

Forever Young

**THREE GENERATIONS
AND THE
FOOD BROKERAGE
BUSINESS**

By Jerold Young and
Marjorie Young Chimes

40,000 LB. TRUCKLOAD OF
Tootsie Roll CANDIES
JOSEPH P. MANNING CO.
SOUTH BOSTON MASS.



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goins to school, GRAD
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JULY TO



Forever Young

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Marjorie Young Chimes

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OF ITS KNOW IN W.E.
MAY DAY A STOCK DOUGHT A BUDY
TAKEN UPSTAIRS BEHIND A GROCERY
W, MASS. HEWLETT + JULIUS YOUNG
HAROLD WALTER YOUNG. HADDY
SCHOOL, GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL AND
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. APPARENTLY WORKED
FOR GRANDFATHER'S SCHOOL. THEY DESTROYED
THE WHOLESALE SONA. APPROX 1923-24
Family in

Early notes from
Jerry's hand.



FOREWORD

The dining room was always for special occasions. When Mom put out the table pads and lit up the chandelier, it meant something important and memorable was going to happen. That's how it felt on the grey February morning when Jerry and I sat down at the dining room table to write this book. He retrieved his black briefcase from the den and proudly pulled out a white legal pad with dog edged pages written in his surprisingly neat handwriting.

“Okay Mahjorie,” he said in his charming, distinctly recognizable North Shore accent, “Let's do this.”

What you are about to read is told by Jerry in his words. Of course, given that Jerry and Abbe raised a family of “Type A-ers,” we have each contributed our own point of view, here and there. We started the book in February of 2016 and he'd given us a deadline of August 30th to be finished. I think he thought we would polish the final draft on the deck at the Cape as the sun set over Lake Wequaquet. Unfortunately, he only made it to May.

We know that he would've wanted us to finish what he started.

“Okay Jerry, let's do this.”



HWY PARTNERS *Timeline*

1927

Harold W. Young Inc. (HWY) founded by Harold W. Young as a sales rep for Sweets Company of America

1938

Sweets Company of America becomes Tootsie Roll Industries and direct salesmen become brokers

1965

Jerry takes over management of the company

1986

Betsy joins the company overseeing grocery, club, drug and mass merchants

1989

Andrew joins the company overseeing convenience, vending and specialty markets



2000

HWY co-founds national broker network, Consolidated Sales Network (CSN)

2001

HWY moves to expanded new headquarters in Natick, MA

2011

HWY co-founds national broker network, Premier Broker Partners (PBP) for Vending and Alternative

2015

HWY/S&E purchase Viscome Brokerage to service the Mid-Atlantic

2016

HWY purchases Golick Martins to service New York and New Jersey

2017

HWY brands as HWY Partners with divisions in New England, NY Metro, Upstate NY, and Mid-Atlantic



J. YOUNG

PROVISIONS

JELL-O
THE DESSERT

JELL-O

JELL-O

JELL-O



The Early Days

My grandfather, on my father's side, Julius Young, arrived in Brooklyn, New York from Warsaw, Poland in the early 1890s. He had no money and did not speak English.

When he came to Brooklyn as a young man the only thing he brought with him was a strong will and desire to succeed. He settled in Lynn, Mass. and married Henrietta Cohen, from Brockton, Mass. She had come to America from Smeirheim, Germany in the Black Forest. Julius and Henrietta had three boys and two girls. One girl died of diphtheria during World War I.

Julius started his career selling eggs door to door. Within a few years, he had saved enough to open a grocery store in West Lynn, Mass. The market on Western Avenue known as J. Young's Market sold everything from meat and wine to fresh fish and produce which Julius picked up from Boston early every morning. He delivered his customers' orders by horse and buggy. In case you are wondering about the horse in the picture, his name was Ned. Julius understood it was hard to make ends meet. Many of his customers paid him only when they could.



Julius delivered orders from his Western Avenue market with his horse, Ned.



THE FOUNDER IS BORN

In 1902, the founder of Harold W Young Inc., was born on the kitchen table above Julius's grocery store. He was the oldest of Julius and Henrietta's five children and would become the undisputed patriarch of the family. Harold had an active childhood and grew up belonging to many organizations. In his spare time, he taught a course at the temple. As the oldest, Harold set the example that education was important to succeed. He was the first of his family in that generation to attend college in the United States.

After graduating from Boston University in the early 1920s, he and Julius started a wholesale soda business in addition to maintaining the grocery store. Soda sold well in the summer but poorly in the winter. So Harold, to supplement his income, decided to sell candy and allied products (similar products) to local retailers.

My father trusted people. It's a trait I loved in him but it got him into trouble. Several hundred dollars' worth of trouble, which, in those days was a lot of money. He told me a story about a carnival that came to town. The owner of the carnival asked him to get some raw popcorn. Harold got the popcorn and delivered it. The owner said come back tomorrow and I will pay you. When Harold returned the next day, the carnival was gone, the popcorn was gone and so was the money to pay him. While my father continued to trust people he was more cautious when giving credit after falling for the carnival con.

THE SWEETS COMPANY
681 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 24



Early sales prizes
from the Sweets
Company of
America.

THE SWEETS COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS TRUST COMPANY
681 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 24



SECOND SALES PRIZE, MONEY



THE BROKERAGE BUSINESS BEGINS: ENTER THE SWEETS COMPANY OF AMERICA

In the mid 1920s, a sales manager from an obscure candy company, the Sweets Company of America, came looking for a salesman to represent them in New England. As the story goes, the sales manager from the Sweets Company came to Boston to find a sales rep for the territory. He visited a certain confectionary supply house where, due to the

popcorn fiasco, Harold owed some money. The woman at the supply house quickly recommended Harold to the sales manager. She knew Harold was a good salesman and it was a way for him to pay back the money he owed her.

Harold went on the road with the sales manager, Sam Rich, for a week and on Saturday morning asked him, “Do I have the job or not?” The sales manager gave him a yes, and with that he began his career in confectionary sales. It was also the beginning of decades





Mom and Dad.
A rare day off at
the beach.

and everyone was struggling. The Sweets Company was sold to a packaging firm. Burt Rubin, a prince among men, took over the candy operation while his brother ran the carton business. The tough times impacted my dad too. They increased my father's territory to include New York State and as far as Erie, Penn.

of seven-day work weeks selling for the Sweets Company of America (the maker of Tootsie Rolls). He rarely had a day off. It was no surprise, therefore, that when Harold married Rose Riesman in 1929, they spent their honeymoon in Calais, Maine on the Fourth of July, calling on customers for Tootsie Roll.

Don't get me wrong, Harold was happy to have the job. It was the beginning of the Great Depression and while people didn't have a lot of money, they would often treat themselves to a candy bar or snack when they could. Harold's biggest seller was a penny Tootsie Roll that came 120 in box. These weren't the little midgees with the twisty tops. They were the full size Tootsie Rolls. I think they came 100 boxes in a wooden carton and the cost was \$80 a carton. That's a lot of Tootsie Rolls for \$80 bucks.

After several years working exclusively selling Tootsie Rolls for the Sweets Company, business slowed. It was the Great Depression



Harold and
his mother,
Henrietta,
having dinner.



Dressed to meet
customers and
lunch at the
Terrace Room,
Statler Hotel.



GAS FOR 10 CENTS A GALLON

After several years, even in Depression times, Harold's business grew. During this time, Jerry was born. By the way, that's me. When my mother went into labor, my father was at a meeting in New York. Now you aren't going to believe this, because it would never happen today: The doctor actually picked my mother up at her house, took her to the hospital, and delivered me.

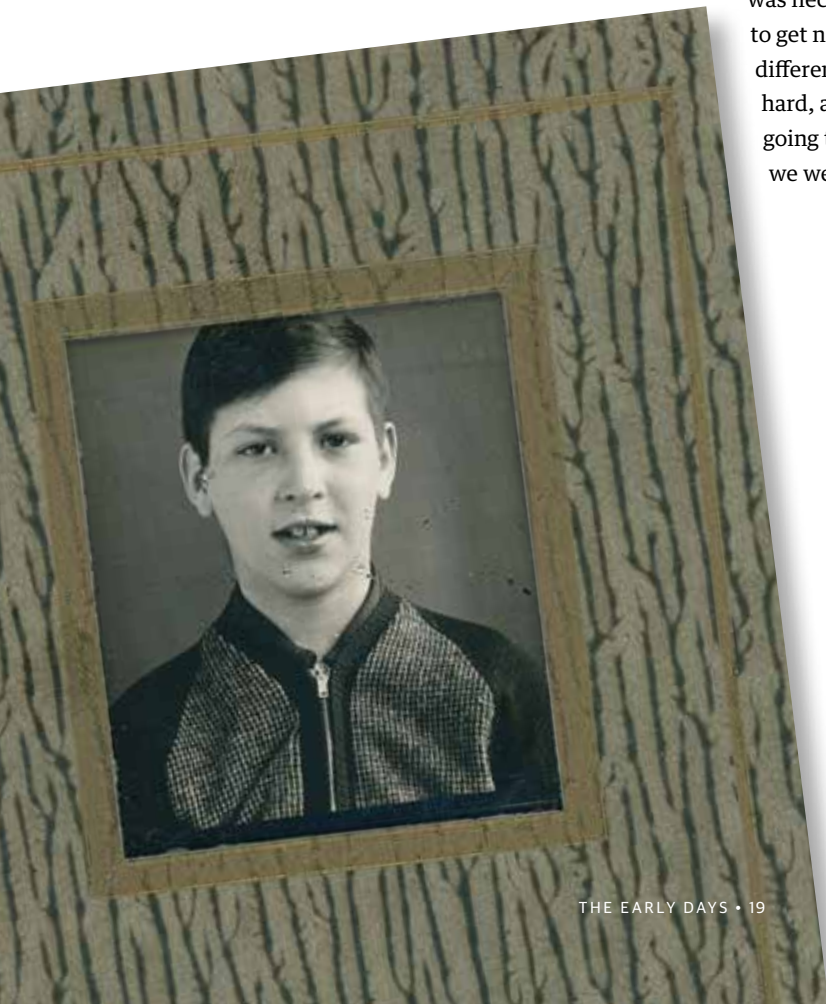
As you can see, my dad traveled a lot. He had to cover the entire New England Territory for Tootsie Roll. He was usually around on the weekends and as I grew I would help him clean out the samples from the car from his week on the road. On Saturday mornings, sometimes, we'd go into Boston to see customers. After working for a few hours, my dad would take me to lunch at Hayes Bickford which was a diner. The food was good and being with my dad was great. One day he took me to the Terrace Room at the Statler hotel across the street. The prices were much more expensive. I asked my dad why? He said, "See these lights, silverware, chandeliers and the fancy waitresses, someone has to pay for it."

