



AM
TAMAKI PAENGA HIRA
AUCKLAND WAR MEMORIAL MUSEUM

Remember when ads used to look like this?

Neither do we. But this is what they used to look like when we first took off in 1940. They had an extraordinary amount of words. But that's okay, because we've got a rather extraordinary story to tell, and we'd hate to skip any of the details.

It all started 75 years ago. Before Apollo 11. Before Queen Elizabeth II sat on the throne. Before anybody knew what a Walkman was and probably before you even took your first breath. But not before we had a dream to show Kiwis the world.

To begin with, we didn't even have a runway. We'd take off on the waters of Mechanics Bay, buoyed by the thrill of air travel. Some called it a flying boat. We called it a little beauty. Regardless, it was a masterpiece of vintage aviation.

And then, we were off. Off to see our friends, our family, and off to see what adventures the world had in store for us. It may have taken us nine hours to fly to Sydney, but that was never going to stop a Kiwi from flying the nest.

If anything, it was the perfect excuse to slip into your finest frock or slickest suit. You see, flying was quite the occasion. Our passengers would dress to the nines before boarding. Because in the 1940s, it wasn't every day you boarded an aircraft and you wouldn't want to be snapped in your everyday clothes when doing so.

Passengers weren't the only ones to look dashing, however. Our flight attendants would soon be wearing elegant, Christian Dior uniforms. That was in the 1960s, some 20 years later. And what a time to be above the clouds. The Jet Age. Quicker. Faster. Our DC-8s would get you to Los Angeles in half the time, at double the decibels. We roared through the years, thanks to a whole fleet of aircraft that made aviation experts quiver with excitement.

And then, the years became decades. The decades became eras – unforgettable eras. Perhaps none more memorable than the 70s. Oh, the fun we had. Banquets of lobster. Lashings of turkey. Maybe even a complimentary cigarette, would you believe? Air travel was lavish. Maybe even a little over-the-top, said nobody who liked to live a little.

It was only a matter of time before computers arrived. The digital revolution. Turning maps into GPS navigators. Phone numbers into websites. If you booked a flight with Air New Zealand, a little flashing light on a computer screen would alert us. Of course, the computer itself wasn't so little. A little big, perhaps.

Eventually, the gadgets made their way on board. Instead of scheduled movies, you could now watch Indiana Jones three times in a row. You could play chess with seat 24B, or solitaire with nobody.

But the innovations didn't stop there. We introduced the lie-flat Skycouch™. Started flying the Dreamliner 787-9 around the world. We even heard words of wisdom from a talking pug.

And all this time, our horizons were expanding. We discovered new towns and new countries, and said "Kia ora, welcome aboard" in Vancouver, Singapore, Hong Kong, Houston, Beijing and Buenos Aires, to name just a few. And we won't be stopping there. We'll always make sure you are greeted with the same warm smile, the same comfy seat and the same inescapable sense of home.

What an incredible journey it has been. One that would not have been possible without you, and now it's time to relive the memories. Whether it was for business, pleasure or both, it has been an honour having you on board. It's why we'd like to welcome you to the Air New Zealand 75th Anniversary Exhibition at Auckland Museum. See where we've come from. See where we're going. See you there.

Visit Air New Zealand's 75th Anniversary Exhibition. Now on at Auckland Museum. Exhibition entry is free*. airnewzealand.co.nz/75th