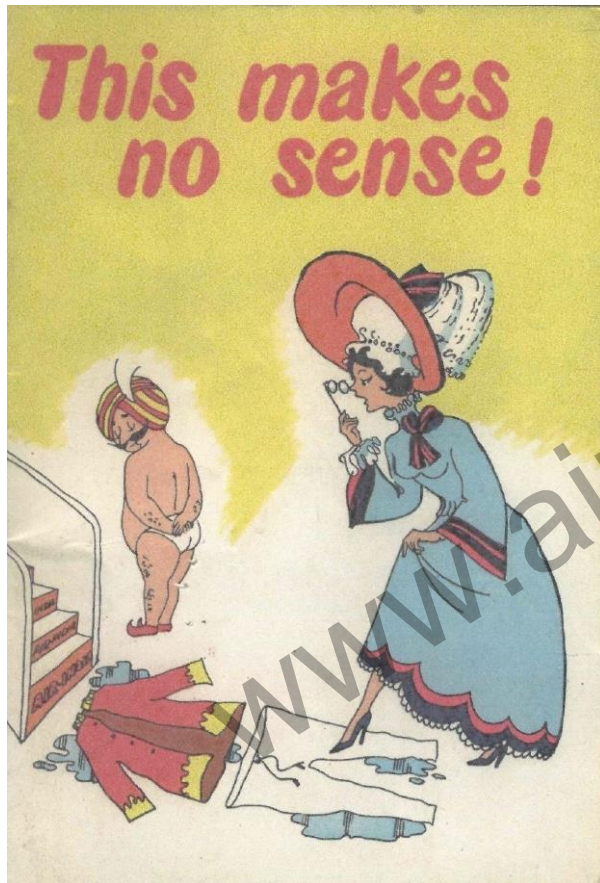


This is an original sketch used for production of 'This makes no sense!'



Cover Page

This makes no sense!

An Air-India publication c. 1968. 48 pages, 175 x 122 mm.
Written by S. K. Kooka, Drawings by S. S. Sawant under the
supervision of S.K.K., Cover design by B. Merwan, Printed by
The Uniform Offset Pvt. Ltd., Bombay.

This makes no Sense!



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

When you write a book it is customary to thank those who helped you with your manuscript never thank the man who wrote it, him you merely pay.

This not being a book, it is reasonable to assume I am permitted a little liberty.

My first opus for Tata Air Lines, Air-India's sire, was BETTER ACQUAINTED. First editions should be at Sotheby's come spring. FOOLISHLY YOURS came next. Four million copies were printed and it is still in demand. The fact that it was sold 'for free' has been generously lost sight of. In 1948, when he saw the proofs of FOOLISHLY YOURS, my Chairman, Mr. J. R. D. Tata realised its potential and did his best to dissuade me from publishing it, leave alone improving it. I now have faith in his judgement.

After reading the roughs of this fresh effort, he filled the margins with little squeals of delight, "a bit weak", "try again", "delete". I felt the first and actioned the other two. The title and cover illustration come next. The latter had a donkey with his rear facing you, his head turned back at you with a quizzical look. Across his ample hindquarters our artist drew the face of our Maharajah. The caption was "This ass has a familiar face".

Realising he was the Chairman, he refused to let me reproduce it on the cover !





Artwork not available

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I PLIGHT THEE MY TORTH



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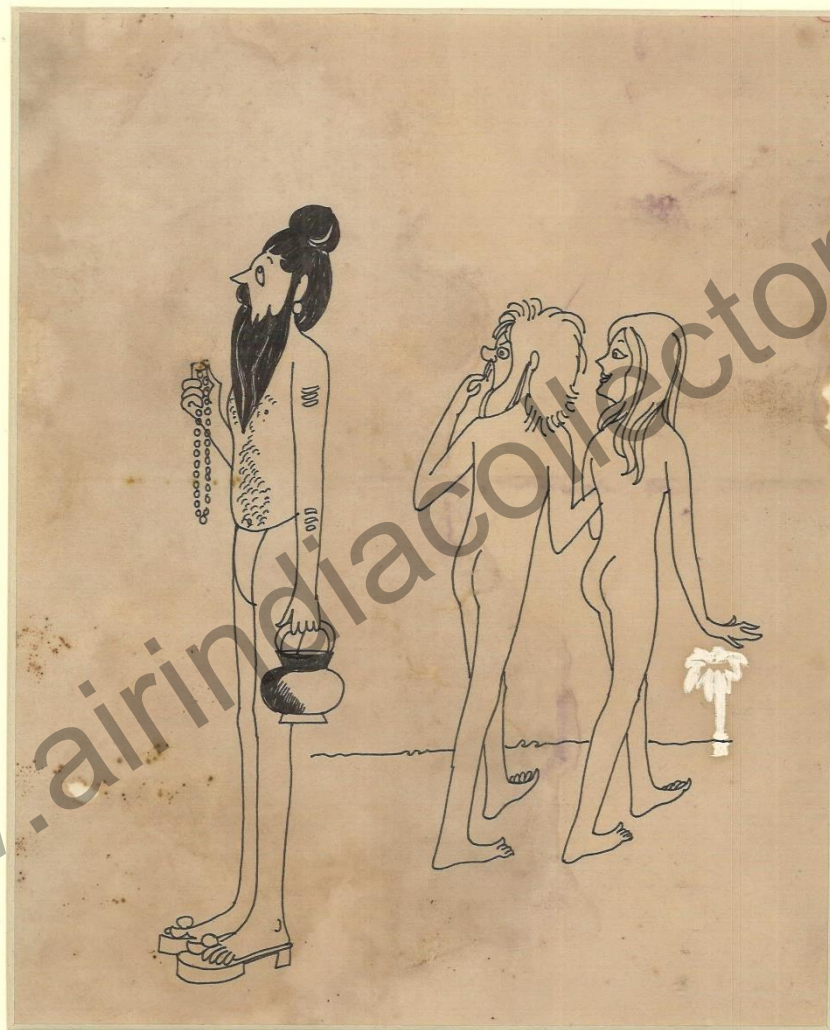
I PLIGHT THEE MY TROTH

YOU did nor have to fly with us and that is why we love you. Double spreads in the glossies of the world were never destined for the likes of us.

That lovely tome in soft, warm, leather keeps consoling us that the meek shall inherit the earth. But life is not made that way. And since we are a trifle short of cash, we may as well confess, ducky, your fare is all we are questing for.