When World War II started my dad was 36 and too old to serve in the military. He wanted to do his patriotic duty and volunteered as an auxiliary policeman and as an air raid warden.



Dad and Mom
and Jerry with a
candy cigar.

I remember listening to the news of the war on the radio and talking about it with my dad. It appeared to me that things were turning around when we started winning in Tunisia. Back home, we'd see cars with their headlights painted black. The gold dome on the state house was painted black and there were shortages of everyday items, some foods, gasoline, and it was necessary to go to the ration board to get new tires. Things were very different at war time. While it was hard, at four years old, I knew we were going to win the war, because I knew we were right.



**Jerry
growing up.**

Tootsie
Roll
POP

ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR
WILD CHERRY

NET WT. 1/2 OZ.

Tootsie
Roll[®]
POP

ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR
WILD CHERRY

Tootsie
Roll
POP

ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR

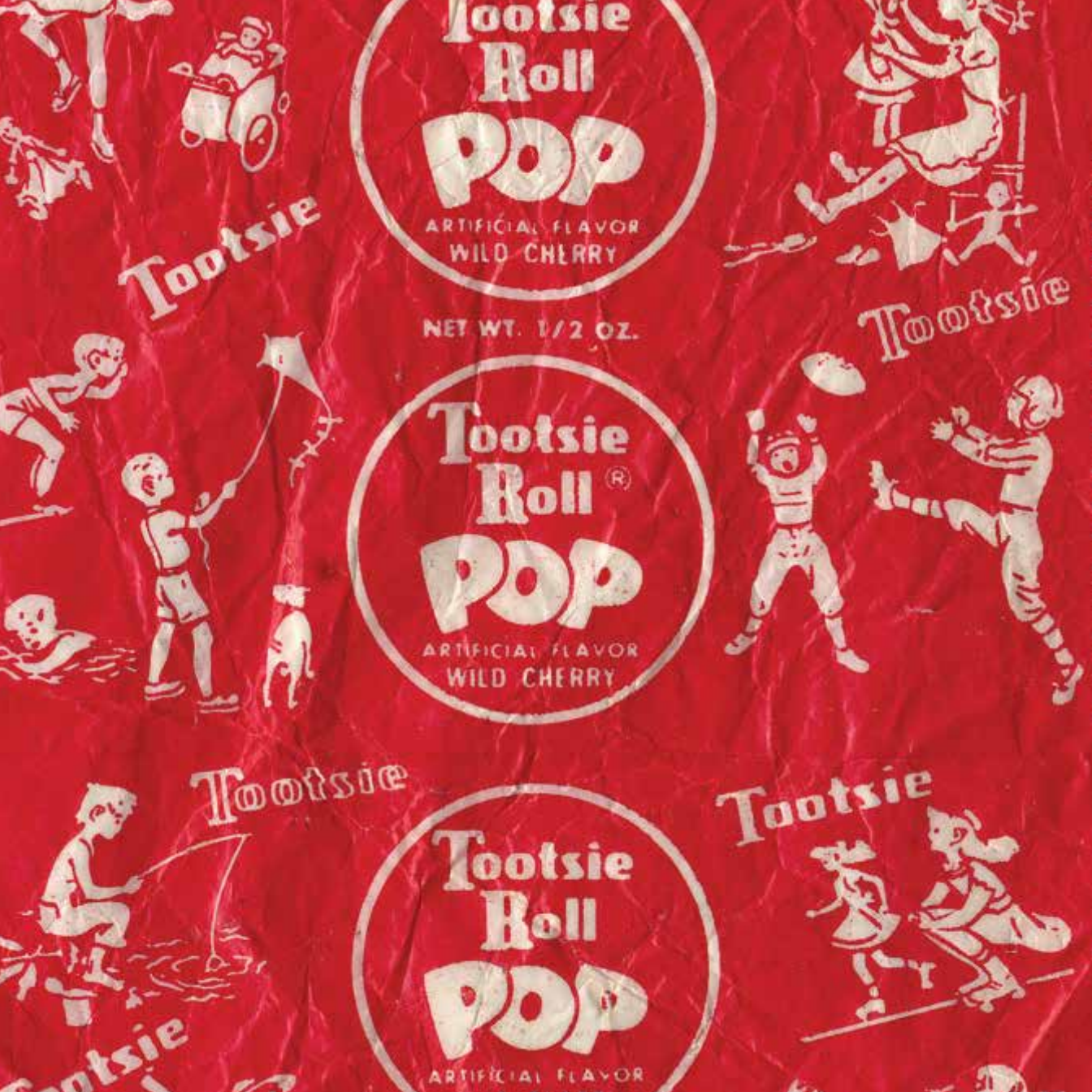
Tootsie

Tootsie

Tootsie

Tootsie

Tootsie





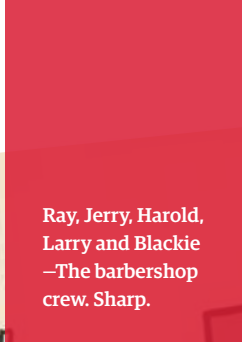
STICKY WRAPPERS

After the war, for several years, business was excellent. Harold sold the very first truckload of Tootsie Roll products ever to the First National Stores, one of the biggest grocery chains in the Northeast. A guy named Jerry Murphy was the most important buyer for First National. He gave my dad, and later, me, a hard time. He would say, “Don’t sell me anything that won’t give me 17% profit,” which is nothing today.

Shortly after the big First National deal, my dad had a chance to sell a major order of Tootsie Pops to a large customer. At the big meeting, Harold took out an assortment of pops to give the customer as a sample. When he tried to unwrap the pops, the wax wrapper stuck to the candy shell. The reaction from the customer was like a lead balloon. Not a good way to sell Tootsie Pops. And not a happy night to be with my dad. And though my dad was very upset, he stayed calm and positive.

In the late 1940s The Sweets Company decided to put their sales force on commission. This change provided their sales people with an opening to take on non-competing confectionery lines, which was good. During this period Harold picked up other lines and met many of the manufacturers that gave the confectionary business its special character. One of the most

memorable was Joe Hurwitz. His company was called Standard Chocolates. He made his products by hand. He used vanilla instead of vanillin (fake vanilla) and 93 score butter. It was a very high quality product. One of the items in the line was called Prima Donna and it retailed \$2.50 a pound, which was a lot of money at the time. It had a star next to it on the price list. When my dad asked him why the star, Joe said it was because he wanted us to remember to sell it. Though this was a high profit item for the house, Hurwitz was crazy. He thought his candy was something special. If someone sold it in a store that wasn't up to his standards, he would get in his car, drive to the store and take the candy off the shelves. That is the way he was.



Ray, Jerry, Harold,
Larry and Blackie
—The barbershop
crew. Sharp.

AUSTIN'S

The Austinmen
—ready to serve you in...

VT. N.H. MASS. CONN. R.I.

Ray Fontaine

Jerry Young

Harold Young

Larry Goldberg

HAROLD W. YOUNG, INC.

Ray Fontaine
536 S. Willow St.
Manchester, N. H. 03103
(603) 623-9560

Harold W. Young
Harold W. Young, Inc.
238 Main St.
Cambridge, Mass. 02142
(617) 547-1007

Reuben (Blackie) Blackie
98 Carver St.
Springfield, Mass. 01103
(413) 736-3040

VENDING, ACROSS-THE-COUNTRY SUPERMARKETS
...there's a big line of Austin's fresh specialty snack varieties for fast and fun snacking. Call your favorite vending outlet.



THE CENTRAL SQUARE BARBER SHOP AND A NEW OPPORTUNITY



Business was growing and Harold needed some help. He hired a salesman for northern New England, two more sales people for eastern Mass. and one for western Mass., Connecticut and Rhode Island. As you might imagine, he needed a place to meet with the different members of his sales team. Command Central became the barber shop in Central Square. They met there frequently and sometimes had a shave too.

The company—three salesmen and Harold Young—moved out of the barber shop into a nice office space in Boston. Around this time, Harold found himself with an opportunity that would change the course of the company. So, pay attention, because this is an important part of the story.

One day in the late 1950s, a customer, the owner of Globe Confectionary, called Harold with a tip. Mr. Houston, the sales rep for the HB Reese company, had died. He indicated to my father that while the Reese line was fairly small now, it had the potential to grow and really be big. Harold responded that maybe he should call the Reese family. His customer answered back with sage advice: “No that is NOT what

NC.
(Jerry) O. Young
W. Young, Inc.
Main St.
Bridg, Mass. 02142
547-1007
ence (Larry) Goldberg
ale Rd.
ham, Mass. 02194
) 444-5057

ENTER.
sh cracker, cookie, cake
turnover and profitable
Austinman for informa-
acktime products.

