NOW, IF *I* WERE THE MANAGER . . . . . !

Now, if *I* were the Manager.....!

BY

HAROLD WHITEHEAD
D.Litt, B.B.A., F.B.I.M.

Director of Manufacturing and Distributing Companies
Member of Council, British Institute of Management
Former Professor and Head of Department, College of Business Administration,
Boston University, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
Founder, Harold Whitehead & Partners Ltd.

Illustrated by

HARO

LONDON

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd.

1961

First published 1961

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS LTD.
PITMAN HOUSE, PARKER STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2
THE PITMAN PRESS, BATH
PITMAN HOUSE, BOUVERIE STREET, CARLTON, MELBOURNE
22-25 BECKETT'S BUILDINGS, PRESIDENT STREET, JOHANNESBURG
ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
PITMAN MEDICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.
39 PARKER STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
PITMAN PUBLISHING CORPORATION
2 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK
SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS (CANADA) LTD.
(INCORPORATING THE COMMERCIAL TEXT BOOK COMPANY)
PITMAN HOUSE, 381-383 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
CHARLES BIRCHALL & SONS LTD.
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL
F1—(B.641)

Preface

SOME six or seven years ago I was invited to speak at a Rotary Club. At that time there was some publicity being given to a so-called occupational disease of top executives—ulcers.

I am one of those men who do not believe that executive responsibility and ulcers have any direct connexion. I believe ulcers are the result of irritability, impatience, a tendency to worry over trifles, and that lack of a sense of humour which makes one take oneself far too seriously.

With this thought in mind I decided to give a talk on "How to *get* Ulcers," and by inverse reasoning try to bring home the thought expressed above.

This talk evidently appealed, for certain press publicity was given to it. Several invitations were received for this talk which I was glad to accept.

Good friends of mine suggested that this method of presenting facts on business life would be not only amusing, but could prove a useful "sugar-coated pill" to help clear the system of certain management weaknesses.

To test out the value of this suggestion I wrote half-a-dozen examples for my friends to criticize. The replies were so encouraging that I submitted them to Pitmans for their consideration. The result is this book.

In my sixty or more years of business life I have met very many fine business men in different parts of the world. My experience is that nearly all really successful business men are modest about their attainments; they are generous in recognizing with appreciation the help of associates.

The near-successes, and the junior executives still with a lot to learn, are those who take themselves far too seriously. We all know the type of man who publicly disclaims any personal ambition, and who says that the welfare of the company is greater than personal advancement; yet "one cannot hear the whisper of his words for the thunder of his actions."

Such men *can* become assets to Management once they get a balanced sense of values and get over the urge to tell others how clever they are. They then find no need to bluff their way through difficult situations. They reach that stage of progress when they can admit they do not know something; and so seek help and co-operation from associates.

Let me admit that the incidents in this book exaggerate some flaws in business procedures, and poke fun at bluff, at lip-service to business clichés while indulging in personal selfishness, and at the self-conceit which cannot accept suggestions not one's own. It is intended to make the reader smile. But underneath this jesting at business shibboleths, there is a serious encouragement to executives, actual and potential, who have a sincere desire to attain success and to help build a business in which all concerned can benefit and take pride.

Should the reader question my qualification for writing this book, let me assure him I *am* qualified, for I have made many mistakes—and paid the hard price of experience to learn the lessons. And I am still far from what I should be, as my friends could testify!

I hope this open confession will satisfy the reader that I want to laugh *with* him and certainly not *at* him. I had no particular persons in mind when writing this book, so if by any chance a friend of yours thinks some fault presented is a cap that fits him, it is quite unintentional on my part.

15 Herbert Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Contents

Now, if I Were the Boss

THERE ARE FOUR THINGS that everybody (except you and me) can do better than the men on the job. Here they are—

1. Run a newspaper.
2. Run the Government.
3. Run television.
4. Run the company one works for.

The first three are far too simple to waste time on, so let's concentrate on number four.

Views on how to run the business better than the boss depend on the actual job done. A good way to get these views is to follow a technique of number three—T.V.—of interviewing "the man in the street" on some current affairs. In our case let us interview "the man on the job."

So let's take our "roving mike" and get the low-down from a few people in a business on how to do a better job than the boss.

Let's take that thin middle-aged chap who looks as if he had been weaned on a pickle—

Q. What's your name, sir?

A. Why?

Q. Oh, never mind. May I ask what you do for the business?

A. Huh, pretty nearly everything, but I'm called Secretary and Accountant.

Q. Splendid! Now, sir, what would you do if *you* were the boss?

A. That's easy. Retire.

Q. Oh! Could you expand that?

A. Don't get me wrong. The boss is a grand chap, done a lot for the business. But he's past it. He's 66 years old and I mean *old*. He doesn't realize he's blocking progress and advancement. He's too slack, lets people get away with unwarranted expenses . . .

Q. I see, but may I again ask what you would do if you became the boss?

A. Well, I'd begin by getting rid of a lot of hangers-on. I'd stop all this nonsense of spending money on so-called welfare work. I'd prune to the bone the advertising expenses . . . As a matter of fact I *should* be the boss. I've been here over 15 years and suffered so much frustration . . .

Q. Thank you, sir. Very interesting.

* * *

The "mike" picks up a youngster distributing correspondence—

Q. Just a minute, son. How long have you been here?

A. Me? A long time, nearly a year.

Q. Long enough to know about the business, eh?

A. Sure, I get around.

Q. What would you do if you were the boss?

A. I'd give old "Sourpuss" the push to begin with.

Q. "Sourpuss"?

A. Sure, they call the old stinker the Secretary. He's a pain in the neck. He always . . .

Q. Sure, sure. What else would you do?

A. I'd run the biz so we got off at 5.30 as we should. Old "Sourpuss" just looks for jobs to keep us working until 6.

Q. Anything else?

A. Yes. I'd give us what really do the work more money. Them at the top . . .

Q. Thank you, son. Don't let me keep you.

* * *

The "mike" spots a heavy-set man in the works office—

Q. Excuse me, I'm making a check on . . .

A. Sure, I know. We've already heard about it. You want to know what I'd do if I were the boss, don't you?

Q. That's right. Astonishing how quickly news gets around.

A. Never heard of the grapevine? It works overtime in this place. Yes, that's one thing I'd stop if I were the boss. Far too much time wasted gossiping. I'd cut tea-breaks time in half—if I could—just a waste of time.

Q. I see, but have you anything more fundamental you'd do if you were the boss? By the way, what is your job?

A. Works manager . . . and if I were the boss I'd see production had a fair deal. The boss simply panders to the sales manager. If "sales" wants a change of finish, a new design, more sizes, he gets them. No one seems to realize how my costs go up. Let me have long runs and I'll cut costs so we could offer such low prices we'd get the business without wasting so much money on advertising. If I were the boss I'd put 50 per cent. on our profits . . .

Q. And good luck to you, sir.

* * *

The roving "mike" walks into a most attractive office. At a big desk (three telephones) is a cheerful man who rises as the "mike" is seen—

Q. Good afternoon. I'm . . .

A. I know. Heard about you. Good idea, sir. Sit down; have a cigarette; I'll have a cup of tea here right away.

Q. Please don't bother. Tell me . . .

A. Yes. I know. I'm sales manager. The life and driving-force of the business. Ha, ha! Now, you want to know what I'd do if I were the M.D.?

Q. Er . . . exactly.

A. I'll tell you. I'd widen the vision of the whole business. We are losing business because we don't extend the market. The trouble is, old . . . er, the Secretary I mean, lacks financial vision. You don't *spend* money on sales promotion, you invest it, see? But he fights against expansion because it means spending money for *future* business. As a matter of fact, the first thing I'd do as the boss would be to put my sales manager on the Board so the directors could get the story first hand. Half the directors have no idea about what happens around here. We could lose most of 'em with pleasure so far as I'm concerned.

Q. Thank you, sir. You have quite a programme there.

* * *

The "mike" dodges quickly out of the office and bumps into a young girl, very well assembled and with bright eyes—

Q. Excuse me, can you spare a minute?

A. What do you think I bumped into you for?

Q. O.K., miss. You know about me, I see.

A. (with a rather saucy smile) What do *you* think?

Q. Well?

A. Listen, mister. Do you agree we do better work if our surroundings are cheerful and if we have good tools to work with?

Q. Yes, but what do you do, miss?

A. Call me Elsie—they all do. I'm a stenographer in our typists' pool. I wish you'd have a look in our big room. It hasn't had a dab of paint for donkey's years. And my typewriter is so old I almost have to cut its whiskers before I can use it. We should have those new electric typewriters.

Q. You may have an idea there. But they do cost money, you know.

A. So what! That's nothing to what it must cost for all the posh cars the managers run. Do you know . . .?

Q. I follow you. Thank you, Elsie.

A. Just a minute. Have a look at our canteen. We don't get cups of tea and biscuits which go to the managers' offices.

It's a pigsty, really . . . . Oh, excuse me.

* * *

She hurries off as a rather sad-faced man in the sixties walks by. The "mike" stops him—

Q. Excuse me, sir. You doubtless know—as everybody seems to—what I am doing?

A. I'm sorry, sir, but I don't. And may I ask, without offence, what you *are* doing around the place?

Q. I'm interviewing various people about what they would do if they were the boss. Would you mind telling me what *you* do, sir?

A. Just a minute. Who authorized you to do this?

Q. Your Chairman, Sir Barclay Witherspoon. So, sir . . . .

A. Dear, dear, I *do* think he should have told me first. You see, I *am* the managing director.

Q. Good gracious! I naturally thought you would have . . . . Well, well! I don't know what to say, sir. But if you have any comments I'd be glad to hear them.

A. Now I'll have to be careful what I say, won't I? If I had a completely free hand I should make some changes of course, but I have to consider the views of Sir Barclay. And I have to keep an eye on his son, whom he . . . he introduced to the business. Nice young fellow, but he's really not happy. He wants to be an architect, but his father hopes some day he'll step into my shoes . . . . Oh, well.

Q. Then you *don't* have a free hand, sir?

A. What M.D. does? Actually, my life is one long fight to keep harmony among my senior staff. I expect they all think they could do a better job than I—don't they?

Q. I—well—in a way they all have ideas, you know. That should be useful, shouldn't it?

A. Yes and no. But I'm sure you found everyone judged things from his personal interests. Maybe I can't hope for more, but if the men could only see things from the M.D.'s position and viewpoint, it would help them to get a perspective.

Q. But don't you have a Management Committee so they can get this wider viewpoint?

A. I had one, but there was far too much jockeying for position. I now only call it to meet when there is a new policy or plan to explain to them.

Q. Then your life isn't the bed of roses some people think an M.D. has?

A. If the bed is of roses, there are far too many thorns in it. I get so worried it really affects my health. I suffer from stomach troubles, have to take wretched pills after every meal. Sometimes I wish I could shed the responsibility, but there's no one I could really recommend to follow me. Now, sir, I must ask you to excuse me.

(The M.D. pours a glass of water and takes two little yellow tablets.)

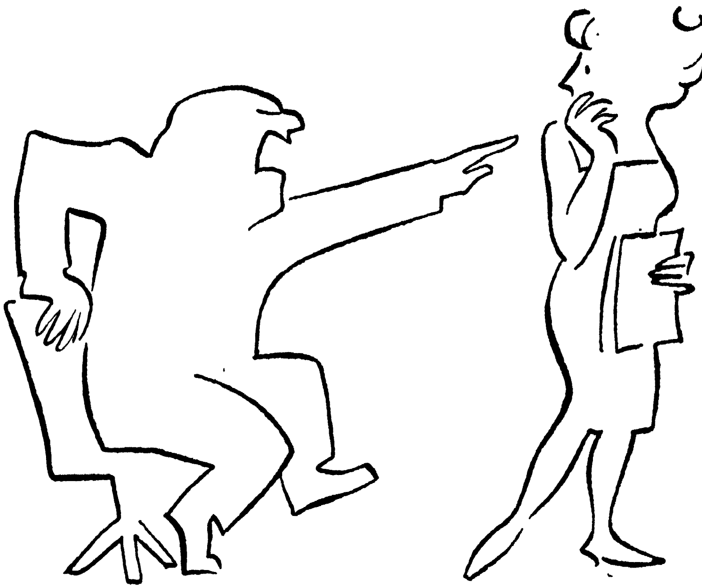
Sorry, but there's so much to do. I have to make every decision in the place.

Q. Thank you for your time, sir, and your interesting views.

*   *   *

The "mike" departs, feeling it's had a queer experience of how one business is "managed."

The M.D. interviewed has lots of worries, some of them real ones, but more, alas, caused by his own inability to organize, delegate and control—especially the last two. But at any rate he *has* acquired that recognized hall-mark of success—ulcers.



How to Get Ulcers

The Tycoon is a noble man
With chest and stomach prominent,
He lets you know he's at the top,
His walk and talk are dominant.

But getting there was quite a job,
With lots of push and pull, Sirs,
Which often helped to grow in him
A lively crop of ulcers.

THIS RHYTHMIC AND VIVID WORD-PICTURE of a tycoon will serve to introduce some valuable tips on . . . . well, not how to become a tycoon, but how to get some earmarks of one.

If you want to be a tycoon you'll jolly well have to learn how somewhere else. You might try Smiles' *Self-Help* or get a book on how to influence people—you can forget that bit about winning friends. Winning friends is not a function of the tycoon (after all he is one); you must do the friend-winning!

Every tycoon does not have ulcers now, but so many used to enjoy the little fellows that they were looked on as a by-product of success. The acquisition of a crop of them may, therefore, help you to impress others with your capacity as a Leader of Industry.

Think of the impression you will make on your luncheon friends if you begin with two pink tablets and finish with one blue and one white. They cannot help but imagine the load of responsibilities you must carry to need this "tabloidic" support. (I know there's no such word as "tabloidic" but there is now!)

So, let me tell you how to get ulcers. I must warn you it won't be easy; it will require effort and persistence on your part, but if you'll follow my advice and stick to it, you will in time acquire a happy and active gripe of ulcers.

Don't gag at the generic term of "gripe"—we have a pride of lions, a wisp of snipe, a murmuration of starlings, and so why not a gripe of ulcers?

Now to business. Begin your training first thing in the morning—no, not *first* thing, for you should stay in bed that extra fifteen minutes—or maybe half an hour. By doing so you'll have to dress hurriedly and maybe cut yourself shaving. Then you'll gulp down your cup of scalding coffee and rush for your train or bus eating a piece of toast and grasping your unread newspaper.

Once on the train, breathless from running, and feeling irritated, don't relax. Try a few biting remarks on the inefficiency of the railways, the lateness of trains in general and yours in particular (forget that had it been on time you would have missed it). A grumble at the unwashed windows and unswept floor, which are disgraceful for first-class coaches (all right for second-class?), will help to keep irritation active.

Your fellow travellers may hide behind their *Times* and *Telegraphs*, but they will feel annoyed at the interruption. Thus you not only help to condition your stomach for ulcers, but with luck may start 'em in a girth of stomachs (another new generic term for you).

This first and easy exercise will ensure your getting to work with your more or less good temper slightly frayed at the edges. You will be in the frame of mind to find fault, to be irritable.

With this good beginning and with care and persistence you can work up a crescendo of irritability before you return home that will condition your inside for the cultivation of some beautiful ulcers.

So far, you have merely prepared the ground, as it were, for the crop. Now let's get down to cases. You can begin doing a real job as soon as you get to the office by first reading all the letters awaiting your attention and any office and works memos requiring consideration. This will fill your mind with a confused mass of details to be dealt with. It will satisfy you what a heavy load you carry, all on your overburdened shoulders.

Now call your secretary, and snap "Take a letter!" Don't waste time with "please" or "thank you." Now pick up one letter—you'll have to read it again—and start to dictate. After the usual acknowledgements you will suddenly discover that some information is wanted from—let's call him Bill. Stop dictating—your secretary can spare the time if you can—pick up the internal telephone and say "Send Bill in at once!"

When he turns up, ask him your question. Bill, not having had the foggiest idea of what you wanted him for, will say "I'll get it, it's in my office." Scowl and say "Oh, well, hurry up." While waiting, your secretary doodles and you drum a devil's tattoo on the desk. Bill returns. Here's your opportunity for some fine work. With a little skill you can find a point of disagreement with Bill—you can question his judgment or his accuracy. By this time Bill will wish you were in blazes—and oh, how he wishes he was in the position to tell you so!

Look at him in digust and say with a sigh, "Never mind. *I'll* sort it out." Bill stalks out, not quite slamming the door, with a feeling of moths fluttering in his stomach. Now turn to your secretary "Where was I?" She'll read the last sentence, but by this time you've forgotten the rest, so snap "Read from the beginning!"

See how easy it is to make dictation a complex and irritating job—just what ulcers love. Your secretary will help the good work by wishing you had 'em.

This is elementary but basic training. There is another useful aid to the development of internal stalactites not only in yourself but in your staff generally. Insist on having the blue, or green, or pink copies of all letters sent out. Now you can have real fun. Read them critically with an "at the ready" pencil. Always—but always—make "corrections" and pencil queries that will go back to the writers. Horrors, here's a sentence finished with a preposition—or even that crime, a split infinitive.

This tactic is an art that can be developed, and with practice you can start a chain of cross inter-office communications which, while being a nuisance to progress, act as a fine fertilizer for ulcers. Can't you feel the cute little dears sprouting?

By this time you can convince yourself that you are surrounded by nitwits, and that you carry all the responsibility of the show. Be sure at this stage that you fill your mind with all the details you can. It's so very good for confusing judgment on policies.

Now we come to the telephone. A wrong number is called for you. Don't apologize, but snap "Get off the line, can't you!" and slam the receiver down. If waiting for a number, practise variations of the devil's tattoo—so much better than waiting reasonably.

By now it's lunch-time, when many of you waste valuable opportunities for ulcer-encouragement. You can use business luncheons to better advantage than you do. By all means enjoy a couple of double cocktails, and then have a really good blow-out while you are at it. You can then return to your desk an hour later than you thought with a lovely whoosey mind and a stomach that is protesting violently at being made to work overtime.

This is a splendid time to study statistics. You will find it so hard to grasp the significance of the production returns that you have to read them three times before your mind clicks—if it really does. A couple of telephone calls during this struggle with your fuzzy mind helps to make confusion more confounded, and you petulantly wish you could have at least half an hour free from interruptions, but of course you never get help or consideration from your staff . . . . This is getting into the higher techniques of ulcer-cultivation.

Here's another grand help. Call a staff meeting ten minutes before closing time. A fine group—irritability is assured. And what your staff think of you won't act as a weed-killer to your flourishing interior decorations.

You can see, I hope, that ulcer-growing is not the gay, jaunty excursion you might have imagined—it's a job to be tackled seriously. And you must be "serious," for a sense of humour is fatal to ulcers.

One more suggestion, and I think I have told you enough to get started.

Be sure to take work home with you. Of course, you don't do anything about it, but take it home. It gives you the oppressed feeling of being overworked. Your wife may remind you that the Goodfellows are coming in for a game of Contract. Of course you play, but do make it clear by your manner that you are a martyr to your wife's whims. She and the Goodfellows will "catch on" all right! After the guests have gone your wife will tell you what she thinks of you (and how!), and you'll have a glorious row and go to bed with your ulcers simply blooming with enthusiasm.

