



BRIGHT IDEAS

TO DOUBLE YOUR SALES
FROM

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Sales and Marketing

Salesmanship: Perseverance against the odds

Salesmanship is • portraying the idea that you alone can do for your customers what no-one else can do. It is also a • painting of pictures where your customer is clearly in the centre of the frame; the main subject.

And salesmanship is

- perseverance against the odds,
- professionalism at all costs, and
- planting of hope.

Stand by for a motherhood statement: Business is tough!

Well it is!

There are less customers spending, the pokies are pinching our well deserved customers, the banks are charging too much interest on credit card loans and there's too much drug and alcohol abuse - and the cost of goods is too high, business tax is unreal, and rents are out of control - and you are well aware that the mobile phone and internet fads are taking another slice out of our potential sales. It's a riot of distraction out there.

So what do you do? Do you go under as fast as you can? Do you hide? Do you cut back? Do you hunker down?

Do you remember the story of the hot dog vendor that circulated



in the late seventies?

A man ran a little hot dog stand outside of town and worked long and hard so that he could feed his family and send his son to college. There were good times and bad but he persevered and prospered as much as a hot dog vendor could.

He employed his son and together they grew the business. They erected signs on the road to direct customers to the stand. They built a canopy over the stand to make the customers comfortable. They set up a coffee pot and served chilled homemade lemonade. Business was good.



The customers loved it so much they told all their friends and soon the hot dog stand was the main drop-in spot along the road. Business flourished.

As time passed his son was old enough for college and so off he went. The hot dog vendor began to expand his business even further. He put up more stands, he put up more signs, employed more people and kept more customers happy. Business boomed.

He wrote to his son in college telling him the good news but his son wrote an urgent letter back.

"Pop!" said the letter. *"This is the wrong time for expansion. Haven't you heard about the big recession*

coming? Things might be good now but they are going to get bad and then they are going to get worse! I think you should have a long hard think about what you are doing"

So respecting the son's college education the hot dog vendor responded quickly. He closed the other hot dog stands, took down the signs and laid off some of the staff. He stopped serving lemonade and coffee and hunkered down to ride out the storm.

He wrote to his son in college.

"Son!" he wrote. *"I am so glad I worked so hard all these years to send you to college. It has already paid off. The advice you gave me was so wise. You told me to watch out for the coming difficulties. You said things would get worse so I stopped expanding the business and working so hard and guess what! Things have got worse!"*



Bright Idea: When times get tough, the tough get going. They persevere against the odds.



The Icecream Bloke and the Gelati Man

Christine and I were taking a stroll at our favourite seaside resort accompanied by those two eating machines; the teenage twins; the devourers themselves; the unfillable, the unpluggable, the undeterred by claims of

poverty, privation and pausity.



"Ice cream!" they shouted as we came in nose whiffing distance of the ice cream shop. *"I smell ice cream!"* Their little curly tails were

whirling like propellers.

The ice cream stores know that ice cream doesn't smell so they invented this great marketing idea: Make the sugar cones on site so their customers are attracted by the delicious aroma of toasting cones. You can smell it for fifty metres up the street.

Only a handful of retail products sell by the olfactory sense. The list isn't much longer than leather, chocolate, perfume, cookies, bread, coffee, and at the repulsive end - fish. Ice cream is on the strictly no smell end of the sniffing spectrum. But boy oh boy those cones are right up the pig-out end.

So here we are approaching the ice cream shop and they already had their trotters in their mother's purse. They leant over the glass counter poking, pointing and giggling like greedy two year olds - actually like greedy fourteen year olds.

Two of the three staff were preoccupied with something going on in the back room and the other

one looked like she had just been dropped by her boyfriend, so I tried to distract the herd and tell them that the shop along the road a way was a much better shop but they were already dribbling down their shirts.

"Gimme a cookies and cream and a banana honey crunch." and then after a kick from me, *"Oh yeah! - Please"*

"And I want a choc almond fudge and a hazelnut whirl - PLEASE," says greedy pig No 2.

Duly served without a sign of life, we parted with our money and the porkers started a war over how much of their snouts they could get into the other's pile of ice cream. That kept them occupied until we reached our favourite shop.

My ice cream bloke looked at the boys' ice creams and then at me in disgust. *"Look,"* he said, *"they don't even cook their cones properly."*

"Here let me put a new one around yours. It's cracked!" he said to Greedy Pig No 1, and to the other one he said, *"Here, you need more caramel topping than that on their Hazelnut whirl. It's tasteless."* With that he slopped on a dollop of topping to the delight of GP#2.

Then to me he said, *"So how about a taste of something?"*

"OK," I said, *"I'll try a lick of mocha swirl and a bit of macadamia coffee."* The lovely Christine skipped the trial and went straight for the kill. *"Vanilla and strawberry please,"* she begged. So adventurous!

"And how about I bribe you into coming here first next time. Have a topping on the house. Chocolate, strawberry or caramel?"

"Yes please," I said



Without a blink on went all three.

I asked, *"You must have been reading my book, 'Make More Money from Every Sale' have you?"*

"No," he said.

"Well I'm kidding because it isn't out yet" I said. *"Three weeks."*

"Well when it's out send me one. Here's my address."

Then he wrote out his address on the back of a two for one voucher.

"Use it next time," he said.

As we walked on I drilled the two little pigs on the simple wonders of business success.

Later as we strolled up the footpath opposite, we came across the gelati store. For some reason the guy recognised me and called me over.

Business wasn't good he told me.

"Customers don't understand that gelati isn't made with water."

I asked him where his cone maker was along with his olfactory factor.

"I hate the smell of those cones," he said.

"In Italy we buy with our eyes so I have a great display of gelati."



"Well what about your two for one vouchers and your taste spoons?"

"You can't keep giving away your profits," he bragged.

There only seemed to be one problem. They were still lined up at the ice cream bloke's shop but there was not a customer in sight (or smell) of the gelati shop.



Bright Idea:

If everything about you is wonderful, your customers will gladly let you kidnap them.