

'...The mighty Benny-Mar...'

Sub-killing's her game, Bennington's
her name,
But she'll always be known to the crew
As "The Gallowing Ghost of the China
Coast,
The Mighty Benny-Maru."

She's a familiar sight in far eastern seas
With her forefoot purling the blue,
This galloping ghost of the China Coast,
As she gallantly stands into view.

She first went to war in '44
With her citizen-sailor crew,
And she made her name and won her fame
In the annals of Navy "can do!"

We took her back in '66
As the communist menace grew,
And guts and prayer sustained us there
"On the line" with Benny-Maru.

Her critics will claim that her war was
tame,
And the news past her by, it is true.
But she pulled in harness with the rest of
the team
And did what she had to do.

No glamour-ship, she, like the Big "E",
Just a worker for captain and crew;
But she stands the gaff and her enemies
don't laugh
At the sinkable Benny-Maru.

She's a rusty old bitch, and she'll roll
and she'll pitch,
And she'll shake like she's breaking in
two;
But we took our pride in her faithful old
sides
As her performance and safety awards grew.

When tyranny threatens the land that we
love,
There's a job for this skipper and crew:
When the chips are down, it's there we'll
be found,
On the line with Benny-Maru.

When the trumpets sound and the gauntlet
is down
'Twixt tyrants and brave men and true,
She won't count the cost of freedom lost,
She'll fight, Benny-Maru.

And when peace is won and her work is
done,
And the threat to her country is through;
God grant her a grave 'neath the ocean
wave
With her flag flying high and true.

Then her spirit will fight on the side of
the right
Everywhere there are brave ships and crew,
This Galloping Ghost of the China Coast,
This mighty Benny-Maru.

AGCS William F. Sheffield, USN (Ret.)
sent the poem "Benny-Maru" to the Public
Affairs Office recently. According to his
letter he wrote the poem while in Bennington's sick-bay with a broken ankle.

Chief Sheffield's last ship before being
transferred to the Fleet Reserve was
Bennington. Maybe some of you salts remember
him. He was aboard from February, 1967,
to January, 1968.

Since joining the Fleet Reserves, Sheffield
has been residing at 3125 Milbrook Drive,
Corpus Christi, Texas 78418.

California monsoon Floods O2 level

Before Bennington gets out of the yards,
she may be known as the only ship that ever
sank in drydock.

The men who staff the Captain's Office on
the O2 level sure were surprised when the
water began to rise in their spaces.

The paperwork shuffle slowed down when
the men turned to with dustpan and waste-
basket in hand to combat the rising tide.
Holes poked in the flight deck by yard-
workers apparently allowed the January rain
easy access to the Captain's corridor, some
office spaces--and even the Captain's own
office. According to two men, total rain-
fall in the spaces amounted to about six
inches over the rainy two-week period.

Observed YN2 Ron Bacon: "When the water
gets as high as the O2 level I usually
jump overboard."