Form 1
1938 Revision
1938

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
DEPARTMENT OF CORPORATIONS AND TAXATION—INCOME TAX DIVISION
Henry F. Long, Commissioner

No. OK
CA
NC
SC

INCOME TAX RETURN (INDIVIDUAL)
(SEE CHAPTER 62, GENERAL LAWS (TER. ED.), AS AMENDED)
(SEE CHAPTER 307, ACTS OF 1933, CHAPTER 489, ACTS OF 1935 AND CHAPTER 395, ACTS OF 1937)

PLEASE FILE YOUR RETURN ON THE
EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE
USE THE FORM BEARING YOUR
STENCILED NAME AND NUMBER
UPON WHICH TO FILE YOUR RETURN.
INSURING ACCURACY IN NAME AND ADDRESS

Harold W Young
39 Orchard Circle
Swampscott 189488.5

RECEIVED

Copy

EXAMINED

ASSESSMENT STAMP

VERIFICATION STAMP

PENALTY FOR LATE FILING

If the above stencil is in error, PLEASE PRINT CORRECTION PLAINLY

PLEASE DO NOT WRITE ABOVE THIS LINE EXCEPT TO COMPLETE OR CORRECT STENCILED NAME AND ADDRESS
Returns can be accepted as complete unless every item is answered with figures or the word "none"

Ret

NAME OF TAXPAYER

HOME ADDRESS, S

PRINCIPAL OCCUP

IF EMPLOYED, BY

BUSINESS ADDR

IF MARRIED, S

ADDRESS OF

*DID YOU

*This refers to
if answer is "no"
by letter

1936



TOOTSIE ROLLS

SALES TAX

TIMELY INFORMATION THAT CAN HELP YOU

The Sweets Company of America, Inc.,

Mr. H. Young

Dear Harold:

Here is your allotment of **TOOTSIE** Candies for the month of

ALLOCATION LETTER NO. 2 - 1944 January 1944

16,320 boxes 1d
13,002

*Filed
1940
1939*

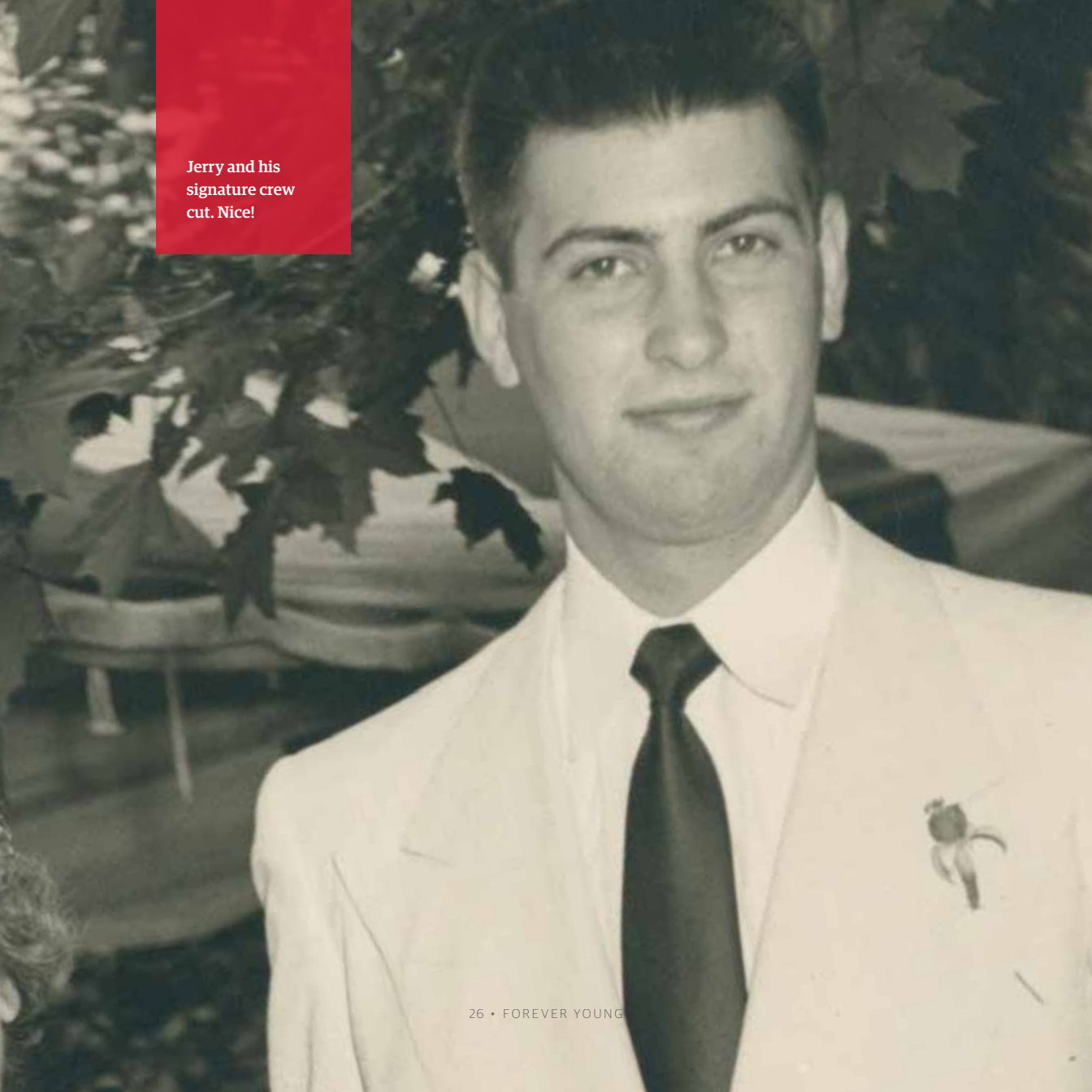
you should do. You should make an appointment, get on the train (people didn't fly much in those days), meet Bob Reese and his father Harry in person, and ask for the line." Harold took the advice. He got on the train, and met with Bob Reese and his father. The Reese family was considering other candidates but after the meeting with Harold, Bob said, "Dad, he is here, he looks good. Let him represent us." The next thing you know, Harold was selling Reese.

The first year they sold \$20k in Reese merchandise, mostly in penny peanut butter cups). However, over several years, Reese became the biggest part of Harold's business. Pay attention here. The guy from Globe Confectionery who pushed Harold to get on the train was right. If you really want something—go after it in an ethical way—which is exactly what my father did.

A little side bar on the Reese business. Harry Reese (the father) started the business making a box of Christmas chocolates with a nice Hershey chocolate coating. In fact, Reese was the only one that bought coating from Hershey. One of the chocolates had peanut butter in it. Everyone liked it so much, they decided to give up making the assorted chocolates and only sell the peanut butter cup alone as full-sized candy bar. It was a wise decision, because it helped him and his wife raise 16 children.



**Handwritten
tax form and
allocation alerts.**



Jerry and his
signature crew
cut. Nice!



Welcome To The Business, Jerry

I graduated from Brown University in 1954 and tried desperately to get my draft number called early so I would have more time to think about my future. Unfortunately, the draft doctors found that I had a functional heart murmur and they made me 4F. It was a bad

day for me for two reasons. First, I wasn't accepted in the army and second, I had to start my adult life.

I had no idea what I wanted to do. I thought I might want to be in advertising or be a lawyer. In college, I was the advertising manager of the *Brown Daily Herald*. I loved it. I learned how to make decisions, manage people and service customers.

My whole life I had been exposed to the candy business. I had met many of the local customers and principals (the people who made the candy). When I made calls with my dad, they used to give me special pencils with erasers on them. Our family would go on vacation with people from the candy business and even meet them on Saturday mornings. In those days people worked on Saturdays.

I knew one thing though. I knew that I didn't want to be in my father's business. I saw how hard he worked and how he traveled all of the time. I didn't want anything to do with it. Unfortunately, I didn't have another plan and when Tootsie Roll came calling with a job doing retail work for \$55 a week, my dad suggested I take the job. He told me, "No matter what you do in life, the experience is invaluable."

So I took the job. Every morning at 7 a.m. I would pick up the truck at Roxbury Crossing. I made 30 calls each day. I sold 24 count, 5 cent Tootsie Rolls, with two free. I did very well and did it for a year. Based on my performance, my dad hired me to do the same thing for Reese. And he also gave me a slight increase in pay.

I was living at home at the time and made a policy of putting \$5 a week in the bank. In today's economy that would be like \$250. Within a year, Harold decided to make me a wholesale salesman. He gave me the northern New England territory without Nashua, N.H., Brattleboro, V.T. and the north shore of Massachusetts.

When I joined the business in 1956 we were doing less than a million dollars a year. I remember saying to my dad if we ever get this thing to over a million a year, it would be quite an accomplishment. To give you a sense of how big an accomplishment, I used to eat at Durgin Park and have a hamburger, vegetables and corn bread for 99 cents. A million dollars would be a lot of hamburgers and corn bread.

I guess it was then that I decided I wasn't going to be in advertising or a lawyer.

Durgin Park, a Boston landmark, still serving delicious hamburgers and corn bread. The 99 cents is history.

Your Grandfather and perhaps your Great Grandfather

dined with us too!

DURGIN-PARK



EAST VIEW OF FANEUIL HALL MARKET.
1827

MARKET
DINING
ROOMS

ESTABLISHED 1827



Jerry, Larry and customer look at map to plan sales road trip.



EARLY DAYS

When I officially started as a full-time wholesale salesman the Harold W Young training program consisted of two things. Looking up what the customer had bought in the past and finding out where they were located. We didn't have any GPS or Google apps at the time. Finding the customer required an old fashioned paper map. My territory went as far north as Fort Kent, Maine, 100 miles north of Montreal.

I was 22 years old and I'll never forget my first big customer meeting. It was with Arthur Cook at First National Stores. I was so nervous. My knees were literally shaking. It was a big fancy chain and I was inexperienced. I was doing my best to look confident and professional but I think Arthur saw right through me.

He said, "What do you have?"

I answered, "Tie top bags of crystallized cream filberts—from Melville—28 cents."

"What does a case weigh and cost?"

"It is FOB."

He took a card in his drawer that listed what he had to sell. No iPad or fancy spreadsheet.
"Give me 200 cases."

I was higher than the clouds. I loved the feeling of making the sale.



