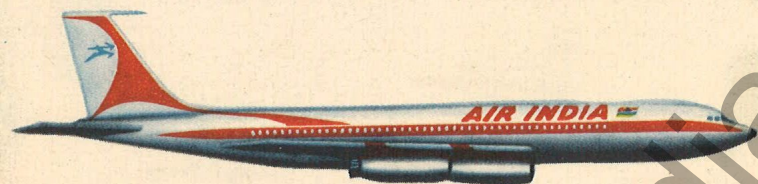


AIR-INDIA



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The
airline
that
treats you
like a
Maharaja



Your Dream Palace in the sky

Great, wide, wonderful world . . . your delightful domain in this age of splendid speed. Your Palace in the Skies to transport you in Eastern splendour and Western grandeur to the fabulous faraway cities now so wonderfully near, thanks to the glittering marvel of jet speed and power. Regally mount the great staircase—enter through the wide-flung door, your spacious realm of luxurious comfort. Beneath your feet, a deep-piled carpet runs the great length of the cabin floor. To left, to right soft green and muted gold

blend into eyedelighting beauty. Indian dancers hold their revels, alongside proud and bashful bridegrooms, journeying to their nuptials atop jewelled elephants. Concealed lights cast a tender glow . . . to fade as darkness steals across the calm bright stratosphere—and twinkling diamonds star the ceiling of your Palace. Welcome friend and passenger...invitingly, your sky-chair waits...cushioned for deepest luxury. To us, you are a Maharaja . . . and within this realm, your realm . . . all is yours to comand.



A Royal welcome

Hands folded in traditional greeting, dark eyes warm with welcoming smiles, the attendants bow you into your Palace. They are your courtiers in flight. Swift of foot, gentle of voice, deft of hand... their one desire, your pleasure; their mightiest reward, your smile.

A Royal command

You need but lift a finger upwards—it reaches your personal service unit; ready at your command to supply a clear but gentle beam of reading light, a soft flow of cooling air, ready to summon your attendants. The arm-rest of your chair has your own personal ashtray. In First Class you discard footwear for fleecy-soft sock-shoes. Playing cards, writing pads, pens, pencils, newspaper or magazine... at your royal command, they will appear.

A Royal prelude

Soft strains of music float about your ears. There's magic in the royal air. The white-coated steward is at your elbow... offering First Class passengers a bewildering choice of fine aperitifs. Your pleasure turns to softer drinks, to tea or coffee? Here they are—here, too, are succulent hors d'oeuvres and canapes... sip and nibble to your heart's content, but softly—for this is but the royal prelude to your banquet. Even now, charmingly radiant in colourful sari, your hostess awaits your order... presents a menu colourful for your contemplation.



A Royal banquet

Forgive us if we place you, our First Class passengers, in a royal dilemma... what to choose? Delicious Indian dishes, prepared as only we know how; Malabari or Murghi Basant, their spicy richness subtly-tempered to less tropic palates. Or our Continental cuisine?

Both served as befits royalty... against snowy napery, on finest china... served with fine wines, served with that unhurried graciousness that makes each dish a banquet. Cheeses to please a connoisseur will follow... and a brimming basket of fresh, succulent fruit... steaming-hot coffee, your preference in liqueurs. A banquet that clamours for a fine cigar—but, alas! there are your fellow-royalties, perhaps less dedicated to the stronger aromas of pipe and cigar... pray take instead, a cigarette or two.



A Royal couch

In Oriental ritual, hot towels and cold are proffered. That contentment following every special banquet steals into the quiet cabin... so quiet, so s-l-e-e-p-inviting... yield to slumber! For eyes that want to relax... there's an eye-shade. Gentle hands place a soft pillow behind your head, tuck in the fleecy blanket. A soft voice bids you slumber sweetly, dream delightfully... as your Palace in the Skies glides through the calm, smooth stratosphere.

A Royal farewell

After a short nap or a long, long slumber, you wake up refreshed and reach your destination in a relaxed and happy mood. So, till we have the pleasure of flying you again, our crew will wish you Au Revoir.