

# The Ideal Centennial

*Chronicling the First 100 Years of Ideal Jacobs*



# THE IDEAL CENTENNIAL

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*Chronicling the First 100 Years Of Ideal Jacobs*

**Collected Works by**

Andrew C. Jacobs and the Ideal Jacobs Team



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**Author's Note:**

*Unless it is specifically written, all content was written by Andrew Jacobs.*

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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# SPECIAL THANKS

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The question of how to say thank-you to everyone who has been around us for the last one hundred years is obviously a daunting task. So let me do it this way. Neither my grandfather, my father, nor I would have had the chance at success and happiness were it not for our families, team members around the world, relatives, friends, customers, and suppliers. We are all a culmination of our environments and the people around us. The positive tidal wave of energy that envelops me all the time and which I send back out is a direct result of all the people around me. Without you all, we could not be where we got to and are still going. I take nothing for granted and a big part of that is because I am continually and eternally grateful for the chances for us all to be together to make a difference to make things better.



*To my wonderful wife, Wendy. I would not be who I am without you.*

In May of 1977, after failing at my dream to become a television news anchor, I was left with the question of what to do with my life. Even with a university degree and good grades, I was trained for nothing, was grammatically illiterate, and faced the one thing I had avoided since I was a teenager. Going into the family business posed the huge double threat of giving one man the power of being both my boss and my Father. It meant my totally bending to his will and learning a new industry from scratch.

What I did not know at that time was that my dad did not want me in the company, which at that time consisted of him and his secretary. He had recently broken up with his brother and a bitter family feud had resulted. He wanted to make enough money for a good life with my mom and be left alone. But my mother intervened and I joined the com-

pany on June 1, 1977. (As far as I could tell, my grandfather Morris had started our company sometime in 1921, but the actual date was never determined, therefore I used the day I started as our anniversary.) My father respected three things: power, money, and the ability to sell. I had none of those things, but what my mom said was law, and so began my training. His command to me was to keep my mouth shut unless he asked for my opinion. The secretary did not like me so she was fired. It was then just my dad and me.

So began my adventure with our family business but I do not want to get ahead of things, you will need some background as to how all this happened. The more my brother Ira and I delved into our history the more interesting it became so let's start at the beginning.





# INTRODUCTION

*A historic photo of Orange Screen Company, current headquarters of Ideal Jacobs Corporation in Maplewood, New Jersey*



**1898**

*Morris Jacobs born in Romania*

**1921**

*Morris Ideal Jacobs Printing & Engraving Co.*

**1924**

*Jerome Jacobs born*

**1946**

*Jerome Jacobs begins working with his father*

**1949**

*Leonard Jacobs joins the family business*

**1956**

*Morris Jacobs retires, leaving the business to Jerome and Leonard  
Andrew Jacobs born*

**1971**

*Jerome leaves the family business to start Ideal Jacobs Printing Corp.*

**1977**

*Andrew Jacobs begins working with his father*

**1997**

*Jerome Jacobs retires  
Morris Jacobs dies*

**2001**

*Ideal Jacobs begins manufacturing in Maplewood, NJ*

**2005**

*Andrew Jacobs and Ben Meng create Ideal Jacobs Xiamen*

**2008**

*Ideal Jacobs Mexico opens*

**2010**

*Ideal Jacobs Europe opens*

**May 18, 2011**

*Ideal Jacobs (Malaysia) Corporation Bhd is listed for public trading on Bursa Malaysia Stock Exchange*

**2015**

*Jerome Jacobs dies*

*Ideal Jacobs Suzhou begins manufacturing*

Looking back over this timeline I am in awe of my family. My grandfather came over on a boat with millions of other immigrants. He did not speak our language, they did not have a lot of money and by the time he was thirty years old he already had his part of the American dream. His own business, a wife, family, a house and later even a vacation house. He started our company with virtually no money and kept two other part-time jobs to keep things going. Once he started he never looked back, in fact he refused to talk about life when he was young and it was forever a closed door. Perhaps that was just as well as it also forced us to always be looking forward, to be building, achieving and always working towards would could be.