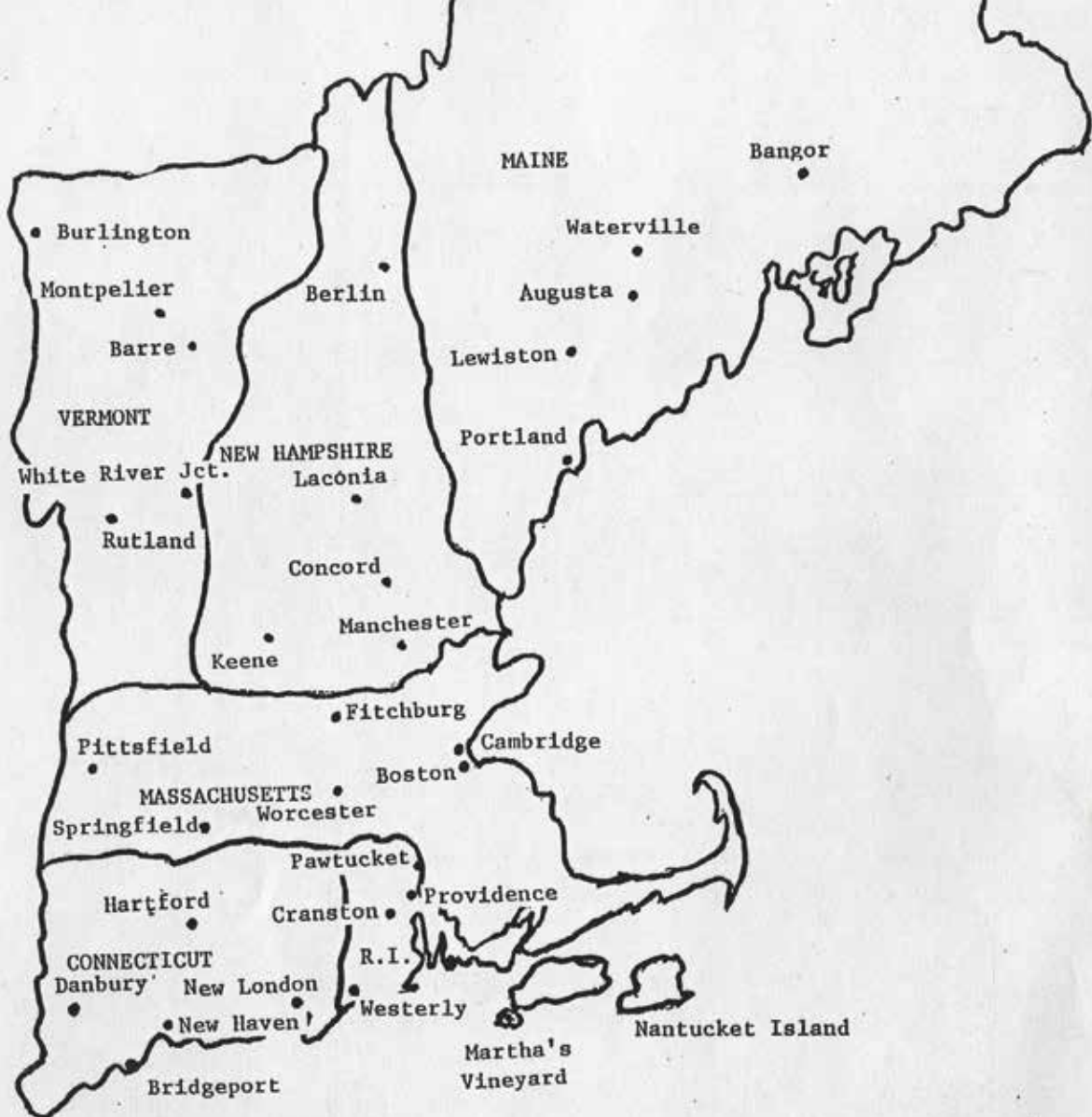
©iStock/swes0021



ON THE ROAD

In northern New Hampshire, there is a town, called Berlin, which, at the time, derived most of its income from a large paper mill. I never stayed in Berlin because the sulfur smell was so terrible. I went down the road a few miles and stayed at a motel in Gorham. The place was clean, they had nice double stuffed potatoes and it was far enough from Berlin to escape the smell.


My travels to northern New England introduced me to a contrast of customers. There was a wagon jobber, who I had to catch early in the morning, and there was a woman I called the black widow because every time I saw her for eight or nine years straight, I am sure she had on the same black dress. I also called on a fellow who owned a bowling alley and vending route. If I was fortunate enough to make contact with him he always gave me an order simply because I showed up. There was a Wise distributor for whom I would have to wait until early evening. If I successfully chased him around in his very cold warehouse I would get an order. And, then there was a guy who would always waste my time. I would sit at his kitchen table and show him my wares. He would listen intently and give me four orders. The next day he would cancel three. I never quite understood why. Maybe he just needed someone to talk to during those cold winter months.



In Maine, there were many wholesale customers, six grocery customers, and scores of vending customers. Today because of consolidation, there are only three retail customers, two wholesale customers and one large customer. The largest wholesaler has 100 people and does a billion dollars a year in sales. I remember one jobber, in Gardner, ME and if I got to his place early enough on Monday and his wife was out working, he would offer me a piece of her homemade pie or cake. And then on Monday night, if I was lucky, I would get to have spaghetti and meatballs with Charlie Canning of Pine State Tobacco. He would invite me to join him, his wife Jeri and their five kids. On Tuesday morning, we would go to his Water Street office in Augusta and get down to work. Charlie's father was still around, but Charlie ran the business. He was very proud of his family. One Easter week, he showed me a picture of his family in their best clothes. He was so important to the community that the picture ended up on the front page of the Augusta newspaper.

Charlie Canning, Jr. (father) holding Keith.; Gerrie (mother) holding Kevin; and four kids below (left to right) Gena, Charlie, Alice and Marybeth. Special thanks to the Canning family for this photo.





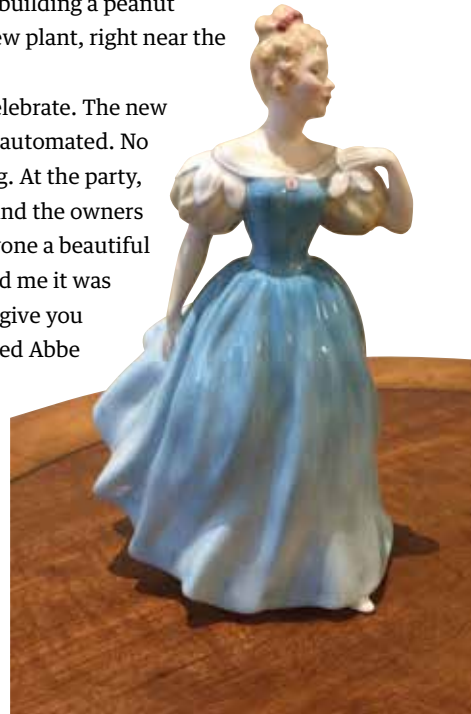
Abbe and Jerry
on their wedding
day. And the
Royal Doulton
figurine (right).



REESE'S OPENS A NEW MANUFACTURING PLANT

While I was busy selling in New England, the Reese boys were busy building a peanut butter cup empire. Business was so good, they decided to build a new plant, right near the Hershey headquarters, in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

When the plant was completed Bob Reese threw a giant party to celebrate. The new facility had beautiful clean floors and amazing equipment. It was all automated. No human beings were in direct contact with the candy or the packaging. At the party, the food and drink was abundant. Bob Reese invited his sales force and the owners of all of his brokerages to toast their shared progress. Bob gave everyone a beautiful set of glasses except for me. I asked Bob why I didn't get a set. He told me it was because I wasn't married. "When you decide to get married, we will give you something better, Jerry." And he was good to his word. When I married Abbe several years later, he gave us a beautiful Royal Doulton figurine.



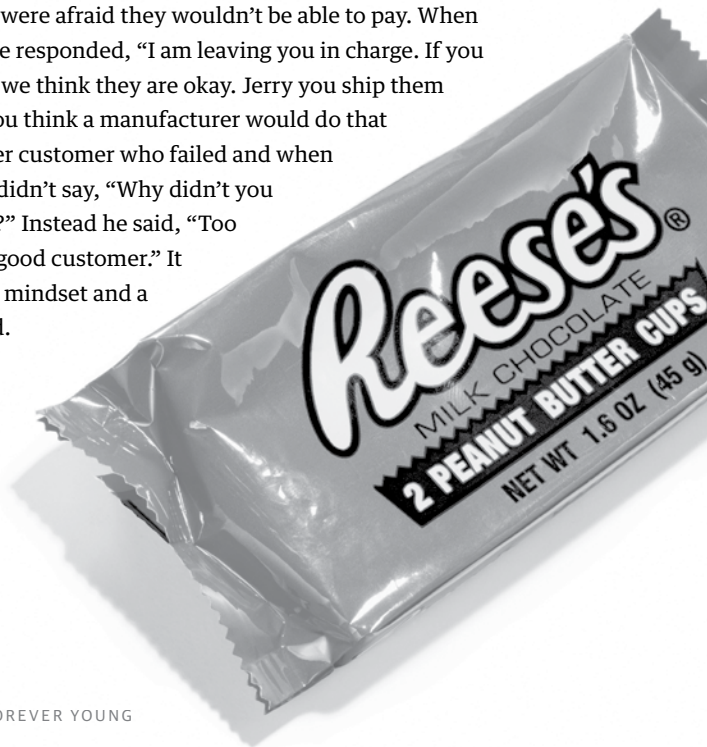
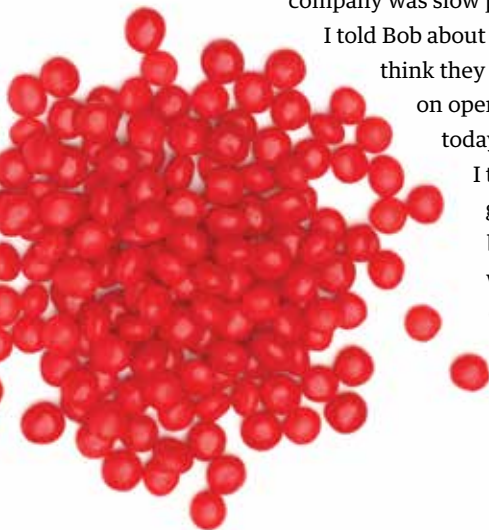


This was a busy period for our company. We were acquiring new lines including Ferrara Pan, Pez and Austin Crackers, and we were adding new people. Reese remained very important to us. The product was very popular at first in Maine and then grew all over New England. We were Reese's second largest territory in the U.S. They viewed us as their partners and trusted us with their business. For example, we

had a client in Waterville, Maine who didn't have enough money to pay on time because they were growing too fast. I was worried that Reese would get stuck. This company was slow paying and we were afraid they wouldn't be able to pay. When

I told Bob about my concern, he responded, "I am leaving you in charge. If you think they are okay, then we think they are okay. Jerry you ship them on open terms." Do you think a manufacturer would do that today? I had another customer who failed and when

I told Reese, he didn't say, "Why didn't you get the money?" Instead he said, "Too bad you lost a good customer." It was a different mindset and a different world.





**New lines,
new friends and
an award.**



A big deal that
was a Big Deal.

40,000 LB. TRUCKLOAD OF
Tootsie Roll CANDIES
For JOSEPH P. MANNING CO.
SOUTH BOSTON MASS.



A STEEP FLIGHT UP

Stop & Shop was a major player in the grocery business in the mid 1960s. They had a buying office in South Boston, which I visited fairly often. On this particular day I went to see buyer Eddie Buckley to present the new Wayne promotion. Wayne was a family chocolate company and had a just launched a program of six different kinds of chocolates in one pound bags. Chocolate covered nut clusters, drops, chocolate peanuts, peanut crackle, cream maple and vanilla. The merchandise came with a beautiful display unit that had plastic trays on top for showing samples. I brought the display up a very steep flight of stairs and set it up in Buckley's office. He looked at the product with some interest but not enthusiasm. He moved slightly faster than a turtle when making decisions on new items.

He said, "OK Young, it looks good. You can take it away now."

Looking at the steep flight of stairs I had just climbed with the heavy display, I suggested that I leave it behind. "Perhaps others buyers in your area would like to try some samples."

"OK Young. Leave the display here. I'd like to try a test in five stores. Can you do it?"

"Of course I can," I responded and then spent the best part of the next week setting up the displays in five Stop & Shop stores. The candy retailed for a dollar for a pound bag. We put

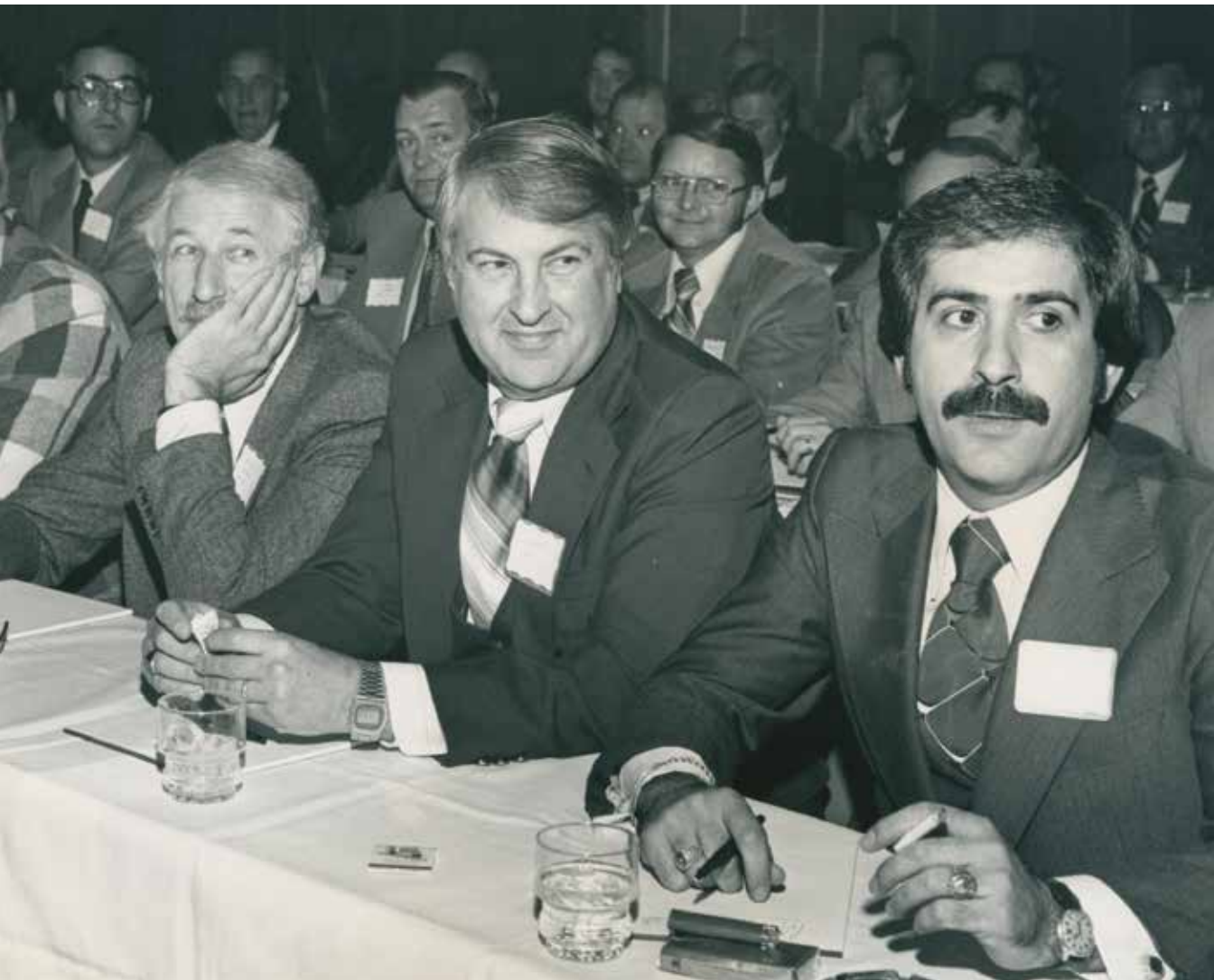
120 bags in each store. And within a week, all six items in the display were sold out. Buckley wanted to add another five stores. And we got the same results after shipping to a few more test stores. Soon Buckley called and ordered the program for the entire Stop & Shop chain. He ordered two truckloads of merchandise after the two tests.

Knowing Buckley as the slow mover that he was, I asked him what gave him the confidence to order so much so quickly. He laughed and then explained that the display I left behind worked. People in his office kept coming back for more. We ended up selling them 18 truckloads.

But there were a couple of flies in the ointment. First, some Stop & Shop warehouses had heaters on the roof, which created a big melty mess when it came to chocolates. That was the easier issue to clean up. The tougher one happened when the warehouse selector made a mistake and sent empty displays. The whole program was totally mixed up. I had to rent a truck and go store by store to personally get the right merchandise to the right locations. You think this is easy, but all that glitters is not gold.

**Jerry and
Manny Martins
(far right) at a
sales meeting.**







FIREWORKS ON THE CHARLES RIVER AND IN MY HEAD

And then things changed. In 1963, Bob Reese, his wife and two daughters came up to Boston to celebrate the 4th of July. The company had just been sold for \$26 million to their next door neighbors, the Hershey Chocolate company. The Reese family stayed at the Sonesta hotel and invited us to watch the fireworks with them. Bob had fought hard to keep his brokers, but Hershey was set on doing sales themselves. That night, there were fireworks going off over the Charles River and fireworks going off in my head. I had a house with a mortgage, two children, two thousand dollars in the bank and I had just lost 50 percent of my income. That was the first of many sleepless nights.

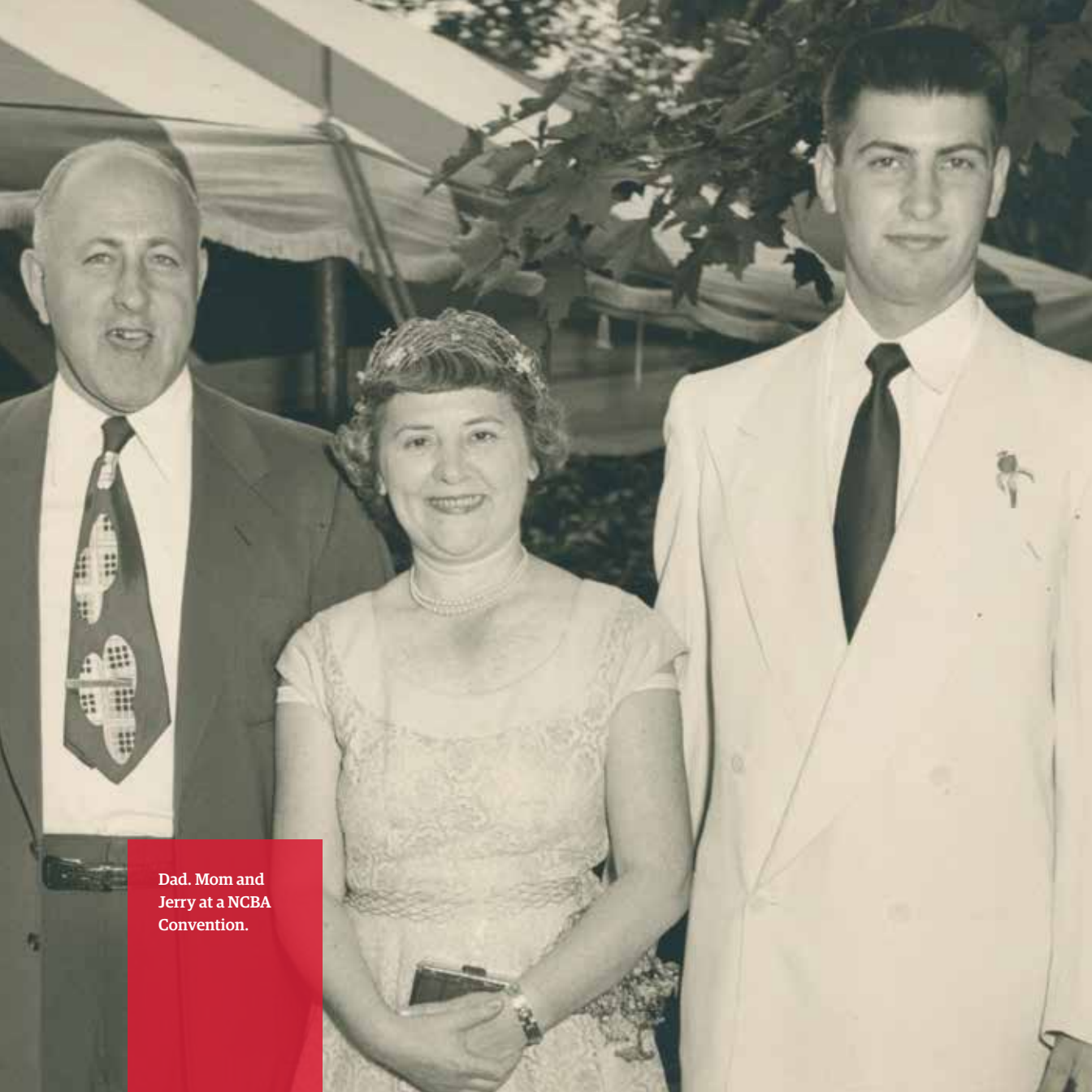
When we lost Reese, there were a few rays of sunshine through the dark clouds. When our customers heard that HB Resse had been acquired by Hershey, they all gave us an extra order because of the respect they had for us. And then DL Clark, the makers of Clark bars, Zagnuts and peanut butter logs, came calling. They were dissatisfied with their broker. They came to visit us with their displays, their promotions, their advertising. They were doing everything right except for making a great piece of candy, which thankfully, they perfected. It didn't seem to matter because Clark bars were hot. We started with Clark doing \$40,000 a month.

While we were happy to have the new line, it wasn't enough to make up for the loss from Reese. I remember being in Maine a few months later thinking that the business would not be able to survive on what we had. It was dark and dismal, and I decided that after calling Abbe, like I did every night, I would call my father and tell him the firm had big problems.

I picked up the phone and called Abbe. She was all excited. She told me to come home right away because the company was having a meeting with Nate Sloane who was the manufacturer of Charleston Chew (a real favorite in New England). I drove straight home and went to the meeting. It was a great meeting and we became the representatives of the Fox Cross Candy Company who sold Charleston Chew. Selling Charleston Chew gave us the income we needed to continue the business.

After that we added many lines—Fleer, Austin, the Bortz line of Chocolate Novelties for Easter, Valentine's Day and Christmas. We took on many other excellent lines that produced solid income. In fact at that point, the brokerage house was on its way to doubling income every five years.





Dad, Mom and
Jerry at a NCBA
Convention.



THE PASSING OF THE BATON

In 1963 we created a profit sharing program for the company. At first it was an additional ten percent contribution to all employees. Then we were able to increase it 15 percent. It took me six years to convince my father that we should have a profit sharing program in addition to a yearly bonus. Being a product of the Depression, he did not think it was a good idea. When we finally started it he said we should have done it six years earlier. During my 38 years leading Harold W. Young, Inc. we made a contribution to the profit sharing every year. Today some members of the organization have hundreds of thousands of dollars in that fund.

In 1965, my mother's health had deteriorated. My father needed to spend more time at home taking care of her. He officially put me in charge of sales while he managed our finances. Together we incorporated the company. My father put one more dollar into the business than me—so he was still in charge.

Unfortunately, my mother died at age 63, in 1967. Several years later my father married his next door neighbor, Sadie. He stopped making any calls but continued to pay all of the bills and salaries. At 43 years old I was running the show.





My father died in 1974. I was, and still am, very proud of my father. In addition to running a successful business, he committed time to his community. He was president of Temple Beth El. During his tenure, he moved the temple to Swampscott, retired a rabbi, hired a rabbi and built a strong congregation. He was president of the Boston Confectionary Salesmen's Club and one of the first salespeople honored by being inducted into the Candy Hall of Fame in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

When Harold died, Abbe became treasurer of the company. I felt good about having Abbe as part of the company. I knew that if something were to happen to me, she would protect what we had built together. In addition to managing our finances, Abbe became the human resources manager and took care of our real estate.

**1958 NCWA
Convention.
Can you find Jerry
and Harold?**





Characters Who Build Character

In the brokerage business everyone is your customer. The manufacturers, the buyers, the retailers, the wholesalers. I never was 100 percent sure what I was walking into when I opened a customer's door.



Joe Lanzilli.
Nice Tie.



TIES, TOFFEE AND TINY MINTS

Let me give you an example. Joe Lanzilli was a VP at DL Clark. We went to call on a customer and then Joe suggested that we go to East Boston, his home—to have lunch. He took me to this crazy restaurant where the owner would cut off your tie if you didn't eat everything on your plate. Now, back in the day, I thought I was up to the challenge. We ate everything we could and there was one sausage left over. Joe told me that I had to eat it. I just couldn't, so Joe told me to put the sausage in napkin and put in my pocket. Little did I know Joe had gone into the kitchen, told the owner that I was hiding a sausage in pocket. Wouldn't you know, Tony came to the table asked us if we liked our meal, and then asked me what was in my pocket? You know how that ended, off with tie. After the embarrassing moment and a lot of laughs, we went back to the office and fell asleep on the floor because we were so full.

While we are on the topic of Joe Lanzilli, in the mid 1970s Joe went to work for Callard & Bowser. He called me when he landed there and when I first saw his new line, I told him that I didn't think it is for us. After threatening to take me to that restaurant in East Boston again, I agreed to take it. We introduced the line to the market with their English toffee. The strategy was to entice the buyer to put the product in at a price it would sell. The manufacturer would

sell it at a lower profit to get people to try it. After a few years, the line was well established in the market place and generated several millions of dollars for us.

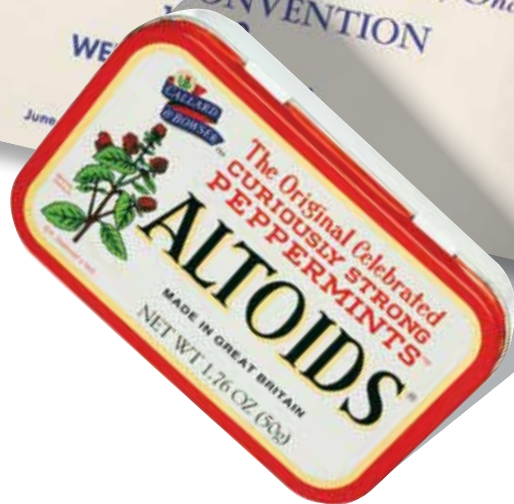
A few years later, there was a rumor that Peter Paul was going to buy Callard & Bowser. The Peter Paul brokers were really excited about it. We weren't. We'd invested a lot of time and effort getting this product into the market and now we were going to have to give it over to Peter Paul. Well, we worried over nothing. While negotiations were going on with Peter Paul, Peter Paul was sold to Hershey.



Meanwhile across the pond, in England, another company bought Callard & Bowser. They had a complementary little new product called Altoids. Altoids did not originally appeal to the public because the price was too high. When they finally lowered the price, the brokers pushed hard and it became an everyday item with all classes of trade. With the right advertising, price and product, Altoids took off.

Fast forward a few years and Kraft buys Callard & Bowser and Altoids. The product was so hot, that New England food broker who had the Kraft lines refused to sell any Kraft products if they didn't get to sell Altoids. They gave the Kraft food broker the business. We lost \$1 million in income, about 25 percent of our revenue in early 2000. You win some, you lose some.

Curiously strong peppermints make a statement on the convention floor.





George

*Photo credit:
Special thanks to
Gene & Georgetti.*



THE SINGER & THE MAYOR



We worked for a wonderful family from Chicago, the Ferrara family. They built their empire on classic favorites like atomic fireballs, lemon heads, red hots and jawbreakers. My first candy convention, I was all alone, and the patriarch of the family, Nello Ferrara, saw that I was solo. He said to me, “Young, what are you doing for dinner?” I told him I didn’t have plans, so he told me that I was coming with him! That night I was truly introduced to Italian hospitality. We were in a big group of customers and friends. The food kept coming, the wine kept coming. By the end of the night, Mr. Ferrara was singing *O Sole Mio*, and the mayor of Chicago Richard Daley was playing the piano at the Hilton by the Water Tower.

That was the beginning of a tradition that Nello passed onto his son Salvatore Ferrara, who literally ended up inviting the whole industry out for dinner whenever he could. Now pay attention here, Nello, Sal and the rest of the Ferrara family would do anything for you. There was no quid pro quo, they just wanted to share with you and thank you. As a result, we would do anything for their family. Going to Gene & Georgetti’s in Chicago with Sal, friends, and customers became an annual event that I will never forget.

**Sal Ferrara,
Nello and Marilyn
Ferrara, Michael and
Staci Rosenberg.**





YOU DESERVE IT.

While we are at it, what about my other extravagant friend, Richard Bortz? Richard was the owner of the Bortz Chocolate company in Reading, Penn. He was a “white glove” salesman who always expounded on features of his new hollow mold Easter bunnies. I remember calling Richard with an opportunity to sell a big order to the Purity Supreme stores and I needed a price. Richard was boating off the coast of Maine. I told him, “Richard, I have 800 cases of Christmas Foil balls, and 800 cases foiled Little Santas.” He told me how beautiful the coast was. I said, “That’s nice Richard, what about the order?” He said, “OK, take the order.” We had many a night at his English style farmhouse in Reading where he and his customers would finish the night “well lubricated.”

Or how about Luke Reilly from Fleer Corporation? Luke Reilly was the opposite of Richard Bortz. Richard went to Princeton, stayed at the Ritz and liked to cook “little vegetables.” Luke worked his way up in the old Curtis Candy company by paying constant attention to the customer’s business goals and their personal needs. Luke would never miss a birthday and always sent a personalized card exclaiming, “You Deserve It.” Luke was a great motivator.

fleer corp.

Secret of Awe
GAZZLES
Great GUM

**DUBBLE
BUBBLE**

...the
Original





How do we sell more gum? Maybe sell enough gum, and win a trip to Bermuda! What a great guy. He was a genuinely warm, understanding human being that had the respect of the entire industry. Pay attention. When you did something good, Luke congratulated you. When you made a mistake, instead of scolding you, he would say, “Maybe if we had done it this way it might have been better.” He epitomized the notion that you get more with sugar, than with vinegar.

**(left to right)
Doug, Lloyd, Larry,
customer, Jerry,
Luke, Ray, Marty
and Luke's son Tim
Reilly (who is still in
the business).**





All In The Family

I spent a lot of time on the road. Abbe would keep a map of New England and put thumb tacks in the locations where I was traveling so that the kids knew where I was. All three of our kids were proud

Tacks mapping
Jerry's trips across
New England.



to say that their dad was in the candy businesses—especially at Halloween. We used to take a huge box and fill it with an assortment of candy and then we would cut a hole in the top. Ghosts, witches and superheroes of all ages would come to our door on Halloween to pull out a fistful of candy from the Young’s candy box. Andy and Betsy, who you will hear about soon, continue the tradition to this day. Their kids are all grown up, but still, every Halloween, they pull out the candy box.

The kids helped with the business. Hills Department Stores was an important customer and we would have to write out their orders by hand. They had hundreds of stores and each order needed to be completed. It was before computers so Betsy and Marji would sit on the porch and write out the orders together. It was also before those child labor laws.

When I wasn’t on the road, the family would sit together around the table for dinner. We talked about the day’s activities and sometimes about what was happening at the office. We’d

even talk about what lines to take. I remember the discussion about one particular product. An older man came to me with a rolling paper line. The salesman was retiring and he offered me the opportunity to buy the line from him. It would have given us \$50k additional income. I didn’t know much about marijuana and rolling papers. I didn’t feel comfortable taking the line so I asked the family what they thought. Betsy was 16 at the time. After thinking about it for a minute she said, “Dad—do we need it to live?” That killed the proposal.

**The kids—Andy,
Marji and Betsy.
So cute.**





ENTER ELISABETH ANN YOUNG HARRIS (BETSY)

Betsy, like me, got her first taste of the brokerage business doing retail work. And like me, she didn't plan to make a career of it. After college, at 22 years old, she went to work for a large financial services company. Her first job was working with IBM to install all the automated systems in the bank. After surviving that harrowing technological experience, at 23 she was named manager of a bank branch. At 25 she was promoted to manager of a major bank branch in a tough location. On one side of her Huntington Avenue location there were busy hospitals, and on the other side of her there was a community of newly arrived immigrants trying to find their way in America. Stuck in the middle of this mess, her new position was challenging. One minute she was dealing with complex financial issues involved with operating a hospital, and the next she was explaining how to open a bank account to someone who could barely speak English. The glamour of the financial services industry was wearing off. The only thing glamorous about being the manager of a bank was Betsy's wardrobe.

One day she came to visit Abbe and me. She seemed a little out of sorts. I asked her what was wrong. She explained that she was frustrated because senior management was not willing to do what was necessary to move forward and the people at the bottom of the bank were not

A professional headshot of a woman with shoulder-length, layered brown hair and bangs. She is smiling slightly and looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a dark, vertically striped blazer over a dark top, a multi-strand pearl necklace, and hoop earrings. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with warm, golden light.

Betsy and the
candy business.
Creative and
intuitive business
leader.



empowered to do it. It was very clear to her what needed to be done. No one was willing to do it. Sensing her discouragement, I asked her if she wanted to come work with me. Six months later she called and said, “Dad, did you really mean what you said about joining the business?” And I answered of course. She hung up her phone and immediately gave her notice to the bank. On her last official day at the bank, I called her to say we were excited that she was joining us. She abruptly answered, “Thanks Dad, but I can’t talk to you right now because we are being robbed.”

I was thrilled to have Betsy joining the firm, but I was honestly a bit worried. Not about Betsy’s ability to do the job. She is fiercely bright and intuitive about people and way overqualified to be managing a bank. It was more about the industry. At the time, and unfortunately still today, the confectionery business is a man’s business. Betsy was going to have to work hard to win over the people who we represented and our customers too. It didn’t take her long to figure out the sales managers and buyers...and her old man too.

**Betsy and
her husband,
David Harris.**

Andrew, a
natural salesman
and industry
innovator.





HELLO, ANDREW ROBINSON YOUNG

Andrew, Betsy's younger brother by four years, was the youngest member of the family to join the firm. Like his father and his sister, he was not interested in becoming a part of the family business. He started his career working for the OAS (Organization of American States) and was stationed in Argentina and Washington. (Abbe and I are still convinced that he was doing "something else" in Argentina although he denies it.) He left the OAS to work for the Gillette company in the international division. He got his MBA at night and he tutored English as a Second Language. He was having fun and not thinking too much about the future until he met Lita, from Lima, Peru, who was to become his wife.

One night Betsy and I invited Andrew to dinner. At dinner, we asked him if he might be interested in trying the family business. In fact, I think the sales line was something like this, "Andrew, you won't know if you like the business unless you try it." I'm happy that he says, "He's still trying it."

Like the rest of us, Andrew started his career doing retail work with the independent stores. Everyone knew the story about Harold, the popcorn and the circus, but I reminded him of it when he went out in the market not to take credit. I told him that we were to get paid at

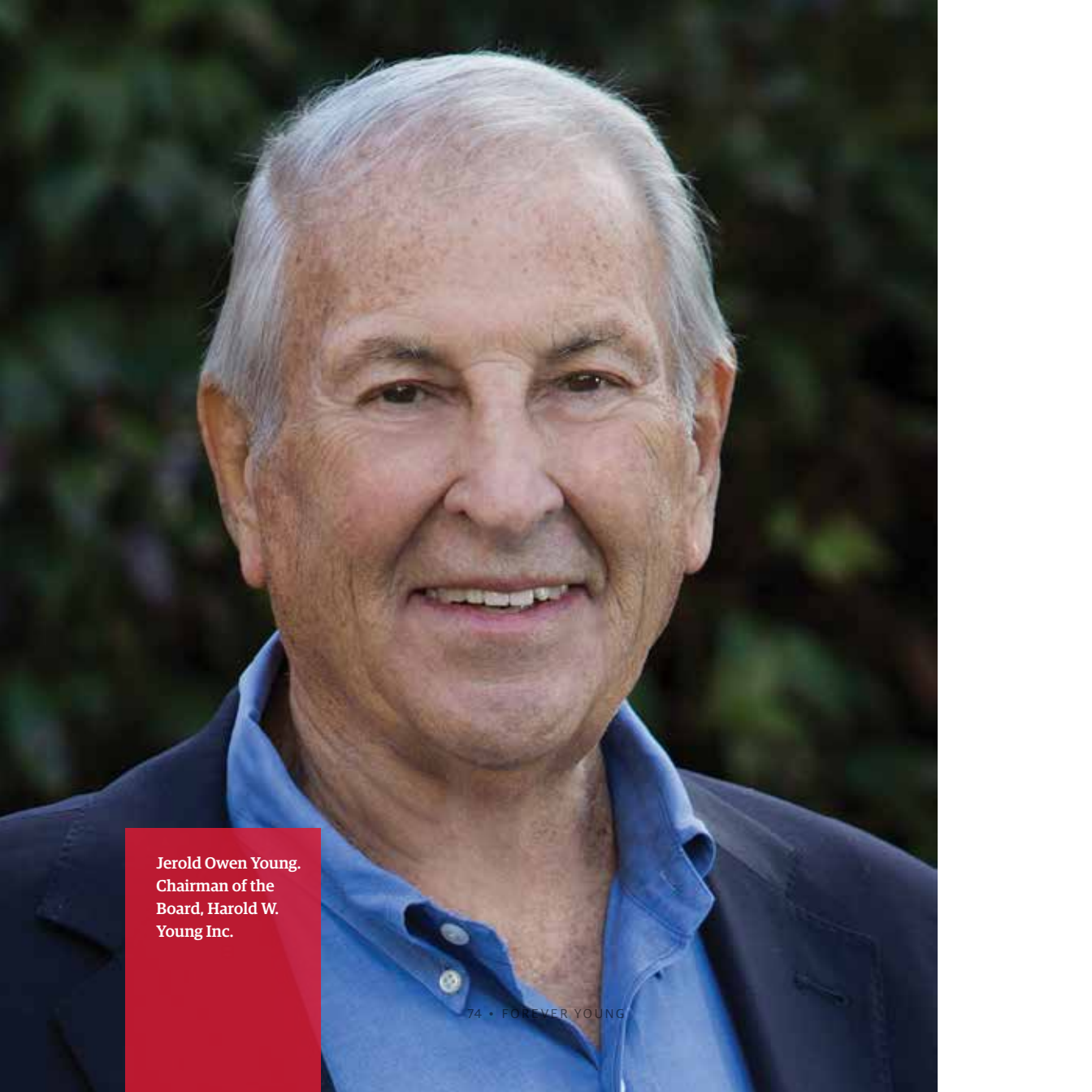
the store “in cash.” Well, Andy has always had a little trouble listening, and was anxious to close the sale so he, like his grandfather, took a few checks. To my surprise his goodwill was returned without bouncing a check.

After a couple of years he got his feet on the ground, he came to me and suggested that we have different sales people to call on different classes of trade. After thinking about what he had said, I agreed. It was his idea, so I put him in charge of it. He led the vending and convenience divisions, hiring people to call on those classes of trade. Betsy took over direct buying retailers—supermarkets, drug chains and club stores—and working together the company continues to grow.

Both Betsy and Andrew are well respected by their peers. They both have received the Lou Spector award for distinction in the confectionery business, like me. Just last year, Lita Young took on a central position inside the company managing the business. A graduate of Cornell and Harvard Business School, Lita is an important addition to the company and its future.

**Andy and his wife,
Lita Young. Now the
CFO of the company.**





Jerold Owen Young,
Chairman of the
Board, Harold W.
Young Inc.



HOW SWEET IT IS

I wonder what my grandfather Julius would think about the world today. So much has changed since he was making deliveries by horse drawn carriage. Adding machines have been replaced by the computer. A nickel candy bar sells for over a dollar, gas costs over \$3.00 in some parts of the country, and mobile phones have made it possible for me to stay in touch with my grandchildren as they travel all over the world.

Over the last century, our little company has grown from one man and his car to 100 employees with offices up and down the eastern seaboard and in the mid-Atlantic. We've gone from covering customers in New England to the entire Northeast region. From selling one product, Tootsie Rolls, our product mix has evolved from candy to beverages, snacks, grocery products, HBC items, convenience stores, vending, food service and more.

We've had our ups and our downs, but for the most part, the trend has been positive. I think my father would be proud of how we have cared for his legacy. We are a knowledgeable, ethical, passionate, professional company building mutually beneficial relationships.



**Then and now.
The legacy continues.**

While technology has changed the whole complexion of our industry and our methods of interaction, it hasn't changed the importance of the quality of those interactions. In spite of what anyone tells you, relationships and knowledge still matter. To be successful in our business, and in life, you need to be honest, reliable, sincere, and always do the "right thing." In the end, it doesn't really matter what products we are selling, it matters who we are. I hope that my story has left you (and my kids) with a few anecdotes that you can call upon when you are facing important decisions.

- If you want something, don't wait for it to come to you. Go get it.
The Reese Brothers might have a good item some day!
- All that "Glitters isn't Gold"
There is no substitute for hard work—bring those samples up the stairs, fix the shippers at the stores, and maybe you'll get a big order.
- Live and share your experiences together.
Put a sausage in your pocket every now and then.
- You get more with "honey" than "vinegar"
Help someone when they need it the most, that's when it counts.
- Don't underestimate the power of dinner.
Sitting down at a meal is a great way to really "know" each other.
- Focus on what is important.
Remember to fish where the fishes are.
- Most importantly, be true to who you are.
If you remember where you came from, you won't get lost along the way.


The Final Word

Jerry died on May 4, 2016
surrounded by his family.

The response to his passing
from the industry was
incredible.

Thanks Jerry for your
wisdom, encouragement,
sense of humor and love.
We will do our best to care for
your legacy the way you cared
for your dad's. We love you so
and in our minds and hearts,
you will be forever young.



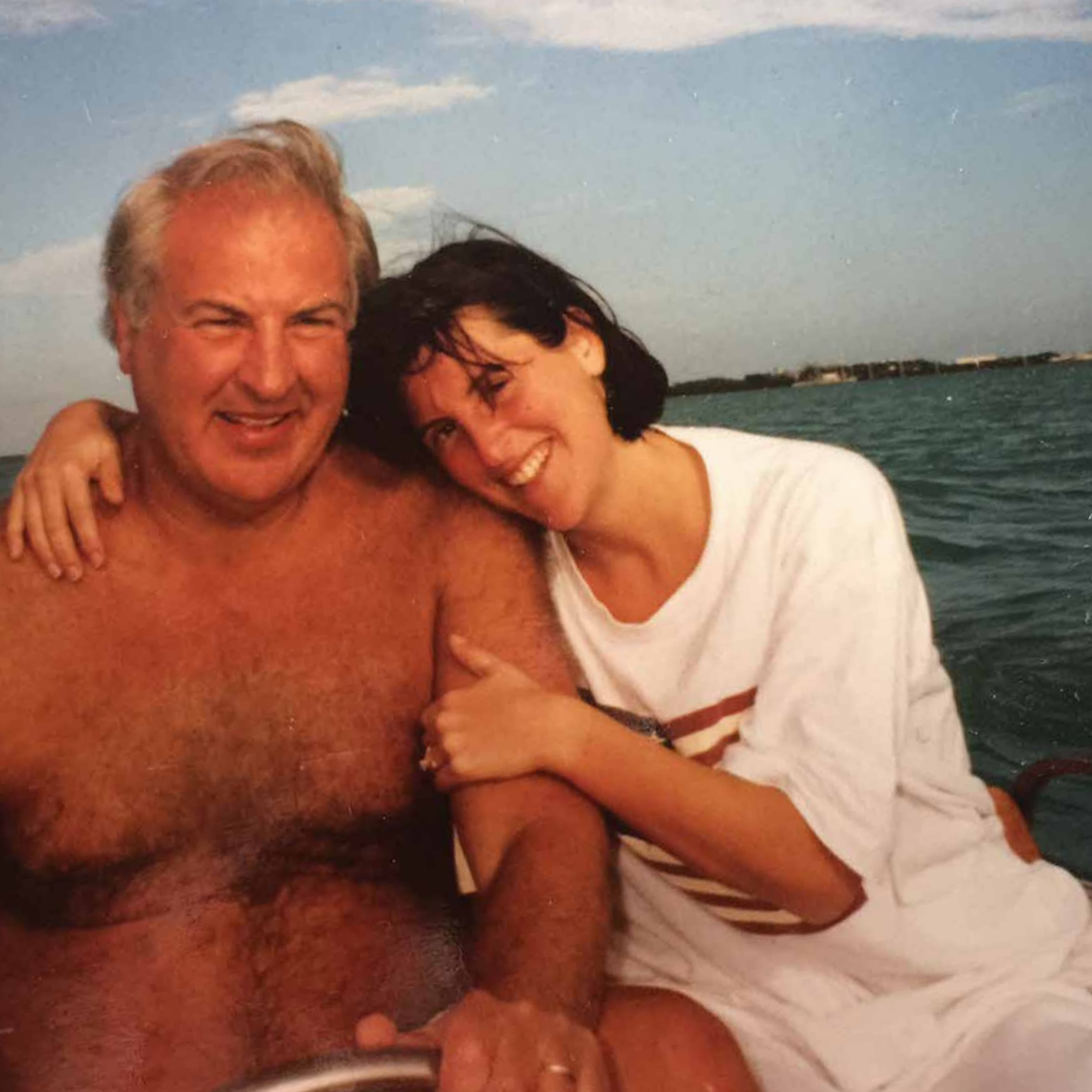


“The sweetest man I have ever known.
He was always in good spirits and
lifted the spirits of those around him.”

“He was the consummate gentleman
with great care and respect
for his family.”

“Always the
energetic and
creative leader.”

“A great friend in
so many ways and a
wonderful colleague
for 30 years in the
candy industry.”





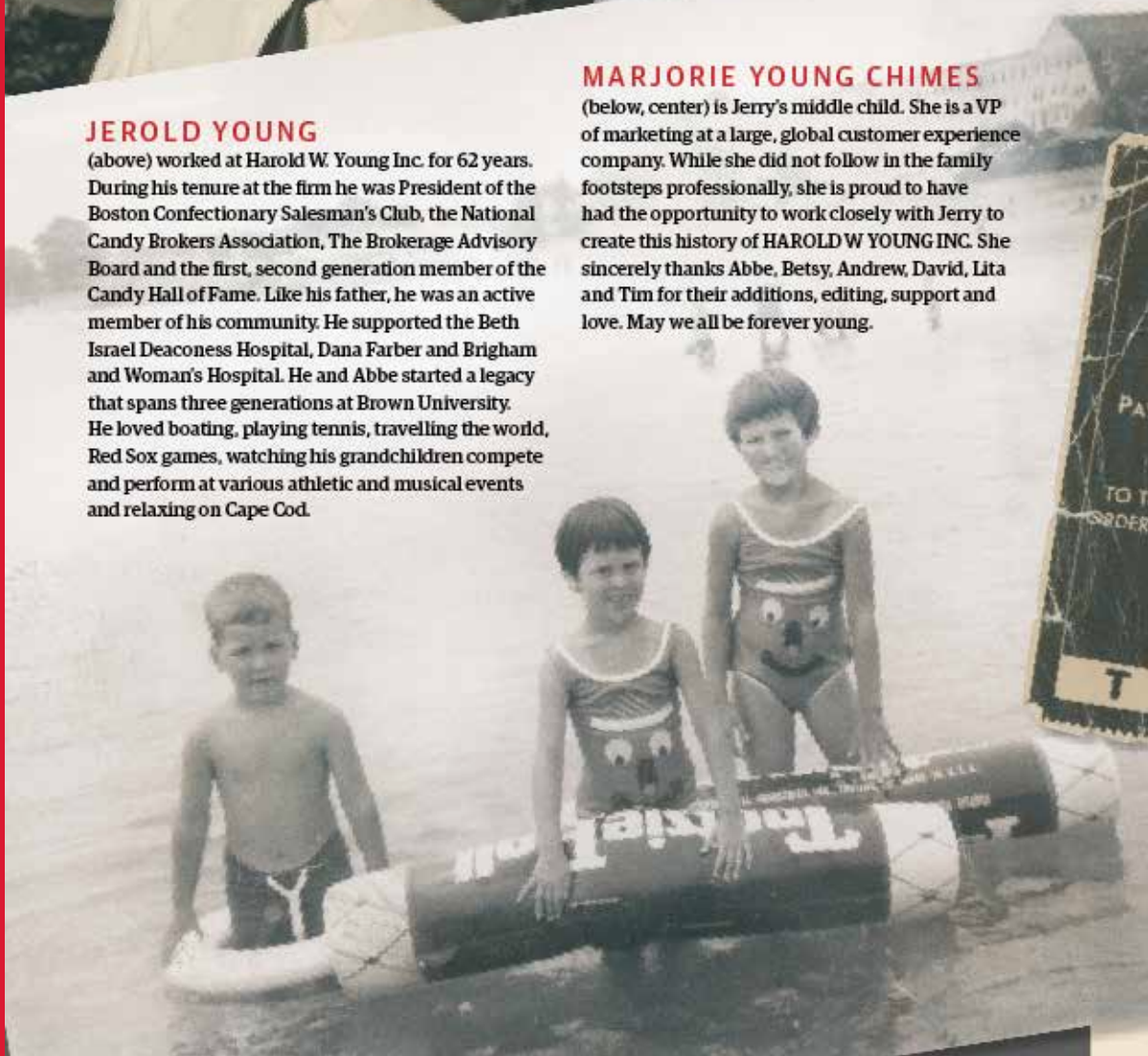
LET THE S...
... OF THE HAROLD
... BRONCHAVE ...
...

JEROLD YOUNG

(above) worked at Harold W. Young Inc. for 62 years. During his tenure at the firm he was President of the Boston Confectionary Salesman's Club, the National Candy Brokers Association, The Brokerage Advisory Board and the first, second generation member of the Candy Hall of Fame. Like his father, he was an active member of his community. He supported the Beth Israel Deaconess Hospital, Dana Farber and Brigham and Woman's Hospital. He and Abbe started a legacy that spans three generations at Brown University. He loved boating, playing tennis, travelling the world, Red Sox games, watching his grandchildren compete and perform at various athletic and musical events and relaxing on Cape Cod.

MARJORIE YOUNG CHIMES

(below, center) is Jerry's middle child. She is a VP of marketing at a large, global customer experience company. While she did not follow in the family footsteps professionally, she is proud to have had the opportunity to work closely with Jerry to create this history of HAROLD W YOUNG INC. She sincerely thanks Abbe, Betsy, Andrew, David, Lita and Tim for their additions, editing, support and love. May we all be forever young.



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Harold W Young Inc
W E.
1901
LOOK DOWN
behind a
with a



THE SWEETS COMPANY OF AMERICA
MANUFACTURERS TRUST COMPANY
681 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 24

No. 1

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

TOOTSIE ROLLS ***** 50 DOL'S 00 CTS

NEW YORK, June 9, 1938

\$ 50.00

Harold W Young
First Sales Prize-May 1938

Cladio C...
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AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

T O O T S I E R O L L

