

# 'Flight Quarters' at sea, or

## How to arrest an errant B1RD

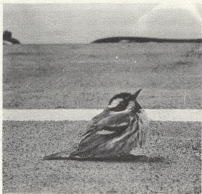
Lo and behold, airdales, that stowaway B1RD near the port catapult.

This fly guy must have been sacked out somewhere when Benn got underway early April 22 for its one-day sea trial.

By the time the feathered airdale realized what was happening, his world had moved a few miles out to sea. As a result, the day was spent in carrier qualification practice, mostly to avoid human-type airdales.

Most any pilot will tell you that one can become fatigued after several hours of arduous flight. So, by mid-afternoon, fly guy tried to catch some shut-eye near the port catapult. He just sat there for a while--until a man with a big heart and bigger hat meandered by.

Let it never be said airdales don't flock together.



The first craft capable of flight on Benn's flight deck since the ship's return from WestPac was this B1RD...



...With a drop of the hat, the B1RD was duly arrested...



...airdales confront each other, and the B1RD gets its post-flight checkover.