

Newsweek Magazine, Time Magazine, The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Boston Globe, The New Yorker Magazine, Seventeen Magazine, The Wall Street Journal, Yankee Magazine, USA Today, Inc. Magazine, The Chicago Tribune, The New York Post, Travel and Leisure Magazine, Gourmet Magazine, The Harvard Crimson, The Smith College Sophian, The Daily Hampshire Gazette, Bon Appetit Magazine, Entrepreneur Magazine, and many more. See What They Say.

The article about the "Scream" ice cream, which was published by Time Magazine in 1979, and was a hit for Herrell's Ice Cream in 1980. These items are longer editions covering Herrell's Ice Cream.



## They All Scream

*Fresh fruit and fantasy now turn butterfat into delicious sin*

A large scoop with one millimeter of ice cream is sold for a large scoop with three millimeters. A mix-in for those who have not yet followed aerobic eating into its postmodern era, may be high-tech, shape and volume, self-renewed. Herrell's present butler style, created Cream, M & M's or—in some temples of protein—granola. Mix-ins are not simply dumped on top of a scoop of ice cream; a toppings would be a conventional matter; they are hand-cut, expertly cut the very flesh of the scoop—the will, my beating heart!—while the tongue and gullet and gizzard of the sufferer who has waited in line for 45 minutes send out urgent messages of outrage.

That is the very thing's reason the legendary Steve Herrell popped the whole idea of mix-ins into the world back in 1979. Herrell was made, served and scooped into Herrell's Ice Cream in 1977 because he was the only one in the world who had the idea. Steve Herrell's Ice Cream. Still, even the price just a little extortionate? Are we really talking about \$2 for just one scoop and some candy crumbs? (Has everybody gone crazy?)

Students of the delicious will answer these questions in different ways. What is undeniably true is that mix-ins seem especially in college towns and in those East Coast and West Coast areas whose inhabitants like to think of themselves as civilized, no longer have the slightest tolerance for ice cream vulgarity. As unpretentious little chocolate apple does not interest them, they want something. And to say that they are willing to pay outrageous prices for it—\$2 a scoop for hand-picked ice cream is not unheard of—is to underestimate the case. They demand the right to pay these prices.

One of the reasons this industry translates to steady sales for the ice-cream industry (\$2.4 billion in 1979) when sales of all kinds of desserts have dropped off by 40% over the past decade and a half. Ice-cream sales in the U.S. hit a peak in 1979 and since then have declined slightly (from 13.69¢ per cup to 14.62¢ p.c.), but sales of the most expensive and best-selling brands have been increasing by about 17% a year and now constitute 10% of the market. Americans produced 829,795,000 gal. of ice cream in all grades last year, and we eat more of it than anybody else, with Australians and New Zealanders spooning their way across the South Sea a distant second and third. If all that someone is hard to get the South Sea, consequently, the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers is happy to calculate that it would provide ten single-scoop cones for every house being built, an idea that might mean the U.S. needs another unnecessary—at least until the chocolate chip run out.

People are lining up with their money in their hands, but there is a question to be asked about the status-label ice-cream cone. Are people buying the elegance or the stuff? Is the good stuff really that good? "If you think it is, it is," says Gene Wink, a spokesman for the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers. One pop-psychology mix-in lashed freely on the expensive-ice-cream phenomenon proposes that when a meal in a good restaurant costs what a used car once did, and when a new car costs what a house once did, a \$2 cone is the only way most of us have to gratify our worldly longing for luxury. Cheap at the price. A vibrant entree-eating suggests that when people break faith with their dips, as they always do sooner or later, they want to do it with a strident certifiability and wickedly luxurious. Actually, according to a recent Consumer Reports calculation, a half-cup serving of superpremium vanilla ice cream contains only 267 calories, compared with 363 for a 3-oz. piece of homemade apple pie. A 154-lb. person, nevertheless, may not burn off half a dish in 21.2 min. of moderate strolling, 37.4 min. of jogging or jostling furniture, or 58.8 min. of lying down and day-dreaming. The difficulty, of course, lies with those of us for whom half a cup of ice cream is a trifling promise to us meaning of empty-the-vest.

What can be determined for sure is that cheap ice cream is half air. It would be safer still if Government regulations allowed it. Expensive ice cream is less than 30% air. Not only is superpremium made with the best cream, fresh fruit, chocolate and liquor is fine French vanilla assays out at 3% egg yolk, twice the minimum specified by the U.S. Government for ice cream that is labeled French, but it contains a great deal more of these ingredients.

and battles—the world itself is stirring to levels and gluttony—is the occasion of our greatest and most delicious sin. Fourteen percent buttermilk. Eighteen percent. Four hundred percent butterfat, most drossier with glass-over cream and actually seems to believe. The great underground truth of our society—a republic in which three-fourths of the males and every female over the age of nine are chained to the Bandwain Diet, the Beverly Hills Diet, or perhaps by now a starvation routine concocted in some other overfed suburb whose inhabitants are reduced to the of neoplastic vicissitudes—a diet more and more of us are now living out on heavy cream, real milk, pure vanilla and—yes, oh yes—hot fudge topping with whipped cream, jam and walnuts.