What else is left to say my friend, except to welcome you on board as our hostess does with folded hands, our age old custom. We were moved to hear of a man who served his God, he entered the portal of our plane, and seeing our hostess deep in silent prayer, whispered Amen

SHANTI

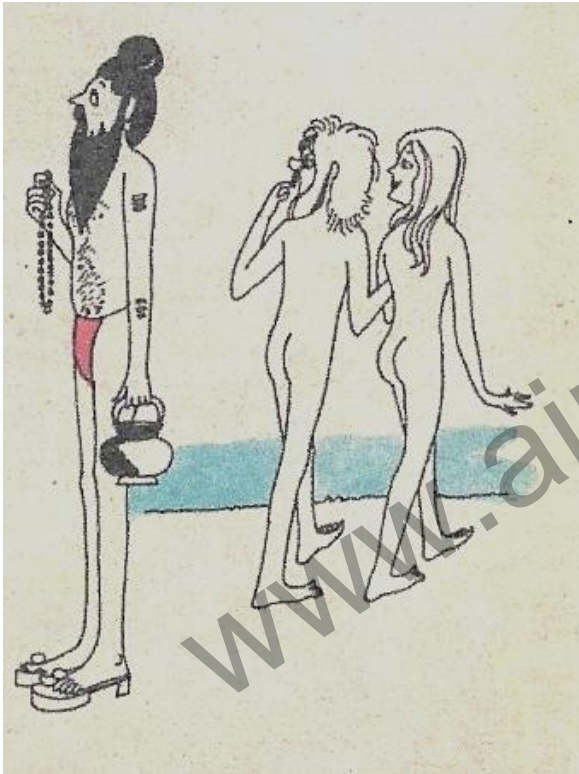


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Page 3

SHANTI

Come to India, find Peace in her bosom, you the worn, wealth-weary, tranquillised. Do not listen to the ones who bet you will live with dysentery. the moment You arrive. An Intestopan a day will keep the bacilli away. Come share our sun, our moon, our stars. Bask on our beaches in your birthday suit, our sadhus wear nearly nothing and will look at nothing else: Listen to the sounds of the jungle at dusk when Sher Khan the tiger stalks, a dozen of them left, and the antelope warns. four score running for their lives.

Come north where white snows live forever and the waters of the lakes kiss the feet of the sleeping giants. Trek through paradise, dream on houseboats designed by an old Koi Hai.

There is only one India and with an extra fifteen million Indians a year we shall never be the same again. Make haste.

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Page 4

INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Bombay's cages are world famous. If you seek more sophisticated fare, try our banana seller: you will see her at strategic street corners, she has not cold a banana in years but do not let that stop you. Our police insist on a profession.

INTRODUCTION TO INDIA



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

If you need a haircut, squat on the pavement and a barber will be at your around 12 cents American, the only currency the natives appreciate, and a shave will cost You a nickel. The cost of treating Your barber's itch you can settle in travellers cheques. India leaves indelible marks on her suitors.



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

On no account must You leave India without Your ears being cleaned. Our Pavement cleaners use knitting needles with charm and dexterity. And half a nickel is all You Pay to leave your wax behind.



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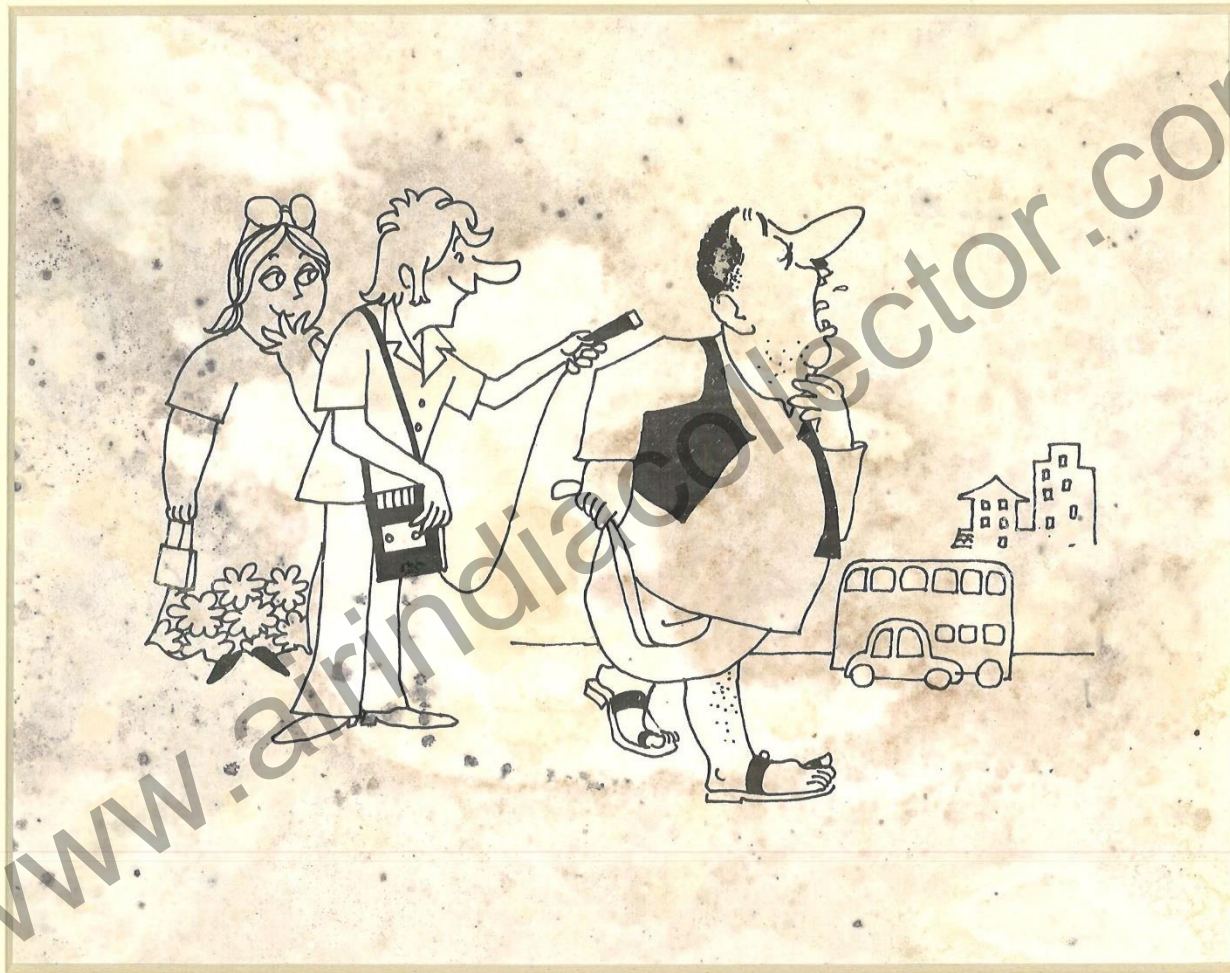
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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Unlike where You come from, India knows no mugging! If You hear a man being strangled in the street, keep walking. He is clearing his throat and throats, you will soon hear, are frightfully cleared.



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

We are an egalitarian society. We do not walk miles to get to a Public convenience. Any building will do. If you are squeamish, ask a policeman to loin You, he will do so with pleasure. Nature does nor call in India-it yells.



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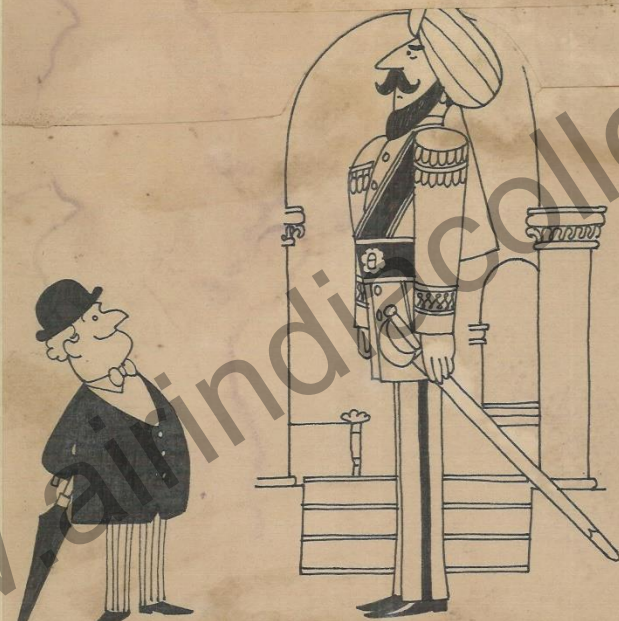
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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

After our countrymen, commissionaires are our biggest export, especially to Hong Kong and Singapore. The world loves tall men in uniform outside hotels and, when bearded, they are doubly attractive' They lead a lonely life because conversation is limited if you keep opening and closing doors. So they love to chat, especially with British tourists, This is the time for nostalgia and dream talk of Tobruk, the fall of Singapore, Field Marshal Slim, the Burma Road, 'Vinegar Joe' Stilwel, the Auk and dear, old Sandhurst. Soldiers are emotional fellows, so when you see a tear of memory there is nothing like a ten rupee note to dry It.