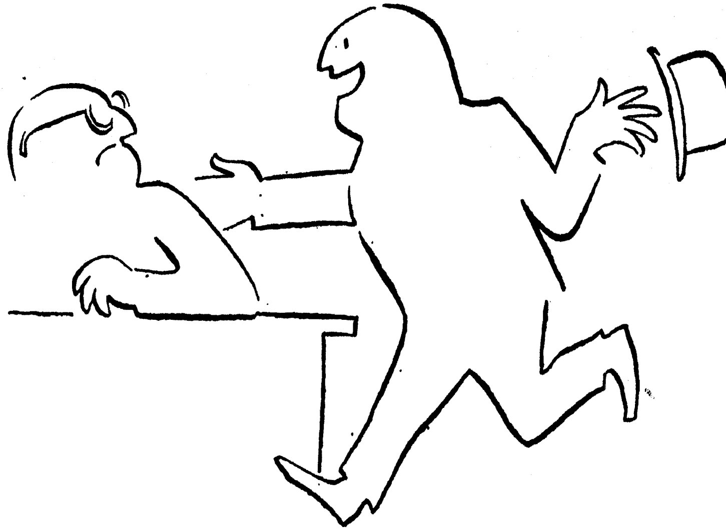
And in the morning you really will be miserable. So you can complain in the train how hard you are done by. The barriers of *The Times* and *Telegraph* make you realize the lack of sympathy of your friends—if they still are!

Just a final bit of advice. Don't tell your chief assistant any more than absolutely necessary. He's probably gunning for your job, so play your cards close to your chest.

Divide and rule, that's the plan. Be tough, be hard-boiled and don't praise—or they'll ask for more money. Sometimes you can't dodge giving praise. If so cover yourself with the rider, "But if you had only done so and so, you would have done better." That will kill the enthusiasm that otherwise might have been engendered.

Thus you develop such a crescendo of suspicion, distrust and dislike that presently you are told by the big white chief "I just don't know how on earth we'd get along without you—but we are going to try, from the first of the month."

But while you will have lost old associates and friends and your job, your ulcers will still be faithful to you.



How to Get a Better Job

LET'S GET ONE THING AGREED to begin with. You are worth much more than you get, and you can tackle a really big job. Also, your present firm realizes how good you are in your present job and intend to keep you in it willy-nilly.

If perchance you are out of a job, it is obvious that you decided to take the plunge. You just won't put up with being pushed around any longer.

Now and then a chap is sacked, not you of course. If any of your pals have been sacked, tell 'em to be definite in saying they left by mutual agreement, as the jobs they had were really not adequate for their capabilities.

Whatever the reasons, you want a job, and I want to help you get one. It's not too difficult to get a job; the only snag is keeping it, and letting it keep you.

You know the story of the chap who was offered a job and was told he'd start at £20 a week. In six months he would get £30 and at the end of the year £40. Two years hence £50, and £60 at the end of the third year.

Then the employment manager said "This is, of course, if you earn it." To which the chap said "Ah, I knew there'd be a catch in it somewhere."

There are four ways of getting a better job—

1. Advertise for one.
2. Write letters to selected firms.
3. Answer advertisements of jobs vacant.
4. Get a friend to use his influence.

Number one—advertising for a job. Here you have the choice of three methods. The first is to advertise for a specific kind of job for which you know you have the necessary qualifications. This could be a waste of time, for your present job may—repeat may—measure up to present ability. Perhaps we'll pass this one up.

A better plan is to think up the kind of job that will give you the money you want. Then make a list of all the things you should know and be able to do. With this list in front of you, write the advertisement, giving yourself credit for having all the necessary experience, etc.

There's no doubt that, given the chance, you could bluff your way for a month or two, while you mug up on the facts you need. And there you are—or are you?

This sort of advertisement, however, limits the field to one kind of job. More especially so if you insist that the firm shall be located in Yorkshire, or Devon. On the other hand, if there *is* such a firm in Yorkshire or Devon (or the Scilly Isles?) they will be impressed with the obviously high qualifications you have, and with your definite idea of what you want. The trouble is that such a firm is not likely to have a vacancy for the job you want at that particular time. That's a chance you've got to take.

If you *really* want to make your advertisement stand out as something out of this world, get a firm of accountants or a lawyer (if you know one) to put in an advertisement in their name. Something like this—

> A high-powered Executive with an enviable record of success is desirous to connect with a company of the highest integrity and with an open mind to creative money-making ideas.

Our client requests that applications be made to us. All letters, which should give sufficient data to justify consideration, will be treated in strict confidence.

The position must be one carrying remuneration and fringe-allowances sufficient to attract a man accustomed to a high standard of living which his results fully justify. References will be supplied at the proper time. Address inquiries to "Executive," c/o Snicks and Snacks, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

There you are: an advertisement wide enough to cover every kind of job. Just the reverse of the previous example, which is strictly limited in appeal. The trouble is that no one knows whether you can sell, handle finance, or develop automation techniques in production.

You'll get some replies, for there are always a few firms who don't know whether they are coming or going. Such firms fall for this line of advertisement. The only trouble is that they have no money and will probably invite you to invest an odd £100,000 in a business with amazing prospects. It is just possible they'll offer you a job as sales agent for them in the Congo—strictly commission.

Being the energetic, ambitious chap you are, you will not be satisfied to leave your efforts to advertising. You will profit by the second way listed—writing letters to selected firms.

This requires high skill—but you've got that, I expect. However, just to refresh your memory, let's go over the routine. You begin by making a list of a dozen top companies dealing in the kind of things of which you have some knowledge. That should be enough to produce a dozen answers.

Ten of the dozen will thank you for your letter but regret they have no suitable openings, etc., at this time, but your letter will be filed for future reference, etc. The other two may ask you to see them.

Try a letter like this—

To the Managing Director.

Dear Mr. Skrimper,

I am taking the liberty of addressing you in the belief that a progressive company such as yours could benefit by the rather unusual and successful experience I have had during the past twenty years with a company of high repute but without your successful forward-looking approach to management.

While I have pleasant relations with my associates [don't say employer

—not quite dignified enough for one of your importance] I am satisfied that my progress cannot be as rapid as it would be with your good selves.

My present chief is reasonably young and very healthy, so my opportunity to assume control is remote. Acting as an assistant to him [*Note* everybody is some sort of an assistant to the M.D. so you are really telling the truth—or are you?] I am familiar with all phases of management. I am a Fellow of the Institute of Organizers [this will cost you only two guineas a year] and have other reputable technical qualifications which I shall be happy to supply at an interview.

Suffice to say that I am experienced in engineering [or ostrich-farming, or judo-training, depending on whom you write to] and have a wide acquaintance of the trade, both home and overseas [you can easily get some dope on export from the B.O.T. and you can buy a couple of books on Export Selling], and have travelled abroad [after all, you did take that week-end trip to Boulogne].

When may I have the pleasure of meeting you? [This is a very subtle touch—you assume that Skrimper will see you and will instantly look in his diary to see "when."]

With expressions of my high personal regard,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

Then sign it with a flourish—he *may* be able to read your signature.

You may find Skrimper tougher than you expect. He may not be satisfied with your bare word and ask awkward questions. If he does, that's just too bad. But when you meet him be quite at ease. Toss your hat on a nearby chair, shake hands and offer him a cigarette. Make him feel he is talking to an equal. A good opening gambit is to ask him if he knows your good friend Lord Luvaduk—you remember him, don't you? You shook hands with him at an association dinner.

On second thoughts you might be better off to let Skrimper open the conversation. Some people actually prefer the modest chap who gives the impression he does not know it all. If Skrimper is that kind of a manager, he probably likes to ask his own questions. Thinking this thing over a bit more, maybe you would be better advised to tear up your letter and write a simple humdrum one asking if there's a chance of a job with him.

Really, this is getting a bit awkward, isn't it?

The third way, answering advertisements of jobs vacant, is amusing but very difficult to get results. You see, when a firm advertises a job, it knows what it wants. Unless you have at least a glimmering of an idea of what is involved, you had better pass it up.

You can use four types of letter in answering such advertisement.

The first is to say that, if they'll send you full particulars of salary, holidays, pension, expenses, etc., you will consider the matter. (No luck with this, I fear.)

A variant of the above type of letter is to write that you have the necessary experience but do not care to disclose the name of your present employer, except at a confidential interview. (This will be about as successful as the first type.)

You could, of course, be commonplace and give full data about yourself and what you have done. (Strange, but this type of letter seems to get results.)

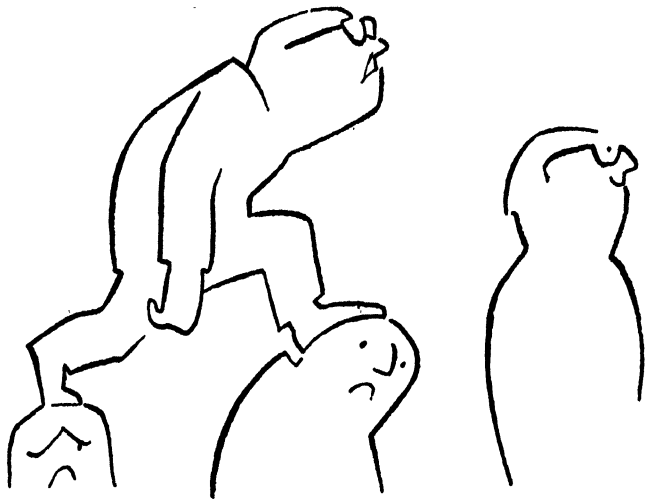
Finally, you can get our old friends your lawyers to write saying they do so on behalf of a client whose name they will disclose if the company is shown to be reputable, and the job one which pays an adequate salary. (This won't get any response, but think how important such a letter makes you.)

I know a man who has lots of fun and games answering advertisements. He just loves the interviews he gets and the thrill of hearing about all kinds of jobs. Actually, one may call job-hunting his job. Unfortunately he never manages to get a bag, but he has had the sack because he was off "ill" far too frequently.

Now let's consider the fourth way—getting a friend to use his influence. Ask your friend to lunch and then explain your eagerness to work for the Shapely Corset Company. He knows a director of the company and a word with him would secure you an interview.

Naturally, your friend will tell you he'll do what he can; after all you've just fed him, haven't you? A couple of weeks later, telephone him and ask if he's seen his friend at Shapely's. Alas, he'll say, "Yes, but . . ." (you know the rest).

There you are. Now you know what to do. Just before you leave me, there's a minor matter I might mention. You could, of course, do a better job with your present firm and find a real opportunity there. Rather ordinary, of course, but sometimes it works.



How to Win Promotion

A CHAP I KNOW has recently been appointed the M.D. of his show. Jethro is 54 years old and deserves his elevation if only because he is healthy and has outlived all other "possibles."

He began work at 14 with his present company, and has followed the old well-trodden path of "progress." That is, he did his job quite well and he never upset his immediate boss by questioning instructions or volunteering opinions. Promotion was by seniority, so as one immediate boss after another left, was promoted or retired he stepped up one rung of the ladder.

As I said, he was healthy, so at long last he found himself on top of the heap. The business hasn't grown much, yet it still carries on in the good old lines. He is quite satisfied and assures me that the way to get on is to start young, follow the rules of the company and learn all about business from what the company does—and keep healthy!

Of course he knows all the good things—and, alas, the bad things—the show does, and I fear he hasn't learned to distinguish one from t'other. He's too busy to waste his time on such nonsense as attending trade conferences or reading books on Management. He says he *knows* his business and no outsider can come in and teach him anything after forty years' experience.

Some young fellows who used to be with the company left years ago, and so lost their chance of promotion—and all the better for Jethro! Some of the fellows who left have had a bit of luck and managed to climb up in other companies, but . . . . you can finish this thought without help from me.

You, of course, are not 54 by a long chalk, and you don't want to wait for dead men's shoes—and jolly good luck to you. So let me tell you a few ways to short-circuit the trip to the office with carpet all over the floor and desk with two telephones.

I reckon you are, at present, holding a fair job with some minor executive responsibility, but of course not big enough for your ability. So you must get busy showing the higher-ups what a go-getter you really are—full of new ideas, pep, punch, personality.

Now it isn't fair to expect you to think up *all* the bright ideas, but that needn't prevent you from corralling a few from your associates and subordinates. Get your up-and-coming youngsters —but one at a time—to tell you what they think of this and that or the other. They are not in *your* class of course, but it is astonishing how often that quiet plodder has ideas. He has 'em, you get 'em. See?

With that grand new idea of stock-control which young Jenkins diffidently suggested to you, you can help the firm by suggesting it to your immediate boss. Forget young Jenkins, he is too low down the scale to have his ideas considered, so in the interest of the business, put it forward to your chief as yours. After all, you did coax it out of young Jenkins, so in a way it really *is* yours, isn't it?

If your boss likes the idea, send him a memo on it "for the record." It's just as well to have proof that the idea came from you. Some department bosses may like to take credit for your good ideas, which is hardly cricket, you know.

In talking to one of the real high-ups, you can speak of the success of the new stock-control method. Say how successful your boss has been with it and how he really improved on your idea. If the "high-up" was interested, you could show him a copy of your original memo, so he could see for himself how much it was improved.

Get the idea? Be modest, say how glad you are to be a little help to such a grand chap as your boss. And after all, it's such a privilege to work with a firm like yours.

In a little while, the idea grows that you are a "comer," worth keeping an eye on (and how!).

There is a snag in this technique. It isn't long before *your* people get tired of seeing their ideas used by you—and they dry up. Unless you have—really have—constructive imagination of your own, this technique will soon land you in the dog-house.

I think I'm correct in crediting Daniel Defoe with this next idea. He wrote in the *Complete British Tradesman* something like this: "When you marry, marry for love, but it is just as easy to fall in love with the boss's daughter as anyone else."

This method doesn't always work. You may have to say as the young go-getter did when he remarked, "I could have married a millionaire's daughter, only she said 'No'." Better forget this one.

You can use the technique of keeping the "higher-ups" aware of you in other ways. For instance, read the trade journals and articles or addresses by industrialists. Then mark an item, or a quotation which seems to have some bearing on your business, and send it to the "higher-up" who may be concerned in it, especially if it is in line with the "higher-up's" own ideas.

Again, if someone makes a minor slip, you have a fine opportunity to show how eager you are for the welfare of the business. A memo in the right quarter can help, for you can say something like this—

> "While this matter is not directly my concern, I do feel it should be noted, for it seems to show a weakness in personnel control [or whatever it is]. Lunkin, whose responsibility it is, is such a good man that a word from you would put him straight."

Notice, you *praise* Lunkin—so he can't complain that you are throwing the hooks into him—you really want to help him and the business. How very unselfish of you! It *is* possible Lunkin will not welcome your exposure of a slip-up in his work. He may lack that objective outlook you possess, and watch his chance to catch you out on some trivial accident by one of your people—not you of course; you are too smart to make a mistake.

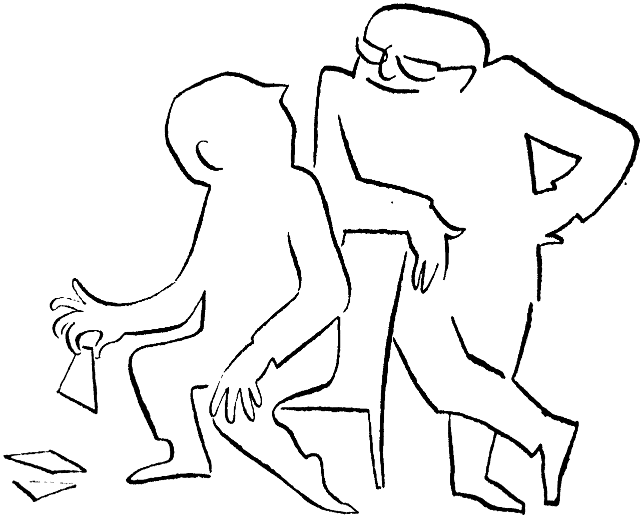
The result is that you are again noticed by some "higher-up" but, unfortunately, not so favourably. You may offset this to some extent by reporting on some bit of luck. Maybe a chap in your department gets fed-up and quits. By a little juggling you can carry on without a replacement, so you report that by a little tightening-up you have reduced the expenses of your department by £750 a year by letting a man go who really wasn't pulling his weight.

Here's a last suggestion for you. Watch the "Appointments Vacant" in the newspaper. You can easily be "under the weather" for a morning to keep an appointment about a possible job. You may be short-listed even. Here's your chance. Go to your boss and tell him you have an opportunity offered to go to another show. Quite attractive, but you do not feel you should say where for the moment. Naturally you *much* prefer to stay with the dear old crowd, but.... well, one cannot neglect opportunity. If you could be given a raise—or maybe a promotion, you would gladly sacrifice other opportunities.

The boss will say he's sorry to hear it, and will you give him twenty-four hours to think it over. He has a chat with his associates and they may decide you are the cat's whiskers; they may decide you are another part of the cat's anatomy, especially if some of 'em are fed up with your clippings, your memos of criticism (of others) and praise (of yourself).

That's a chance you have to take, and it's possible that you will really search the "Appointments Vacant" column, while that stodgy, quiet plodder Jenkins takes over from you.

Too bad, but I've done my best for you. Maybe you should forget this and try to follow the old-fashioned plan of sticking to your job and letting results do their selling for you.



How to Select a New Man

OF COURSE YOU'VE READ LOTS OF STATISTICS on the high cost of labour-turnover? You have? Then I won't quote any, and get down to business.

Just as you can't always judge a banana by the skin, you can't judge a candidate for that job by his looks. There must be *some* people who can, but I've yet to meet them. Probably you have that uncanny skill in evaluating capacity, but you have friends who do not have your gift.

Let me suggest you buy copies of this book for your friends and mark this chapter for their enlightenment, for I'm going to disclose how to select that man for the job.

For my example, I'm going to show you how to select an area sales manager. Selecting salesmen is much easier—just take the first chap who applies; he'll be as good as anybody selected from a group. If he doesn't make good, sack him and give his area manager hell for his failure to make the man a success.

But the area sales manager is an executive, so you can use all kinds of gimmicks of selection on his.

A useful start is to get him to fill in a four-page "questionnaire" about himself. He must write this, of course, so you can judge his character by his handwriting. For example, if his handwriting slopes down, he is a pessimist—he might make a good financial controller—but if it slopes up, he's full of beans, optimistic and all that. If it wobbles up and down he is—oh, you can figure that out. If he writes very clearly, he's methodical and tidy, and if his writing is hardly decipherable he's a genius—better let someone else have him! Years ago I filled up such a form, and if I had not fled the country I would probably be in jail; my writing indicated such criminal tendencies.

Henry—let's give the poor chap a name—has quite a problem trying to think of the exact month he started a job fifteen years ago. And on "education" he was flummoxed, for he'd only got his Higher School Certificate. On "special courses" he was a bit better, for he had taken a course on book-keeping and another on wood-carving.

The personnel officer (such a simple-hearted fellow) thought it looked pretty good, so he passed it to the sales manager.

"Hm," he strokes his chin, "Had nine jobs in the past eighteen years. Not stable, jumps around too much. Still, he's been with good firms and *says* he left all on his own account. I don't know what to say. I'll ask the M.D. for his views."

A week before, the sales manager considered an applicant who had had one job in fourteen years, and decided he was not really ambitious, stuck too long at a dead level; evidently in a rut, no initiative.

Forget that, let's get back to the M.D. He rather liked the "get up and go" of the man, but was he really sales-minded? It seems as if the fellow was more interested in office work, or why had he taken that course in book-keeping? And wood-carving—for pity's sake! Chap doesn't know what he wants. However, if the sales manager wants to take a chance, it's up to him.

Through this artful bit of buck-passing, Henry is ready for the next hurdle—the intelligence tests! He is invited to take the tests and in due time appears, wondering what the game is.

Before him he finds a square frame and a number of odd-shaped pieces of wood. The lark is to see how long it takes to fit the pieces into the frame. Then he has a queer wire affair in two parts and he has to figure out how to separate them.