My Dad and my Uncle were forced into our business. Both would have been happier had they not worked for my grandfather but his personality was so strong, and times were then different so what he said was law. By the time they forced him to retire it was too late for them to do anything else. Without having him as a common enemy their differences became too much to handle and they split apart both in business and as brothers. The family feud that ensued from 1971 onward lasted almost two decades and only from the efforts of my wonderful brother did the family start to heal.

I came along after college in 1977 with no skills and potential as my only attribute, my father was too beaten down to refuse the command of my Mom forcing him to hire me. He just wanted to be left alone but that was not to be. As it happened I turned out to be a very good salesman and our family business became my passion. I wanted a big business he did not and eventually retired. From then on it was up to me and to say I made and am still making a lot of mistakes is an understatement. I have always believed that the minute I said no to anything then any potential from that project would be dead. Therefore my willingness to take risks grew and is still getting bigger. Our product lines increased, as did our teams, our locations and our passion to try the almost impossible. We made a lot of things that did not work but enough did, with our teams, to get us where we are now.

Happily, we are still taking huge chances today, some with the potential to help change our world. In the meantime, we are on a mission to do the best work we can, make money for our people and use our resources to follow our ideas wherever they take us. I like to tell people it took us forty-five years to build the infrastructure I always wanted where we could build almost anything and we could try any idea we created. Since we have already failed so many times the idea of it no longer was an issue and the only downside was if we said we wished we had tried something and did not pursue it. Time passing did not matter as long as we all were growing together towards goals that can help us individually, our teams and the betterment of the world. There is still plenty to be done, we are ready and open for anything and in the end what better report could I give for our first one hundred years.

