



Parachute-packing. (Blair)



In bright sunlight, FORRESTAL steams through the Med.



Don't get these wires crossed. (Vogeney)

**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)