HOTEL



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

If you see an old man with long, white hair sitting by a telephone, be kind to him, for he has been there trying to get his number-ever since his hair was shining black. If our telephone system is not the best in the world, no patriot will deny it is the worst. The new "Improved" system is called cross-bar. If ever a country was double-crossed, this is it.



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Page 8

INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

And stranger, never send an "ordinary" telegram in India because it will fly on Indian Airlines. Send it "express", the name of the joint is clip.

If you cannot read or write, do not worry. We have a few more like you, so there is plenty of hired help. Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, you name it, we have it. You will find him outside any post office, quill in hand. His fees depend on the Length of your dak. A postcard will cost you 25 paise or 3 cents American; It is "express" there is a surcharge even though he writes at the same speed. For love letters there is a rebate, and you swain will be full of a restless fever as you read his searing words.



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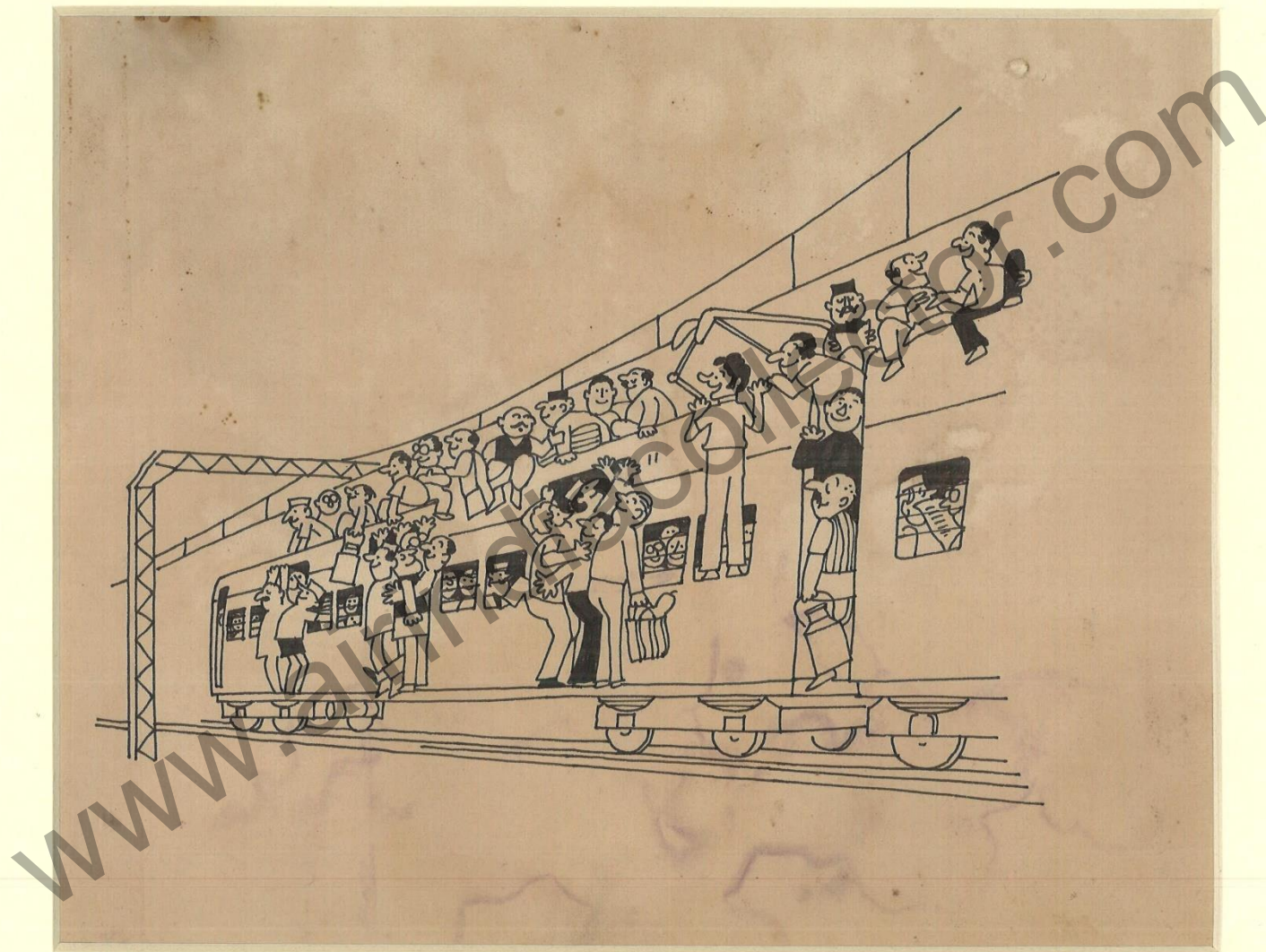
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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

The Railway Ministry being short of bogies, agreed that fifty percent of those inside could hang on the outside. Every tunnel takes its toll. In open country they die of old age.

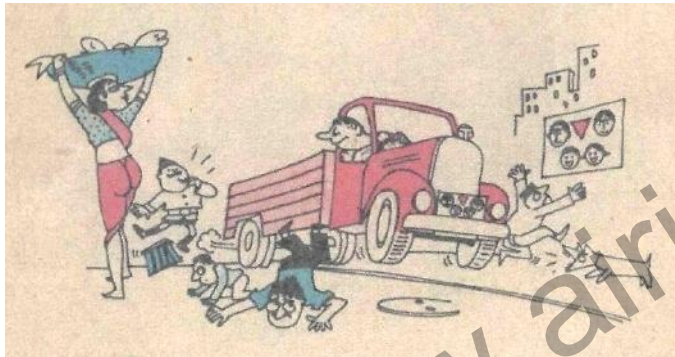


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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

The world is always blaming us for being so many. So we have done a deal with the drivers of our trucks-they have been most productive.

TOO MANY TOO SOON



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Delhi is famous for its auto-rickshaw. The driver is so considerate, he will even deliver your dentures to your hotel



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

The pedestrian in India being a son of the soil owns the roads he walk on. If you are crazy enough to drive in our cities, touch not him. Unless you are for burning. Why do you think Hertz is not here and trying harder will get Avis nowhere.



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Saunter or streak whatever your mood, you will not be jailed in India because we stripped with Adam.

Dale Carnegie would have made a killing here without writing a single word. All he'd need was a Pipal tree, You call it a bo tree, and wood ash rubbed over his G-stringed body. His begging bowl would never have been empty. If you are broke in India you now know what to do.

AMERICAN SADHU



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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Houdini confounded the world but India is the real home of magic. Every street corner has its own tamasha of cutting a body in two. A slight mis-calculation and the object is beyond repair.



