

MFT Blitzing: Crawling in a fancy Italian restaurant while selling roses

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There was no normal. When it came to the late night "blitz".

We were "commandos". Brazen fearless. Whatever it took to "do" the place.

I remember one "classy place" Italian I think, in Philadelphia. (all my best stories seem to come from Philadelphia - including how I met my wife- but, that's another story)

We used to get really "dressed up" for the late night blitz. Sometimes brothers sport coat with the "requisite" tie. Sisters nice dresses and make up. We found our reception was "better" if we lost the snorkel parkas and snowmobile boots.

So, in this fancy Italian restaurant, chandeliers, white linen table cloths-I knew I had no chance to just barge in and start selling. Probably the big beefy guy would've grabbed me in 10 seconds.

"Something" told me if you crawl around on your knees nobody will see you. So, roses in hand, that's what I did. And guess what? Astonishingly, some

people bought roses as if the most "normal" thing in the world was a "guy" crawling around on all fours going table to table selling roses.

Of course after about 6 tables I was nabbed. The "toss out" wasn't brutal. I think the guy gave me points for...audacity.

What a life! I love Philadelphia.