Quite a bit of fun to watch a grown man quietly sweating over parlour tricks, and wondering what it has to do with selling tooth brushes. Visit any toy store and you can get any number of puzzles to experiment with.

But, and this is important, you must give each trick a bit of psychological jargon. One may be a test of digital dexterity, another a trial of visual analysis. Here's a good mathematical question to give Henry: "If a train travels due north for 40 minutes at 50 miles an hour, and then due west for 60 minutes at 30 miles an hour, how long will it take him to return to his original starting place going at 70 miles an hour?"

Please don't ask me the answer; I've not the foggiest idea. I'm merely thinking up the stinker—I mean the question.

Some companies get a qualified industrial psychologist to "vet" the candidate. The Q.I.P. can really give you the correct answer, but think of the cost! Why not buy a book on applied psychology, and do the job yourself? My experience is that "reading a book" gives that "little learning" which is dangerous, but you could prove the exception, couldn't you?

Now the personnel officer, being a skilled and trained selector, uses his eyes. How is Henry dressed? His socks and tie don't harmonize; does that mean he's careless? Wait a bit, though; he really looks so spick-and-span he's probably dolled himself up for the occasion. Maybe Henry is a show-off, more concerned with the impression he makes than what he can do. Still, by and large, Henry doesn't do so badly.

So he is asked if he has any questions he'd like to ask. And he has. Says Henry, "In what part of the country is the area job to be filled?" The personnel officer tells him, but wonders if he's more concerned with the area than the job. Then Henry really puts his foot in it; he asks what the salary is, and does he get a car? You see, Henry is obviously only interested in what he can get. That's bad, isn't it?

The personnel officer still feels uncertain, so he asks the sales manager to interview Henry. Now there's a lot of difference between meeting a chap for a chat and "interviewing him".

So a formal meeting is arranged. The sales manager offers him a cigarette "to put the man at his ease" and when he has lit Henry's fag, explains he doesn't smoke. Henry doesn't know whether to smoke brazenly or put the damn thing out.

The sales manager is a widely-read man on business matters, and in consequence is fully aware of the vital importance the right wife is to an executive. So he must, of course, ask Henry if he's married and has any children.

As Henry had written (not typed) on his original application that he was married, had been for seven years, and to the same woman all the time, and that he had a son of five and a daughter of three, he confessed like a man to the truth.

"Fine, fine." The sales manager was as delighted as if he had been responsible, "And what's your wife like, eh? Good mixer, likes a good time, eh? Or is she a home body?"

Henry did the best he could and wondered to himself whether he or the missus was after the job. When, to a question, he told the S.M. that his wife was still home in Wigan looking after the children, the look of disappointment on the S.M.'s face made Henry suspicious of his possible future boss's moral code. He was a little relieved when the S.M. explained that had she been in town, he would have liked Henry and his wife to lunch with him.

I must admit that the S.M. had no intention of making passes at Henry's wife; he just wanted to see what her table-manners were like. He knew how important it was, in business, for the man's wife to know the difference between an entrée and a graceful exit!

I'm sure you—*no*, not you, but the pal to whom you are going to give a copy of this book—will now begin to appreciate the skill, the shrewd deduction, the eerie gift of character-analysis required in the selection of a new area sales manager.

Believe me, it's even more complex if you have to select a big-white-chief himself—a (bow please) managing director.

Some companies are cowardly enough to dodge the whole issue, and pay a company specializing in advertising, interviewing and preparing a "short-list" for final decision. They even think the two or three hundred pounds it costs is well spent to get a good man in one "go," and save the executives' time of the exacting job of sorting wheat from chaff. You know better than this—or do you?

So far, you observe Henry has scraped by—because no one would take the responsibility of saying "Yes" or "No". He now comes to the final test. He is to meet "the committee," as he has been told he is "short-listed."

Seven people stare at him as the personnel officer introduces him to the committee. Henry is feeling nervous and fidgets with his tie. One committee man thinks he lacks self-confidence, another attributes his fidgets to over-assurance.

To put Henry at his ease, he is offered a cigarette. Remembering his previous experience, he resolutely says, "Er . . . . er, no thanks." Whereupon all the committee but one light up. And a good time is had by all!

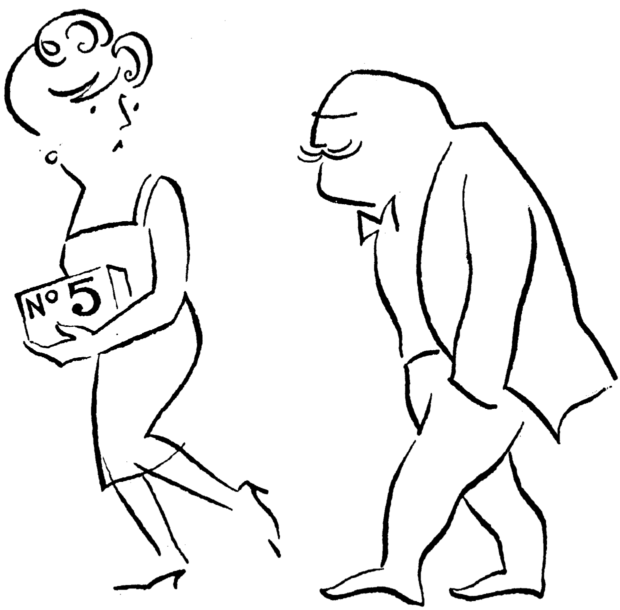
At last Henry leaves, as he is told he will hear definitely in the near future. It seems there are three other short-listed chaps to be seen.

Just to show you the value of this technique of selection—it only took about three months after all—I must tell you that Henry *was* selected and the personnel officer wrote to him with the gladsome news—subject, of course, to references being satisfactory.

Only one tiny fly in the ointment; well, maybe two. Henry replied with thanks for the offer, but in the interim he had accepted another job. This made all the people concerned sure that he was really the wrong man after all.

Oh yes, that other little fly. The sales manager went to his M.D. with a letter and a scowl, and said, "You know young Simpkins? Well, the dirty little dog has left us. He's going to a competitor as assistant sales manager. Never had the decency to ask us what his prospects were here."

Oh, well.



How to Advertise

BEFORE YOU GET ANY FANCY IDEAS about being an advertising manager, let me warn you that it's not the elfin-happy existence that some people imagine.

You had better buy a few hundred . . . . (I nearly slipped up by mentioning an advertised proprietary that will cure headaches quicker than a flash, and at the same time clear the system and knock ten years off your age.) Anyhow, you'll need something to clear your head of frustrations caused by the fuss and frivolous fixations other people have on what constitutes advertising copy.

Let me tell you of something you'll run into as an advertising manager. You conceive a brilliant "new slant" on copy—a really good idea that your associate, the sales manager, says will be a winner.

With pardonable pride, you show it to your Chairman. He says "Humph—leave it with me until tomorrow, will you" (Actually he's a financial man, and knows nothing of advertising and selling—leaves the actual control with the managing director, as he should).

And tomorrow he tells you "I showed it to my wife last night—always a good idea to get the woman's slant on copy." (He then goes into a long rigmarole of how women buy 85 per cent. of all consumer goods, etc.—you try to look interested and to hide your boredom at this hoary old tale.) "Now, my wife thinks your joke about leopards and our product which will remove the spots is too—er—well, silly."

No need to tell you more—you'll get it all one day!

It's a funny thing, but everybody has definite ideas on what constitutes good advertising. As it happens I *do* know about it! So let me give you some tips on how to set about the job.

As of course you know, there are eight major approaches to making up advertising copy, and you can use them all, as circumstances—and your own whim—suggest.

Here they are—

1. The Kitten and the Baby.
2. The Superlative.
3. The Gimmick.
4. The Secret.
5. The "Get that Man."
6. The Funny-Bone.
7. The Technical.
8. The Repeat and Repeat.

Before giving examples of these eight approaches, let me advise you to take "poetic licence" in presenting your story. Bald statements of facts will get you nowhere.

A leading statesman (or politician, depending on which side of the fence you are) said "A politician should exaggerate a bit, or no one will listen," so now you know!

1. *The Kitten and the Baby.* This will always attract attention. Women will make queer murmurings when they see the pictures. Men will say "Cute little devils, aren't they?" A few people dislike cats and are bored with babies, but not enough of them to worry about. Dislike of cats (*and* of dogs) is evident of a nasty disposition, so let 'em keep their money! Sometimes a reader will notice what is advertised and try to figure the relation between a kitten and a cigarette-lighter—or a cat and a steel girder. Any-

how, the kitten and the baby will get attention (you *can* use other animals as long as they are "cute"), and that's what an "ad." is supposed to do, isn't it?

2. *The Superlative.* To begin with, you had better get a Thesauraus and a book of Antonyms and Synonyms. You'll then learn quickly to go wild on adjectives, for no one is "sold" by such old-fashioned words as "good," "useful," "new," "dependable"—instead you might try "fabulous" for "good," "indispensable" for "useful," "epochal" for "new," and "a lifetime of faithful service" for "dependable." With a little practice, you can make my suggestions seem very tame understatements.

3. *The Gimmick.* This is the modern equivalent of something for nothing. For instance, you can advertise a bald-head producer—("Become another Yul Brynner"—here's your slogan, already made), at 3s. 11d. a bottle. Then, overprint it with "6d. off every packet for a limited time." Don't worry—the profit can easily stand it.

Another gimmick is to print "cut-outs" on your cartons of breakfast food, detergents—any old thing that is a quick repeater. The idea is that the children will insist on Mum buying it for them to monkey with. You can try another idea by putting a paper cap or a celluloid "space man" in the packet—for the children.

By the time the children have got all the gimmicks, they cease pestering for any of the stuff, and eat or use what Mum decides is best for them. But you have had an exciting run for your money. The next gimmick is old-fashioned. Encourage users of your "repeat" product to send you 1,000 carton tops to get in exchange half-a-dozen guaranteed silver-plated cereal spoons, or a guaranteed genuine plastic ball-point pen.

Let's forget this. You are as familiar with gimmicks as I am. Of course it *must* sell some stuff in spite of the emphasis on the gimmick rather than the product.

4. *The Secret.* This approach is more useful in advertising toilet preparations and patent medicines. All you have to do is to say that your well-known decontaminated tartar destroyer now contains "G.99," the startling secret formula which will remove tartar with one gentle brushing.

No need for you to worry about what G.99 is—no-one else will anyway.

If you don't like this idea, I'm sure you can find a simple, useful—at least harmless—chemical with a long name. Pop a spot of it in your preparations and advertise it with the long-named stuff as the "something extra" that makes it a miracle of effectiveness.

5. *The "Get that Man."* Now, this is a winner. Suppose you make a "hair tonic" which will put glisten into tired tresses. Your hair glistener will so attract the men that the poor girl who uses it has to fight them off if she hopes to retain her virtue.

You can use the strip-cartoon idea, showing the poor gal as the forsaken wallflower. Then after using "Gimble's Glistener" for the hair . . . . got the idea? (It's *not* new!)

Another angle is to show that by using something to kill what your best friends won't tell you about, the young chap who was threatened with the sack becomes the M.D.

6. *The Funny-Bone.* This is a sure-fire hit for everybody but the undertaker.

Here is the idea. A building is tilting over when a man using one hand only keeps it in a near-perpendicular position. Nothing to it—he's had a glass of "Gluck-Gluck" with the added ginger. (You might use the "Secret" approach if you have nerve enough.)

You can be funnier still on television, for you can use weird-looking figures making funny noises. The children (of all ages) seem to like it—and evidently some people must drink "Gluck-Gluck," or you can't afford to keep being funny about it.

7. *The Technical.* For this approach you really have to know all about your product. It's simple when you've got that far. You state baldly what your product does, and then give detailed technical explanations of why it does it—whatever it is it does.

But you must be really technical. Mind you, what you say is true, and actually as easy for the average man to grasp as calculus would be to a youngster who is just mastering simple arithmetic.

But the reader will admire the technical skill you display, and he may feel flattered that you give him credit for high technical erudition. A lot of things can be sold by this approach!

8. *The Repeat and Repeat.* This approach is best used on television. There are two jolly good ways of using it. The first is to

keep repeating and repeating the name of your product with flash pictures of it. The other is to keep repeating and repeating some service you decide is outstanding. Suppose you are advertising a—let's see—yes, window polish. It will make your windows glitteringly crystal-clear. In your one-minute spot, work in "glitteringly crystal-clear" at least a dozen times (not easy to do without getting tongue-twisted). Even morons will realize that your window polish will . . . you know!

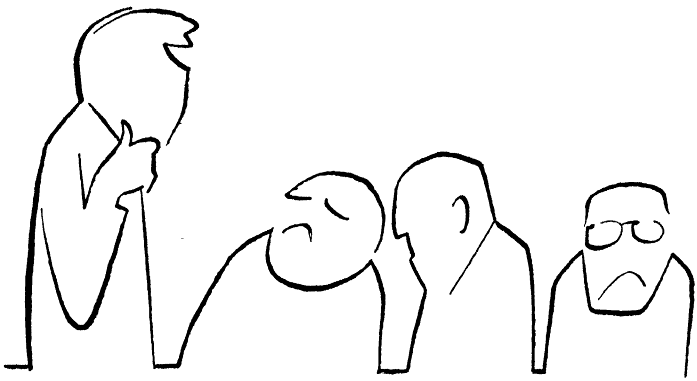
All these approaches have proved winners, so why not play safe? Also, you don't have to waste money in market research and professional advice from agents.

Some advertising managers feel they *might* get new slants on advertising by calling in an experienced advertising agency. Watch out if you do this, for they are funny people—they want to have proof that your product does what you say about it. They even want to study the market, and tell you what media will best reach that market, and—oh, a lot of other things.

If you do use them, you'll have to share the credit for any success with them. This might switch off the spotlight on your unaided efforts, and can you risk that, even though the professional touch helps the advertising to bring home the bacon?

Some people with ambition to become advertising managers even take courses in advertising, selling, marketing, etc., while they work their way up in a businesss. Actually, you do have a better chance of a job as advertising manager if you know something of market research, window-display, printing, layout, artwork, media . . . .

Not only a better chance of a job, but you'll find this knowledge won't cripple your natural flair for advertising (which you share with everybody else), nor destroy your vivid imagination Anyhow, please yourself!



How to Tackle Market Research

YOU CAN USE ONE OF TWO METHODS of tackling market research—

1. If you are one of that gifted band of men who have the intuitive knowledge of what the market is and what it needs, you use one method.

2. If you are not *quite* sure of your judgment, you use the other method.

Let's begin with No. 1. Remember, you already know what is needed, so your job is to find substantiation for your views, and perhaps build up statistics to back them up, and arguments to strengthen them.

You see, while you know what is wanted, you have to satisfy the M.D., the sales manager and the advertising manager (unless you are in charge of advertising); and maybe the financial controller, the chairman and the Board of Directors. You *must* build up a report which will simply sweep them off their feet.

As most of them have big feet solidly planted on the ground, this "sweeping" exercise is not all that easy. On your market research report, sales policies are built, production schedules planned, and the money needed to pay for advertising and selling expenses has to be found, and so on. And don't forget that the Board will still want some profit left over for the shareholders. So, as I said, the "sweeping" calls for a "hefty broom of informed judgment" of statistical facts and of logical arguments to support what you know is wanted.

A good place to begin is with the sales force. They are the people right on the ground. They know what the customer wants —so there you are.

Now you and I know that the good salesman is not a "Judge" —he's "Counsel for the Prosecution"—he knows what *he* likes and he is enthusiastic in selling it. If he doesn't happen to like a special item in your range of goods, he finds his customers do not like it either. A few customers buy in spite of the salesman's lack of enthusiasm, but that doesn't alter the salesman's views.

With this in mind, you cannot send a simple letter to the salesmen for their views. You'll get such a mixed bag of opinions that the result may not back up what *you* know will sell.

You must give the salesmen a "lead." Try something like this: "We are planning our sales and production programme for the coming season, and I want to profit by your judgment. Do you agree with me that the great success of 'X.44' and 'Y.55' will continue? I know we have a lot of advance orders for these leaders, and in my judgment the sales will be bigger than ever. However, I should like to have your confirmation of this, so that I am sure we are supporting your splendid work."

One or two salesmen may have the temerity to disagree and offer other suggestions, but the "leading question" technique will get you enough letters of agreement from which to quote in your report. This is evidence from the field that backs up your judgment.

Another buttress of support is statistics—used with skill. For instance, suppose you have a product in its third year so far as your company is concerned. Your sales for the three years were, let us say, £5,000, £10,000, £20,000 a year. The total sales of *all* companies selling the product in question for the three years were

—again a "suppose"—£1,000,000, £1,100,000, £1,210,000. Here are your statistics—

Your sales have *doubled* each year, while the sales for the country have only increased a mere 10 per cent a year.

Don't quote figures, of course—merely the statistics. Maybe the sales manager will ask for the figures. In that case you are sunk, unless you can find another statistic, and that won't be easy, but not impossible.

With sales of "X.44" and "Y.55" being so meagre, it's just possible that they were localized. If so, you can show, statistically, that up to now, sales for all practical purposes have been concentrated in 5 per cent of the territory. *Therefore*, as sales cover only 5 per cent of the territory, the *total* sales in that territory were only 5 per cent of £1,000,000, or £50,000. This proves (statistically) that, actually, if you had covered the whole area you would have had 10 per cent of the total market the first year, 20 per cent the second year and 40 per cent the third year.

That's pretty impressive, isn't it? And it shows how you can use statistics to prove anything you like! If someone remarks that "X.44" and "Y.55" were supposed to be offered all over the the country, and if they hadn't sold the stuff, it's either bad control of salesmen (and you just watch the sales manager's hackles rise!), poor advertising (and that hits you), or the stuff really isn't selling.

If that happens, I don't know *what* you can say or do. Maybe you should quit in protest—before the idea ocurs to anyone else.

Just a minute! You may still find a way out, by using logic.

Try this: "Gentlemen, before you come to a decision, just consider what our sales will be in five years' time. We can certainly maintain our record of progress. Therefore our sales for the next five years will be £40,000, £80,000, £160,000, £320,000, £640,000. In five years' time we'll have over 50 per cent of the total sales—more than all our competitors put together."

If someone mutters something about the law of diminishing returns, just brush it aside with a wave of the hand and a superior smile.

Someone else may say "Your argument reminds me of the argument of false reasoning I had at College. You know it—'The rabbit has four legs. Therefore the rabbit is a quadruped. The elephant is also a quadruped, therefore the elephant is a rabbit!'"

Don't try your superior smile again; it will be wasted effort.

I could give you more suggestions for the use of statistics and logic to prove you know what you are talking about, but by this time you'll probably be fed up with the sceptical stubbornness of your associates. It is even possible that by this time the idea might flicker through your mind that "X.44" and "Y.55" may not be the sure-fire winners you thought. If you haven't completely burned your bridges, you can re-cross the stream of your statistical and logical vacuity—sorry, I mean veracity—and try method No. 2—

You may now have a boring, tedious job in front of you. To begin with you must—repeat must—assume you don't know it all.

You can dodge most of the real hard work by getting a firm of consultants to undertake the job for you. This will prove disappointing, to say nothing of costing real money. The disappointment will come from being told some things about your market that you really didn't know, and even worse, you may be given facts about weaknesses of your product to satisfy that market; weaknesses which your intuition had convinced you were not there. Fortunately the report shows how these weaknesses can be eliminated. You just can't believe your intuition had led you up the garden path, but there it is in black and white!

The trouble is that the more you question the information given you (as a result of the impartial market research), the more difficult it becomes to find flaws in it.