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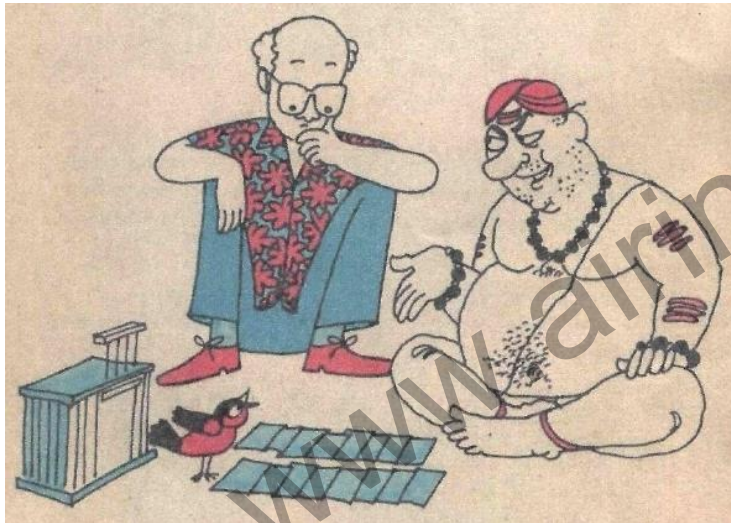


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INTRODUCTION TO INDIA

Fortune telling is a science only India knows. Compared to ours your seers are quacks.



India is the fount of wondrous knowledge of the road ahead and Bombay boasts the finest future readers of them all. men who learnt their craft at the feet of the great masters in the Himalayas. They ply their trade on the pavements of the city, for what is where life is, You cannot help but notice them because they carry a bird in a cage.

The possessed one takes a searching look at you and at the 50 cards in front of him. He opens the cage, the bird emerges. The feathered one picks one with its beak. The die is cast, there is silence; our Cheiro takes the card and reads aloud what's written on it. And that, friend, is the story of your life.



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Page 13

BUT NOT OF NOTRE DAME

In 1932 we emerged head first gentle as a lamb. The wildlife did not have to smack our bottom. We were docile, humble. We knew our Place in the world.

As is our custom, the astrologer was ushered in to cast our Horoscope. He told us we would never be the most experienced airline in the world, that the J in J.R.D. Tata would never stand for Juan or the T for Trippe.

Furthermore, that the population of our country would always be ahead of our North Atlantic frequencies. We left the room in arm of our ayah, gurgling happily and we have been that way ever since. If you find hump-backed, it is through bowing low for forty-four years to welcome YOU on board.

BUT NOT OF NOTRE DAME



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HAUTISH COUTURE

Pierre is not the Christian name of the durzee who sits by our office in Bombay, sewing and stitching the kameez and churidars of our hostesses. If you approve of them, we'll introduce to him to you.

You can call our girls Linda, Elsa, Born Free or Marisa but no answer will you get. Try Gita, Sita, Kavita, Sunita - and her Smile will go to your heart.

HAUTISH COUTURE



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EXIT AT DAWN

Indian has changed and so has baksheesh, an evil word coined by the British when they ruled us. "No tipping please" you will read in every segment of your hotel, even the public toilets will display this heartening message, for the service charge will loom large as life on that horrid piece of paper they give you when you leave. So when the time for sayonara comes to hand, no army of supplicants with outstretched hands will line up on either side of you, like in the army on your wedding day.

But take no chances, leave the precincts of your grand an hour or two before the dawn, when all is silent and the lonely corridors are fast asleep.

If your farewell committee lies in wait for you, they must have read what's written here.

EXIT AT DAWN

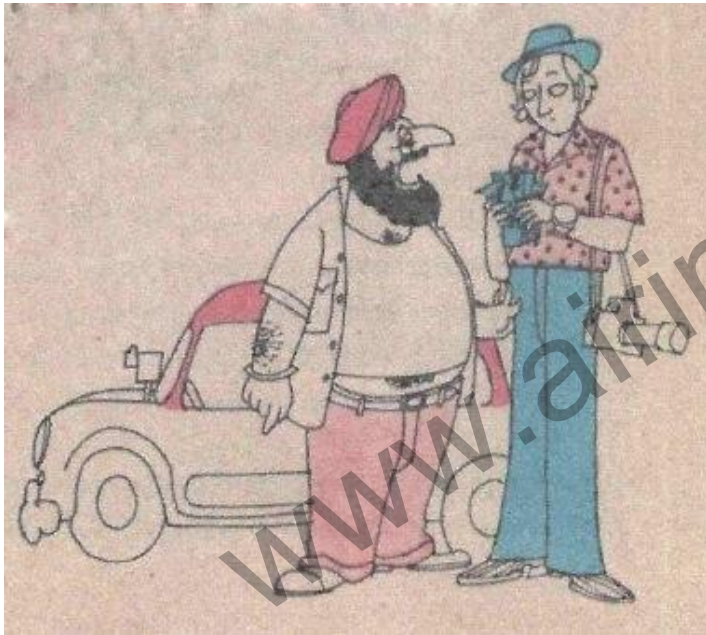


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STRICTLY INDIGENOUS

The Indian is e patriot. You will discover this as you taxi in from the airport, Your cabby will buy your foreign exchange at a rate your bank clerk would love to give you on a personal basis.

You are searching for handicrafts and handloom, ivory and antiques? done! All he wants is your Rolex, your Akai, your Levis. Being a gent he'll switch pants and throw in the animal kingdom in his.

STRICTLY INDIGENOUS



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LONG BEFORE LADY CHATTERLEY

Khajuraho is 40 minutes jet from Delhi. It is famous for its erotic sculptures, and proof that "permissive" is a Sanskrit derivative. our advertising agents in London produced a beautiful ad depicting one of the earthier love scenes and the words "We taught you how to love - we'd like to teach you how to fly".

Englishmen sent us letters marks "Immediate" giving details of their matrimonial problems, wanting our advice by return.

LONG BEFORE LADY CHATTERLEY



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DESTINED TO DIE

Visitor from abroad, we ask a favour of you' Please do not buy our tiger skins, our leopard skins, the Pelts of our snow leopard. Whish stare at you from the walls of our furriers in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Madras and Srinagar. For when you buy a skin you kill one more beautiful animal of a species on the extinction list.

The tears our bureaucrats shed at the death of a tiger belong to the eyes of the crocodile.

It is an offence to take any skin out of India, but you can buy them in our country till the cows come home.

DESTINED TO DIE

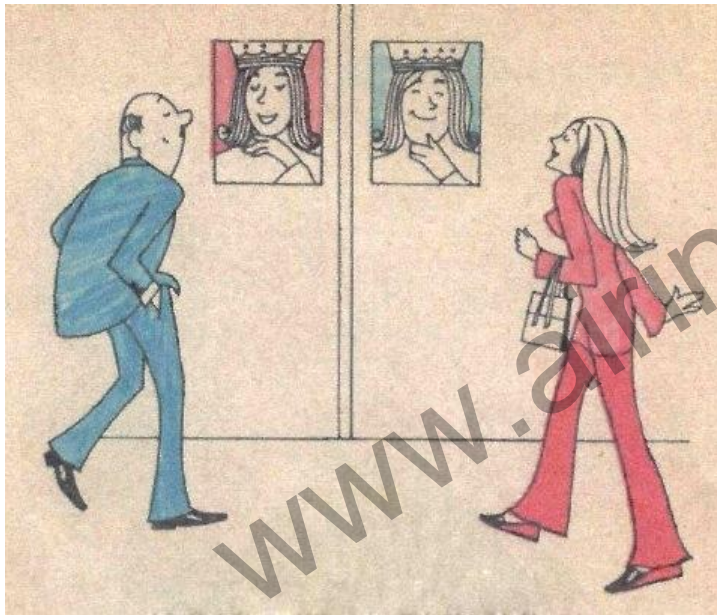


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OUR BOMBAY OFFICE

A word of warning to airline interior decorators sold on event garde. The difference between man and woman in period costume is as difficult to decipher as today's long haired confusion. This could result in shrieks of terror, or of Joy, depending on the occupant

OUR BOMBAY OFFICE



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CROSS YOUR HEART ?