**2018**

Ideal Jacobs Canada opens

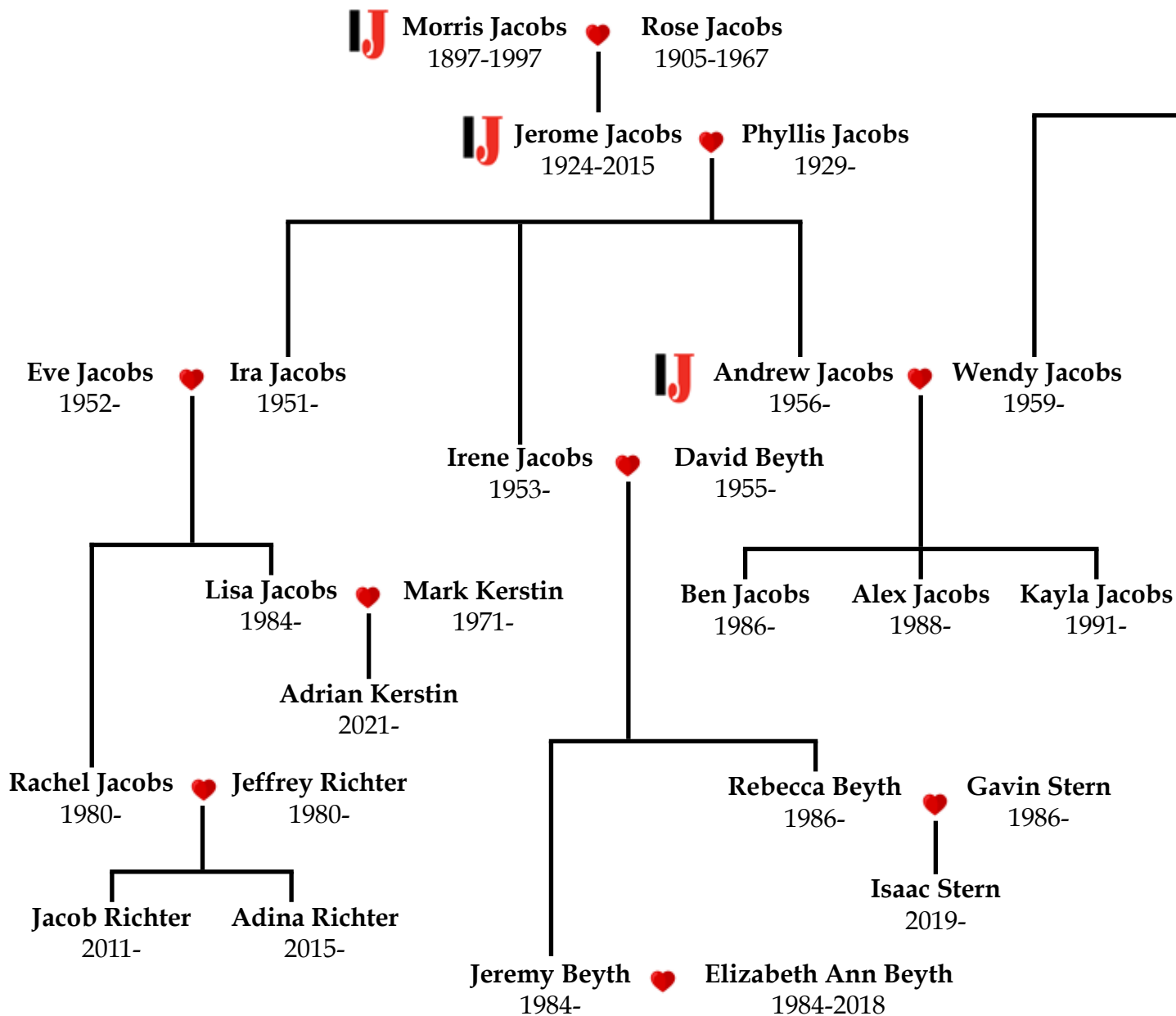
**2019**

Ideal Jacobs Israel opens

**Q4 2021**

Ideal Jacobs Penang plans to begin operations

# JACOBS FAMILY



# FAMILY FRIENDS

**Jerry Levey**  
Friend

**Jean Shepard**  
Radio Celebrity, Andrew's Mentor

**Mr. Rich**  
Jacobs' Neighbor

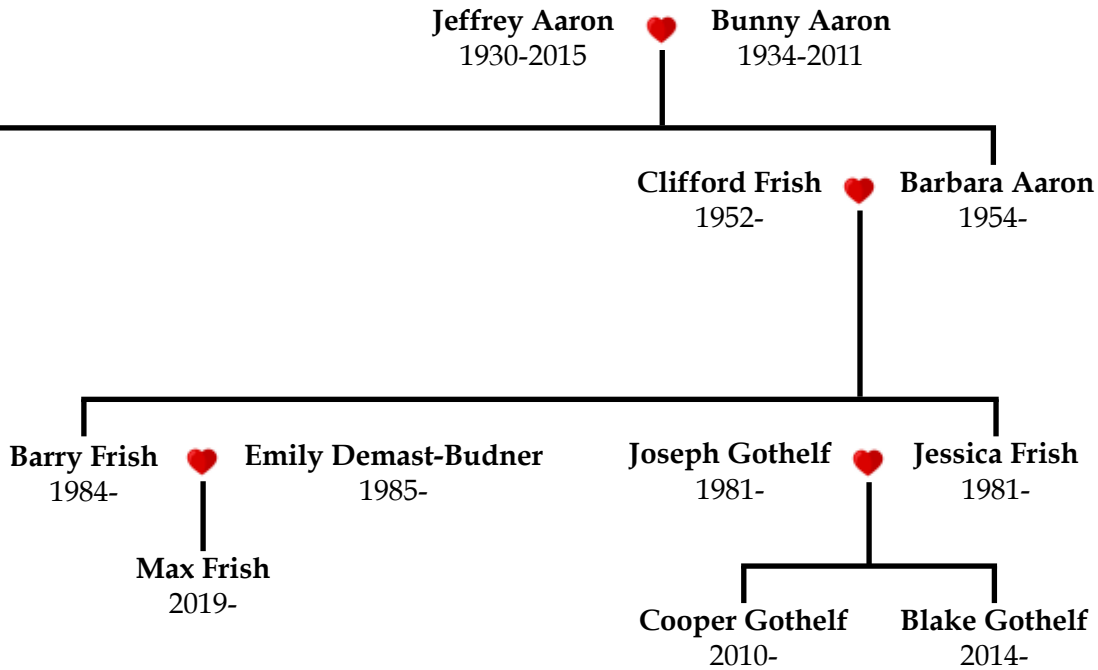
**Ian Schneider**  
Kayla's Coach

**Philip Ritter**  
Morris's Uncle

**Andrew Frish**  
Wendy's Relative

**David Messenger**  
Alex's Friend

# AARON FAMILY



Andrew, Wendy, Ben, Kayla, Alex

# WOLFE JAKOB

1862 - 1912

**M**y Great-Grandfather on my Dad's side, we cannot trace back any further, was named Wolf Tkatsch which is Salvic for "weaver" and born in 1862 in Pinsk, Russia. Being Jewish meant that he, along with all other Jewish Males would be drafted into the Czars Army for twenty five years. The Government figured that if anyone lasted that long then the chances of them still being religious were remote so dealing with their Jewish Citizens overall would increasingly cease to be an issue. Add that to the constant persecution in general and it was not a hard decision for my grandfather to leave for Romania. He went to live with a family in the town of Kirlibaba in the Carpathian Mountains and he adopted their name of Jakob. How he knew them and why they took him in is lost in history.

Wolfe earned his living as a lumber broker. He hired men and after getting permission from the government, cut down trees and floated the timber down the Black Sea to sell to the Turks. His family lived on a self-sustaining farm and they were observant and attended a local synagogue. He married Bertha Shapire who was a native Romanian and they had five children including my Grandfather. Conditions deteriorated there to the extent that the risk and danger of emigrating was less than staying where they were. It was good they left when they did had they stayed they would have been exterminated during World War II. They arrived at Ellis Island in Manhattan in 1906, Wolfe had come first and rented them a tenement apartment in the Lower East Side. Unfortunately he did not live long once they got here.