On a rainy Saturday night in darkest Saratoga, Mass.—a time and place suitable for filming the middle-mouthing scenes of a cowboy film—a long line of wet people huddle under the blue-and-white awnings of Herrell's. Another 10 windows across the street. They are lining up to buy ice cream—vanilla, perhaps, or banana coffee, since a temporary shortage of fine cream has made the vanilla first choice of chocolate-obsessive masses unavailable—at a cost of \$1.69 for

\*MAY 1979 BY STEVE HERRELL'S "SCREAM" BY HERRELL'S ICE CREAM

# New Week

## I Scream, You Scream

NEW WEEK | JANUARY 2, 1999  
Boston screams for Steve's new ice cream

It all started when a former high-school English teacher who waseking out a living mowing lawns decided to open an ice-cream parlor. He found a small, funky downtown space in the college town of Northampton, Mass. He decorated it with casual furniture, a few giant teddy bears and a letterboard. The store called Herrell's, because it was for the late, great Herrell's. The store was named after the late, great Herrell's. The store was named after the late, great Herrell's. The store was named after the late, great Herrell's.



Herrell's founder, Steve Herrell, at work.

Herrell's founder, Steve Herrell, at work with the vague intention of "standing." But soon he missed his calling. A few days after a three-year non-competition agreement with the new proprietors of Steve's expired, Herrell's was in business. How does Herrell feel about taking on Steve's, which in addition to selling packaged ice cream now has 80 outlets across the country? "It's in an awkward position of competing with himself," says Gus Rowland, a former Steve's employee who owns Tuscany's, another award-winning Boston ice-cream parlor. Herrell says that the growth of his former business has only helped his new venture. "I kind of like it," he says. "They've done all the work, and people still want to know who the original Steve was." He does mount the picture of "Steve" on the ice-cream packages, which look nothing like Herrell's. He also says the product rates only a "B"—that it has "a bit of artificiality... a slightly more acid than a smooth, pure-dairy taste."

Steve Herrell's charge of the gun, spokesman Howard Englander says the firm is focusing on its packaged ice cream, which still wins awards. He says Herrell runs just another fine ice-cream parlor, and that his criticism stems from "ego" factors. For his part, Herrell says he won't let anyone get to him this time. He operates all of his Boston-area stores as franchises and concentrates on quality control, conducting taste tests every few months. He also plans to resist the temptation to expand too fast. "You end up spending all year time talking with lawyers, accountants, leasing agents and so on and so on," he says. "That's not the way I want to spend my time." He prefers spending his time dreaming up new flavors. So far he's come up with 41. (The biggest seller is chocolate pudding, his personal favorite.) Still, vanilla, Herrell says he developed a soy-based ice cream, "which actually tastes good," and that his next challenge is to come up with a great low-calorie ice cream. As far as his fans in Boston are concerned, Herrell's any other name still tastes as sweet.

MARK FRANKS IN BOSTON

Similarity between the two takes of ice-cream entrepreneurship is no coincidence. For the man behind Herrell's in Steve Herrell—the same guy who started Steve's, Herrell's, and a number of other ice-cream parlors in the area—Herrell is one of the founders of ice-cream parlors in the area. Now, at 41, Herrell is at it again—expanding a small but very successful chain that makes ice cream local residents appreciate every bit as much as the original Steve's.

A decade ago no one would have been more surprised to see Herrell go back into the ice-cream business than Steve himself. By 1977, after four years of 90-hour weeks in Northampton, he was burned out. He sold the store for a modest sum to a new owner, who later turned it over to an investment firm that took it national. It's since changed hands again; Herrell headed for western Massachusetts

## A Game of Legal Punch-Out

Hold on to your joystick. Video-game makers are going to war on a new battlefield: the courtroom. Two weeks ago Nintendo Co., the market leader, was repelled by an attack that could prove more treacherous than any obstacle in its hit games, Super Mario Brothers and Mike Tyson's Punch-Out. In a \$100-million lawsuit filed in federal court, Atari Games Corp. accused the Japanese toy maker of blocking competitors from producing game cartridges for Nintendo machines. At the same time,

an Atari subsidiary introduced the first independently produced, Nintendo-compatible games. Big bucks are at stake: Nintendo's sales will total about \$1.7 billion this year.

Nintendo officials didn't say how they plan to probe back. But analysts doubted the video-game leader would let Atari, maker of Pac Man, bite into its profits without a fight. A court verdict is widely expected, possibly changing patent infringement. For Nintendo fans, the warfare could mean more games in choice from next holiday season. For the video-game industry, the Ghost of Christmas Past may have another warning: beware of the competition that snags the first videogame crown.



Testing the market heater: The champ plays Nintendo's Tyson.