The Arab proverb says three things are hard to hide, love' smoke and a man on a camel. Where we are concerned, so is the age of your children' So hesitate, before confident that Man Friday by your side, with more hair on his chest than we have on our heads, is patiently waiting to be twelve. We can't tell you that crime does not pay, not with Tarzan knocking around, and so we hypnotise junior and sweetly ask "What's on your mind' son?" and when he hoarsely answers "Bloody Mary", the silence is broken by the rustling of notes as Papa produces the full fare.



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INSIDIOUS FORGIVENESS

When your flight is delayed and another delay announced and then a further delay, "consequential" is the name of a shame that is not cricket, then please raise hell. Take nothing lying down from us except a pillow and a blanket - your hostess, alas, has work to do. Spare your rod and you spoil this child. Born in 1932, it is time we knew our business.

INSIDIOUS FORGIVENESS



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Page 21

PHONE BEFORE YOU LEAP

BOADICEA was a warrior queen of great renown. The fact that she died in battle is sad but late to mourn.

It used to be the name of the computer from which we borrow time. It is now called BABS. Manned as computers are by humans, It is reasonable to assume they are human.

So, dear passenger, even if your ticket is for a Particular flight on a given day, will you please double check with your Air-India office or make your Travel Agent do so 72 hours before zero hour, to make sure you are on what you think you are You may be in for a big surprise whether you do or don't'.

PHONE BEFORE YOU LEAP



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LITTLE WHITE LIES

When we lose your baggage and you send your claim, it is natural that a fairy's wand should touch your suitcase. The shoes you have worn since leaving college assume the form of handmade English calf and the £60 you paid for them. That old warrior of a suit sprouts a Savile Row label, a gorgeous English name and rightly priced by you at £200. your gold-lined, pigskin Asprey's wallet you carelessly left behind amidst your clothes, and so expensively flows our Don. You write to say you will settle for £600 and call it a day, even if the truth adds upto £800!

We read your letter with rapt attention and respectfully draw yours to the conditions of carriage on your ticket. If you possess a fair sized magnifying glass it will help to read what is written.

The Warsaw Convention, oddly held at Warsaw, tells us what to pay per pound of baggage lost. If you talked us into looking the other way when we weighed it-and we lose it, we are quits.



LITTLE WHITE LIES



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ABRACADABRA

Money is dear to our people. One fond mother and father conveyed their child in their own carry-cot. Soon after take off from London Airport the inmate emerged from his embryonic pose, his parents rubbed him down with Tiger Balm and he stretched his aching limbs to full height, Our Chief Air Hostess had one look at him and took a deep swig from the infant's milk bottle, labelled "The Brandy of Napoleon".



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HAGGLING_OLDEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD

IATA will not let us haggle. Not on paper. But if you, dear passenger, paid the normal fare on any airline in the world, we shall be glad to pay to have your head examined.

HAGGLING - OLDEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD



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MEA CULPA

IATA is unpredictable to all men and a four letter word to the Governments of the world.

IATA represents one hundred and thirteen carriers, all adult and mature. But get them around that Traffic Conference table and they exhibit the sagesse of a rhesus in prime.

IATA Traffic Conferences, where the fares are "fixed" are held in a hall with padded walls. And that dear passenger is where you come in, for your country's airline was an inmate around that Conference table. Bucks were born to be passed and scapegoats are history's requirement. So keep flogging IATA with your cat-o-nine. It gets you off a hook you bought for yourself and leaves Knut Hammaraskjold the Director General of IATA, sad and erect in his pillory, a crown of thorns on his handsome head.

MEA CULPA

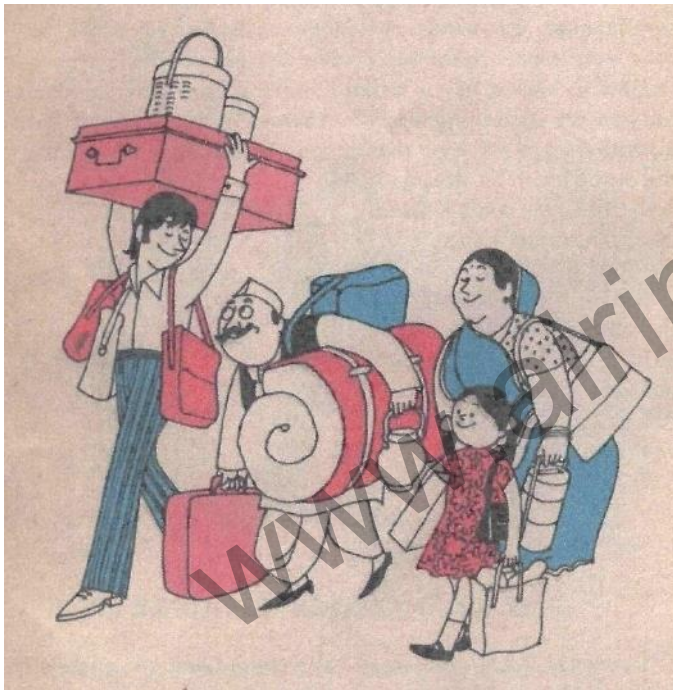


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COUNTRYMEN - YOUR EARS

The peasant will burden himself with a dozen parcels. all shapes and sizes; the smooth one will carry no briefcase and deplane with one.

Stupid we look, but aware are we that your dozen places never set eyes on our weighing machine.

Please do not Short change us. We are the national carrier of a developing land, yours, and therefore short on guile.

COUNTRYMEN - YOUR EARS



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Written by S. K. Kooka, Drawings by S. S. Sawant under the supervision of S.K.K.,
Cover design by B. Merwan, Printed by The Uniform Offset Pvt. Ltd., Bombay.



NO SITARS - PLEASE

Youth from distant lands, we share your love for Bach and Ravi Shankar. But even if this jumbo resembles a football field, your sitar is outsize for both ladies and gents. It is just not possible to have it in the cabin, no matter how far it sends us, so will you try something else? Our bansri, our Poor man's flute, is small enough for your trouser pocket and its forlorn music you will hear of an evening in every village in India - when the cattle come home. It is the one Lord Krishna played to summon his Gopis to him. So you from the weary west, learn to play our rustic, bamboo, music maker. You could end up with the most luscious mice.

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GIVE ME YOUR TIRED...

Red carpets and lackeys are the lot of those who make the cover of Time magazine. But the sick, the maimed, the old of our world are the ones who could use our love and affection.

So if you belong to the beautiful people, go to the fellow next door. Your caparison lies in wait for you.