(Front Right - Left)  
Morris Jacobs with father, Wolfe

# MORRIS JACOBS

1898 - 1997

**M**y Grandfather Morris Jacobs, actually originally named “Moses” was born in 1897. He wanted to be an American as quickly as possible, became fluent in English within a short time. They started out in the Lower East Side of Manhattan with millions of others, and then relocated to the Bronx, NY in 1909. My grandfather completed his education there at age 14, his report cards showed he did well in school. To further blend in he changed his name from Moses to Morris. They later moved again to Newark, New Jersey. Many of our family were involved with the restaurant industry; my grandfather included, which is where he learned Mandarin working at a Chinese Restaurant. He continued to take night education courses, became a bookkeeper and eventually had three jobs, one of which was being in charge of the Cafeteria at the American Cyanamid Corporation in Bound Brook NJ. Through no fault of his they decided to close that establishment but the people there liked him and suggested he open his own

company, he was 24 years old in 1921 and they would be his first customer. His brother was in the Office Supply Business so he opened Ideal Jacobs Printing and Office Supply Company. He chose the name “Ideal” because it symbolized the best. He still kept his two other jobs just in case his new company failed. He was successful immediately and he eventually stopped his other two jobs to focus on his new venture. By the time the Great Depression occurred he was already established, when speaking about it to me decades later, said it was a tough time but there was business if you were aggressive enough to go after it. He used the same philosophy to get through World War II. When there was material shortages his suppliers made sure he could get his raw and finished materials because he paid his bills on time. An example of his selling ability, he told me that December used to be his slowest month. When walking through Chinatown in Manhattan he saw calendars for sale. He decided to start selling calendars and December became his busiest month.

