into the valley... An ammunition carrier detonated, 'with flames leaping and swaying. Every few seconds one of its shells would go off, and the projectile would tear into the sky with a weird swang-zing sort of noise.'...

Leaping from the hatch [of a Medium Tank M4 Sherman] with two crewmen, Alger sprinted north across the desert. Within half an hour he was a prisoner, soon to join John Walters in a German camp...

The immolation of Alger's battalion had also been visible from Djebel Lessouda, which provided bleacher seats for Robert Moore and his trapped infantrymen. Except for mortar barrages every two hours, the enemy seemed content to starve the Americans on Lessouda into surrender. At dusk on Monday [15 FEB 1943] evening, a lone P-40 flew over the hill and dropped a U.S. mail sack tied to a small parachute. Inside, Moore found a message to John Walters, whose fate was still unknown: 'You are to withdraw to road west of Blid Chegas where guides will meet you. Bring everything you can. Ward.'...

At 10:30 P.M. Moore gathered his men on Lessouda's southwestern slope. Hundreds of faces, blued by starlight, turned to hear his instructions. Heavy weapons would be spiked and abandoned... They would march in two columns, thirty yards apart, parallel to and a mile north of Highway 13. The rendezvous point lay nine miles west, near the cross-roads below Djebel Harma on the road to Sbeïtla. Wounded men would be carried on litters. If any German prisoner uttered a word, he was to be bayoneted.
Off they went beneath a full, ascending moon, two snaking lines led by Company F, which Moore had commanded so long ago in Villisca. At the base of the hill the men passed an 88mm gun, 'so close that we could have easily reached out and touched it,' one officer later reported. A German gunner called out. Moore shushed his men and pressed on. The gunner shrugged and lay back down.

Half an hour later, Moore heard voices in bushes to his left. Perhaps Ward's guides were searching for them. He veered from the column toward the trees, and a dark figure thirty yards away hailed him auf deutsch. Moore circled back to the column. 'He didn't speak our language,' he whispered to a young captain. The voice called out again, insistent this time, and then machine-gun fire ripped across the desert.

'Scatter!' Moore yelled. 'Run like hell.' Like hell they ran, to all directions of the compass. The first German rounds flew high but within twenty seconds men began to fall. Moore ordered them to flatten out and crawl. In a frenzy they crawled. Artillery from the western edge of Lessouda boomed, followed by the crump of German mortars blindly gouging the desert. The battalion chaplain, Lieutenant Eugene L. Daniels, told the litter bearers and medics to flee while he remained with the wounded to await capture.

At five o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 16, Moore and a small band from Company F reached the crossroads where Ward has posted sentries. Haggard and red-eyed, lacerated by cactus thorns and desperately thirsty, they found nearly three dozen men from the company already there. Fifteen minutes later, part of Company H staggered in with a dozen German prisoners, followed by Company G. By sunrise, Moore counted 231 men. Others arrived throughout the day in Sbeïtla, where quartermaster passed out blankets and overcoats. After another head count, Moore reported that of the 904 men he commanded two days before, 432 remained.

[ Colonel Thomas D. Drake, commander 168th Infantry Regiment of the 34th Infantry Division ] Drake's ordeal was even more hideous. Nearly twice as far from friendly lines, he and his 1,900 men had been squeezed into an ever shrinking perimeter on the crests of Djebel Ksaira and Garet Hadid... Panzers finished the encirclement, herding the Americans into small groups...

For all military intents and purposes, the 168th Infantry Regiment – Iowa's finest – had been obliterated...

A precise tally of casualties at Kasserine remains elusive, in part because of uncertainty over the French, Italian, and Tunisian tolls. American losses exceeded 6,000 of the 30,000 men engaged in the battle...

Among the wounded Americans [ from the battle for Fondouk Pass, 8-9 APR 1943 ] was
Robert Moore, commander of the 2nd Battalion of the 168th Infantry, who had been tossed from a slit trench by the German bomb that killed his radio operator. Temporarily blind and deaf, Moore was evacuated to the rear where a soldier who had known him in Villisca described him a week later as 'still very dazed and shaky...a sad and worried man. He spoke several times of his wife Dorothy and of daughter Nancy and wondered if he would ever see them again.'