You can now do one of two things, (*a*) reject the report and trust your good old intuition, (*b*) accept the report, with heart-fluttering misgivings, especially when you finally discover that excessive stocks of "X.44" and "Y.55" still on your customers' shelves have proved your intuition to be a lying jade.

In both cases you feel uncomfortable, but the increased profits coming from the application of operation No. 2 acts as a soothing balm to your feelings. And further, you don't have publicly to disclose the impish nature of your intuition.

You can save yourself all this bruised pride by doing the market research yourself, especially if you refuse to give voice to what you believe is the answer.

It will not cost so very much more if you ignore the cost of your own time and that of members of the staff called in to help "fact-find." And of course ignore the time of office help in typing reports, and the time of committee meetings called to advise on what information should be collected, and how it should be collected. You can try to cover up the expense by explaining that you and all the others involved were being paid in any case, so actually there was no extra cost.

(I'll have a bet with you. I'll bet you ten pounds that the chief accountant, the financial controller and the budgeting officer—who may all be the same person for all I know—will be quite sarcastic towards your argument and make you seek for a knot-hole; you'll feel small enough to get in it by the time he—or they—have finished with you.)

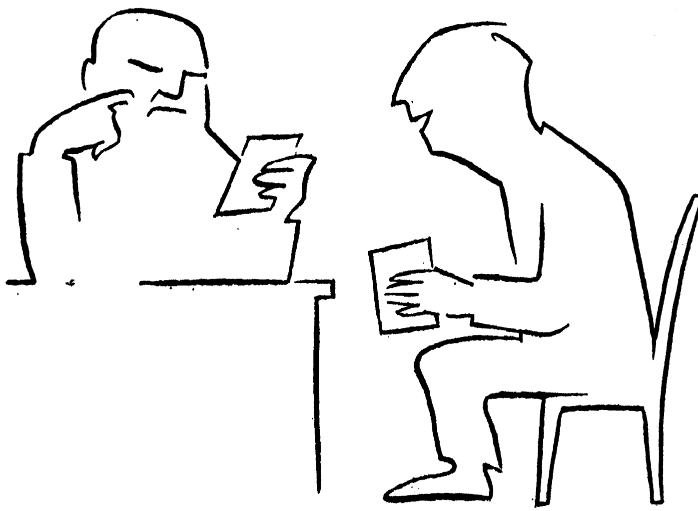
On second thoughts, better face the real costs. If anyone says you have *actually* spent more than if you let the marketing consultants do the work, while you did your regular job and at the same time co-operated with the wretched outsiders, you can look boldly at him and say "So what? Don't forget, next time our market research cost will be nothing. We'll know exactly what to do . . . . (You can finish this without my help.)

Maybe there is someone in your organization who has studied market research, and has had practical experience in it—not only what it *is*, but *why* it is. If so, be big hearted and let him do the job.

A fellow I know once wrote a formula for research. It went like this—

Get Facts.
Analyse Facts.
Draw Conclusions from the Analysis.
Act on the Conclusions.

I must say that I'm not offering this as something to adopt as an infallible guide to tackling market research. I've known this fellow all my life, and believe me, in my judgment, he still has a lot to learn.



How to Sell

BELIEVE ME, to cover the art, or method, or knack of selling in one chapter is a full-sized job. Books, big books, and many of them on different phases of selling have been written.[1]

These books are detailed, accurate and quite serious in intent. They are intended for the chap who is anxious to satisfy his desire for practical knowledge and intelligent information on selling.

You, however, have so much experience and ability of quick assimilation of facts that it's only necessary to give you the basic information to enable you to translate it into practical use.

There are two major ways to sell: (1) through others; (2) by yourself. In the first case you are the sales manager. In the second you are the *salesman.*

The first way—through others—is too simple to take up much

[1] Yes, I've done some of them! In America I've had two books published on Salesmanship, and Pitmans have one by me called *The Administration of Marketing and Selling* (advertisement).

of your time. But perhaps we should give it some consideration.

As sales manager you have many props to lean on. The company makes certain goods—so that's all settled. The M.D. tells you what and how much you have to get rid of. He has agreed production schedules with the works manager. The budgeting officer decides how much you can spend on advertising and selling. You tell the advertising manager how much he has to spend, and leave it to him. The advertising manager—with your agreement—deals with market research. You engage a bunch of salesmen, give 'em their territories, and there you are.

You might widen your interest by reading what I have said about advertising and market research. It doesn't hurt to have some idea of what is done by your associates, but don't forget that as sales manager, you are the boss. You delegate as much as you can so as to leave your time for heavy thinking and improving your golf handicap.

Actually it's not quite as simple as this. You have to decide on the size and shape of territories, and the number of salesmen you need and how to pay them. This job can be palmed off, however, by appointing a sales promotion assistant. His job is to fix the number of salesmen and area sales managers needed. Of course he must get your approval, but that shouldn't worry you. After all, your sales promotion assistant knows all about this; that's why you have him.

You may need overseas agents. A fine job for you to look after. The B.O.T. can help you with lists of possible agents in any part of the world, and the Incorporated Sales Managers Association (of which, of course, you are a member) could help you. All you have to do is to decide whom to appoint for your show.

Better see them personally, to be sure you pick out those you like. You can plan a two-months' tour overseas to do this. February and March are good months for this job—you know why!

On your return, you appoint an export sales manager; and another chore is passed to someone else to do.

There are some things you can't delegate, such as the planning of the Sales Conference, and giving pep-talks to the salesmen.

You can leave it to your advertising manager and your sales promotion assistant to submit plans for the Conference for your approval, and they can deal with technical matters for presentation to the salesmen. Maybe you can get the works manager to tell the men about the goods. But, *you* must give the Pep-Talk. The purpose of this is to create enthusiasm, and get the fellows so excited that they will want to dash off at once and fill a flock of order-books. How they go about doing this is mere routine—leave that to your assistants.

Your pep-talk can take four forms—

1. *The Sales Contest.* Prizes for the chaps who exceed their quotas (fixed by the sales promotion manager). You outline details of the scheme, and have printed copies (prepared by the advertising manager) given to the men. Then you get them hotted up with excitement. Tell them you are confident that every man will go way beyond this quota. Tell 'em (with a smile) what a grand Christmas Box the bonus will be to their wives or sweethearts—but not both. (Wait for the laugh!) Got the idea?

2. *The Race.* Prizes for the men who sell the most in a given time. For instance, for every £10 of goods sold, the salesman has "travelled a mile" on a thousand-mile contest. You can have fun with sending bulletins with funny cartoons of the "leaders" and the candidate for the "booby prize."

Actually it won't do a darn bit of good, for the men will plug along and do their best in spite of being treated as half-witted. But it might impress the directors as an example of your psychological perspicacity.

3. *The Heart-throb.* In this you talk of the grand old firm, what a grand bunch of fellows they are, and how much you love 'em. Plead with them to "go to it, boys; give me a record sales as evidence of your belief in the grand old firm, the grand line of goods the grand old firm has prepared . . . ." Keep this up until you see a man yawning, and then conclude with a final "Grand! Now show me what you are made of." (A grand word, "grand," isn't it?)

4. *The Stunt.* This can take several forms. You can put on a "demonstration"—with yourself as the buyer. Then offer a cup (no saucer) to the wretched salesman who (by applause) stands up best to your refusal to believe what you are told, to your claim that competitors offer better goods and—oh, anything you like that makes a laugh (at the salesman's expense).

You can get quite a kick out of this, for, being sales manager, none of the men will make rude noises at you.

Here's another stunt I've heard of. When the salesmen are all assembled, you make your dramatic entrance—to the applause of the men (started by the sales promotion manager). You ask 'em if they're happy. They are bound to say "yes," aren't they? Then say "Stand up, you grand men." When they have done this, continue "Not enough, I want you on your toes." The upward movement proves they've done it.

Now for the big stunt. You declaim—mere speaking is not exciting enough for IT—"Look under your chairs, men, and help yourselves."

Under each chair a pound note has been pinned (by the sales promotion manager). You then throw wide your arms and say "Help yourselves, men." Now here you *will* get enthusiastic response.

Once more you declare "Just a minute, men. On your toes again." When this is done, you come to the grand climax and with appropriate gestures and vocal enthusiasm, finish with "Let this be a lesson to you. If you want the money you must keep on your toes—you won't get it sitting on your backside."

Anyhow, the men will appreciate the £1.

I think you now know enough to be a sales manager—the leader of men who is not seen often enough by them to get that familiarity with him which . . . but of course, they *never* could have anything but the opposite of contempt for you.

If, at the end of the year, expenses have been too high, sales too low, credit terms exceeded, and in general, the sales department (not you) have flopped, you run into a little difficulty with your managing director.

You might decide not to waste your time with a company that blames you for the faults of others. Indeed you might find it worth while to become a salesman, and so be rid of all the responsibility. After all, many salesmen make more money than sales managers.

So let's consider the second major way to sell—as a personal salesman.

You have heard that salesmen are born, not made. Some people question this, but it is true; there never was any connexion between salesmen and gooseberry bushes—or storks.

Although they are born, they have to grow up, and during this process it is possible for them to pick up a few tips on personal selling. If they don't profit by the tips, they'll still be salesmen, even if miserable ones who wonder why orders are small and infrequent.

Oh, yes, they can probably keep their jobs, because they will be selling on straight commission. You really have to get business to get a job that pays a regular salary—and a lot of business to get the commission which gives you an income greater than that of the sales manager.

Let me give you a few tips on how to sell—

To begin. Don't be shy, bashful or backward in coming forward. Make the man who is to give you that big order realize that you are a man of the world, and all that.

When you enter his office, toss your hat with elegant indifference on a nearby chair. If there's no chair, let it rest in his "out" basket. Lean across the desk with your arm outstretched—give him a wide smile—and say "Hello, there! I'm Josspot."

Now toss your card on his desk. While he gingerly picks it up, take a seat and cross your legs—that shows how easy and confident you are. Bound to impress him.

The man who is to give you the big order looks up and says. "Well, I don't think . . . ."

At this point, pull out your cigarette-case and offer it to the man. He may shake his head, so you take one, light up and say, "What you mean is, you don't *know*; about the remarkable opportunity I have for you. Ha, ha!"

By this time he may be so overwhelmed by your strong personality and your "What have you," as to be putty in your hand. If he feels nervous and awkward, put him at his ease by telling him your latest story.

But don't tell him that one about the Bishop and the barmaid—he's heard it, you know.

He may be one of those stubborn fellows, who hides his inferiority complex under a blustering manner, and gives you the brush-off. I don't know what to suggest when this happens, except to pick up your hat and go—where the sign on the basket suggests.

Let's try something else—quite different. Give your prospect credit for knowing everything and having everything it takes to be a successful buyer.

Tell him how you've been looking forward to meeting a man with such a reputation. Look round his office and congratulate him on its "elegance," "simplicity," "desk clear of papers, which shows he is on top of his job," "desk full of work, which is evidence of the responsibility he carried" . . . . Select the obvious, and praise him for it. Got the idea?

When giving him any information, say "You know all about this 'waterwheel whimwham' and know it has the new double-ratchet swivel hook. So let me not waste your valuable time in telling you what you know. How about ten gross to start with?"

Of course, he may not know what a whimwham is, and may care less about the double-ratchet hook. But as you have buttered him up to the eyes, he's fully impressed by your recognition of his capabilities, and he intends to live up to your high opinion.

He may ask the price of your whimwham, which you'll give in an easy off-hand manner—and there you are. Now and then you'll run into someone who doesn't like butter, especially when smeared on up to the eyes. You'll have to take your chance on this. When you do, you can again take a hint from the card on his "out" basket. After all, not even a whiz of a salesman like you can expect 100 per cent success.

Let's think of something else. You and I can agree that the customer would rather buy from someone he likes than from someone he dislikes.

Capitalize this truism. Make him like you. Charles Lamb once said of a passer-by "I hate that man." His friend said "I did not know you knew him." To which Lamb replied "I don't; if I knew him I couldn't hate him."

There's your case. Tell him about yourself so he'll get to know you. Show him those photographs of your young son. Everybody *loves* looking at amateur photographs of other people's children. If a fellow says he's not interested, don't waste your time. A man who doesn't love babies, cats and dogs is queer. Probably untrustworthy, and certainly has a sadistic nature. If he had given you an order, the credit man would certainly have turned it down because the man was a crook.

Better begin your interviews with a few stories of your success in selling—that will win his respect. Then tell him of the terrible time you had with your impacted wisdom tooth. That will arouse his sympathy. Casually speak of that tough experience you had during the war when you gave up your seat in the train—in spite of some quite young hulking blackguards refusing to budge—to the poor old lady. You actually stood in the corridor from Crewe to Euston—that will warm his heart to you as he appreciates your unselfish love of others.

How can he refuse to give you an order when he knows you—he respects you; he sympathizes with you; he even has a warm heart for you!

Should he be a cold-blooded fish, that "out" basket sign gives you the hint.

It's a strange thing, but it's astonishing how many people like you even if you don't tell 'em all about your high qualities; when you are natural and modest about yourself; when you are courteous and let the other chap talk when he wants to—and really listen to what he says. Very humdrum, isn't it—just being yourself; but it does get business sometimes, and at all times it leaves the door open for the next call.

Ah, but does it make you stand out as a personality—correction please, make it Personality! "You too can have a Personality." Here are a few tips to help you. Dress—suppose you always wear a large, floppy bow-tie and a carnation. That's *different*, you see. Again, adopt a leisurely, aloof air and address the hoped-for-customer in dignified "educated" language. That means using long words, and if you can add a few foreign tags, so much the better. You'll be remembered all right.

You might cultivate a few eccentricities—such as wearing an eye-glass. Develop the habit of swinging a small gold pencil on a gold chain. It has quite a hypnotic effect, the result of which is sometimes astonishing. Any stunts you develop such as these will make you stand out from the crowd (I almost said—like a sore thumb; sorry!) as different, distinguished, dominant. When next you call, the buyer will be ready for you; indeed some are so peculiar that you won't get "in" and so have an opportunity to be advised by the ubiquitous "out" basket.

Except for the few misguided people who won't respond to the use of the tactics mentioned, you'll get a little business—and I hope the emphasis is not on "little."

I have heard it said that a thing is sold not for what it *is*, but for what it *does*. So, to sell, you speak of the *service* rendered, and if that is of value to your prospect, orders follow. (It often works.)

I've heard it said that one should never over-sell an enthusiastic buyer. You know better than that. If the fellow is in the mood to buy, load him to the gills. Then he has a big bill to meet, so he'll push your stuff for all he's worth.

If he's not successful, on your next visit he demands extra time to pay, and complains you've loaded him with "shelf-warmers." But you've had *one* jolly big order from him, anyhow.

What I have said should be ample to put you on the high road to being a big, outstanding, successful salesman. So, now—as the sales manager said—"Go to it, man."

Just a minute, please. I've said nothing about retail selling, have I? You know—selling behind the counter.

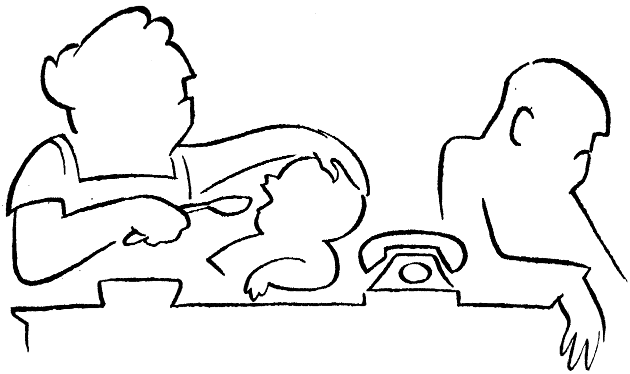
This really isn't selling, so there's nothing to know. It's like this: the customer comes into the shop to buy something, doesn't she? All you have to do is to give her what she wants, and say "Thank you, shall we deliver it?" She'll say "yes," so you help to build up your store's delivery service's expenses.

If you don't have what she wants, you merely say "Sorry, we haven't any in stock" and that's that. Some misguided enthusiasts actually try to sell something near to what was asked for.

Occasionally, some over-zealous boy or girl will suggest the customer buys the box of three—or the large "economy" size—even to buy associated goods such as toothpaste with the toothbrush. But really, if the customer wanted the toothpaste she would have asked for it, wouldn't she?

Don't bother about learning to sell over the counter. Anybody can do it. Maybe the thoughts I've given you on being a salesmanager will decide you to be a salesman. And if *that* doesn't seem to be your cup of tea, you might make a pretty good packer.

If you are one of those stubborn chaps who is determined to sell in spite of everything, you'll probably be successful by your own methods based on your experience of what works. Anyhow, good hunting!



How to Become a Consultant

DOES THIS PROFESSION—or job—of management consultancy appeal to you? Doubtless you have heard of the enormous fees charged for such services, and *that* will appeal to you. If so, let me help you to join the ranks of those who tell the business man what's wrong with his production—or sales—or personnel—or . . . and what he can do about it.

One easy way to get cracking is to be out of a job, and running into difficulties in finding a new job commensurate in position and pay to your highly-specialized qualifications.

Under these circumstances, all you need is a place to hang your hat, and—this might be the rub—an odd £100 in cash.

Presumably you live somewhere, and in your home can doubtless find room for a packet of stationery and the corner of a table to deal with correspondence. If you can pound a typewriter, you may be able to pick up a decent second-hand one for a tenner or so. If you can't type, you'll have to pay a typewriting agency to type your letters.

Your next step is to prepare a circular, listing your experience, special qualifications, and so on for distribution to concerns in your area, and in the kind of business in which you may have worked.

Now don't be too modest in tooting your own horn; if you prepare it in the third person, it sounds pretty good.

There you are, you are in business as a management consultant! You have an address, a telephone number—and a wild desire to succeed—to make money.

All you need now is clients.

One of two things now happens—

1. You fail to land a fish.
2. You net a fish.

If No. 1 happens, you are out of business before you are really in it. Too bad, but you had better skirmish around for a job—and you'll get one eventually. Your stationery can be used by the children to draw on.

No. 2, however, is quite likely to happen, believe it or not. Among the people to whom you write, there will almost surely be one who thinks he can put your experience to good use.

You've heard of management consultants charging 250 guineas a week. As you are just starting, you decide to cut the fee to £150 a week until you are well established.

After all, £150 a week is £600 a month. Suppose you only work ten months in a year—you expect to get some holiday, of course, that is, let's see, £6,000 in round figures. Not so bad to start with.

I'm afraid you may now be in for a little disappointment. Unfortunately, your prospective client says "Ah, just wait a a minute, lad. You are new to this game, you see, and in a way I'm willing to let you practise on me. Now, lad, I like to see chaps get on, especially when they've gumption. But I can't pay these fancy prices." (Pause while p.c. strokes his chin and muses.) "Tell you what, lad, to give you a chance, I'll pay you a hundred and fifty quid a month. Make a good job of it and I'll speak up for you."

Your inclination is to smile amusedly and tell him . . . but you had better have a second thought before you let that first one materialize. The job will take four months, and it will give you more than you were getting (even though you were worth much more). So you take the job.

When you are really busy it is astonishing how quickly four months slip by. Before you know it, you've finished the job—and not too badly, I'm sure. The client gives you a cheque, and says "In time, you'll be a good chap. I like you. I'll tell you what I'll do. Come and work for me and I'll give you—say—er—fifteen hundred-a-year for the first year, and a hundred-a-year raise to eighteen hundred."

Of course you have no intention of taking it, but you thank him and say you'll think about it. You are a management consultant with some experience—but you have run out of clients, for while you were busy on job number one, you had no time to hunt for job number two. The next month passes all too quickly, and no new clients in sight. This will probably be the end of your professional career. You decide that a regular income is a good substitute for the dignity of being a professional man without clients. You accept the job offered, and that's that.