Although my grandfather was from the “other side”, he completely lost his accent and could not be distinguished from those born in America. That was probably a mistake because all his mores and thought processes were patently European and he would have had an easier time if people had known that he was not born here. After viewing other people of his generation and background, many seemed to have a boundless energy, an almost frightening degree of independence, an unwillingness to change, and a belief that the man of the house was supreme and no one questioned his authority. The time span from 1921-1950 were the best years for my Grandfather. He got married to my Grandmother Rose and had two sons, my father Jerome and my uncle Leonard. He always said that printing was his Depression-proof business. His unwillingness to be beaten made sure that he would get



*Andrew and Morris*



# OUR HISTORY

*Morris Jacobs with his sons,  
Jerome (Right) and Leonard (left).*



a percentage of whatever sales were available. He bought a house in West Orange, New Jersey. Things were in order, his children grew up in a good neighborhood, his wife worked with him, he took up fishing and they bought a summer home at a nearby lake. In short, he had everything he had ever wanted.

When World War II ended, my grandfather told my father to come into the business, which he did in 1946 after he got out of the army. In retrospect that was a mistake because my Father was never happy working with his father or brother and never had a passion for our company.

My Father and Grandfather never got along well which got worse as my father's sales lead the company. But the business kept growing and when my uncle came into the business in 1949, things settled down to a relative peace.

In the 1950s, my grandfather slowly began to phase out of the company. It was a combination of factors. His energy was decreasing, he was not willing to keep up with the new printing technology and that combination meant a decline in his sales. Also many people of that time and age moved to Florida to retire. It would have been unusual for my grandparents to stay in New Jersey while all of their friends moved away. By 1959 he was down to one big account and he decided to leave the business to my Father and Uncle.

My grandfather was one of the most amazing people I had ever met, he started with nothing, created our company, got married, had my father and my uncle and became an American success story. When I think back at the amazing life he lead and what he accomplished it was easy to see why he was and will always be one on my heroes.



*Clara Lehman in her room, Daughters of Israel Geriatric Center, Morris Jacobs came visiting from downtown hell while I was with my aunt Clara, January 26, 1987. Both were Allen Ginsberg*

A rare photo taken of Morris Jacobs and his friend Clara Lehman, aunt of writer, poet, and photographer, Allen Ginsberg



*Andrew, Morris, and Jerome Jacobs*



*Morris with granddaughter, Irene Jacobs*

# JEROME JACOBS

1924 - 2015

I was born in 1924. My earliest memories are of our flat in a four-segment house on Lyons Avenue in Newark, NJ. Grandpa and Grandma Katzman lived next door along with several as yet unmarried aunts and I was a fat, smart, spoiled kid as a result. The Great Depression was in full force and affected everyone, though we never had a problem with a roof over our heads, food, or such, one reason being that my father worked three jobs. It left me with a basic need to conserve money that has never gone away.

St. Peter's Orphan Asylum and Parochial School loomed across the street. Until we were about five years old all went well, but after that their kids were taught hate and prejudice, with a double result- I got into a lot of fists fights, which I found very unpleasant, but I also learned how to fight and I soon found that it was better to stand up to trouble than to try to duck it. And, interestingly, when I went into business, those same Catholics became my best customers and many became friends.

The Family moved in 1934 to a one family house in West Orange. Again, there were only five Jewish families in the whole town. My social life was severely restricted by me being fat, Jewish, having acne, being a lousy athlete, and getting good grades, none of which endeared me to the girls. In addition, I had "skipped" a year in grammar school in Newark, with the result I was a year or two younger than everyone else. However, I got along. I had no more fights due to my size, readiness to do battle, and abundant practice from Newark. One memory was my friend Stanley Lenox and I coaching a young Brendan Byrne--yes, the future governor of New Jersey on public speaking. Another was being taken for a walk in Llewellyn Park one summer, and seeing a house, I think was owned by the Colgates (toothpaste company), with a five car

garage. That would be impressive even today, but for the depth of the Depression it was mind boggling, and I never forgot it. In my senior year, my excess weight and the acne finally disappeared, and I had hopes for the future.

