



—Bettmann Archive.

THE GREAT PACIFIC AIR RACE

By JAMES F. CUNNINGHAM

ON A TYPICALLY BALMY morning last spring, radios and newspapers in Honolulu surprised many Islanders by bursting forth with a volley of advertisements for Eastern Airlines, a carrier normally involved in flights between New York, Miami, San Juan, and New Orleans, all destinations some 5,000 miles away. Commercials extolled the unfamiliar name of the distant transport vehicle and at the same time offered stewardesses jobs for those Hawaiian girls eager to sign on for such exotic ports as Chicago, Washington, New York, and Atlanta.

A ten-day advertising campaign whirled through the Islands. Eastern's ranking executives appeared there. Interviews were held with Island girls for whose ancestral benefit the height requirement was lowered. When the campaign subsided, sixty-one girls had signed on with Eastern, the largest single recruitment in Eastern's history, far surpassing any recruitment by Pan American World Airways or United Air Lines,

who periodically dispatch raiding parties to the Islands to harvest fresh crops of young stewardess prospects.

As if the formal lunches and the recruitment of the ladies were not enough, by the time summer rolled around and the summer under-the-stars concert series began, Waikiki Shell found itself resounding to a premier public rendition—that's what a private letter of invitation called it—of *Images in Flight*. It was a musical work commissioned by Eastern Airlines and was inspired by the musical theme developed by no less a musicologist than Eastern's advertising agency, which had originally developed it to use as background music for television commercials. To conduct the performance, no less a baton waver than André Kostelanetz strode to the podium.

Why such a far-out exercise by a company whose planes never collect or drop a passenger much nearer than 4,000 miles from Honolulu? It was all in support of a grand strategy planned to win a major airline route case. Eastern wants to vault from its mid-continent and East Coast terminals to Honolulu

and points west. Rivals likewise see prospective riches ahead in the Pacific, the world's most rapidly expanding air travel market. Into the contest over the next three years or more, they will pour millions of dollars in legal fees alone, thousands of executive man-hours, and treasure chests of genius, influence, and expense money. Companies which prevail will fly the 500-passenger jumbo jets and the 1,800-mile-an-hour supersonic transports (SSTs) that will be lifting most people across the Pacific in the 1970s.

Eastern spirited its bevy of Island girls to the alien climes it serves so they could perhaps ripen into a persuasive fifth column which would echo the company name and line in an area where ordinarily these seldom would be heard. Through letters and visits home, they could do more to project its new image at grass-skirts level than any other medium. To focus in civic, business, social, and political forums, Eastern, which had never bothered previously to post so much as a lone sales representative in

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In Holland
where the good
life begins—

—there's a gourmet's hideaway around almost every corner,

where the delights of the table are matched only by the charm of the setting. For an advance glimpse of the good life, send for your free copy of "Welcome to Holland." It tells you how a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you on a more enchanting vacation by starting you in Holland—where the good life begins.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, ANVV
605 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

S.R.