But you, good man, with your crutches and pain, and you, forlorn on your stretcher, and you brave man, with your stick of white, it is you we would love to fly. to prove to you that you have a friend. Try us.



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YOUR PALACE IN THE SKY

We hate to brag but we would love you to tell us that the interior of our jumbo is the most attractive you have ever seen. If you have never seen a jumbo, this would help.

YOUR PALACE IN THE SKY



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TARTUFFE

in days gone by before seats were numbered and allocated, the airlines used seat-occupied cards. Ours showed a lovely creature sitting happily on our hero's lap. with another lovely looking on irate. The caption was "A thousand pardons" - this seat is occupied".

Our Minister complained that the drawing was against the traditions of Indian womanhood and we were instructed to withdraw the card. No one bothered to ask dear Indian womanhood how she felt about it, or ask the Minister if he would like to change places.



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THY HANDMAIDEN'S BLANK VERSE

i love passengers who are soft
spoken.
am flattered and i love them more
when they do smile at me.

i love them when they
say 'thank you' for doing
what i am paid to do.

i love them when
they bring their wives so
i do not have to
change down to two
when i pass them by.

i love the ones
who talk to me
of wondrous lands
i have never seen.
then ask me slyly
if i wander.

i love the ones
who smile at me
when doused they are
with soup by me.
i love less the ones
who do believe
they bought me in the market place
when i was young and three.



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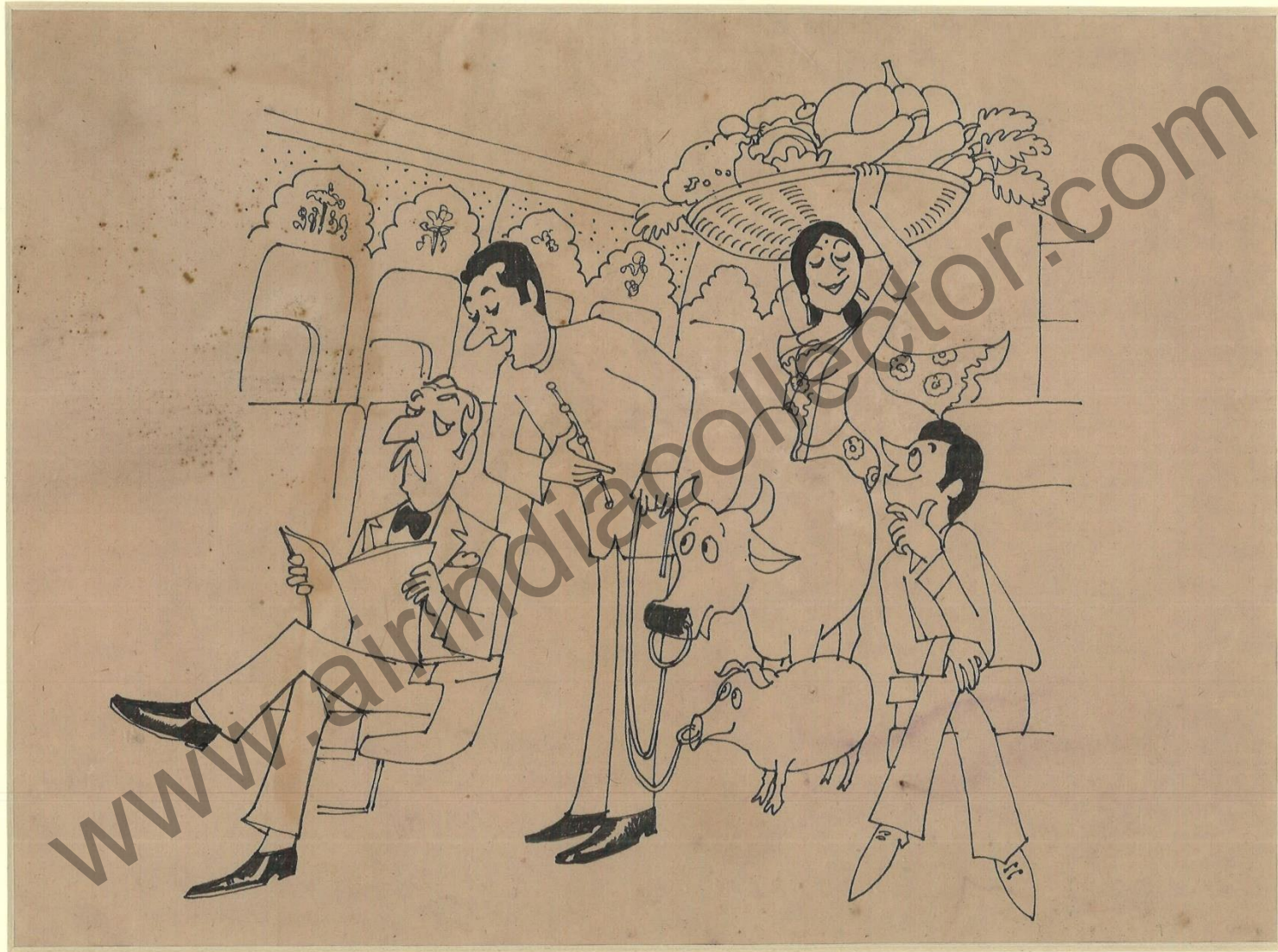


OUR MENU - TWO TONE CONVERTIBLE

Our catering world is divided in two parts. Veg. and non-veg. When you see your sirloin and drool at the mouth, your neighbour is stroking his.

When you buy your ticket please make your preference clear: do you or do you not touch what stood on four legs or had feathers.

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YOUR POWDER AND NOSE

Please leave your toilet as you would like to find it. We wanted to put up a notice to say "We aim to please, you aim too - please". The Chairman stopped it. He said pointing was rude.

YOUR POWDER AND NOSE



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TO MAMA AND PAPA

You love your children. we feel the same about ours, We
also love the old English saying that they should be seen,
nor heard.

So mama and papa please hush your brats at night and we
shall pray for your long life and happiness.

TO MAMA AND PAPA



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STANDING ROOM ONLY

We were born free but forced into the world's biggest corral
We were keddah'd, an Indian exercise where wild elephants
are inveigled by tame ones into becoming one of them.

And so we had to buy the jumbo. We love its whale-like
lines, Its girth, its lebensraum and the concept of a
rendezvous aloft, a lounge for lovers to whom Mammon
has been kind, exclusive for first class passengers. .

But we never designed the spot where even poets have to
go. The men who did this, we would love to see dangling
from a tall chinar in Kashmir "twisting slowly, slowly in the
wind".

It is only fair to mention, Boeing made it clear that the
powder rooms of their jumbos could be comfortably
occupied - with the door open.



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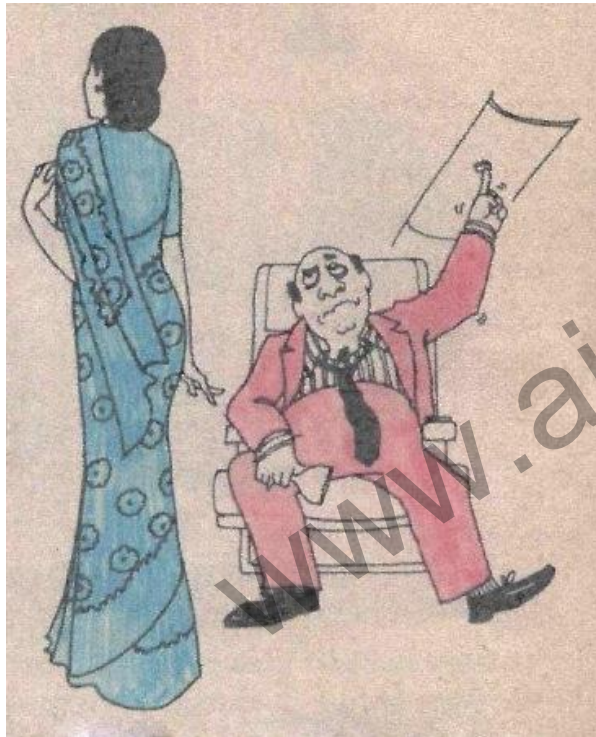
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CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

Let's see how many marks we get.