High school graduation was 1941, when I was 16 years old. I only applied to one college then, Carnegie Tech, and was accepted. Again, times were different. Of course in December 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and we all planned to go to the armed services. My first choice was Naval Aviation, but I clashed with the recruiting officer and that ended it. I was in the Reserved Officers Training School at Carnegie Tech. (now Carnegie Mellon University), and probably could have stayed in school until the end of Sophomore year, but my mother found an article in the newspaper about "meteorology" (weather forecasting) in the Army Corps. It sounded interesting to her and to me, a chance to maybe fly, get my commission, do my bit for the war effort, and use my technical training. I applied, was accepted and went into the Army Air Corps as a cadet in February, 1943. I had a life lesson with my fraternity. With the Army looming in the near future I decided (and rightly so, I might have saved my life), to take engineering physics and calculus on top of my regular courses, which meant I had to give up all of my campus activities. These included class officer, swimming team and other prestige positions. The fraternity gave me hell for being "disloyal" to them, and I quit the fraternity half-way through the sophomore year. ONE must go one's own way.

Three of us left Pittsburgh in early February of 1942 for Camp Meade and Basic Training. This was a horror I won't detail, except that I caught pneumonia, nearly died and was coughing up blood, and just managed to talk my way onto the train taking my cadet unit to Wisconsin for our initial training. You must keep your eye on the



*Jerome and Phyllis Jacobs*

main chance. We were there for days in the train, fought to sleep in the baggage racks and got there in a snowstorm. The next morning, out on the drill fields in shorts and tee shirts, I remembered my mother's warning about drafts, and in a week I never felt better. We trained at the University of Wisconsin and then the University of Chicago, and I got my second Lieutenant commission in June of 1944. It hadn't been easy, because while I was bright, I was below average for the extraordinary group we had in the corps, but I always had my self confidence. I was also the only member of the cadets to get a degree from the University when we graduated as officers. It meant some extra work, and no one else wanted to go through it, but I did.

Most of the time in the Army Air Corps was spent overseas in Europe. I made some friends, one of which I still have, learned to speak Italian, and most importantly, got back home in one piece in August of 1946. The war took three and a half years out of the most formative time of my life, but I served my country, got a college degree, and in spite of some hairy moments, what was most important came out whole.

But when I got home in the summer of 1946 I made a big mistake. My return to college was all set, but my father told me he didn't feel well, and he told me to forget college and go work for him. In those days you did as you were told by your parents. It was soon apparent that we didn't get along in business, and I tried to escape, but I wasn't strong enough and stayed in the company. My father did the same thing to my brother after he had one year of studying architecture at Cornell. My brother, father, and I never got along after we were all in the business together.

However, I did find that I had the ability to sell, and when I was out of the office and on the road, things were tolerable. My father retired and left my brother and me as partners, which became a disaster. But this time I learned from experience, didn't fall into the trap, split with him and moved to New Jersey and went on my own. After a year or two of 24/7, everything went well, and continued so to the end of my working career.

The standard procedure in those years was to live at home until you married, usually around

25 for the men and 21 for the women. My wife and I fell in love as soon as we met, at least I did. We moved from an apartment in East Orange to a little house in Florham Park, and finally to a bigger one in West Orange, where we stayed for 52 years. Phyllis was a housewife, we always spent less than I earned, and enjoyed good health except for three very difficult child deliveries for Phyllis. But good health began to unravel in 1989, and I had to come to terms with the fact that I could no longer do what I used to do. As a result, our younger son now has the business, and we bowing to the infirmities of old age, tearfully sold the house and moved into a condo. No more stairs or taking care of the lawn, but I still miss it sometimes. It's another stage, and not an upward one. But it's an adjustment that is best made before it has to be made for you by your children when you get too old to help yourselves.