Don't be discouraged. If you only knew it, your experience is by no means unusual. And you *have* got a good and progressive job with a first-class firm.

The above is not the only way to become a management consultant. If you have an odd £25,000 you can use a different technique.

You look round for a tip-top accountant—one who understands costing and office organization. To get him, you'll have to coax (I almost said bribe) him to join you. The coaxing can set you back £3,000 a year.

Then you repeat the programme for a really tip-top works engineer, one who understands factory layout, work study, bonus schemes and so on. This coaxing knocks another £3,000 a year off capital.

Of course you will need a marketing expert, one who understands market research, sales planning and all the rest of it. You have now pledged £9,000 of your capital.

An office, a secretary/book-keeper, a typist, are easier to get. These, plus rent and something for yourself, will account for around two-thirds of your capital in the first year.

If you really appreciate the difference between running a business and advising those who do the work, you are all set to begin operation. Not to do a job yet, but to begin operation. You have to train your small staff on the techniques of consultancy.

You haven't the experience? Oh well, don't give up—yet. Get busy with your coaxing to get an experienced consultant to quit his present job with a firm of consultants, and join you as chief of staff.

He won't be cheap, but he *will* know the job. By this time you have been in business as a consultant for three or four months, and your original investment is reduced to—say—£5,000. The odd £20,000 is pledged for the first year's experiences.

With the help of your chief of staff, you can prepare an impressive brochure outlining the experience of your staff. Sounds good, doesn't it—*your* staff?

Now you circularize your brochure and wait for results. You can, of course, do some cold canvassing.

By the end of the next month or two, you may have two or three "prospects." You will also get some cold shoulders to your cold canvassing and be told "it isn't done." Anyhow, by the time your capital is nearly exhausted, you will have some prospective clients.

One will say "We are busy on a building programme, but in six months we'll be ready to talk with you." Another says "See us in a couple of months when holidays are over." The third says "I'm just off to visit our overseas agents; on my return in four months, come and see me."

Three prospects; nothing definite but—well—prospects.

Here again, one of *three* things can happen—

1. You actually land a job which gives full-time work for two men for three months. Maybe short-time assignments for the other members of your staff. You are really on the way to making good.

2. Nothing definite happens, and you are out of cash. So you ask a friend to loan you an odd £10,000 to tide you over the hump.

3. Your friend says . . . (you know the answer). So you fold your tent and silently steal into the night of job-hunting for

yourself. Maybe the experienced consultant has some money, and may take over—giving you a job!

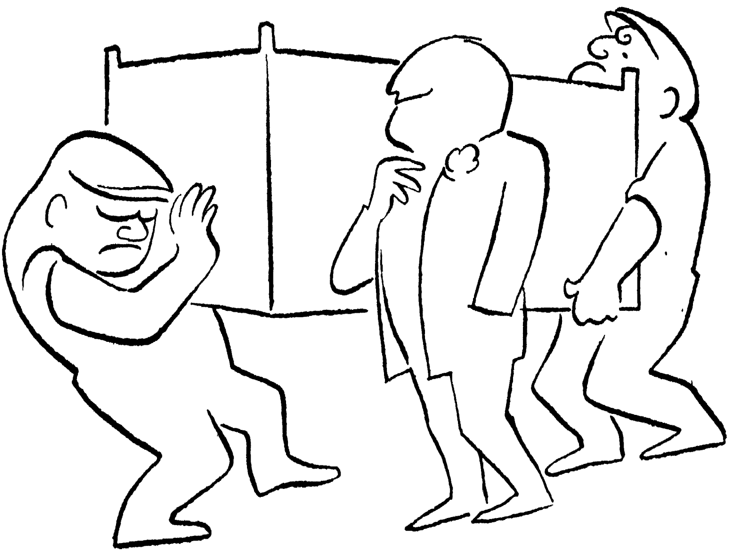
Did you say you hadn't got that odd £25,000? Oh, well, you'll have to ignore this method of getting to become a management consultant.

Really, you are in an awkward position for advice. I can give you one more suggestion. Get a job with an established consultancy organization. This is not very exciting, for you'll have to accept the humdrum procedure of learning the profession from the ground up. You'll have to forget fancy salaries and also be prepared to spend most of your time working in towns far from your home. Unfortunately you can only do the job where the client has his business.

When you think this over, you may decide to forget the glamour of being a professional man. Management consultancy—like any other worthwhile job—is highly competitive, and it takes years of successful experience to establish a reputation for good work that brings clients to you.

Yes, better forget it, unless you really—and I mean really—have the temperament, the capability, the hard work and the sizeable chunk of money necessary. If you *have*, you'll get there without advice from me. If you haven't, no advice of mine can help you.

Too bad!



How to Get Compensation

YOU CAN GET COMPENSATION from many sources. If a loose floorboard in the office kicks up and hits you in the face, you can get compensation. I do not advocate this or similar methods of getting that extra bit of cash; it's really hardly worth the trouble.

There are far less painful ways of getting that extra contribution to your bank account—which, of course, will be free of income-tax. Let me repeat that last bit—free of income-tax; there's such a lovely sound about it. And that's the kind of compensation I hope to show you how to snaffle.

To begin with, you can fiddle your income-tax returns, but I really can't encourage you in this. I know that that friend of yours, the income-tax collector, leans backwards in being generous, but he's not going to fall flat over just to please you.

This method of getting "a little bit off the top" of your income-tax may be fun if you can get away with it—and if you have no congenital dislike for jail. Let's forget it, shall we, for it hardly classifies as compensation, even if it might be the bit of cash over and above what you legitimately get from your salary, stipend, dividend, fee, honorarium, or whatever you call it.

Now to business. You must be prepared to be thick-skinned—something like a rhinoceros with an enlarged gall-bladder. With this preparatory exercise, you can plan how to get compensation —without income-tax.

Let's take the professional aspect first—that is to make getting compensation a full-time job.

For this you need a high appreciation of your abilities, and a smooth slick line of talk on (*a*) your successful past record, (*b*) what you may be giving up to accept a new responsibility, (*c*) the need for planning, for at least seven years ahead, in order that your scheme may be brought to outstandingly successful fruition.

Let's consider this procedure, in sufficient detail to enable you to use it.

Your past record may be—well—spotty. You must be prepared to prove—to the satisfaction of your future, shall we say, compensator that you can be the miracle worker he needs. You must outline the plans you had created in your past job—or jobs—and the success they were beginning to show. There can be no doubt that had you been allowed to carry out your schemes, without opposition and personal animosity, your former company would have led all competitors by this time.

Perhaps it was the jealousy of the M.D. who feared your success would jeopardize his job. Perhaps it was the owner's son who was one of those know-it-alls, who expected everybody to accept his ideas, even though you could prove they would eventually have wrecked the firm.

You have to be very skilful in how you tell your story. Be quiet, show generosity and kindly feeling to those who really made things difficult for you. Even admit they had many good qualities. See the idea? Show *bigness* in outlook, tolerance of others and acceptance of their good ideas, yet the determination to do what is best, and accept nothing less, to ensure, success for the enterprise you work for. Tell your story in a calm, dignified manner with an occasional flash of good-natured humour and controlled enthusiasm. Before you've finished, you will not only convince him (you know who) that you are just what his business needs; you'll actually believe it yourself.

You have now got over the first hurdle. Let's touch on the second one. This is comparatively easy. Your present (or immediate past) employer did not want to lose you. He knew you were on the right track, and you knew you could eventually attain your objective, which would put the show right on top of the heap.

But you had reluctantly concluded that it was an undue tax on your energies to have to win through with opposition and interference from others which would delay successful accomplishment by, maybe, five years. In spite of this, you do realize that you would have had certain success eventually, but you are prepared to sacrifice it for a job where you can *really* "go to town." Mind you, those negative forces were mostly sincere in their beliefs—and they can hardly be blamed for inexperience and ignorance. Of course, there may have been a minor element of personal dislike, but that you can cope with—being too big to allow personal relations to interfere with co-operation with them.

By this time, your future source of income will be as deeply-impressed as you are by your statesman-like outlook—your keen mind for envisaging the long-term objective (don't forget that bit "long-term objective")—and your skill in planning procedures, especially with an organization that has happy and co-operative relationships.

So here we are, over the second hurdle. And you have prepared the ground for the leap over the final one.

By this time, your prospective source of revenue should be conditioned to the need of your services to his business. Of course he will want to make a few casual inquiries to your previous firm, but the letter you showed him, speaking in terms of almost tearful regret at parting company with you, has already convinced him that an inquiry is a mere formality.

Anyhow, he asks you to join them on a trial run. Says he, "I'll give you a year's contract which can be renewed if by that time we are both satisfied."

You demur at that, and say "I can't agree to that, I'm afraid. You must realize that to bring your production (or maybe sales

—or office work) up to what it should and can be requires long-term planning. Frankly, I should be most unhappy to lay the groundwork for bringing production (or whatever it is) into line with up-to-date procedures, and then leave it for someone else who might ruin the effectiveness of my plans."

"After all, I have something much more valuable than money to consider—my reputation. I just could not afford to risk it through someone else nullifying my efforts; you must see that, Mr. Blither."

Friend Blither is shaken. He hates to give a long-term contract, yet he equally hates to miss a winner. Actually, a game of business-poker takes place. You are the better player, for you have more experience.

You say, with a gentle shake of your head, "It would be grand working with you, Mr. Blither, but unless I can see my way to doing a real job for you, I feel it would not be fair to you—or me—to commence. You know better than I the folly of tackling a job with a long-term objective without sufficient time to learn first-hand all the problems involved."

Blither will be impressed, and his first decision badly shaken. He recognizes the logic of what you say (helped by your skill at playing business-poker) and finally agrees to a seven-year contract. (You may have to compromise on one for five years; and that's not so bad.)

Terms are agreed, a contract signed and there you are with a good seven-year contract.

Now you can give a sigh of satisfaction, and take up your new job. There is no need to rush things; after all, seven years gives you time to progress cautiously.

You know the benefit of good, bright and cheerful working conditions; so begin by having your office decorated, new furniture installed and an efficient and decorative secretary appointed.

Your contract gives you the usual perquisites—a car, superannuation, expense allowance. No lunch-vouchers, for when you're in your office—such a pleasant place to work in now—you have the benefits of the executives' canteen.

There was a car which your predecessor had, but it was past it, nearly two years old. So you trade it in for a new one, more suitable to the importance of your position.

Let us suppose the job is sales manager. So that the customers will realize that a new and powerful personality is there to help them, you have a dignified, glossy and expensive folder printed and distributed to the trade.

So that the sales staff will realize the gift the management has given them, in yourself, you call a two day "Get-Acquainted Conference." This is most enjoyable; everybody has a good time even though the treasurer grumbles a little at the cost.

If the job is production, you call for details of all equipment, age, purpose, and so on. You then visit equipment manufacturers to see what's doing in new ideas. This leads to rearrangement of production flow which in turn develops new styles, finishes, sizes of the product and so on. In this job, you get the collusion of the sales department, who will welcome improved products.

This all costs money, but the suppliers and you realize the advantages of this upheaval—pardon, I mean reorganization. The treasurer is not so enthusiastic.

At the end of the year, progress may be conspicuous by its absence, and you revert to some of the discarded methods. Results, translated into terms of profit, are not as good as you hoped, but you explain to the M.D. that you had made it clear (see your contract) it was a long-term programme.

By this time there are glimmerings of doubt as to whether you really are the chap for the job.

Six months later, at a Board meeting, the financial director says grimly "Another six months of all going out and nothing coming in, and we'll be in trouble."

The M.D. reports to you how unsatisfactory things are, and suggests you offer your resignation. He is sure you won't hold them to a contract which you must see is not working out.

To this you remind him that you warned him it was a long-term job, and of course he must have realized there would be heavy outgoings to get the department organized for the big advance.

After further argument, which steadily gets more acrimonious, you are compelled to say bluntly that your contract is a legally-binding agreement.

The rest then is obvious. You receive compensation for loss of office—free of income-tax. You accept this on the understanding that you receive a letter making it clear you left because of personal difference on policy.

You can take a year off from your work before you start the process all over again.

Let me make one thing clear. You do not plan deliberately to diddle the boss, but you *do* plan to get a contract "just in case." You are not the kind of man who would deliberately plan such disgraceful methods. In fact, I question if anyone consciously planned such trickery, yet occasionally someone slips into this technique, using it merely as a kind of insurance, "just in case," as I have said. Your trouble is that your enthusiasm for your own ideas is far greater than your administrative ability and your financial acumen.

Unfortunately, this method of getting a job that can give you compensation gets more difficult all the time. Today, Top Management is familiar with this method; it is more hard-boiled and wants a *lot* of definite evidence of your ability and character before handing you that contract. Why not think a bit less of immediate cash and a bit more of prospects?

Such an outlook will get you a job—not so big perhaps, but one you can do successfully. In time you can get to the top—become a director!

As things are going, the chances of a director getting that nice little compensation are improving in one way, but if you are greedy you will be in for a disappointment.

The company of which you are a director, and which is "doing nicely, thank you" is liable to attract the attention of one of the big boys, who sees advantages in acquiring 90 per cent of the shares. You may have heard of "take-overs."

As a director you are involved in the preliminary negotiations. The take-over merchant wants to put in his bid with the support of you and your fellow-directors. That means you must be prepared to sell your holdings at the "offer" price. Your director's qualification shares (£100?) are wanted as evidence of your belief that the offer is fair to the shareholders—as of course it is, for your auditors and lawyers will see to that.

A deal is struck. *But* before you give your vote, you ask "What compensation will you give me if you ask me to resign?"

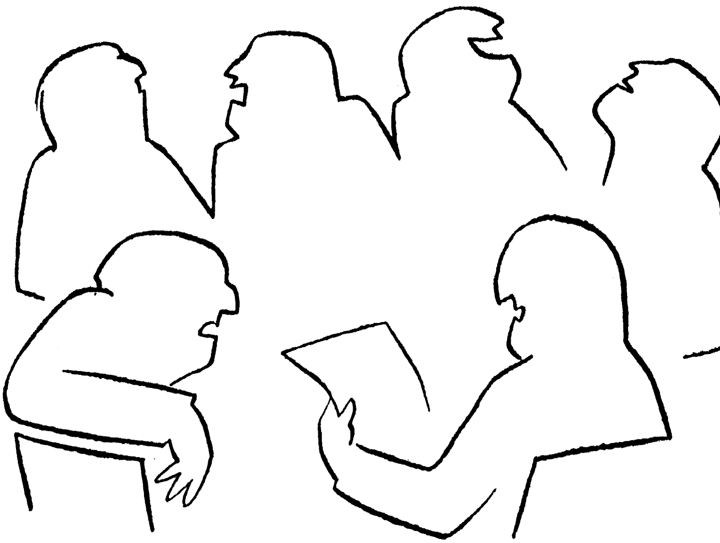
A sum is agreed upon, and if you are asked to resign, you get compensation. You hope it will be free of income-tax, but alas, the gold in the "Golden Handshake" is likely to suffer an "income-tax depreciation"!

Don't get ready to spend it yet! If you have climbed to the top by the method suggested—hard and conscientious work—the take-over people won't ask you for your resignation. Then you are stuck. All you have is a better job and more responsibility with a bigger show.

No compensation—but the job should prove adequate justification for staying put. You also realize that the chap given compensation may not be all that important. He might find the circumstance a bit of a hindrance in finding another place to hang his hat. Discards do not have a ready market.

Congratulations on getting to the top by the humdrum method of common sense mixed with loyalty and hard work.

Hard work? Not quite, for a job that gets results is too exciting and satisfying to be called hard work.



How to Use Committees

WE ARE NOW GETTING INTO THE HIGHER TECHNIQUES of bossing the show where you are concerned with Policies (with a capital P) and with your strategy and tactics in getting your own objectives adopted by the Board. Committees can be used in four ways by business people with axes to grind. Here they are –

1. For delaying tactics.
2. For buck-passing tactics.
3. For interviewing people.
4. For action.

You can be concerned with committees in two ways: (1) you can appoint them; (2) you can be appointed on them. If you are big enough to appoint them you can deal the hand! If not, you had better study carefully your terms of reference, for they will give you the tip as to what is expected of you—and what you had better avoid doing if you want to keep out of trouble.

A chap I knew—nice fellow really—head of his company's

O. & M. department—was made chairman of a committee to "study and report on the benefit of a new accounting system," the use of which called for a lovely lot of new and expensive equipment. One of the directors was "interested" in the company operating the accounting system, but advised that a committee report on it, as he did not wish his "interest" to sway judgment.

What do you think the silly chump did? He found the "system" useful in part, and recommended the adoption of certain formulae which could easily be adapted for use by the present equipment, and thus save the company the expense of replacement!

And then he wondered why the "interested" director seemed cool, and aloof whenever they met. However, the office manager's increased warmth helped to defrost him.

You are a senior executive and in the position to appoint the committee—oh, aren't you? Anyhow, we'll approach the problem from that angle, and you can learn from this exposition how to *be* on a committee. With skill, and in time, you'll become the fellow to do the appointing.

1. *Delaying Tactics.* You have heard that there is a big market for your goods in Liechtenstein. Believing what you are told, you recommend to your directors an extensive sales and advertising campaign which will establish you there with a bang. The cost is only an odd £28,000, and that includes the cost of a resident sales manager. The resident S.M. will appoint agents (on commission) all over the wide expanse of the place; enough of them to cover every nook and cranny.

(By the way, what *is* a nook and cranny? And why do they always go together—like scotch and soda, and null and void? Let's appoint a committee to study and report.)

The Board listens to you without displaying any enthusiasm. One director says "If we want to expand overseas, why not somewhere just a little bigger—such as the Argentine." You give an amused smile and hint at political complications and difficult finance regulations there.

In spite of your logic, the Board remain mulishly stubborn and you can see, if it's put to the vote, that the odd £28,000 will stay in the kitty. So you say "There may be some value in considering if the Argentine really does have a better potential market than Liechtenstein. I suggest we postpone a decision until we have gone into it. I'll appoint a committee to report to us. Agreed?"

Everybody gives a slight upward movement of the left arm.

You now appoint a committee, and promise to attend the first meeting, after which "It will be up to you men to carry on without me. For obvious reasons you must make a report on your own, without any suggestions from me."

Two weeks later you send out a notice that the committee will meet the following week (three weeks delay so far).

You have your meeting and explain those excellent ideas you were given on Liechtenstein. They will, you know, give it their consideration. A director wondered if the Argentine was a possible market, so will the committee see if there's anything in the idea. You would like to get their report, in—let's say two months. No special hurry, so they can fit in meetings at times which will not interfere with their regular work.

With luck, you have delayed action for a couple of months. Ample time for you to have a personal word with each director. Each one may say he appreciates your views on Liechtenstein, and if the others agree, he will. (This is a lot of wishful thinking.)

Unfortunately, when your committee reports—rather too vaguely for your liking (you had put it on the spot; for each member had to look to you for promotion in due time), the Board is lukewarm, and each director looks to someone else to open his mouth.

Finally, the director who fancies the Argentine coughs and says to you "Maybe you will care to withdraw your suggestion. I really feel we cannot justify spending £2 on every man, woman and child in Liechtenstein to introduce our goods."

Alas, you have to agree, even though the addition of that speck on the map gave you full coverage on the Continent. But the smirk on the director's face does irritate you. So you say "I agree we should postpone this expansion for a time. And as regards the Argentine (and here you can return the smirk) it is evident that financial restriction, the requirements for local participation, etc., put that out also."

