

## The First Marketer?

Some years ago, after my Aunt passed away, I found among her things a piece of paper with a poem typed on it. From the few words hand written on the back, I surmised that this was a message that had been passed around her typing pool when she working for the Ministry of Defence. I was quite emotional at the time for obvious reasons and reading it upset me somewhat. I couldn't get these words out of my mind though and thought a lot of the poem so I began to do some research. After searching the web, I discovered the source of the poem to be Frank Irving Fletcher who worked for Macy's of New York in the 1920's. It was revealed to me that he used the poem to promote a good atmosphere and shopping experience for customers by placing it on every checkout near each cash register. He was also an author and I have a signed copy of his book which I imported from the U.S.A.

It seems that our dear old friend Frank was one of the, if not *'the'*, first marketers or at least copywriter's and admen, creating the concept of selling ideas rather than discounts. He was earning some \$200,000 a year as a freelancer in the late 1920's and while his rivals were advertising lists of prices, he was busy creating concept days at the store where customers could visit and try on clothes without any pressure to buy. He realised that he needed to get people into his store and make the experience so good that they wanted to stay longer and to visit again. Buying was almost a welcomed aside, so to speak, of the advertising purpose. He used themes such as fashion and electrical shows to encourage people into the store for the whole day.

### The Value of a Smile

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich they can get along without it and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and Nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away.

And if in the last-minute rush of Christmas buying, some of our salespeople should be too tired to give you a smile, may we ask you to leave one of yours?

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give.