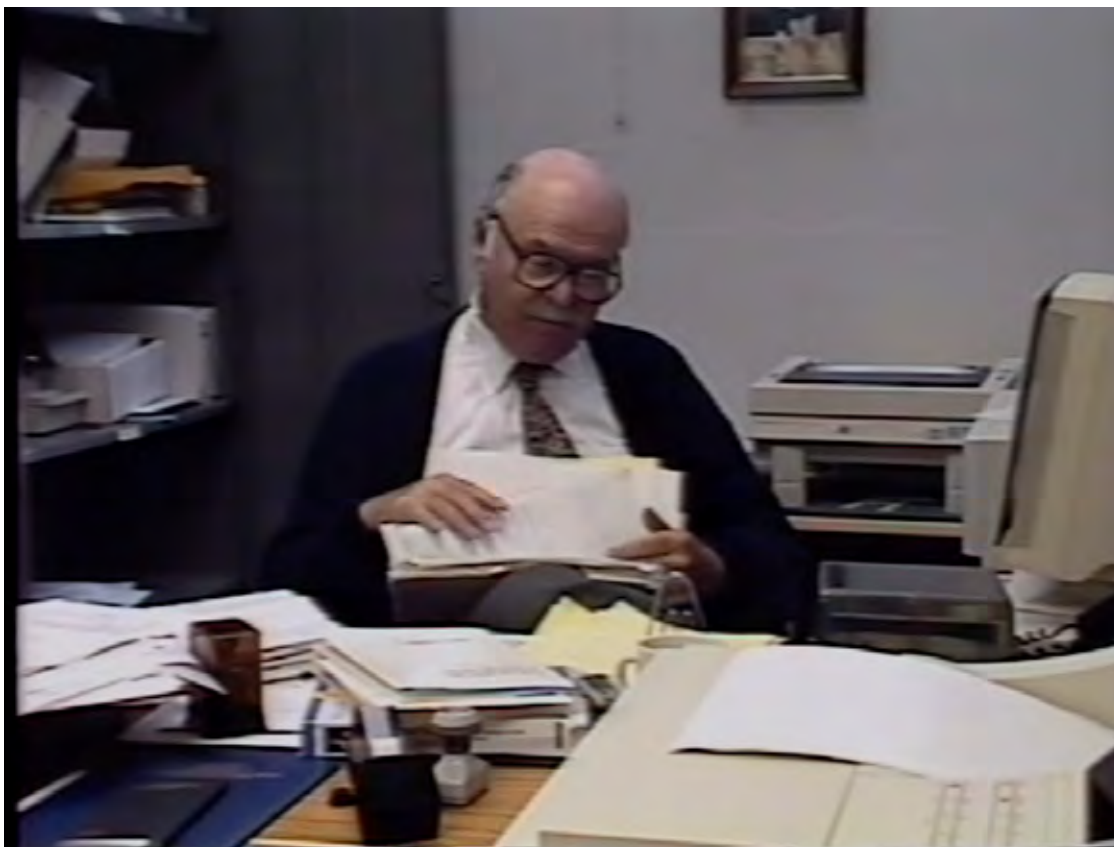
So now we're in the golden years. They would be that with good health. But good health rarely exists when you get old. We found, along with our friends, that the human body begins to deteriorate after 55...For me, I gained weight, had tooth trouble, various cancers, a heart attack, anemia, etc though amazingly enough felt pretty good, and I'm told I look pretty good, but I have to give up my prized strenuous activities, handball, bird hunting, golf, fly fishing, hawk watching. I've also taken up the more sedentary activity of Talmud study 3 or 4 times a week, and I can make do with it, in fact I love it. Both of us are always in pain now to some extent, but we've learned to live with it.

My wife, who is five years younger, weathered the years more successfully than I, though she went through those difficult pregnancies, had some recent surgeries, blood clots, broken bones, etc. It's wonderful to have each other always on hand to help the other when problems come up. And they will come up. Those young people who boast about not wanting to be tied down are facing a grim future.