You used the committee to delay decision until you could do your bit of personal propaganda. Quite a waste of time. On some other occasion you may have a *really* good idea; if so, you now know how to use delaying tactics to help get it accepted. As it happens, your *good* idea is promptly agreed to by the Board, so you find the use of committees to delay action of dubious value.

Let's pass this one up and consider—

2. "*Buck Passing*." Every now and then you face situations for which there are alternative methods of dealing with them, and opinion is divided.

For instance, young Slicksby is suggested for a promotion. You realize he's a smart chap, but you have a feeling he's not quite—er—shall we say, stable enough? To save your soul, you don't know what to recommend. (Answer is a B.P. Committee.)

Again, the works manager puts up an argument for batch costing instead of standard costing. What to do? Batch costing in your business might give more accurate costs, yet your standard costing has always worked out all right. The benefits or otherwise can only be proved by use, and to change methods costs money. You do wish you could dodge the decision. (Another B.P. Committee.)

Some people (such as you) have the power of analysis, the judgment to weigh disadvantages against benefits, and the courage to make up your own mind. It so happens that there are a few people who are unsure of their ability, and certainly don't want to be responsible for slip-ups. They look for some way to dodge the issue. Thus, there are two kinds of people: (1) you, and those like you, who really want a second opinion because the pros and cons seem to cancel each other out; and (2) the chaps who are simply scared to admit they are incapable of saying "Yes" or "No."

(Actually there's very little difference between these two kinds, but you have bought this book, and I don't want to seem rude to you.)

The answer, as I have said, is to appoint a "Buck-passing" committee. Get people of both views on the committee, and you may get a positive report; it is also possible you will get a dusty answer because of a "minority report" which leaves things where they are.

I'm sorry I can't help you further. You may appoint a "padded" committee, but if so, the decision is foregone—and suspect.

Maybe you had better stick out your neck and make up your own mind. You may make a mistake, but if your batting average on decisions is good, it won't do you any serious harm and you may enhance your reputation as someone able to run his own job.

3. *Interviewing People.* Please refer to Chapter 5 in which this kind of committee is shown in action.

The only difficulty with this kind of committee is that practically everybody has the gift of personnel evaluation, and that is the purpose of this sort of committee.

Don't let that worry you, for with careful preparation you can get your own appointee accepted.

Here's what you do. Prior to the committee meeting to approve your selection for that job, you have interviewed the "possibles" and got your short-list—say, three chaps. These three must attend the meeting. If you plan to meet at 2 o'clock, let the first man be there at 2.15, the second man at 2.45 and the third man (your choice) at 3.15.

Each member of the committee will be given a précis of each chap, with an evaluation of capacity and suitability. This can be so planned that your memos on the first two chaps list favourable qualities and then stress weaknesses. The time for interview is not so long that the committee can really get below the surface. The third man is not pushed for time, so you can quiz him in a way that will stress his obvious suitability for the job.

You can be sure you'll get different views on all three men. It is obvious that some compromise is necessary. For instance Mr. J. will like No. 1 best, *but*, if the management think otherwise, No. 3 is the next best man. So by this exercise, your man is chosen as the best compromise.

Of course No. 3 must really have the goods—you can't afford to put a weakling in a position requiring strength. If you do, you'll be going through this wretched committee business all over again before you know it. And the committee won't be so easy to handle the second time.

4. *Action.* Please don't remind me that *all* committees are

supposed to get action. They just don't, at least not the sort of action they should.

For instance, a real TOP-LEVEL policy-making committee is appointed to study and report on company policy for the next five years.

As this calls for "informed opinion" on every phase of the business, someone from every department is appointed to serve. This committee should really produce the rabbit out of the hat, for there are eighteen—yes, eighteen, count 'em—"informed opinion-makers" gathered together in solemn debate.

Ah! that's *said* it—debate. There are so many chaps, each determined to have his say on every item, that the blessed thing inevitably becomes a debating society.

Plenty of action, but only in running around in circles.

Maybe you know the dividing line between a committee and a debating society. No, I won't tell the story of the committee of two—one of whom is ill. Actually that's one too few for effective committee work—if they'll really work.

Sometimes a committee is appointed to ACT. For example, seven eager beavers are given the job to plan the layout of the new offices. To decide who shall have what room and what kind of desks shall be bought—and then buy them. They elect their chairman and get down to the job.

Joe thinks the corner office is ideal for him—just quiet enough to think in. Bill thinks the office by the lift would really be better for Joe. Jack helps out by saying Joe should have the office next to the typists' pool. After a few hours of fairly amiable nattering Jack finds himself nominated to that nice corner office, and Joe does *not* say "I'm all right, Jack."

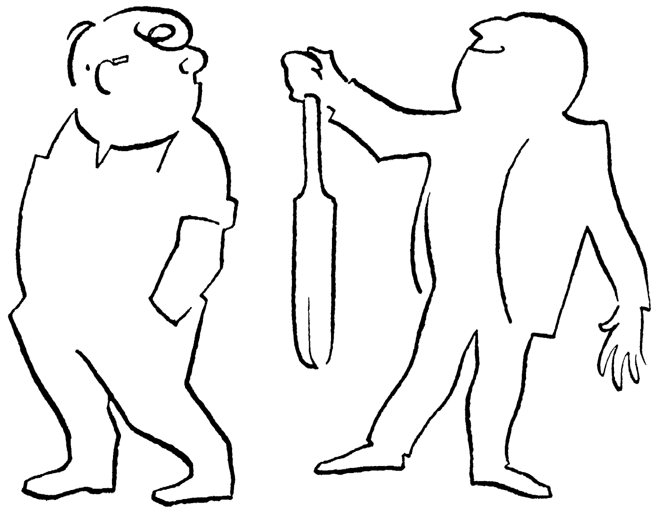
In the end you have the usual hodge-podge which grows out of compromise results. After a year, the boss bluntly sorts them out. (Don't ask me why he didn't do it in the first place.)

It has been known for a committee to have a chairman with powers to act. He listens to ideas and then says "O.K., fellows, this is what we'll do." Quick and easy, but all the fun is gone from jockeying for positions and all that.

Actually, very small specialist committees set up to consider various activities related to the business can get good results—*if* the chairman merely reports proceedings coupled with his own recommendations. The Board can then really get help in saying "Yes" or "No." (If they say "Hm—well—yes and no," a new committee might help to produce a "What the dickens is all the fuss about!")

Oh yes, some committees are really worthwhile. The majority can prove excellent examples of the mysterious workings of Parkinson's Law.

Somehow, when the question of special committees is raised, I wonder if Punch's advice to those contemplating marriage isn't the answer.



How to Make the Worker Happy

ALL BUSINESSES are not "just one big happy family." Indeed, in a few businesses, there is an element of friction between the worker and the management.

Naturally this is the workers' fault, but you—I assume you are on the side of management—may be just a teeny-weeny bit to blame. You see, workers *can* be made happy if you use a bit of finesse (put your own definition on finesse).

In Chapter 11, I gave you the low-down on how to use committees. It's up to you to decide how low you will go, for now I want to suggest one more committee—one that will help to make the workers realize how much you value their help in running the show.

This committee you can call the Management Advisory Committee, or any fancy name you can think of. You appoint the M.D. as chairman, and he can appoint an alternate chairman. This enables him to slide out of regular attendance, once the committee is formed.

Half the committee should be workers—you might even appoint a couple of shop-stewards, the other half can be senior—more or less—executives.

Then the M.D. can call a meeting and explain the purpose of the committee. He can say something like this: "We will only grow, and be happy in the growth, if we work together. You need us and we need you. I am sure you men representing the workers have many good ideas for improving production methods, for making better working conditions. We want to know them and use what we can. You want to know the management's policies, and we want you to tell us if we can do better. There you are, chaps, the committee is really a joint effort to make things better for all of us. Let's get together, swap ideas and become a united organization with common interests."

If you think the workers will stand it, you can use the "one big happy family" line of talk. Anyhow, after the M.D. has said his piece, he will suggest one or two innocuous items for them to chew over. He can also ask for suggestions for the agenda of the next (monthly) meeting. From the items submitted, you select those which can cause you no embarrassment. The rest you forget.

If any useful ideas come along, by all means use them, giving credit to the committee. But don't fool yourself (never mind the others) as to the committee being an influence on management.

You go along, doing as you jolly well like, and allow the committee members to let off steam and make their recommendations. Thank 'em for these, and say they will be fully considered.

The worker-members of the committee will tell their mates how they influence management and all that sort of things. It's possible that the workers will believe that the committee, of which they have half-influence, is really running things. If so, you head off trouble, and disputes, for the fellows on the shop floor are "sold" on the management-responsibility they share.

On the other hand, it's probable that the workers will get fed up with having their ideas side-tracked, and their views on management policies and procedures discarded as "unrealistic," "unprofitable," "impracticable." You will get indifference instead of ideas, contempt instead of constructive thought; in fact the committee opens at the seams. Everybody, including you, gets fed up.

If this happens, you must act quickly and report to the Board that the committee is to be disbanded; the reason being that the miserable, selfish, self-seeking workers are always grumbling over some imaginary grievance, and the whole thing has degenerated to a vent for carping criticism and complaints by the men, who only consider themselves.

If you can get away with it—aren't you lucky! There *is* another escape-hole for you, and that is to let the committee function as it should. This will hurt your pride, for outspoken disagreement by the men will not be couched in the diplomatic language you use. You will have to learn the real meaning of "give and take," and to recognize that things look different from the other side of the fence.

On the other hand, you will be surprised to find how much you can learn if you are willing to listen to the other fellow's ideas with an open mind, and are prepared to accept reasons that substantiate them.

The result will upset many existing routines, and you'll have to realize that a fresh outlook is not a pain in the neck, but a series of headaches caused by the hard thinking called for to adjust things to a new and more co-operative outlook.

Let's forget it. Why go to this trouble trying to make the worker happy? There are other and easier ways of doing it.

For instance, give a bonus for increased production. That will surely get the men on their toes—won't it?

If—and let me stress "if"—it works, don't, please don't cut the bonus when the men make "too much money." This method has been used—a long time ago, I admit—with disastrous effects on production. Neither you nor the workers will be happy. This is "out."

Don't expect to hear three rousing cheers when you announce your bonus. The ungrateful wretches will study it, tear it to pieces. They will object to capstan-operators getting a bonus which is equal to that of maintenance engineers—or the other way round. Just as you insist on the recognition of your position and its financial status, so will the men on the shop-floor compare the difference in financial rank between skilled tradesmen and semi-skilled chaps.

Frankly, the job of working out a bonus scheme that is accepted enthusiastically as worthwhile is a job for the specialist. Even then it may not click, because, in spite of all you have done, the men—quite incorrectly of course—think the management consists of a bunch of stinkers. If so, whatever you do will be suspect, because the men are not happy in their jobs. Dash it all, we *must* find a way to make the workers happy *before* using methods to "up" productivity without "upping" costs.

I've got it! In two words—Welfare Work. Start a sports club. Tell the men the company will pay all the expenses, and engage a man to run it. You decide they shall have a football team, a cricket team, a games-room for chess, draughts, ping-pong and billiards. Oh! yes, and an annual dinner and dance with a cabaret. You'll run the whole thing for them, of course.

As you tell the chaps of your great scheme (of paternalism and pompous patronage) you will begin with a warm heart—and end with cold feet.

The cantankerous, ungrateful chaps just won't accept being considered as people who will jolly well accept what you think they ought to have—and like it.

I have heard of a business here and there which has successful social activities. But the ideas of what to do came from the workers, and instead of someone doing all the planning for them, they did it for themselves. I understand these businesses make some financial contribution to social activities—when the workers' social committee asks for it.

It looks as though I've fallen down on the job of telling you how to make the worker happy. Maybe they don't want to be *made* happy—but to *be* happy. Yes, I give up.

It's funny what can happen without any apparent effort. I know a manager who has a reputation with all who work for him as being a tough, hard so-and-so—"but you know where you are with him."

Yet there's never a strike—not even a lightning one! And all seem to jog along together quite comfortably.

This chap I speak of just won't worry about trying to build up "one great happy family." He's interested in increasing profits, and knows he gets results if he tells the chaps what he is after, and why.

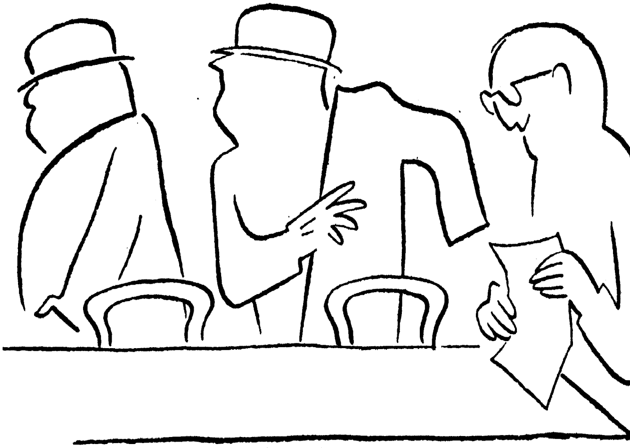
He never takes any notice of trivial squabbles, believing the men concerned—the foreman, the shop-steward—can sort it out without his interference. He actually believes every chap has a right to his own way of life and if a man prefers to go home every night and watch the "telly" with his missus, that's what he can do.

Yet, if any man has a problem worrying him, the first place he goes to for advice is that tough, hard-bitten manager's office.

The more I think about it, the more obvious it seems to me that it's not the job of management to *make* workers happy. It's enough to treat the chaps as human beings, and let them know what has to be done and *why*, and expect a full week's work for a full week's pay.

This manager I've been speaking about tells me he never puts into operation any new scheme without first explaining it to those concerned, and then giving them time to get familiar with the idea.

Might be worth trying!



How to Run a Board Meeting

NOW WE REALLY ARE IN THE TOP BRACKET of steering the destinies of an enterprise to the harbour of success. This resonant-sounding phrase is a dignified way of saying that you now have the opportunity to try to get your own way at the Board Meetings.

You have been told that the Board of Directors, in its combined wisdom, *creates* the objectives—the policies—of the business, and establishes the organization through which these objectives shall be attained.

Of course, the directors are grand fellows—all of 'em—but they do not *create* the policies. The creation is a job dumped on the lap of the M.D. After airing his views with his Chairman, he tells his directors what should be done.

They look wise and thoughtful (as, of course, they all—or nearly all—are) and then *accept* (observe, not *create*) the policies submitted by the M.D. Of course, they might do a little spoke-shaving here and there as their specialized knowledge suggests, but *combined* they are not likely to create anything but confusion.

If you accept what I have said, you must also agree that someone has to do a bit of guiding. What about you? You can get quite a kick out of wangling your own way; but don't ask me for how long. Let's look at your opportunities—but, of course, objectively!

The Chairman—you know, that pal of yours—is in charge of the proceedings. If he happens to be Chairman *and* Managing Director he's on a good wicket. The business may, or may not, be so lucky, for much depends on his ability and mental integrity. If his head is a wee bit oversize, and getting his own way is No. 1 Priority for him, he can pull the necessary fast one as long as he watches his P's and Q's in regard to

(*a*) preparing the agenda;
(*b*) conducting the meeting;
(*c*) drafting the minutes.

This programme is fairly simple. He gets from the Secretary his draft of the agenda, and then he rearranges the order of the items and indeed omits an awkward one, leaving it to someone else to bring up under "Any other business." What he plans to do is to begin with routine matters, and items of minor importance which the directors can discuss to their hearts' content. Their decisions, either way, do not really affect the business.

Now he's ready for the actual Meeting. On certain items on the agenda, he will ask this director or that one for his views, knowing that the views forthcoming will be in line with his (the C. and M.D.'s) plans. Thus he guides the group-thinking on the right lines.

Every now and then, an item will crop up on which a divergence of views will be certain. If these conflicting opinions are allowed full expression, the final decision may not be the one the Chairman knows is needed. It's astonishing how often an impressive manner and an easy flow of words can carry the day. Such items will be on the tail end of the agenda, of course.

When the item has been reached, the Chairman can say "I've discussed this with our financial controller (or works manager—or whoever is actually on the job concerned) and I find he and I agree on what is practicable. Not ideal perhaps, but we are all business men and realize the need to plan within the realm of practical possibilities. Let me sum up for your consideration."

After having done this, he turns to a conspirator—pardon, colleague—with an inquiring look. This look gets a responsive nod, or even an "I entirely agree."

Now the Chairman looks at his watch, and exclaims how late it is getting. He follows up this "aside" with, "I don't think we need discuss this further, do you? so all in favour . . . ." After a two seconds' pause, say "Carried! Thank you, next item . . . ."

This is only one example from scores for railroading a decision through the Board. A new change of phraseology at each meeting prevents the method becoming *too* obvious.

The final step—drafting the minutes—is just a pleasure. The Secretary will, of course, make his draft and submit it to the Chairman for approval. Here, diplomatic skill in the use of the English language can be invaluable. Some minor irritating decision can be omitted entirely; it's ten to one no director will spot its omission. Should some vote be taken on an agenda item which is contrary to the Chairman's intention (one can't *always* win), he can slip in these two little words "in principle" at the appropriate place. If the Chairman gets away with it, he can do pretty much as he likes, for the interpretation of the resolution approved "in principle" is up to him.

As it happens, you and I and the great majority of directors, have no need to use these tactics—or be used by them. The directors of companies of which we are on the Board are too experienced to allow slipshod methods to be used. Further, they have a sense of responsibility for the reputation of the companies which is evidenced by the care with which each item is considered.

Our Board Meetings get results, but what a lot of fun we miss! No jockeying for position, no fiddling with minutes, no reciprocal back-scratching. Of course, we get results, but how dry and yawn-making the proceedings can be!

The fact that you and I miss all the excitement that a Board Meeting can create, by tactics such as I have described, need not prevent your friend from getting a kick out of his Board Meetings. Indeed he can get two kicks—the one he gives himself, and the one he gets from his fellow directors. He'll also have to be careful to see that his back-scratching activities do not degenerate into backbiting.

The trouble with indulging in such wangling for a bit of personal profit is that it's a virulent disease; very catching. Before you know where you are, you have to spend far too much time seeing that the other fellows do not pull a fast one on you. Indeed, you may have to spend so much time keeping your fences mended that there is little time left for the real business of making a profit. Think it over!

There are several ancillary activities to running a Board Meeting. While directors may be fully conscious of their fiduciary responsibility, they are still human—they have to eat. It's hardly dignified to offer directors half-crown luncheon vouchers, but a modest snack with a glass of beer is an adequate substitute, and helps to get useful discussions started. A much better plan (for your friend) is to arrange a nice little lunch—no more than four courses and an odd bottle or two of wine. If you think it helpful, start with a cocktail and maybe a brandy with the coffee. This will cost more than two and sixpence, *but* it is a good investment, for it enables opportunity for informal discussions on matters which your friend decides is beneficial to the business. This can be called a legitimate expense.

Note that word "legitimate" please. Most directors have read serious and valuable books on the duties and responsibilities of directors. As you read them, you have cold chills when you find out you really must watch your step if you hope to keep out of trouble. And this trouble can be anything from a disallowance of expenses, to fines, to jail! If you want the fun of skirting round the edges of legal action, you will be a source of profit to your auditors and your lawyers. You will check up with these advisers if your action is "legitimate." It will cost the company (i.e. the shareholders) money, but you'll keep out of trouble with the income-tax man and the B.O.T. if you reluctantly accept their advice. Believe it or not, I know quite a number of directors (if you'll excuse my bragging) who ask themselves if a plan—or an expense item—is *right;* if it is decent and correct. In most cases they find it unnecessary to consult the specialists, unless they think it helpful to verify their judgment, if a point of company law is involved.

