ENGINE 29

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ENGINE

VOLUME 01


ACCELERATING DOWN THE RUNWAY,
you feel yourself sink into the left seat
as the engines roar to life and the wings
catch the air lifting you into the sky.
The shiny, graceful exterior masks one
of the MOST COMPLEX MACHINES IN THE WORLD.
Dark lines of exhaust hang in the air
like BLACK ROPES as you defy gravity
and climb above the clouds into the sunshine.
An endless horizon stretching out
in all directions lies before you.
You level off, TRIM THE PLANE,
and set the course.
The TWINKLING CITY LIGHTS fade away behind you.
Your cares fade with them.
The light turns from ORANGE TO PURPLE.
And in the clear quiet of the stratosphere,
you realize YOU'RE IN CONTROL.

The sound of tomorrow



Before you see an airplane, you hear it.

The distant hum of a turbofan.

The bark of a radial engine.

The whistle of a business jet climbing through thin morning air.

The unmistakable growl of a warbird.

Every era of aviation has had its soundtrack.

Those sounds tell a story.

They speak of engineering.

Ambition.

Impossible ideas that somehow became ordinary.

Every airplane passing overhead
is carrying someone's first vacation.

Someone's last goodbye.

Someone's dream job.

Someone's future.

Every contrail is a line connecting lives
that would never have met otherwise.

That's easy to forget
when you're sitting in seat 28B.

But it's impossible to forget when you look up.

What happened to the glory days of aviation?

When airlines started to regularly carry passengers in the 1920's and 30's, the ads looked a lot like train ads. The sales pitch generally boiled down to speed, comfort, and safety. The airlines and manufacturers bragged about their ability to cross great distances while providing excellent service. The focus of the advertising was on the food, the flight attendants, the pilots, and their safety record.

It took years and millions of dollars to build the category. They spent heavily to convince the world to travel by air and not by train. Not an easy task. Air travel was expensive, and a little scary. Planes weren't as reliable as they are today.

Manufacturers like Boeing, Pratt and Whitney, Douglas, Gruman, Lockheed, spentbig to convince the airlines and consumers that their planes and engines were the best.

During the 50's and 60's aviation advertising began to focus on amenities and destinations. Consumers were ready to fly, they just needed a good reason. That's when aviation advertising entered its Golden Age.

All the great travel posters and ads designed by some the best designers in world were done during this period. Aviation captured the imaginations of millions who wanted the jet set life.

Brands like TWA, Pan Am, Qantas, and General Dynamics developed ad campaigns that built one of the most glamorous and exciting industries in the world.

The power and speed of the jet engine connected continents–making international travel possible and affordable. The sophistication of pilots and flight attendants inspired the dreams of little girls and boys. Families would wear their Sunday best to fly to faraway lands and experience fantastic new things.

Travelers highly anticipated the journey as much as the destination.



Then deregulation happened. Regulation had propped up airlines in their infancy. But fares were high. Most airlines were against deregulation. They feared the destabilization that was sure to follow.

The good news was airlines could now fly where they wanted and charge what the market would bear. New markets opened up, new low-cost airlines came and went, prices dropped dramatically.

Suddenly, the advertising messaging flipped from "fly to far flung destinations in style and comfort", to "Chicago to Tampa just $99." The airlines raced to the bottom in a desperate attempt to fill their expanded routes and bigger planes. Over time, the industry trained consumers to never pay more than three or four hundred dollars for a ticket. It's hard to provide high quality service at that price. So, menus created by chefs at Le Cirque in New York City became a bag of pretzels and half a can of Diet Coke.

Today, airline advertising is almost entirely price based. Many of the big manufacturers are gone or been absorbed through mergers. They spend most of their money on sales, conferences, trade shows, and lobbying. They do a bit of B2B advertising, but not like they used to.

The industry has lost its flair. But they can get it all back and then some. The fact is today's aircraft are amazing. They're faster, quieter, and safer. We can fly halfway around the world non-stop. Singapore to NYC in under 19 hours. 9,537 miles!

Small towns and cities are now one stop from just about anywhere in the world. Why aren't they talking about that? Why aren't they encouraging consumers to fly? The more demand they generate, the more they can raise prices. Why are they content to steal market share from their competitors instead building their category the way they did 50 years ago?

Let's go. This industry is amazing. The advertising used to be amazing. It can be again.



Every generation has its own miracle.

Our grandparents witnessed radio.
Our parents watched television.
We grew up with the internet.

None of them compare to flight.

Walk into an airport today and you'll hear people complain about security lines, baggage fees, delayed departures, and middle seats.

Then a machine weighing hundreds of thousands of pounds accelerates down a strip of pavement and simply leaves the earth.

No matter how often it happens,
it remains impossible.

