

Sample:

Sales letter for a restaurant. It was an unusual assignment, as I explain at the bottom.

YOUR MOUTH WATERS AS YOU DRIVE THROUGH THE CATTLE-GATE...

BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

Yes, you've driven through the pastures. Past the herd of cows contentedly chewing their cud. Through the chickens pecking at the ground, past the goats behind the fence...and into Chuck Smith's driveway. You've sat at the rough wooden table in the Colorado sunshine...

The first time you came out here, you weren't sure. You had heard about Chuck's Place, but still, you had doubts. It wasn't until you sat at the table and Chuck pulled the cast-iron Dutch oven from the heap of glowing oak coals...and set it before you. It wasn't until you let it cool and opened the lid...and breathed in the aroma of succulent slow-cooked organic grass-fed beef, sweet yellow onions, and roasted potatoes. It wasn't until you saw that the beef was so tender you could cut it with your fork...and it wasn't even filet mignon, but a humble cut of brisket. It wasn't until you placed a forkful into your mouth, and it melted onto your tongue. As your eyelids fluttered and your eyes rolled back...ahhhhh...*then* you were sure.

You had heard that Chuck doesn't run an ordinary restaurant. He raises his own cows and chickens. Feeds them only what Nature intended them to eat. Keeps his ranch 100% free of hormones, antibiotics, and chemicals, and expects the farmers he buys his produce from to do the same. And the restaurant is only a small part of his passion and primary business: cattle ranching.

Yes indeed, this is no ordinary restaurant. Whatever Chuck is making that day, is what you get — no "a la carte" here. But you'll love everything he makes. Now, breakfast is usually the same every day: farm-fresh eggs from his chickens, cooked however you like them...toasted, freshly baked bread (and Chuck's wife Becky grinds her own soft-white wheat every morning)...and fried country potatoes. You can eat the bread as-is...or spread on a thick layer of Becky's fruit preserves...or slather on some creamy white butter, churned from the fresh milk that Chuck's daughters get from their goats every day. Wash it all down with hot coffee, cold spring water, or fresh milk.

But lunch and dinner, well...here, every day is different. You might get a thick juicy sirloin, hand-rubbed with cracked peppercorns, and grilled over a blazing oak fire...or a plump chicken taken from the coop that morning, smoked over smoldering applewood all day...or a thick slab of salmon steak, fresh-caught from the Navajo reservoir, grilled to perfection and drizzled in lemon juice. On the side, you might get slow-roasted vegetables, steeped in savory beef juices and so tender you'll need to eat them with a spoon...or steaming baked potatoes, heaped high with butter and sour cream...or Colorado sweetcorn on the cob, with fat yellow kernels bursting into your mouth with each bite. There's always lots of fresh-baked bread, and in-season there will be other side-dishes, like Becky's homemade applesauce.

And just when you think you can't fit another bite...Becky brings out the dessert. Most of the year it's homemade ice cream, made with only the freshest cream and cane sugar. Or, sticky pecan or blueberry pie. Or, in late summer, there's sometimes a special treat...big fluffy home-made cinnamon rolls, dripping with raw unfiltered Colorado yellow-clover honey. The clover only comes in strong

(please turn over)

every other year, but watch out when it does...the beekeepers call this light amber honey “mountain gold,” and the first time you’ve had it fresh out of the hive, you’ll see why!

Yes, after your first time at Chuck’s Place, your mouth will water every time you drive through his gate. Sure, it’s a bit of a drive to get there – it *is* a working cattle ranch, after all. And there’s nothing fancy about it – if you’re looking for wine lists and expensive white tablecloths, go somewhere else. But if you want clean, crisp Rocky Mountain air...the whirring of hummingbirds and lowing of cattle...a delicious hearty meal... and most of all, the best beef you’ve ever tasted (Chuck is a real-life cowboy, but some have said he’s also a genius as a cook)...then look no further.

As Chuck himself says, “The food is simple and basic, but I like it better than anything I’ve ever had in a restaurant.” Come try it for yourself – we’re sure you’ll agree.



CHUCK’S PLACE

The bottom part of page is a coupon with directions and a map, and a 20% discount offer.

This was a tough assignment. How do you sell a restaurant that’s 20 miles from the nearest town, only has outdoor seating, and doesn’t offer its customers a choice of food?