'One more hill!' the American officers told their men each morning, always with the ironic inflection required when comrades lie to one another... No hill loomed larger than the flattop called Djebel Tahent locally but better known to the Americans as Hill 609...

To seize the hill, [Major General Omar Nelson Bradley, commander of U.S. II Corps] Bradley turned to troops whose self-esteem and reputation may have been the lowest in the U.S. Army. Since the fiasco at Fonduok three weeks earlier, the 34th Division had spent every day in intense remedial training, practicing night attacks, tank-infantry tactics, and – led by the division commander, [Major General Charles Wolcott Ryder, commander of 34th Infantry Regiment] Charles Ryder – marching fifty yards behind rolling artillery barrages. Now Bradley told Ryder: 'Get me that hill and you'll break up the enemy's defenses clear across our front. Take it and no one will ever again doubt the toughness of your division.'

Nine battalions from the 34th swept toward Sidi Nsir along a 6,000-yard front on April 27... 'For the love of heaven and hell,' a company commander's voice called in the darkness, 'get going.' As they edged into the killing zone, the ripping-canvas sound of a German machine gun split the night, joined by a second and a third. 'Our men were crouched gray shapes, running, falling flat, firing, running again.' one witness reported. Mortar rounds burst in the saddles between the hills, and yellow flares blossomed overhead. The men again fell flat, still as death except for the writhing wounded. Mines and booby traps detonated with a short, flat pop; more men writhed...

Two attacks failed with heavy casualties, but by midday on Wednesday, April 28, Hills 435 and 490 had fallen between Sidi Nsir and 609. Four German counterattacks were repulsed. All day the valley rumbled with artillery fire; the crack of shells splitting rock carried from the hilltops... By midafternoon, American soldiers had scrambled up a goat trail to gain the summit, where they winkled the defenders from their breastworks. Additional battalions enveloped the hill from both flanks, and among the first reinforcements to top the crest were Iowans from the 2nd Battalion of the 168th Infantry, including Company F of Villisca and Company E of Shenandoah...

'Those that went through it.' wrote [Ernest Taylor 'Ernie' Pyle, correspondent] Ernie Pyle, 'would seriously doubt that war could be any worse than those two weeks of mountain fighting.'... The 34th Division had redeemed itself, although such fine notions seemed vacant in the immediate aftermath. Ryder put his losses at 324 men...

[Major General Charles Wolcott Ryder, commander of 34th Infantry Regiment] Ryder told all his assembled officers and sergeants: ] 'There are many rumors out
there that the 34th Division [ troops have ] fought their battles, done their time, and are going back to the States. But, gentlemen, I am here to tell you today that the 34th Division will not go back until the war is over... As this war goes on it will get progressively worse and there will be progressively harder objectives to take, and more casualties as the German lines tighten. We shall fight in Europe, and we shall find that in comparison, the Tunisian campaign was but a maneuver with live ammunition.'...

Among those who did go home was Robert Moore, hardly recognizable at the erstwhile Boy Captain since his wounding at Fondouk. Moore's orders assigned him to training duty in Georgia. Of the men in Company F, whom he had led out of Villisca two years earlier, 'there are not many of us left,' he wrote his family on May 12. 'Not more than seven or eight of the original outfit. It will be a happy day when I see you all, won't it?'...

July 15, 1943, was happy indeed. Moore stepped from the Burlington No. 6 in Villisca at 9:30 A.M., clutching the camel-hide briefcase his men had given him as a farewell gift. Into his arms leaped his seven-year-old daughter, Nancy; a newspaper photographer captured the moment in a picture that would win the Pulitzer Prize. Fire bells rang to announce the homecoming and American flags lined Third Avenue in front of the family drugstore. Bob Moore was to serve honorably for the rest of the war and beyond, remaining in the Iowa National Guard until retiring as a brigadier general in 1964, a year before the drugstore closed. When he died in 1991, the mourners as his funeral sang 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and told stories about how young Bob had once led his battalion to safety through German lines during the battle of Kasserine Pass.

The message board outside the Presbyterian church read simply: 'Old soldiers never die.' “

Notes

2 Homecoming - 1944 Pulitzer Prize for Photography, by Earle L. Bunker of the Omaha World-Herald.

<<<>>>