

Four minutes later I knew why this particular service station was so popular. After filling my car with gasoline, checking under the hood, and cleaning the outside of my windshield, the attendant walked around to my side of the car and said, "Pardon me, sir. It's been a dusty day. Let me clean the inside of your windshield."

Quickly and efficiently, he did a thorough job of cleaning the inside of my windshield, something not one service station attendant in a hundred ever does.

This little special service did more than improve my night visibility (and it improved it a lot); it made me remember this station. It so happened that I made eight trips through Cincinnati during the next three months. Each time, of course, I stopped at this station. And each time I got more service than I expected to get. Interesting too was the fact that each time I stopped (once it was 4 A.M.) there were other automobiles filling up also. In all, I probably purchased about 100 gallons of gasoline from this station.

The first time I stopped the attendant could have thought to himself, "This guy is from out of state. Odds are twenty to one that he'll never be back. Why do more than give him the routine treatment? He's only a one-time customer."

But the attendants in that station didn't think that way. They put service first, and that's why they were busy pumping gasoline while other stations looked almost deserted. If the gasoline was any better than a dozen other brands, I didn't notice it. And the price was competitive.

The difference was service. And it was obvious that service was paying off in profits.

When the attendant on my first visit cleaned the inside of my windshield, he planted a money seed.