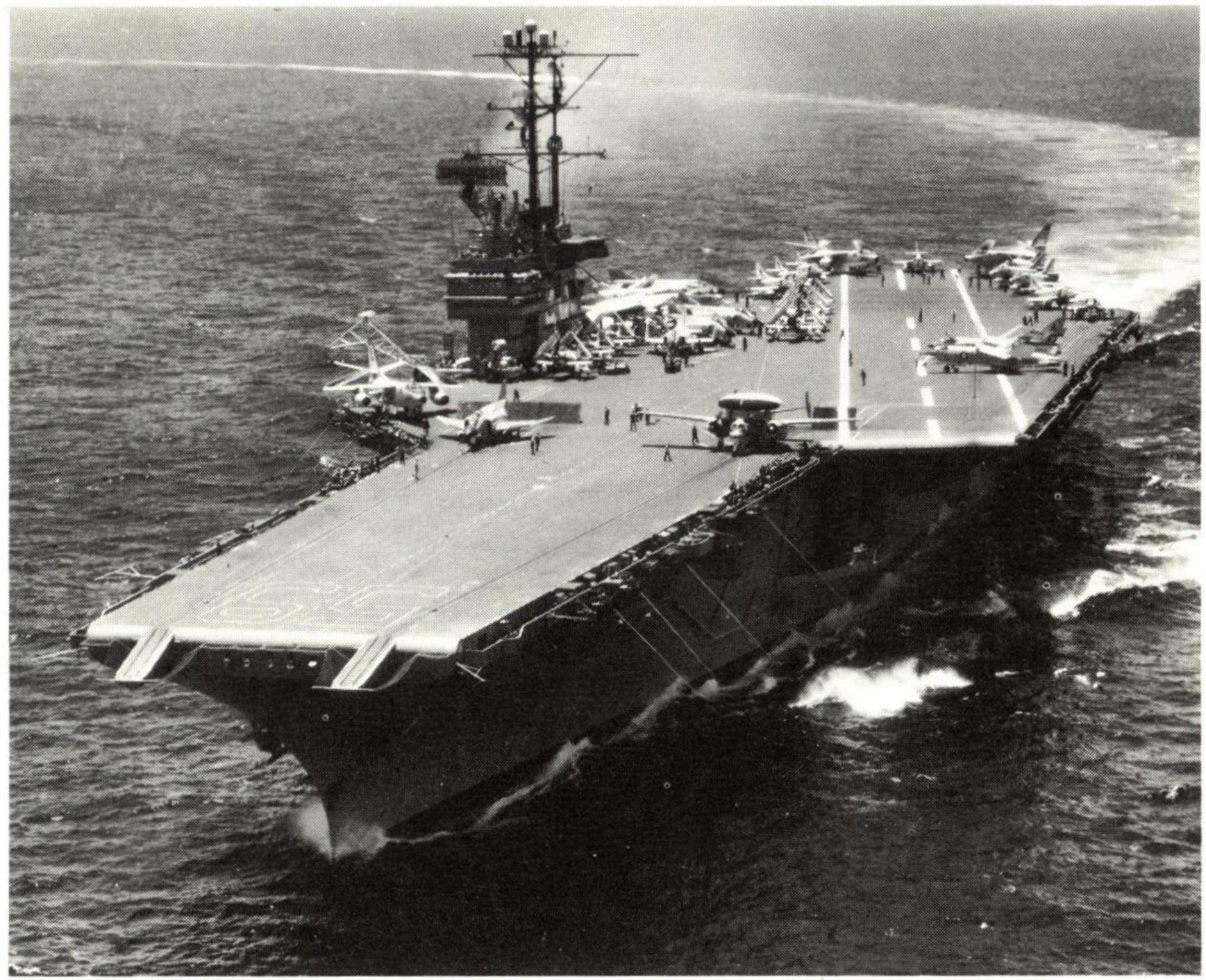


Parachute-packing. (Blair)



Don't get these wires crossed. (Vogeney)



In bright sunlight, FORRESTAL steams through the Med.

This morning progresses, grows brighter, warmer: yet inside the giant steel ship, the only weather that's discussed is somewhere many miles away.



To sleep...perchance to dream... of pushing planes. (Watkins)