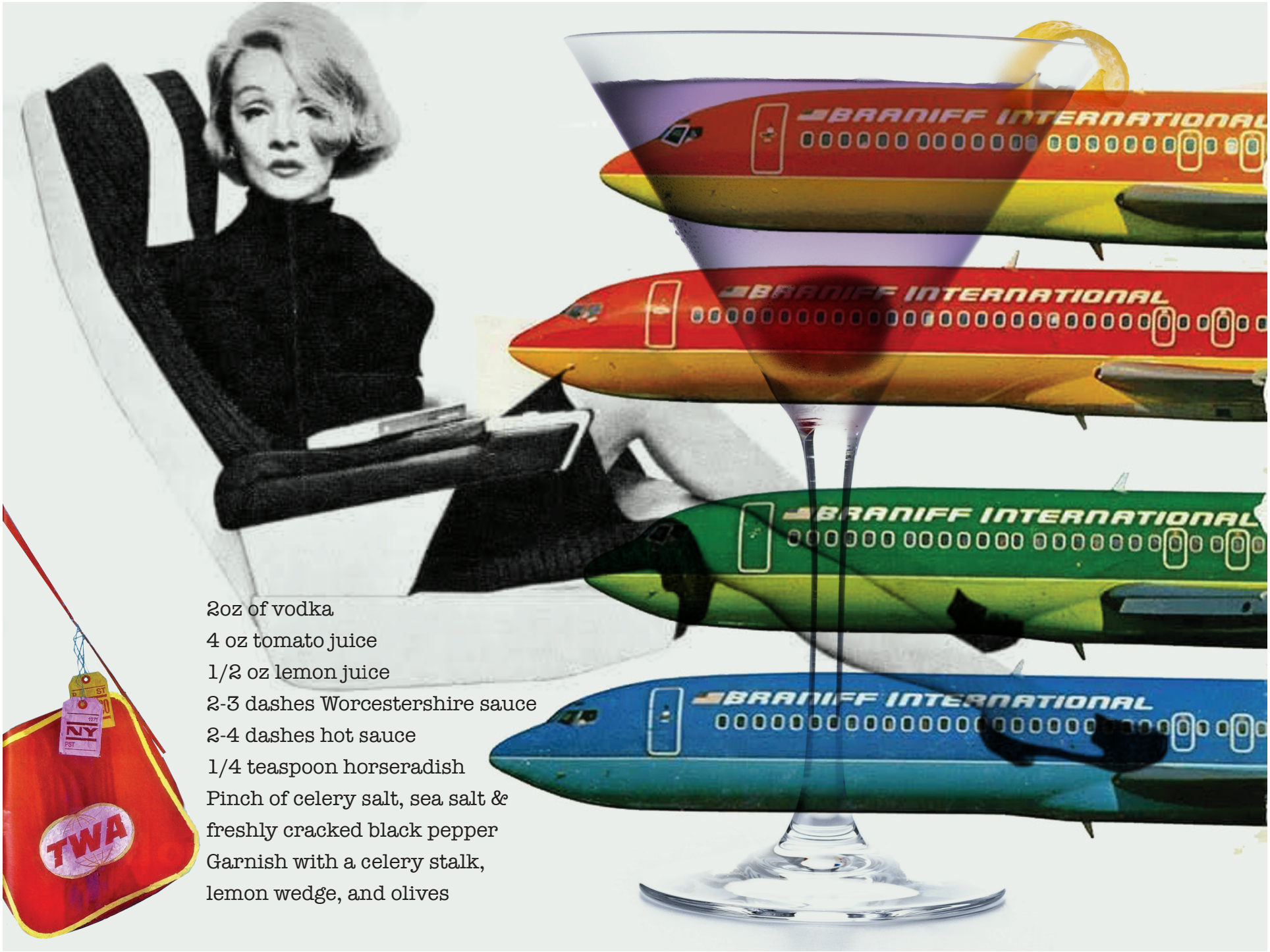
The Wright brothers didn't merely invent transportation.

They gave humanity permission to ignore one of nature's oldest rules.

Gravity became negotiable.

Even today, children stop what they're doing when an airplane flies overhead.

Adults pretend they don't.
They're lying.



2oz of vodka
4 oz tomato juice
1/2 oz lemon juice
2-3 dashes Worcestershire sauce
2-4 dashes hot sauce
1/4 teaspoon horseradish
Pinch of celery salt, sea salt &
freshly cracked black pepper
Garnish with a celery stalk,
lemon wedge, and olives


FLY



the arrival



An elderly man stood quietly near the glass

overlooking the ramp, holding a cardboard sign.

It simply read: WELCOME HOME.

He had arrived an hour early.

He watched the fuel truck.

The baggage cart.

The marshaller standing patiently in the afternoon sun.

Ground crews have a way of making things look routine.

Then the airplane appeared.

At first it was just a silver speck shimmering against the blue sky.

It grew larger, lowering its landing gear.

The wheels kissed the runway.

A puff of smoke.

Reverse thrust.

Another flight safely home.

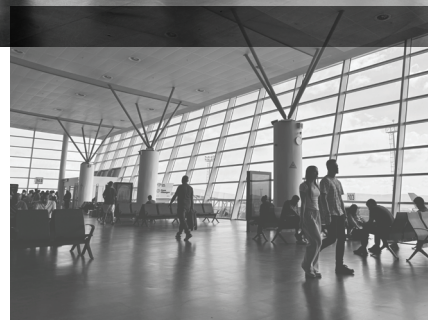
Passengers began to spill into the terminal carrying backpacks,

roller bags, flowers, and souvenirs.

Business travelers hurried past him toward rental cars.

Children ran ahead of exhausted parents.

Then she appeared.



A little older, but so was he.

Had it really been twenty years?

Twenty birthday cards.

Countless phone calls.

A thousand promises to visit more often.

She smiled.

He folded the cardboard sign under his arm.

They met halfway across the terminal.

A long embrace erased two decades in a single moment.

Around them, the airport kept doing what airports do.

But today, an ordinary afternoon became his favorite memory.