You have had your six drinks on the house. First Class, ask for the seventh with a meal service on. If the soft-eyed one brings it with a smile, ten out of ten for us. If she regrets her inability with a smile, produce your Economy ticket and now you smile. and walk aft with dignity.

Shave with our electric razor. then take it back to your seat. If she asks for it back with a smile, explain you work for Remington and are adjusting the angle of attack. If she thanks you with a smile, ten out of ten for you, Then introduce it fast to your overnight bag - a close shave.

When you check-in your beat-up suitcase at Bombay Airport, slip our lad five rupees and tell him to label it for Reykjavik with you booked for Rome.

Then insure it for a thousand dollars and when you find yourself on Alitalia an hour later, five hundred miles from Bombay, give the lad eleven out of ten. After one look at you and your baggage, he arranged for "Security" to handle you. So now we are almost quits. CIAO.

CATCH AS CATCH CAN.



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RENDERING UNTO CAESAR

True to the traditions of Eastern hospitality. thy Hostess will embrace thee at destination. It helps your ego, ... and us ... to cut our losses. Whilst you're thanking providence for the Heaven in your arms ... she's recovering our cutlery from your pockets.

The original on the left is the proscribed version, with the gent in a Gandhi cap and a dhoti. This led to a debate in parliament with Air-India accused of branding Indians as thieves. The Speaker explained it was meant to be foolish but the irate Member was not to be mollified.

We got orders to take remedial action or else. So we bowlered his head and trousered his legs.



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THE MOVING HEAD

The Taj Mahal we could not accommodate on board so we did the next best. We have a snake chamber on every flight, since these are the two 'musts' in India and you may have missed one. Turn back and you will see him sitting, last row, the last man on board.

He always wears a moustache and usually a turban. You cannot mistake him because his flute is in his hands. The bundle of cloth by his feet contains twenty feet of you know what. He has orders not to play in flight, not with 350 passengers heading for the emergency exits. If you are travelling economy, through rich, and you happen to tread on the bundle en route to the toilet, your next of kin will bless you.

THE MOVING HEAD

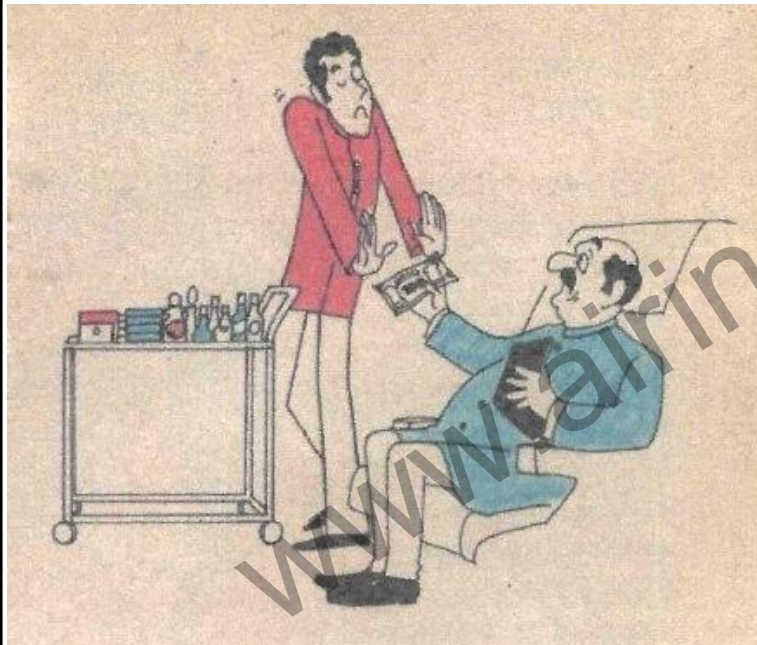


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NO RUPEES PLEASE

We are not hot on economics, who is? So you will understand why our Ministry of Finance asks us to grab your deutsche marks and swiss francs when you buy your drink and duty free goods in flight, but not your rupees my friend. or should we say ours.



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FINDERS KEEPERS

Please don't be tiresome and phone to say you left your gold cigarette case on the seat where you sat.

Before deplaning et destination, ensure you've forgotten nothing, Better still, look around in case a careless passenger has left some valuable behind, which you can deposit in a safe place - your trouser pocket.

Our commanders all wear watches our passenger bought ab initio.

IATA has decreed that articles forgotten in e plane by' passengers are classified as derelicts, 80% being the property of the finder, with 20% going to the guy who saw the other fellow find it.

When you see our Chairman's Cartier nudge him friendly-like, with a knowing wink, he'll catch on.



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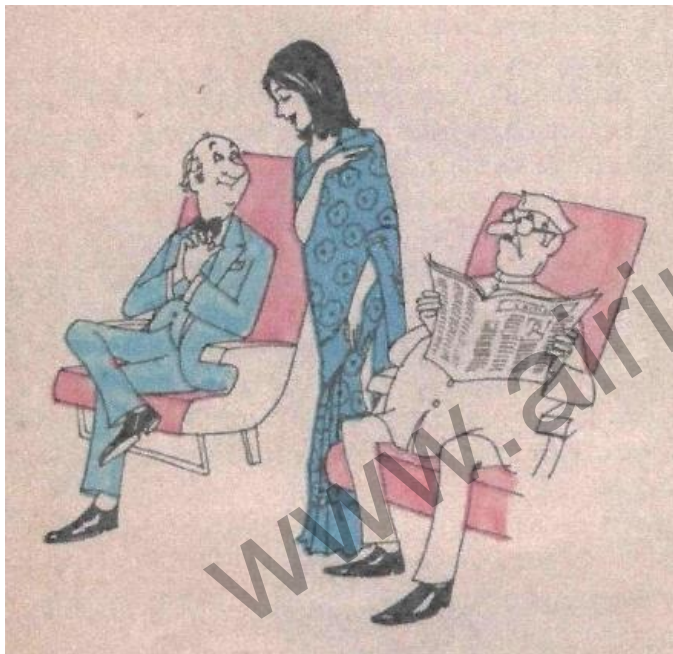
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DETENTE

Some of our countrymen feel that our hostesses neglect them and fuss over friends from other lands.

If you have a visitor in your home it is natural that you will talk to him, especially her, longer than you would with the wife you love. the children you adore. Our ladies-in-waiting are touched that a man from distant lands visits us, drinks our liquor and pays us for it, eats our food and forgives us for it. A tourist likes to chat with our girls. And if our girls have smitten him, he may even fly with us again, Mauritius/Bombay, where he has no option. We are the only airline on that route,

DÉTENTE



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.... YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE

It is only fair to advise emigrating Indians on what to wear in the USA. A bullet proof vest ,starting at neck ending at knees. This leaves your head - a war surplus helmet around dollars two. Your face remains a visor from an antiquary on 3rd Avenue.

