

gether again. Now she stood ready to sail. Wives, girlfriends and parents of the crew lingered on the dock and on the weather decks, apprehensively awaiting the afternoon. For it would be then, at 1300, that Duane would sail. 1000 came and the crew mustered on the quarterdeck, many of them still in liberty uniforms. Shortly after, all the last minute jobs were started, engines rumbled, the QM shack was removed, and, below decks, crew members hustled back and forth throughout the ship. At 1250 mooring stations were set and all lines were singled up. The crew on deck joked with those on the dock they were saying goodbye to. Some parents and friends stood silently, fraudulently cheerful to the last. Finally the lines came aboard and the ship's whistle sounded one long blast as she slowly moved into the harbor.