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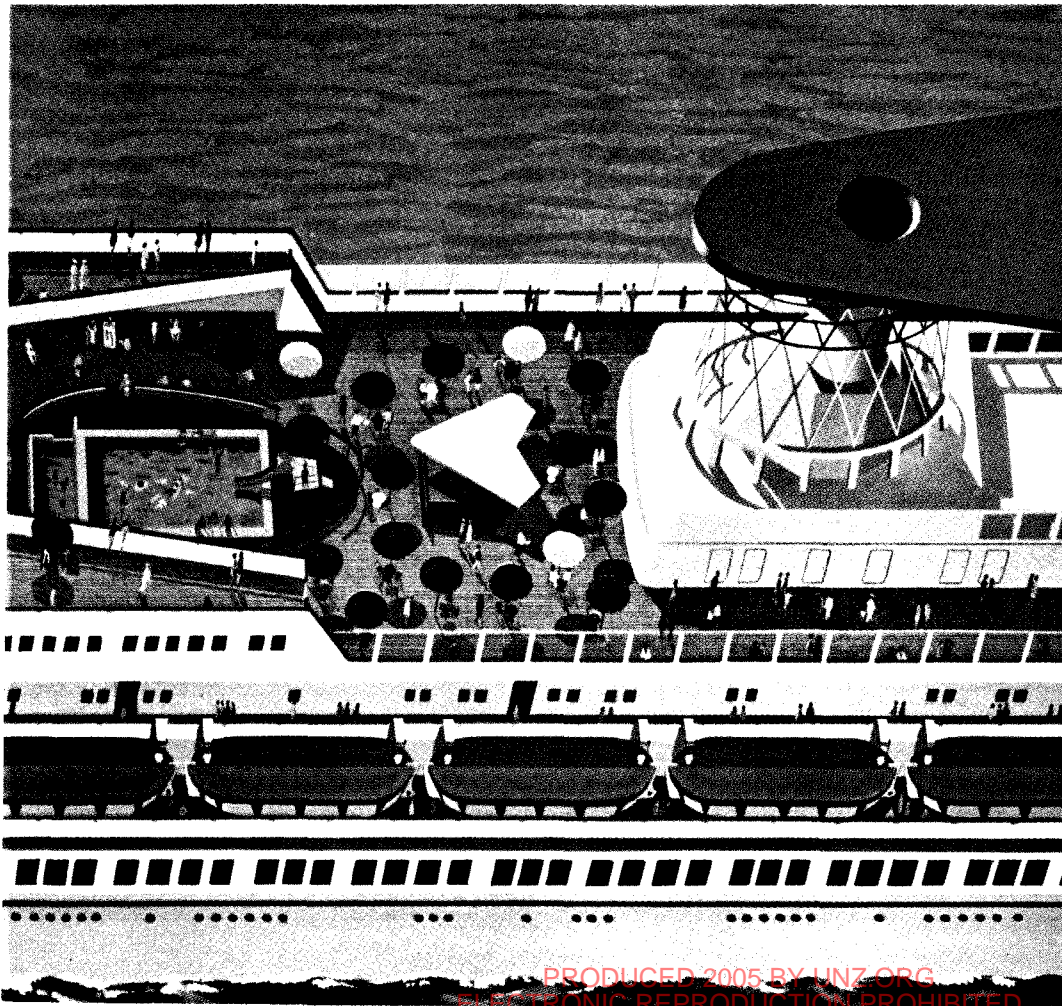
ITALIAN LINE GALA RESORT FLEET

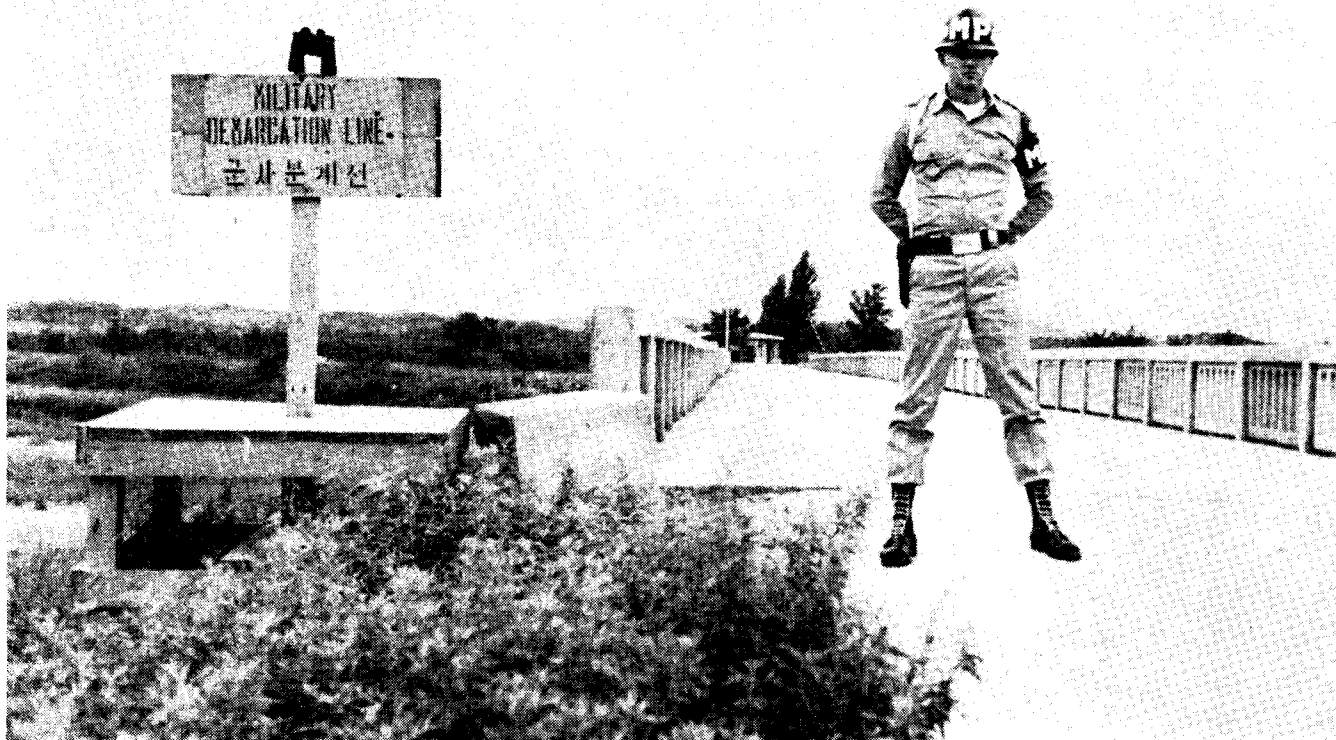
There are many ways to get to Europe. But how civilized to go by Italian Line! To unwind in the warmth of our Sunny Southern Route...on beach-size sun-decks around our outdoor swimming pools. To enjoy a decent amount of elbow room and privacy. To sit down six times a day to freshly prepared gourmet food, with over 1000 dishes

