

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 "BERRY" Ice Cream, which was published in TIME, and was a hit for Herrell's Ice Cream in 1980. These names are longer headlines covering Herrell's Ice Cream.



Nobody mind get and taste—well, perhaps a short one—and forget the return of herrel's indulgent cream. We are dealing here with proud masses, with a current in the national psyche for deeper and more powerful than our tongue spread over on the orb and Japanese cars. Ice cream is our drug of choice.

and battles—the world itself is stirring to levels and gluttony—is the occasion of our greatest and most delicious sin. Fourteen percent butterfat. Eighteen percent. Four hundred percent butterfat, most dreamer with glass-over eyes men 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 Bandwidth Diet, the Beverly Hills Diet, or perhaps by now a starvation routine concocted in some other overfed suburb whose inhabitants are reduced to be of neoplastic vicinities—ah that more and most of us are now living out on heavy cream, real milk, pure vanilla and—yes, oh yes—hot fudge topping with whipped cream, jammed and wadded.

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 Herrel's. Another 10 windows across the aisle. They are lining up to buy ice cream—vanilla, perhaps, or banana coffee, since a temporary shortage of fine cream has made the obvious first choice of chocolate—cream—milk unavailable—at a cost of \$1.69 for

They All Scream for It

Fresh fruit and fantasy now turn butterfat into delicious sin

a large scoop with our milk at \$2 for a large scoop with three scoops. A mix-in? For those who have not yet followed aerobic eating into its postmodern era, may be full-fat, low-fat, and various, multi-ventured Herrel's present: butyric acid, creamed Oreo, 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 dash 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.

This is the very Herrel's which the legendary Dave Herrel popped into the world in 1952, the very thing that he took back in 1979. History was made, served and second help. Herrel told us that in 1977 because he wanted to prove to his wife in 1977 that he was still a man, he did create Herrel'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 millionaires, 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 upper-middle-class little chocolate apple does not interest them, they were prominent. And to say that they are willing to pay fabulous prices for \$2-a-scoop for hand-picked ice cream is not unobscure—it is to undertake the case. They demand the right to pay these prices.

Production of this intensely translucent to nearly white 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 last year to 14.62¢), but sales of the most expensive and best-selling brands have been increasing by about

17% a year and now constitute 11% 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 more 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 gluttonous masses 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 wild longing for luxury. Cheap at the price. A vibrant entree-eating suggests that when people break faith with their diets, as they always do sooner or later, they want to do it with a strident certifiably 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 jarring firmness, 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-vein.

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 20% 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.

*TIME AND NEWSWEEK "BROOM-IN" BY HERREL'S ICE CREAM

