Boyle, whose war reporting won a Pulitzer prize in 1945, could find poetry in unlikely places, as in his description of a troop convoy bound for North Africa:

AT SEA WITH A U.S. TASK FORCE (AP) — Water old as the world rings the gray-clouded horizon, and winds trouble the sea into troughs. Across the vast, slate-gray surface, scores of tiny dots slug slowly through the never-ending waves, like determined ants painfully inching across a furrowed field....

A full moon shines upon the sea, etching convoy ships in a silver radiance. The vessels sail down a path of lustrous, rippling light, as if the ocean surface had been paved with jewels. Along the deck rails, men stare at the bright waters, lit by intermittent phosphorescent gleams, and give themselves to long, long thoughts of home.

"You know, I'd like to come this way again sometime," a soldier says, "on my honeymoon, maybe, when this is all over."**

From Africa, the war campaign moved to Sicily and then to Italy. Meanwhile, plans went ahead for what would be the greatest invasion in history. When the Hellschreiber radio printer in a corner of AP's London bureau came suddenly to life at 6:30 a.m. on the murky morning of June 6, 1944, the message from Berlin was swiftly translated into English and turned into an AP bulletin: