

Here is a marketing story about Boyett's Family Rayne Water Conditioning.

How we utilized William Brian Boyett's legend, guns and people to establish visibility, reputation, intrigue, allure, stickiness for our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener.

Through the development of a product called Filtersorb SP3 we found that applying a whole house carbon filter with our offerings added great value to our client's water treatment experiences. Beginning with the Filtersorb SP3 product we began utilizing our own tools to create the marketing literature. This saves time and money. Therefore, when it came time to create a product and marketing piece for our new product (our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener) we pursued the same means to accomplish the task of developing this new brochure. The following picture was taken at my house for the Filtersorb SP3.



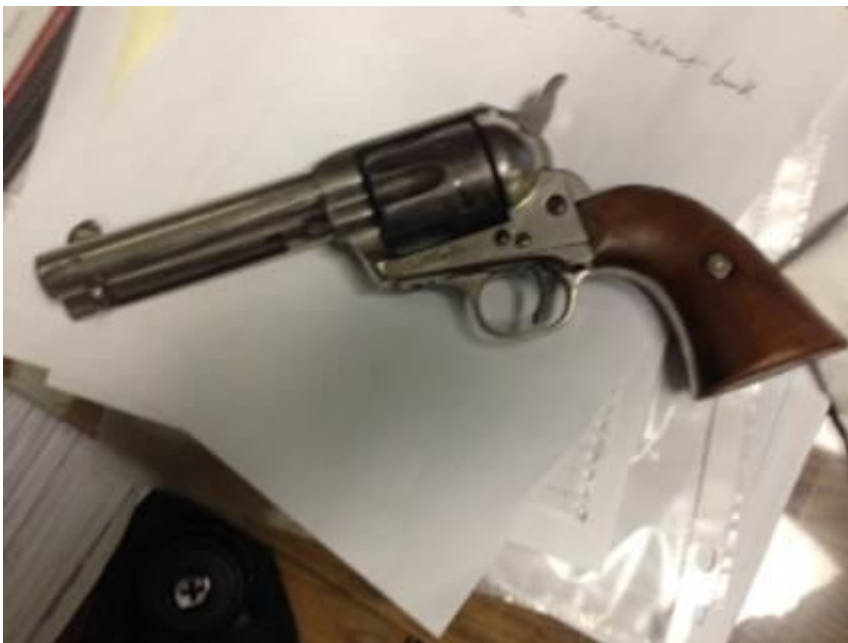
To make our name for this new product (our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener) tie to a western duel we took a picture of a cowboy (that is me) drawing his gun. I used a tripod and my camera (it was a timed – selfie picture). To give our new product stickiness we have decided to use William Brian Boyett's accouterments. The accouterments we have chosen are Brian's Colt .45 peacemaker and his gun holster which hangs in Roberta Boyett's Tempe Arizona home (in the TV room). These items have great meaning to me and therefore give me passion as I develop this marketing program; and desire for great success. The gun holster was purchased in Santé Fe by William Brian Boyett. Here is a picture of Brian wearing this gun holster.



My image can be seen in the reflection as I took this picture with my phone. As I juxtaposed this picture in my business journal I made this note by the picture: these two sure loved one another after all those years. Roberta told me that she was my father's first (he was 32 years old). I asked how did you know? She said, "A girl knows". I thought to myself 'I couldn't have waited that long', but this thought gave me high respect for this great man William Brian Boyett.

My father had patience in matters having to do with marriage. In my opinion, one of their success formulas was their great passion they had for each other (and great respect).

So I wanted to find out the story of William Brian Boyett's Colt .45 Peacemaker. I have seen this gun all my life. I have played with this gun as a young boy conjuring images of cowboy and Indian duels. I think I have even shot this gun; however, since it is so old 'this may have been dangerous'. I reached out to my Uncle Dale to see if he knew. This is the e mail in which I sent.



How is Nadine?

How is Uncle Dale?

How did my father get this Colt .45 gun?

We are building a BB gun story to go along with our new product marketing campaign: dynamic duel



These are the future stories to be added to Desire. You will be listed as my marketing designer.

Thank you so much for helping me connect the dots.

I didn't really expect for Uncle Dale to know; and I was right. However, I am glad I asked. This was a good decision. It was in the form of Aunt Annetta's beautiful story that the answer appeared.

Aunt Sarah

She wasn't really any one's aunt, at least as far as I knew. She seemed ancient to me. She lived by staying with one distant relative for a while then moving on to another. Once she had been round everybody she started over. When it came our turn to have her to stay there was inevitably moaning and groaning from the rest of us, but Mother was kind to her. It appeared that nothing, either good or bad, had ever happened to Aunt Sarah.

Once while she was staying with us, Mother's father Sid Askew died. Mother had never been close to him – he was distant, taciturn. We kids were told to call him "Daddy Sid", but this appellation did not involve affection. When we sometimes visited him on his little farm outside Woodson, Texas, he seemed not to take notice of any of us, even Mother. I remember that he did once (silently) offer me a stick of chewing gum. I was so shocked that instead of taking it I ran away. I'm sorry about that now.

Anyway, he got older and older and after a spell in Throckmorton Nursing Home, he died and was buried in Woodson Cemetery. Even though he had not made much of a mark on the world, there was one riveting thing about him. Mother maintained that he had at one time been a deputy sheriff, and in this capacity had owned a Colt .45. Was this true? If so, did he still have it? If so, where was it?

Anyone who knew Brian at all can imagine how interested he was in the possibility of a Colt .45 that had actually been owned by his grandfather. Mother had never felt able to ask her father anything about the gun. He was not fond of talking. But some days after the funeral it was necessary to go sort out his possessions, which had stayed in his little farmhouse while he was in the nursing home. The members of this expedition were Mother, Brian, Aunt Sarah and me.

It was a great day. I don't know how old I was, but I was young enough to be in a lather of excitement, because Momma had told me that I could have Daddy Sid's old pots and pans for my playhouse. And of course Brian's enthusiasm was infectious. Anyone who knew him remembers that too.

When we arrived we immediately rushed around looking for the gun. Daddy Sid had lived in only one room of the modest farmhouse. There were a few mostly empty cupboards, a trunk full of old clothes, a bed, a sort of closet laced with cobwebs, but no Colt .45. I greedily latched on to a skillet, a few cracked plates, some strange forks with only two tines, and – great treasure – a large tin canister painted green with a lid painted red, that Daddy Sid had kept flour in. It would take pride of place in my playhouse.

But Brian became increasingly downcast. The Colt .45 was not to be found. Had it been a myth all along? Or if Daddy Sid had had it, would he not have sold it at some point when he needed the money? That scenario began to seem more and more likely.

We were thinking of calling it a day and going home, when we noticed that Aunt Sarah was sitting by the trunk, going through it more carefully than we had, perhaps thinking that she could use some of the old clothes. She was holding something in her lap that was wrapped in a ragged shirt. Then she said, very, very quietly, "I've found the gun". Something had happened to Aunt Sarah at last.

How in the world could my Aunt Annetta remember these great details about such an obtuse object from so long ago? I guess it helps to be smart. This is what we know about Aunt Annetta. Actually, all the Boyett kids were smart; at least from what I have observed. They still impress me to this day. As I was reading Annetta's story I had to look up the meaning of the word taciturn. I remembered that Annetta speaks several languages and continues to study and improve. I know my Uncle Dale continues to improve each day through his musical contributions and this is how my father raised Katrina and I. Through example we saw my father improving at every moment. In my sister's tribute to my father – she used the phrase 'He was a man who couldn't be kept still'. He taught Katrina and I to improve process continuously. How? By living the example he learned from his father.

Aunt Annetta's story has given William Brian Boyett's Colt .45 great leverage in my mind. My passion for this project has increased X 100; because I am the cowboy wearing the gun.



DYNAMIC DUEL WHOLE HOUSE
CARBON FILTRATION
SOFTENER SYSTEM



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08.15.14 10:05 AM. This Dynamic Duel brochure represents to me the culmination of family collaboration and associating my father's great history and legacy to his very interesting accouterments – to develop meaningful and exciting marketing media (for his treasured company). We think this product will be famous in our company and with many of our customers. I have the gun; and I will carry this in my possession each day until we gain 1000 customers (utilizing the Dynamic Duel product). What happens next? There is another gun. The real interesting question is – will these guns be loaded?