

PREPARATION AND DEPARTURE



It was a typically cool, crisp day for October in Boston. The sun shone brightly in a clear, sharp sky and a stiff wind blew off the water. But for Duane, tied snugly to her pier at Base Boston, it was far from a typical day. For over a month she hadn't looked much like a ship at all, nor could she operate as one. Her davits and small boats had been removed, her life lines torn down, her paint spotted and her decks covered with stores and machinery. But on this day, almost suddenly it seemed, she looked every bit a trim, sleek ship again. For thirty days she had been scraped, chipped, hammered, welded, and repaired. She had her insides, boilers, and engines torn apart and put back to-