They do this in spite of knowing that, if you want to get ahead, you must take chances. "Live dangerously"—that's the advice given to young fellows who may otherwise get into the rut of "safety first." But for the Board to follow this advice can land them in a packet of trouble.

The Board should live *adventurously*, for without planned audacity a Board's thinking becomes circumscribed by "We have always done it this way, and we aren't doing so badly, are we?"

Another ancillary to a Board meeting is dealing with the occasional director who wants a little extra cash. He tells you that the £250 a year which is all he can get as a non-executive director, according to the Articles of Association, is really inadequate for today's rising costs.

You ask him if he suggests you try to get this altered at the next Annual General Meeting. At the same time you remind him of the cantankerous shareholder who complained that directors' remunerations almost equalled the dividend on the Ordinary shares.

He will, in turn, remind you of the skill you used in putting the fellow in his place. He congratulates you on the way you explained that the directors were nearly all full-time executives. If the executives had not also been on the Board, directors' fees would have been insignificant.

You then ask mildly what you can do. And you are told, pronto. The Articles permit directors to receive extra remuneration for special work. Could you not give say an odd £250 a year for special services? You know the director is always ready to tackle an emergency job. Don't you remember when he spent the best part of an afternoon signing share certificates?

He's a pal of yours, so it's a bit awkward to tell him he's twenty years behind in his thinking; and that £20 for attending a three-hour Board meeting isn't all that bad. You feel inclined to tell him that if he can find a better job you won't stand in his way.

Here's your way out. Tell him you will have it put on the agenda of the next Board meeting (high up on the list of items!) and if his fellow directors approve, etc. . . . .

After a pregnant pause, the director says maybe he had better forget it. The last thing he wants to do is be unreasonable, and his real concern is the welfare of the business.

He knows that you know it has no more chance of getting by than a Socialist has of getting into the Carlton Club. So you have a second pregnant pause, followed by a tentative "I suppose I couldn't get an occasional special expense allowance?"

You *can* do that for him (if you are that sort of chap), but if you do, tell him to remember it when you put in your request for a new Rolls Royce. Before agreeing to this scheme I advise you to give it a second "think"; such dubious tactics can become a boomerang. One way out of this embarrassment is to say "No" firmly. You can take off the rough edge of the director's disappointment by giving him a sad smile and asking him to have a drink. You have a bottle of (the company's) whisky handy. That is a legitimate expense!

Have you ever considered living rent-free? If so, ask the company to buy a nice home, in which overseas visitors and other top-brass people can be entertained. Of course certain domestic help will be required, some decorating done and a little furniture bought.

Be big-hearted and offer to supply all your furniture (for your own use). You can even offer to pay the heating and lighting bills. The company actually *saves* money, for hotel bills of V.I.P.s are fairly hefty, aren't they? You can entertain properly under this new arrangement. (Surprisingly, in an *occasional* case, such a plan is really justified.)

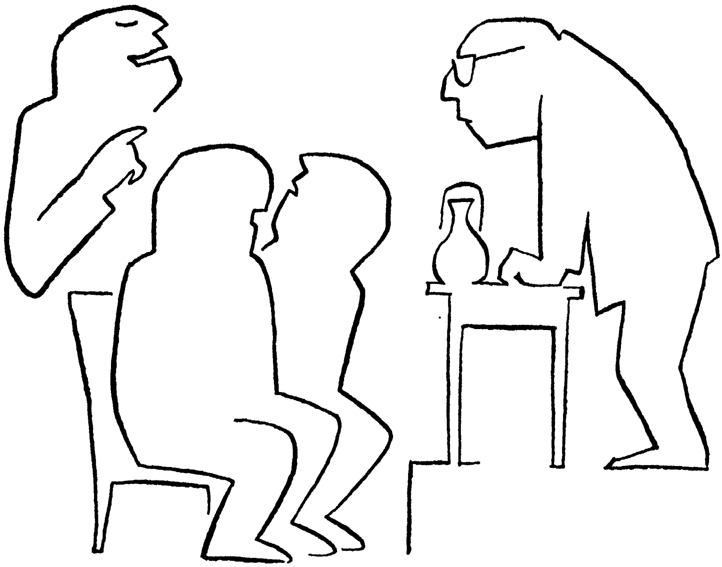
When you have your plans all worked out, put it on the agenda—last item—for the next Board meeting. You may even omit it, and when you come to "Any other business," and half the directors have started to put on their overcoats, you can casually say "Oh! There's an item I forgot to mention; sorry!" After a few words on your scheme, you say "I presume you agree to this."

My guess is that your presumption will be considered presumptuous by a couple of your fellow directors, and they will say "Sounds interesting, but let's defer it to the next meeting, shall we?"

If you are as wise as I think you are, you'll forget the whole thing, and be satisfied that you had a good try.

I could give you a few more pointers for getting a bit of excitement out of Board meetings. Twenty years ago you might have got away with "pulling the wool over the eyes." But today such tactics are not even considered wool; it's half-cotton, and shoddy at that.

You and I and the majority of directors realize the difficulties and dangers of running a Board meeting as an instrument for wangling personal favours. The welfare of the business is the first consideration of most directors. But you might tell your friends who expect to be directors that it gets tougher and tougher to do a bit of chiselling. Business today is a game governed by tight regulations. It calls for real ability, concentrated objective thinking and an eagle eye on expenses. Tell your ambitious friends, who hope for a life of easy bliss, with a few side-pickings, as a director, to forget it. If, however, they do get a few directorships and are prepared to chance their arms, you can, in a short time, sympathize with their fellow directors. If they *still* like their old pals, they can see them on regular visiting days!



How to Plan the A.G.M.

AT LAST THE PINNACLE OF SUCCESS is in sight. You have climbed to the dizzy height of having to plan—and chair—the A.G.M.

The Annual General Meeting of your Company is the time when the public spotlight is turned on you. The public, however, will only observe the spectacle if (*a*) your company has made a resounding success, or (*b*) your company has made a colossal flop. Yet both occasions offer you opportunity to come through with flying colours. In the event of (*b*) your "flying colours" may be the white flag of surrender. So you must watch your step.

There is an intermediate stage which we'll call (*c*), when you tick over comfortably, make a modest increase in profit, maintain the rate of dividend and add a little to reserves.

From what I have said, you will see there are three degrees of A.G.M.s to plan and "chair." Let's take the middle one (*c*) first, for it can be disposed of quickly. You and I know that 90 per cent of all shareholders never read the balance-sheet or the profit and loss account; indeed, most of that 90 per cent don't understand them. The shareholder looks at the Directors' Report to see what dividend will be recommended. If it's the same as last year, he (or she) is satisfied. The fact that the dividend may take all the year's profit doesn't worry them, in spite of the fact that the previous year's profit covered dividends three times.

This situation, however, doesn't concern circumstance (*c*), even though far too many shareholders in all three cases are blissfully indifferent to doing anything about it.

As Chairman (of business (*c*)) you must make some pleasant noises in your address to shareholders.

You thank the executives for their able direction, and—this is a "must" in all three cases—you must thank the staff for their loyal service during the year under review.

Ten to one the staff never hear of it, and if they do they would probably only make a rude noise. A vote of thanks to staff at an A.G.M. is as useful as a hair-brush to a bald head, as . . . you know the routine comparisons without me spelling them out.

I have heard of one or two M.D.s or Chairmen who call a meeting of all workers to explain the balance-sheet to them. These M.D.s thank the workers personally for their help; and indeed invite questions on the operation of the business. This gives the workers some idea of how the business is run, and this makes the "thanks" really appreciated. But it's quite a chore for the M.D. Better forget it. After all, the chaps are paid to do the work; isn't that enough?

Sometimes a company encourages workers to be shareholders. This makes them more interested in the fortunes of the business, and they might exercise their rights as shareholders to ask awkward questions on working conditions. If you think of indulging in this idea, better be prepared for difficulties—the chaps will be still more interested in how much they take home every week, and whether safety regulations are maintained, etc.

If you do let the workers have shares—a special class, of course—see they can't sell them. That holds them to the show, doesn't it—or does it? Let's forget this, for it is only a side-issue as far as the A.G.M. is concerned. And as I have said, the fellows get standard wages and it's their job to be enthusiastic without extra inducement, so why make more work and worry for yourself?

Let's get back to A.G.M. (*c*). After the auditor has read his statement (done in two minutes) you can ask that the Chairman's comments (printed in the Report) be taken as read. This will be agreed (another minute gone). Re-election of directors will take up three minutes at most. Approval of dividend—ten seconds! Appointment of auditors is a routine item—one minute. Other business—none. Thanks to shareholders (all six of them) for attendance (two minutes). Finish. Time—nine minutes, and everybody happy.

As the six shareholders get up to leave—one of them asks, "Shouldn't a shareholder have proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman?" You say "Not necessary. Your attendance is the best thanks I can get."

The A.G.M. (*c*) gives everybody a happy time!

A.G.M. (*a*) offers you opportunities to paint a glowing colourful picture—with yourself the central figure.

The Chairman's comments have been printed in the Report, but *this* time you don't ask for them to be accepted as read—until you have said your piece.

You can begin by saying how happy you are to be able to give a good account of the Company's activities during the past year. In spite of difficult trading conditions generally, thanks to the skill of the directors (whom it is your pleasure to have as colleagues), and the hard work of executives and staff in carrying out the policies of the Board, the year has proved far better than could have been envisaged a year ago.

And further, unless any "unforeseen economic difficulties" arise (that's a useful phrase, as it gives you a useful back door if needed next year) you anticipate that the present year will maintain the past year's results.

Now for the exhilarating moment when you announce an *increased dividend.* Of course it's in the Directors' Report, but you can dramatize it at the A.G.M. If your Secretary is on his toes, he will have arranged for a couple of shareholders to start the applause.

You have planned for your speech to be published in the leading newspapers—with your picture. If your company is an advertiser in the newspapers, you should be able to get a few nice comments on the good year, under your chairmanship. The poor fellows who are not shareholders then realize what they've missed. Some of 'em may buy some right away in anticipation of the rise in the market.

Unfortunately, the news of a good year *will* leak out, and the market anticipates it. You, being shrewd and knowing what is to come, have already bought a few shares—in the name of a nominee—so you can clean up a little extra cash on the side.

The fact that business ethics do not approve of such . . . er . . . let's be kind and say "tactics," need not trouble you—pardon, I mean your friend. You prefer to follow the unexciting path of commonsense, and common decency, even though you miss the benefits of gambling (with marked cards?).

But you might as well enjoy the spotlight of such recognition. (It might encourage another company to ask you to join their Board.) A little personal chat prior to the Meeting is enough to ensure that you will have a hearty vote of thanks passed to you.

You return the compliment, and a good time is had by all. Congratulations fly around the Meeting, and everyone leaves with that warm glow of satisfaction which an increased dividend generates. It's your chance to let the band play loudly, and the choir sing your praises.

It sometimes happens that one year's extra profit is due to special and non-recurring circumstances. Maybe an unusual rush order at a high price for delivery on time is responsible for the extra profit. Even a big "bad debt" previously written off may suddenly become "good cash." There are lots of causes for a sudden sprout of extra profit. So, before you let the band play "Pomp and Circumstance," get your auditors to scrutinize the figures. You may find it safer to have less congratulations and more caution in your stage-management. It will save you from awkward explanations at the next A.G.M.—or even having to face the circumstance of A.G.M. (*b*).

If you do, a few tips on how to face your shareholders, if your company has made a colossal flop, are in order.

Let us imagine what *might* happen. That rush job showed a whacking big profit on paper, but alas, as can occur when price is higher than justified, the paper profit turns into a bad debt.

The extra effort put into that big job slowed up normal progress. One or two nice little orders at normal prices from regular customers had to be passed up (and serve you right for being greedy and stupid), and they placed their business with a competitor.

There you are, faced with such a depressing change of fortune that you not only can't maintain dividends, but may have to pass them up for the year.

To begin with, you decide to drop publishing your Chairman's address in the Press. That, unfortunately, won't stop *free* publicity, for the financial editors will inform their readers of your flop. You get the spotlight all right!

You still have to meet your shareholders, so you plan tactics—tactics that will throw the blame on the executives, who won't be at the A.G.M., unless they happen to be directors. If that is so, you must look for other scapegoats. Any but yourself.

In preparing your speech for the shareholders, bring in a selection from the following points—

1. Unexpected difficulty of a big creditor, which caused a serious loss—but this is one of those set-backs that is not likely to recur.
2. Heavy technical-development expenses, which are certain to prove fully justified, and which you are assured will widen your market—will capture new trade, which will show a steady increase in profits for many years.
3. Certain changes in executive personnel are being made, which you are told will improve efficiency and reduce overhead expenses.
4. In spite of the results, which you frankly admit are not satisfactory, you have every reason to believe that the present order-book, which is enough already to keep the factory running fully for four months, will result in a pleasing improvement in the coming year—subject to unforeseen economic set-backs.
5. You suggest it is not reasonable to compare this year's profits with those of the previous year, which were exceptionally good. The average for the two years shows only a trifling drop in profits over the average of the five years prior to last year. (Don't expect the shareholders to follow your reasoning; it is so

confusing that they'll accept it with a slight air of uncomfortable bewilderment.)

6. You *might* be able to attribute the loss to increased wages forced on you by the Union. Unless you really have a cast-iron case, I should forget it. Some shareholders will be certain to remind you that your competitors also had to meet the boost in wages, and still made a profit.

These six points should provide you with enough alibis for the inexcusable flop.

Prior to the meeting, you plan how to meet shareholders' criticism. You feel that they won't like getting an apology in place of a dividend. You arrange for your auditors to answer questions on the figures, your lawyer to deal with any question of law—as applied to your Articles of Association. In short, you get a battery of people to answer questions and objections for you. This has the effect of putting others on the defensive instead of yourself.

I predict you will be in for a pleasant surprise. In spite of the miserable results, only a handful of shareholders will turn up, and the questions will be few and easily dealt with. Thank the apathy of shareholders generally for allowing you to dodge the results of the mishandling of the company's affairs. I admit that you, as the Chairman, cannot be expected to know the routine operations of the show, but you *do* see the figures every month, and if they are bad it's your job to ask why, and to insist on improvements.

(Your method, of course, is to accept congratulations for a good year, and to parcel out blame to others for a bad one.)

One thing might be a fly-in-the-ointment of your pleasant surprise. A shrewd shareholder, realizing something has gone sour sends a bright and outspoken lawyer to represent him. Believe me, these fellows earn their money, and they put you through your paces. You dodge what you can by saying the question is out of order, or not in the interests of the company to disclose confidential information.

You have a very uncomfortable half-hour, but because of the apathy—and ignorance of company procedure—of the other shareholders, a vote of no-confidence in the directors is not passed.

You scrape by for the year; and you are hurt to notice that the Press reports the matter.

There you are. You now have tips for dealing with the three kinds of A.G.M.

A final word of warning.

After the last unhappy A.G.M. (*b*), you had better pull up your socks. If necessary, become unpopular with your fellow directors and the executives by insisting on a ruthless house-cleaning. Some heads may fall (not yours—yet), expenses cut till it hurts, and so on.

If, as a result of this positive and constructive action, you show a better result at the next A.G.M., you have a reprieve—with caution!

But if *not*, that confounded lawyer will be out for your blood. He'll demand a shareholders' committee to investigate, and, by Jove, he'll get it, for even the most passive shareholders feel hurt if dividends are again conspicuous by their absence.

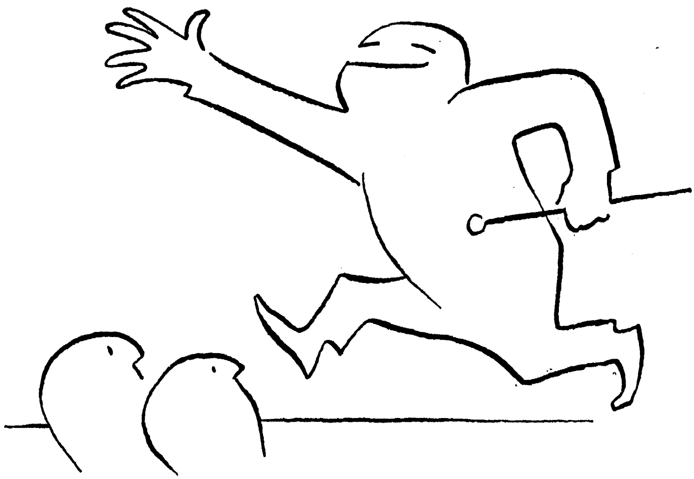
The only chance left to you is to anticipate this possibility, and tell the meeting how dissatisfied you are; so much so that you have asked the well-known firm of consultants—or accountants—to investigate the conditions of the business, and report to you what should be done. You are determined to continue working for the shareholders, etc.

If you can't get away with this, you had better plan to resign, and, if you *can*, get some compensation—but you won't, so don't try it.

Some Chairmen prefer to present facts as they are. They are cautious in talking of future prospects, and frank in recognizing set-backs. And one other thing, in between A.G.M.s they do their jobs in advising with their M.D.s and other directors so that the businesses are kept on the sound rails of planned progress.

The companies concerned get a reputation for sound, solid, cautious progress, and the Chairman finds he gets recognition, with no funny business on his part.

Maybe it's not such a bad thing to do a decent job to the best of your ability, and let results bring you a deserved place in the spotlight.



How to Become a Public Figure

THERE ARE THREE PATHS to that glittering position of being a Public Figure—a V.I.P.—a Personality.

All three paths are pretty exacting, and only a few people can stand the strain of the climb. You can, of course, for you have ability and ambition. (And you've bought this book, which is further evidence of your high qualification for being a Public Figure—if you are not one already!)

Path 1 is open to the few—the very few—who have made a thumping lot of money.

Path 2 is for those who make a comfortable income, but lack enough cash to walk up Path 1 on their own steam.

Path 3 is for those who—strange to say—had no anticipation of becoming a Public Figure. They make a success of their business activities, and respond to requests for public service, simply as a public service.

Which is your path is something you can decide without help from me. The best I can do is to give you a few tips on how to climb any one of the three paths. So let's begin with—

Path 1. You make so much money that even high taxation can't stop it piling up; you can afford a yacht and a private 'plane and three months a year in your house on the Italian Riviera. You can even give your wife all the money she can spend (that's a laugh!), and still have a growing portfolio of stocks and shares as well as bank balances waiting to snap up a few good things.

But from your point of view you have money, and you are known to your friends as such, but that's all. No public recognition, no appointment on important Government committees—nothing.

Don't worry; you can buy the recognition, if your soul (and your wife) craves it. But you must use skill—finesse—in how you go about it.

You can give an odd £5,000 to this charity, another £5,000 to that charity, and so on until you find you have scattered a trifling half-million over the hungry field of public charities.

Your money will do a lot of good, it will help worthy causes, ease poverty, cure disease, aid the handicapped. But what about you? No public recognition—except to find yourself on the list of every cause—good, bad and indifferent—hoping to touch you for a hand-out.

You see, your beneficence is so scattered that it makes no real impact on the public. If you want to become a Public Figure, you must concentrate. Your individual donations must be so large that they receive public acclaim.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that a fat, round sum of money to a good cause will do the trick. Indeed, it may prove a flash-in-the-pan, making no real impact on the Press. You *must* become news to the Press, for it is one of the first hostels you come to, in your climb up Path 1.

Read the papers very carefully to find out what special charitable or educational activity seems to be talked about. Don't jump at the first thing that seems likely. Wait until you have three or four "possibles." One may be the need for a building to house a new school of economics in a University. It's possible that some person with a name (i.e. a Personality) has written to *The Times* on the urgent need for some organization to establish workshops for the over-sixties. There's no limit to things someone claims are an urgent need.

