



The New York Navy Yard
shipworker

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NO TIDDLY-WINKS HERE!

There's something about a launching! Even a quiet launching like today's.

This is war, as we here at New York Navy Yard very well know, and it's again our policy to take much time out from the job at hand to do much shouting about the job just done.

But the *Bennington* is a pretty special job and launching day is, after all, launching day—a legitimate time to consider our handiwork. So—as Archie of Duffy's Tavern fame would say—"leave us not blush with no shame" as we get some of our feeling of pride off our chest.

In the first place, it's a good feeling to have the world know we haven't been playing tiddly-winks over here for the past few years. The *Missouri* launching, just four weeks ago today, unquestionably gave our public a rough idea of what we've been up to. And the *Bennington*, coming close on the heels of the *Missouri*, will tell more of our story.

The whole story, of course, won't be told for quite a while, if ever. Repairs, accounting for the major portion of the enormous workload carried by this yard, simply cannot be discussed. The lives of too many men are at stake, the successes of too many of the Navy's moves toward Victory. Between launchings we must, of necessity, plug away day after day or night after night, unheralded and unsung. Launchings remain our only chance, really, to brag a bit and name names.

Speaking of naming names, it's a nice-feeling, too, to have the word *BENNINGTON* come out in the open, at long last. For over a year she has been a big part of our lives—and we haven't been able to so much as mention her name. A small thing, admittedly, but a very real and human reason for liking launchings.

The great aircraft carrier *Bennington*, even more, perhaps, than our modern battlewagons, the *Java* and the *Missouri*, is a Ship of the Times, built to fight a war which aerial attack has made unlike any other war. Her launching proves that we, like the Navy of which we are a part, are abreast of the times. On Wednesday, February 23, this yard reached the grand old age of 143. Our history has been a brilliant one. We are not content, however, to look back. Our wealth of tradition, the long list of our accomplishments mean much to us; but we regard as even more important the fact that there is no yard in the country better geared for modern war.

We're very proud to present the *USS Bennington* to Uncle Sam. Her striking power makes her worth her weight in gold. Things are looking up in the Pacific lately, but Those Who Know say that this war is far from won. The *Bennington* will undoubtedly have many opportunities to convey our "compliments" to the Japs. We are confident that she, like the succession of ships we have built before her, will acquit herself well. As she makes a name for herself she will add further lustre to the reputation of this yard.

And now—back to work! We, like the *Bennington*, have much rugged duty ahead. We mean to discharge it well!



With March 15 coming up, the following excerpt from a letter written to Joseph L. Lindenberg by a friend at the fighting front is both timely and to the point:

"About this time, I suppose, many mushroom income tax places have blossomed overnight in the U.S.A. where expert tax advice is given in barber shop, candy proposition or second store in exchange for a small fee. These so-called tax experts could help us boys over here immensely by hanging signs like this in their windows:

*"For five dollars—
Show you how
to pay the Government more
So we can WIN THE WAR!"*

C. J. Kierman, Master Sail & Flag-maker, writes us about Mrs. Mildred Pizzolo who sews at the Sail Loft while five brothers serve with the armed forces. Lt. Vincent Provenzale is with the Air Corps, Plc. Philip Provenzale is attached to an anti-aircraft unit, St. Salvatore Provenzale serves with the Medical Corps somewhere in England and Anthony Provenzale is a Bos'n's Mate aboard an LST in the South Pacific. Yet Lt. Peter Provenzale, who has just been appointed "personal" navigator General Eakens, has earned the following medals during the course of the 20 missions he has completed: Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Purple Heart, Silver Star, Oak Leaf Cluster.

W. H. McDonald, *sup. inspector, Ordnance Material*, reports a testimonial dinner-dance given for Captain M. O. Carlson, USN, before he left the yard.

"Upwards of 800 naval and civilian personnel from the Ordnance Machine Shop and the Design Section attended." McDonald writes. *"J. C. Panser, Master of the Ordnance Machine Shop, was chairman. Frank C. Gobel, head ordnance engineer, served as toastmaster. Among the great speakers were Admiral Knowley, Captain Rowe, Captain Cecca, Captain Rice-Burdell, Commander Stephan and Captain L. E. Crist, Jr., Captain Carlson's successor as Asst. P & E Design Superintendent (Ordnance)."*

A V-Mail letter from Sgt. J. M. Braunstein, formerly an employee in the Electric Shop and now with the 109 A.A. Bn. in the European Theatre of Operation, has the following message for shipworkers here:

"Keep up the good work! Keep them sliding down the way and floating! We need them. You build them and we'll bring them back!"

Here's Charlie Biker again, with another of his slogans:

"Here's it up to our heads—but let's keep on our toes!"