



We reached the Gaillard Locks and were raised 87 feet above sea level to Gatun Lake. Within an hour we were in the lake where we washed down the ship with the fresh water we were floating in, a novel experience for the Duane. Small rainstorms raced back and forth across the canal, as they would all day, when

we passed through the Gaillard Cut. Ships of all types from such far flung ports as Oslo, Tokyo, Monrovia, London, and Hamburg passed us, bound for the Atlantic. In the early afternoon we entered the Pedro Locks to be lowered again to sea level. A sudden violent rain began, falling so fast and so



heavily that it was difficult to see even a few feet around us. A half hour later we were in the muddy waters that issued from the locks and began steaming toward Rodman Naval Station where we would refuel and spend a night of liberty before entering the Pacific the following morning.