



BRIGHT IDEAS

To DOUBLE YOUR SALES
FROM

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Sales and Marketing

A new look for Easter

I'm writing this in Perth, Western Australia where I'm hosting the Brumby's National Conference for Pacific Bakeries.

On Sunday night we gave the Franchisees of the Year, Rob & Linda Whitesmith from Bullcreek WA, a brand new Harley Davidson worth \$26,000 complete with helmets and jackets.

On Monday I interviewed them on stage. It was instantly obvious from their shy and nervous appearance, voices and manner that they were very phlegmatic and melancholy in style. They gently gave all the credit to their team, saying that they'd set a goal together a year ago that when they won they'd sell the bike and split the revenue with everyone.

I said, "But, how did you find a team that would work with you on the big plan? What kind of people did you hire?"



They pondered for a moment as if deciphering a strange code. Then Linda almost whispered into the microphone, "I just think they like us." It brought the house down.

Contrast that with the responses of a manager in a different organisation a few weeks back. He was suffering high staff turnover, staff complaints, mumblings in the corridors, and disgruntlement in his e-mail. He had once told his staff that he had been studying a new

concept of leading and managing organisations and as he laid out the model for all the staff to see where they fitted in, he placed himself in the centre of the model.

"There," he said, "I'm in the centre holding it all together, setting the pace, outlining the vision and clarifying the direction. I'm like the captain of a large ship. I'm like the CEO of a big corporation. I'm like the Prime Minister and the senior staff are my Cabinet. What I say goes and if they don't like it they go somewhere else."



I guess in a way you couldn't fault his logic or for that matter his model. In principle that's how it is. Rob & Linda Whitesmith owned their store and it was they who started their team down the road to the Harley. But this guy was different — quite different. Being the more Choleric/Melancholy in his personal style but being unaware of himself, he couldn't help but manage like an autocrat. The idea of working in a team as a team member was anathema to him. He had to work in a team as the "heavy".

So I tried to give him a little insight.

I said, "When people clash with you..."

"Who's clashing with me."

"No-one I know of right now. That's not the point. Please hear me out..."

"No," he insisted, "I want their names because you'll only have one side of the picture."

"There are no names. Please let me finish. When you and someone else clash, because you have a more Choleric/Melancholy style, it will be because of your high need for control and order. You will interpret that as..."

He didn't hear the end as he spluttered out, "It's not my control and orderliness that's the problem. These people have no respect for authority and will not submit to the right way of doing things."

I fell off my chair laughing.

He sat bolt upright while the vein on his forehead blew a bubble.

"Oh" I said to myself in the words of Robbie Burns,

**"Wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us!"**



Bright Idea:

Over the Easter break — it might be a nice time for it— throw a line heavenwards.

"God, Please give me the grace to see myself as others see me." You'll need to be in touch up there because the fright might kill you.



How to put oomph in the ordinary

Some people have the capacity to turn what is considered an 'ordinary' job by most folks into a fantastic career.

For example most of us would not consider applying for a job as a common doorman at an hotel. It would appear to be a mundane, unrewarding, mindless occupation; unloading bags, calling cabs, giving directions, parking cars and delivering parcels all while standing in the rain or the blazing hot sun.

There's one man I know who has turned the job into a daily star-studded performance.

His name is Ric Angeletti and he works at the Hindley Park Royal in Adelaide.

Ric thinks he's in show business.

When he sees your car or cab pull up, he runs over to your trunk and waves at you through the window with a cheeky grin.

Before you've turned off the ignition, he's unloaded your bags and opened your door.

"Park here for now and we'll shift your car later. The parking inspector is my cousin," he says with a wink.

"Had dinner? Get the fish! My other cousin Louie caught it this morning." He imitates Louie reeling in a big one.

He's laughing. You're laughing. You're glad you're booked into this hotel already.

He has a different packet of mindless, cheerful prattle for everyone, regardless of whether you are the State Premier, the chairman of a major corporation, or a couple of country bumpkin honeymooners.

He can hold four conversations at once, manage three couples' bags and hail two cabs all

without his feet touching the ground, or breaking his precious smile — all day.

He knows every restaurant in town, every employee in the hotel, all the cab drivers in the street, and half the passers-by.

He can remember names better than the tax department, and his recall on faces is astounding.

When he recognises mine he shouts playful abuse from the doorway. He pities all the friends I take there for their bad luck for being with me and has enormous mock compassion for my wife.



Ric Angeletti

After Adelaide lost the Formula I Grand Prix to Melbourne, the Williams team was racing asked where they would like to stay in the city, having enjoyed the Park Royal's hospitality for ten years.

Their reply was straight from the hip.

"Who cares," they shrugged, *"as long as Ric Angeletti is there."*

Everyone knows him. Everyone is proud of him. His employer, Jolyon Bulley says, *"He's one of a kind. We call him our Hotel Ambassador. He's ours and to everyone else we say, 'Hands off!'"*

Ric has been given countless awards including the keys to the City of Adelaide, and he's been honoured as South Australian of the Year — a title shared with sports stars, scientists and philanthropists. Not bad for being a 'common doorman'.



Bright Idea:

Whether you're the CEO or the janitor — even the doorman — isn't there a way you can turn your job into an all-singing, all-dancing, star-studded, thrill-a-minute performance?

How to be like Ric

It used to be called 'heart'.

Tom Peters now calls it your 'other'.

He says, *"Excellence is no longer enough"*. He told my mate Alan Patching that 80% of the top companies he wrote about in 1984 in his book, *"In Search of Excellence"* are out of business.

"Why?" asked Alan.

"They stopped at excellence," Peters replied, *"they didn't explore their 'other'."*

What's 'other'?

It's what Phillip Morris got when they bought Kraft for \$12.9bn, and they could only count \$1.3bn worth of stock, plant and machinery. They had bought \$11.6bn worth of 'other' — ingenuity, creativity, belief, drive, passion and flair.

Your 'other' is your intellect and imagination and the ethereal 'feel' over your organisation and your part in it.

Some people give out a feeling like something cold and damp slithered over your shoulders while you were sleeping. Others give you the same feeling you'd get if you were standing next to Kieren Perkins when he got out of the pool in Atlanta, after he won the gold medal in the 1500.

How's your 'other'.



Bright Idea:

Ask a few people what they think you bring to the organisation by way of 'other'.