From the bag of possibilities, select those which have an appeal to you. (I am ready to give you a jolly good idea; just send me a stamped self-addressed envelope and I'll help you. It may be you are already a Public Figure *and* have the cash; if so, a big contribution to a worthy cause won't hurt your reputation!)

You now consider who are the people interested in the "possibilities" in your bag. One very worthy charitable institution may have as its President a mere "Mister"—or a "Reverend." Unless the "Mister" is so important that his name is synonymous with "Power," or the "Reverend" so high up in Church affairs that he is considered in a class with the Peerage, put them gently on one side. Of course you could be a real help to them, but could they be a real help to you in your climb up Path 1?

Careful research will eventually bring to light an institution, a charity, or other good cause which has some "top brass" on its Council. Maybe the President is "His Grace" or at least someone well in the public eye. These are the kind of people to get tied up with. They'll be glad of your money (having little of their own, possibly) to help a cause dear to their hearts.

Write to the Secretary, inviting him to lunch with you and tell you something of the work of his Society (or whatever it is). He'll come; don't worry about that! Let him talk his head off, and let him give you a set of those folders explaining all about the national importance of the work done.

Let us assume that the object of the Society is to provide homes for elderly indigent gentlefolk. (Permit me to be serious for a minute, and say I believe such an object is worthy of support. To enable elderly worthwhile people who have fallen on hard times to spend their remaining years in peace and dignity is a grand example of practical humanity.)

To resume; you find from the Secretary that their present four homes are full and the need for more is still urgent. Now is your chance.

Say you would like to meet the Executive Committee, as you feel interested in their fine work. This meeting will happen all right. As it is you are told that they urgently need £10,000 to pay for repairs and running expenses on existing homes.

You then say that you understand they really need more homes. What do they cost? The Committee is rocked on its feet, but they pull themselves together—half-believing, half-doubting their possible good fortune.

In due time you are invited to meet the President, the Chairman and "Uncle Tom Cobley and all," where you are told that to meet their requirements for a new home and its upkeep will cost £40,000. It might be cut a bit, but.... You then make the suggestion that if the thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well. After a natter about your keen interest in the work, you ask if they would care to put up five houses in a suitable and healthy location. If so, and they care to have details worked out, you are prepared to make a donation of £225,000. £200,000 for the five houses, and the rest to cover existing liabilities, etc.

The rest is obvious. The plan is approved. Now, *don't* tell them you want no personal publicity—they may believe you. You will be asked if the new settlement can be named after you. And you graciously accept.

This same technique applies to a hospital ward for medical research not covered by "National Health," a College building, a library, and so on.

With a bang, you are a Public Figure. You will, of course, be asked to join the Council, and indeed can anticipate being President before long, if you want to.

Having become a Public Figure, you must still work to keep the position. Be prepared to speak, at the drop of a hat, on the work of your pet charity. Have brochures published of your views on it (you can pay for them if you wish).

From this point on, you have no difficulty in keeping in the Public Eye. Other societies and organizations will ask your advice (and financial help). You can respond as your inclination dictates, but whatever you do, get it properly reported to the Press. By this time, what you do is *News*. Your letters, on any old thing you like, will be accepted by leading newspapers.

Your connexions with the V.I.P.s already on the Council of the charitable organization which you have put on the map (financially) can be cultivated. Who knows, one of them might be influential in getting your name on the Honours list?

Actually, Path 1 is easy to climb if you've got the cash! You get your ambition—which proves not to be as exhilarating as you thought—and your finance provides a lasting benefit for a worthwhile cause, so what's wrong with that?

I wish I were a statistical wizard; I could then quote the very high percentage of people who make generous donations to good causes who are already Public Figures (actually on Path 3). The above suggestions are for the miserable few (repeat, miserable) who have done nothing but make money and now want a public pat on the back.

Path 2 is not quite so easy, for while you have a little money—enough to pay your ten guineas a year to this and that charity—you have not enough to buy your way to being a Public Figure. You have to work your passage.

Are you able to stand on your own two feet and give a good speech? If not, take a few lessons on how to speak clearly, lucidly and pithily. The most cogent argument, mumbled and stuttered, just misfires—you really must speak so that your audience can hear you without effort.

Don't worry too much about knowing what to say. There are a number of ghost writers who will prepare an address for you on any subject under the sun. It is wise to select subjects on which you have some little knowledge, for your audience might ask you a question and you must give a better answer than "I really don't know!"

You are in a business or a profession, and that provides a fine springboard for your leap to fame as a Public Figure.

Here's what you do. Join all the trade associations and institutes related to your business; attend all the meetings of them, so that you become a familiar figure in your trade circles.

Before the Annual Conference of your Trade or Professional Association, study the list of conference-papers and select one that appeals to you. A ten minute "paper" on that subject can prove a good start up Path 2. Get your ghost writer to write it for you—he'll get facts or figures you can quote to demonstrate your special knowledge of the subject.

Before the conference paper is read, tell the Chairman of the session you want to ask a question, so will he be so good as to . . . . He'll do it for you. Your former dread of opening your mouth may return, but try—do try—to remember what your elocution teacher taught you. You have a *good* paper (from your ghost writer) with a question at the end to justify asking to be heard; you've been taught how to speak, so you'll be all right.

Give copies of your short and clever paper to the trade press, and the dailies, if they are represented. You'll get some publicity; not much, but it's a beginning.

Before you know where you are, you'll be elected to some committee of your Association. This is your opportunity to offer to give a paper on "The glue business and its social significance," or whatever you like that will tie-up your trade interest with social or political life. You widen the horizon to the statesman's vision—see the point?

This will cost you real money, for your ghost writer has to produce a very clever paper, tying up business to ethics, or politics or economics. He has to put in some lively epigrams, a few statistics—not many, for they are so boring; only enough to let your audience realize you are sound, politically or socially or any other way—oh, yes, and an amusing story—you *must* get one or two laughs.

With the eloquence you have now acquired, your speech will be a resounding success. People in the trade will remark on what a clever chap you are. You are already getting up Path 2.

Now spread out. Join a couple of good clubs. Become an active member in suitable professional institutes, especially those interested in management, economics, social sciences, etc.

By this time, people outside your trade begin to hear about your so-interesting talks. Before you know where you are, you are *in demand*. You are on the way to becoming a Public Figure.

To attain the top of Path 2, you must demonstrate your importance and the great pressure on your time it has created. Let me give you a few tricks to help along the illusion—

1. When asked to speak at a Conference, arrive in time for your turn, but leave right afterwards. This means missing some fun and an interesting chat over a drink with a few congenial souls. But when it is realized you have to dash off for an important conference, they'll realize who—and what—you are.

2. When asked to attend a meeting at, say, three o'clock, accept, but say you may be fifteen minutes late. If you prefer, you can say you *must* leave by four-fifteen for another important conference.

3. At Association dinners, turn up just a wee bit late, or (unless you are seated at the top table) leave (very quietly, of course —everyone will notice it) right after the "guest of honour" has spoken.

These methods all draw attention to you. It gives you such a heart-warming feeling of importance.

4. At all meetings, be prepared to listen to anybody who wants to talk with you. Make 'em feel you recognize their importance. If someone asks an awkward question, dodge it by putting your hand on his shoulder and saying "That's a very subtle question, but you won't expect me to answer it without having more information, will you?" Give a "you and I understand one another, don't we?" smile when you say this. The poor chap will believe he has put his finger on a pregnant problem, and you really know the answer but feel it impolitic to give it. What you say carries so much weight that you must be very, very careful at all times what you say.

By this time, you can expect to be asked to go on a Government Committee. Accept, of course, even though it has little publicity for you. All the spotlight is on the Chairman. Just prove this. Take any committee report you like and you'll see it's known as the Jimpson Report or the Baringboro Report and so on. But I'll bet neither you nor any of your pals can name any member of the committee but the Chairman.

But *never* turn down a request to be on an important committee. In time you may be asked to be Chairman, and then you *are* in the spotlight.

If you can't grab a chairmanship, you can put in a minority report. That will put you in the periphery of the spotlight. (Don't forget your ghost writer—he'll help you with your minority report.)

You realize by now that climbing up Path 2 is a long, hard and tedious task. In spite of your scheming and planning, you are not sure of becoming a Public Figure. But if you want to be one and you can't buy it, you now have some of the "tricks of the trade."

Thinking it over, I wonder if it is really worth the rat-race? Unless you have the ability, the energy and some luck, better forget it. And even if you *have* the ability, the energy and the luck, you had better not bet on it putting you on the top of Path 2. Dealing the cards from the bottom of the pack is so easily spotted. What you need, in addition to the three qualities mentioned, is integrity. If you have that, forget Path 2—forget all paths and you might wake up one day and find you are away up on Path 3.

Path 3. This is not a path you *plan* to climb; it's one you find yourself on. Money has very little to do with it, but luck is quite important. Your definition of "luck" and mine might be different, so, let me tell you what I call "luck."

"Luck" is the ability to see the opportunity for service and to balance its benefits and handicaps with a sense of humour. (A sense of humour is a useful pin to prick a swollen head.) "Luck" is the result of thinking ahead of the other fellow, and of staying the course a bit longer than the others. "Luck" grows out of the habit of deciding what is the best thing to do—not what will give you the most kudos.

Other people find they can rely on your word and respect your judgment. When some public service needs a helping hand, you have the "luck" to find people suggest yours as the helping hand needed.

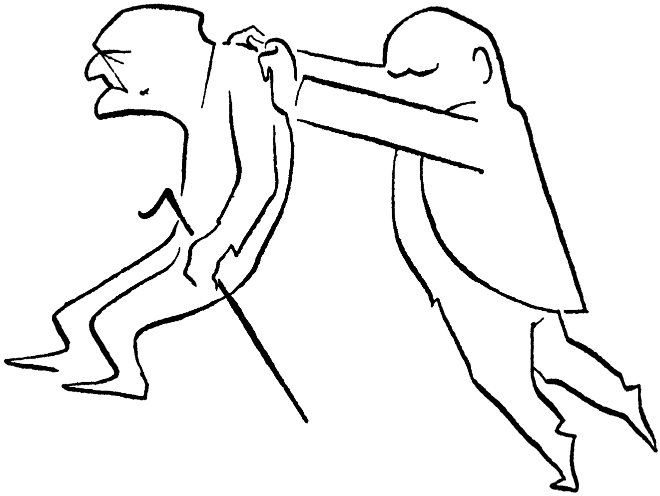
Of course, you have to be intelligent—to have plenty of common sense (which I define as the application of what you know to what you do). With these qualities and a sincere desire to be of service—the kind of service that is the basis of Rotary—you will become a Public Figure, as big a one as your time and inclination permits.

Let me finish this chapter with another little bit of bragging. I really know a few "Public Figures." I admire them tremendously, for they never *act* as such. Because they have unquestioned capacity and a "habit" of making a success of all they tackle, and because of their qualities of kindness, consideration, dedication to an ideal, and—believe it or not—an underlying humility, they are looked up to—they are Public Figures.

Don't confuse them with Public Nuisances. These are people who don't have to prove they are brilliant—they'll admit it. But, alas for them, they have mistaken notoriety for fame.

You, my friend, may have ambitions for fame. That's all right if it's what you crave. But you might get more happiness out of life in less exalted circles; circles of friends who welcome your friendship in spite of your faults. You may find a happy family life and satisfying work much more rewarding than being a Public Figure. Be ambitious by all means, but keep it within the limits of your capacity. We can't all be Public Figures—if we were, there wouldn't *be* any Public Figures!

Let's call it a day, shall we?



Time to Retire

IT'S ABOUT TIME someone answered this sixty-four-thousand-dollar question. No one seems to have done it yet, so, with my usual big heart, I'll settle the matter once and for all!

As a matter of fact, there are two parts to this question. The first is the time, and the second the method, of getting the old boy to quit.

The first part is comparatively easy—even if irrational. You can pass a minute at a Board Meeting that the retirement age of executives will be mandatory at sixty, sixty-five, seventy . . . . The age decided on will depend on the ages of the directors.

For instance, if the majority of the executive directors are near the sixty mark, you'll have no more chance that a snowball in hell to pass a minute making the retirement age sixty, or even sixty-five. You must fix an age limit for active—more or less—work which is at least ten years older than the majority of the directors.

As soon as you introduce this subject of retirement age, you'll have to wait as much as ten seconds before someone will say "In theory I agree, but a man's usefulness doesn't depend on his age. Some men of forty are hopelessly finished mentally, while others (himself?) at seventy are mentally as young as ever."

Then someone else will follow up with this: "I agree we should fix an age-limit for retirement of executives, but I dislike making it mandatory. It should be accepted that at, say, seventy (the speaker being sixty-eight) a man should retire if desired by the Board. What I mean is, if a man is still giving good service, we should be free to ask him to continue for another five years, let us say. We cannot afford to lose valuable experience."

At this point, every member of the Board will be doing some mental arithmetic. Example: "If these fellows decide on sixty-five, how many years are left for me at sixty-one? Answer, four." Further thought: "I think I'll stick out for seventy: I don't know what on earth I'd do with myself if I had to quit in four years. Besides, my work is so highly specialized and important that it will take years really to break in a successor. We must ensure continuity."

If the Chairman is only the Chairman, and has no executive responsibility, he can be objective, calm, dignified. He isn't affected by age-limit for executive directors, so it's no skin off his nose whatever is done. But if he's Chairman and Managing Director, you've a man-size job on your hands to get any age-limit fixed which does not have a rider, such as "subject to the decision of the Board, a Director reaching retirement age may be asked to serve a further term of office."

Now the fine art of lobbying begins. An executive Director who is sticking out for seventy-five (he's only sixty-nine now) is approached by a fellow Director, and a lengthy pow-pow takes place. Both stress their main concern for the business and a determination to put that first, even at personal sacrifice. Of course, neither means it—they want to give number one first preference.

Here is where the ugly head of the love of money rises. While still declaiming their willingness to sacrifice themselves for the business, the question of compensation, special fee, any extra bit of cash, is brought into the open.

Any superannuation or "top hat" benefit is considered as a justified return for work done—part of the remuneration. But that's no reason for not sticking on for another five years (or more) at a proper cash return, especially considering the unusual position held and the peculiar technical knowledge supplied. Surely the business can't afford to be deprived of such unique ability.

Now, I appreciate the logic of this. I'll admit you have unusual and essential capacity, if you'll do the same for me. So, where do we go from here?

Eventually a plan will be evolved. An age-limit will be fixed, of course, but a certain skill in preparing the minute will make the retirement mandatory—except for special consideration in regard to Mr. A. (Chairman and M.D.), Mr. B. (Works Director), Mr. C. (Chief Accountant and Financial Controller). In other words, the thing is mandatory for all except the present crowd.

That's better than nothing—if the business can exist until they all pass to other and (I hope) happier realms.

Of course, some of the younger and more energetic executives will quit because they don't feel like sticking at present levels for the next twenty years. But don't worry about that; if they lack loyalty for the old firm, they had better go, and there's always as good fish in the sea, etc. This line of argument is silly, but it does act as a soothing balm on an uneasy conscience.

Anyhow, we've got the time for retirement fixed, so let's give some serious thought to making the thing work.

Below the M.D. it is not *too* difficult, for the big white chief can see the chap concerned and explain that the Board has fixed the retirement age. He—the M.D.—is quite upset over the thought of George (any name will do) retiring but, well, there it is.

George will see the reason, but he questions if his chief assistant can really carry the load without his guiding hand. Would it not be a good idea if he stayed on—part time—to hold his assistant's hand until he (George) is satisfied that he can carry his corn?

The M.D. can explain, his voice tinged with sorrow, that the age for retirement is mandatory. He realizes the force of George's arguments and he fears it means he—the M.D.—will have to carry the extra load of supporting George's successor.

Of course, he *could* say "If your successor is not ready to take your job, you're to blame. You knew you'd have to quit soon, and if you've not groomed your successor it is a disgraceful dereliction of duty" (that's a nice bit of alliteration, isn't it?). But, of course, he doesn't; all he wants is to get rid of an awkward meeting as quickly and placidly as possible.

This technique deals with all people except the M.D. himself. We now come to knottiest problem of all—getting the M.D. who has reached the quitting time to quit. And if he is also the Chairman (genuflect please!) you'll need a ten ton trip-hammer to crack the nut.

Mind you, I have a lot of sympathy for the M.D. who really built up the business; my heart says "Let the old boy stay, rather than hurt his feelings." But my head says "Better hurt the old boy a bit than see the business suffer a decline."

When the retirement-age matter is being thrashed out, the M.D. will remind his fellow directors—one by one—of the way he fought, forty years ago, to keep the show alive. And he did, too—don't forget that. But things are different from forty years ago, and minds that think of tomorrow, instead of yesterday, are wanted.

The directors, being decent chaps, will discuss the M.D.'s position. Says one "How *can* we tell dear old Henry he should give the younger fellows a chance? It will break his heart if he thinks he's being kicked out."

"Ah," says another director "that's true. And we aren't doing too badly. I wonder if we couldn't just . . . ."

He never finishes the sentence, for he notices the slow shaking of heads. All the directors agree that Henry really must pass the control to his successor. Of course, he'll be asked to stay on the Board, so it is not really too bad.

The trouble is, everyone agrees about Henry, but no one wants to tell him.

Let me give you a few tips on how to ease Henry off his pedestal. The Directors can ask the senior director to write Henry, on behalf of all the directors. On receipt of the letter, the M.D. tackles his fellow directors—one by one—as to their own frank opinions.

Each director will say he felt he *had* to go with the rest of the

Board, but, personally, he will be very sorry to see Henry retire.

So Henry broaches the matter at the next meeting, and a gorgeously-embarrassing time is had by all. The meeting will probably decide to leave the resignation on the agenda for further consideration. Unless one director has guts enough to be blunt and act as the chap to bell the cat, Henry will hang on—and on—and on.

The matter may be resolved by appointing Henry President at a jolly fat fee, as a palliative to his wounded heart. That's silly, but better than dragging the matter on until it becomes so ubiquitous that it overshadows all Board thinking.

Here's another method, if the first one won't work. Tell Henry he's really looking green around the gills, and hadn't he better take a holiday. More than one man has been put out—and down in a hole—by this malicious trick. If you are tough enough and don't give a damn for the other fellow, you can use this trick.

A less severe method is to ask Henry to take a long trip visiting all overseas agents. If the schedule is tough enough, Henry may decide to retire rather than spend weeks on 'planes and nights on sleepers.

Of course, if Henry really enjoys travelling, this method will prove a flop. Let's think of something else.

Tell Henry the Board realizes and values his forward thinking, and wishes him to take the next year in making a detailed study of all departments, so that the activities of the business can be streamlined. The Board really wants to have a five year plan of growth, any change in policy to effect that growth and, of course, the old streamlining technique.

There is a sting in the tail of this approach. While Henry is busy on building a five-year plan, he will be required to leave his planned-for successor to deal with "day-to-day affairs"—which, in plain language, means managing the business.

Here's another dirty trick to ease Henry out. Get your fellow-directors to be worried over a very little thing that goes wrong. Criticize any suggestion he makes and so nag the poor devil that he quits in disgust.

A little difficulty may occur. Henry may resign publicly (he's got his pension anyhow, so stands to lose nothing) and give his reasons for doing so. The papers will blow it up to a business crisis, share prices may slump—and that hits *your* pocket—and the Board, with red faces, are on the defensive.

Maybe the best idea is to tell Henry he really must quit, and be firm about it. It's a sharp pain to Henry, but that is better than pulling the tooth out bit by bit over weeks of time.

Let me admit that there *are* times when a man can do jolly good work even if he's eighty let us say. One can't afford to lose their experience, etc. Take *me*, for instance!