Ready for the road, you may be trifle unwieldy, but healthier than horizontally. Advantages? you won't have to change for a fancy dress ball and you will be safe in a public convenience, for you will have no reason to go there.

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HOW TO MAKE THE NATIVES LIKE YOU

If you live in Ireland. North or South, forget your chivalry and walk ahead of your wife, she can always marry again. In England you walk on the pavement side, with your other half on the inside, the correct thing to do. In India, custom and tradition decree that the male walks four paths ahead of his wife and protection has nothing to do with it.



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ENGLAND - YOUR ENGLAND

Brother Indian, Wog you no longer are. England has changed.
You are now part of the scenery.

When you land at London Airport, you will swear it is Chandni Chowk. Thousands of bhais will be there to hug and embrace you, like only we can do. Once we embrace, only strong men can tear us apart.

Stiff upper lips are not for the likes of us, it used to be months before anyone spoke to you. All that has changed, and you don't have to speak English any more. Your suit and shoes will raise no eyebrows. If they did, there would be no Englishmen left with lowered ones.

Dead is the hat in England. So the family velour you were smart to leave at home. The intermediate stops between India and London may look like foreign lands, but when you set foot on English soil, you are home, son, you are home.



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GET UNDER THEIR SKIN

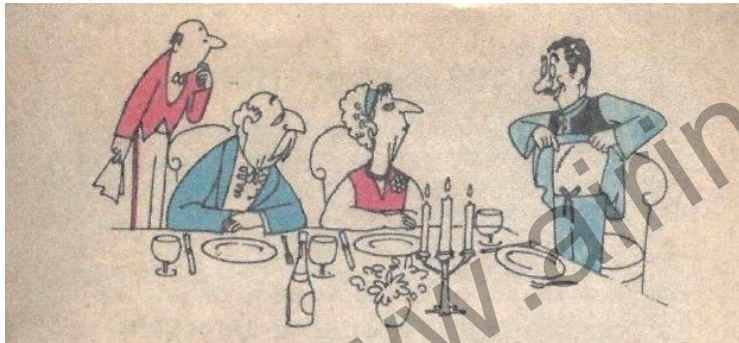
The English are an old race. They ruled us for one hundred and sixty years and then pulled out. We are returning their hospitality and taking our bedding with us.

They may look like cold fish but they are not. Watch an Englishman pet his dog and peck the cheek of his wife, you will discover where love lies, So embrace the first bull terrier you meet. The English love a loser end your stitches will get you the Cross of George.

The Englishman has an annoying habit of reading his newspaper, tightly folded, in bus, tube and train. Take the seat next to him and say politely "Please to unfold". You will save your money and he will smell your curry as you breathe heavily down his sports page, the only page he reads.

When you see an elderly lady about to cross a road, leap in her direction and hold her vice-like until she realises your intentions are honourable. It is advisable you do this on a lonely road, in a crowded thoroughfare your chivalry and you may become things of the past.

To belch is a habit not easy to shed. At the end of a sit-down dinner, candles and all, produce one loud and clear. They will pretend they have not heard, so show them that old war wound when you fought with the Gurkhas under Monty at Alamein. After that you will never look back.



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GET UNDER THEIR SKIN

Chewing betel nut in a London bus used to be an expensive business at two quid per expectoration. Times have changed. What you do now is to pick a bus with a conductor you knew in the Punjab. Then friend, you can spray that interior with a red Dali would approve of.



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PURLOIN IS A HORRIBLE WORD

You have done a refresher course in legerdemain? Excellent!

We have a large number of magazines on board. If you approve of them, we are delighted. You do not have to prove your joy by removing their pages. By all means read, but please leave the written word behind.

PURLOIN IS A HORRIBLE WORD

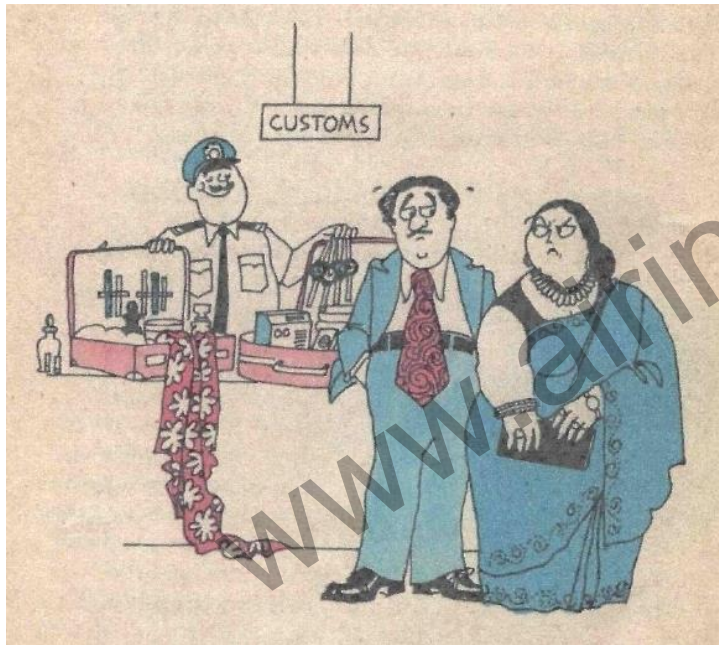


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CUSTOMS

Forget what your astrologer said about your birth stone's colour. Only two colours count in life, green and red, in love, behind a wheel, or passing through Customs.

A word of friendly warning if you tend to see green when you see red. Our Customs officers are spiritually inclined and have what is called "the Inner Eye". So you, little one, will cut no mustard in your see-through dress with your baggage just as transparent.

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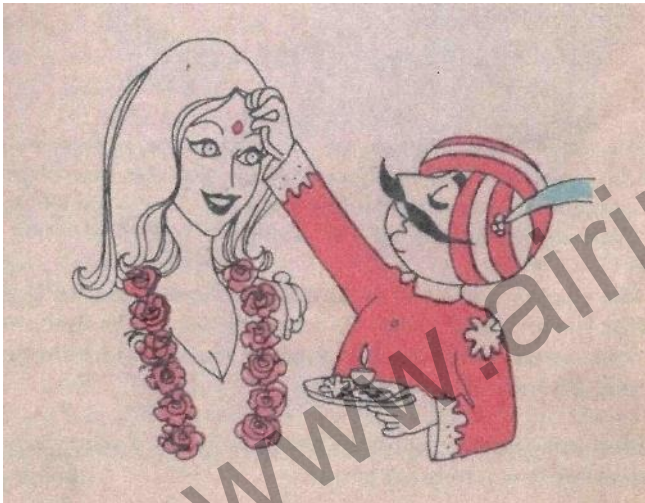
KISMET

This is the end. Traveller, it was written in the book that we would meet this day, break bread at 30,000 ft., make our glasses kiss and have you share our home for fleeting hours of your life.

May we fly you to loved ones who await you with flowers and embrace. And If we take you on a journey full of sorrow, may the keeper of your destiny write your Saturn ridden pages with understanding and compassion.

The was kind of you to come to us when others sought your hand. We hope we have proved worthy of your faith and trust in us.

Fare thee well, stranger you no longer are, and remember you have a home in all Air-India offices in the continents of the world. Namaste.



KISMET



Reference to artwork not available