to choose from, and "seconds" for the asking. To see first-run movies if that happens to be your pleasure—but enjoy a broad choice of other activities, too. This "breather" from the pressures of your everyday life enables you to enjoy Europe so much more. Go via the Gala Resort Fleet...the great new twin superliners MICHELANGELO and

RAFFAELLO (below), the luxurious LEONARDO DA VINCI and CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. World's newest fleet. Biggest and fastest to the Mediterranean. The New Look in ocean travel. See your travel agent or Italian Line, Dept. C-17, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. Tel: 797-7000.

EXPRESS CROSSINGS and CRUISE-LIKE VOYAGES to the Mediterranean weekly from New York, monthly from Boston. CRUISES. Country of registry: Italy





—UPI Photo.

THE PANTOMIME AT PANMUNJOM

By BASIL ATKINSON

PANMUNJOM is really too long for a dateline but the word slips easily off the tongue or typewriter. It sounds friendly, euphonious, almost melodious. But a name can mislead. Panmunjom in Korea is the essence of cold hostility. Men in yellow or red armbands pass silently by. They may stop to glare at one another, but they do not speak. The men in yellow armbands are mostly big men; the men in red armbands are invariably little men. Their skins are white, black or brown, but their attitudes are uniform: grim, unsmiling, businesslike, determined, tough. Here man shows no sympathy or feeling for his fellow-man if his armband is of a different color.

Nowhere else in the world where people of different ideologies meet is there this same open contempt. Nowhere else does the boiling point appear to simmer so constantly and ominously. Panmunjom is unique.

A visit to "Checkpoint Charlie" in Berlin can be a chilling experience, too, but here there are compensating factors. The glumness of the guards contrasts sharply with the joyous scenes 100 yards

away when brother is reunited with brother or mother meets son or grandson. And, conversely, the scenes are equally tragic when parting time comes and the farewells are being exchanged. With East German and West German there is emotion. There is love and feeling which a barbed wire border or a brick wall have failed to stifle. There is no such emotion at Panmunjom.

THE Chinese, too, are on different sides. The guns still pound away with monotonous regularity between Nationalist China's battered but defiant island fortress of Quemoy and the Communist shore batteries on the mainland only a few miles away.

This is more than target practice. People still die from these shells although it has been happening for so long now—sixteen years—that it has ceased to be news. There is no love here. Quemoy, like Matsu, the other off-shore island a little further to the north, has become a symbol to the people of Taiwan, 120 miles to the east, and to millions of overseas Chinese and others who are opposed to Communism. But there is something sporting about this little war, nevertheless. A few years ago the Com-

munists announced that they would shell only on odd-numbered days and, by mutual consent, there is a general cease-fire so that both sides can take time off to enjoy the Chinese New Year.

There is no respite from the grimness at Panmunjom. Even on festive occasions the faces are set just as firm and silently. The Americans put up a Christmas tree last year hoping it might bring some cheer. Instead, it brought a charge that it had been put there for purposes of provocation.

Officially, Korea is still in a state of war. A peace treaty has never been signed, although the armistice has lasted since July 27, 1953—the longest cease-fire in history. Panmunjom is the place where the peace is being kept. It sits precariously on the 38th Parallel at the western side of the demilitarized zone which winds 151 miles across the Korean peninsula. This zone, which was the line of ground contact between the opposing forces at the moment of cease-fire, has now grown thick with underbrush and is about two-and-a-half miles wide stretching to the east to just below the 39th Parallel. The center of the strip is marked every few hundred yards

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