*The entry contained in this section was taken from Jerome Jacobs' 2000 autobiography.*



*Jerome Jacobs doing what he loved best, fly-fishing for trout in New Jersey.*



*Jerome Jacobs reviewing files.*

# ANDREW JACOBS

BORN 1956

I was born with undiagnosed Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, Attention Deficit Disorder, and later Germ Phobia, with a fear of most things and who liked to fight. It was and has been a very strange set of characteristics and don't even get me started about my dietary restrictions. Everything has combined to force me into a personal state of discipline that has been a huge part of my success and a challenge in other areas. The person I have become can be directly traced to my wife and partner Wendy whose moderating influencers and love have kept me from going too deeply in areas where I should not go. While growing up my father said that he never knew if I would be an eventual success, failure or somewhere in between, it took a few decades to find out.

I grew up in West Orange, NJ here in the United States. We lived in a house that I loved and my parent stayed there for over 50 years. I was the youngest of three, along with my older brother Ira and my sister Irene. We had a typical relatively happy household growing up, my Mom stayed home to take care of us, which was truly a full time job, and my Dad worked. The older I got, the more I saw that all families were dysfunctional - it is simply to what degree and that depended on who you asked.

When I was in the 6th grade in grammar school I had my first "light bulb" moment. I had been getting bad grades both because I hated it and did not study. No-one knew about the various "stuff" I had like OCD or ADD and they would not have cared if I did. Which in the end was the best thing that could have happened because I had to learn to cope on my own without medication. My father decided that I would have to do better in school and he forced me into a study regimen to improve. The life changing moment came when I realized that there was a very small difference in the amount of effort to barely make

it or excel and if I worked hard enough then all I had to worry about was whether I would get an A or a B, therefore failing became an impossibility. I found out that with the way my brain was "wired" if I declared that I have to do something then it had to be done because the amount of self imposed mental anguish was not worth failing. Thus began my life of ritual behaviors that continue to this day. I needed to get good grades, no problem, I just had to internalize and agree to it in my mind and then it was done. I had to practice my clarinet a certain amount of time per week, again not an issue, practice for sports it was all the same. I created a structure of discipline which, when activated by me, could not be stopped unless I accepted I was a failure and that was something I had a lot of trouble doing. Therefore from that moment on I got good grades, did well in school, music, sports and my word was my bond. If I promised something I would do it. The problems came up when I determined that would do things that became impossible to achieve. The mental turmoil was worse than you can imagine but my level of discipline would rise and I would become stronger. By the time I went into our family business on June 1, 1977, after I had failed at becoming a news reporter, I never planned on failing at anything big again.

My father was very smart, highly competent, an excellent salesman and very difficult. I was not perfect either. Besides being able to teach me about business, running a company, and selling, he had one other thing I wanted, which was the ability to make money. I always equated money with power, I still do and I never wanted to be in the position with neither, ever again. Six weeks after I started in the hot steamy, New Jersey summer, I was sent out onto the road to sell. His selling advice was simple and direct, just like him. Knock on company doors, ask for whom-ever bought the printing. If I get to see someone,



OUR HISTORY

*Third Generation Owner  
Andrew C. Jacobs*



show them the samples he gave me and ask for something to quote on. If that was successful, then bring the sample back to him to quote. I had failed at broadcasting and there was no way I was going to fail again, so it became my quest to learn everything at one time. The rejection levels were high, if you have never done door to door selling it is hard to imagine, those first few years were incredibly difficult. But it turned out that I loved being out on the road and was really good at opening new accounts. As time passed, my father decided that I had enough potential to actually be worth training. He also said he would listen to my opinion once I "could sell" but until then I should keep my mouth shut unless asked. To his credit he kept his word and as soon as I started to get my own sales he did ask for input.

I met Wendy in 1983, we were engaged soon after and married in 1984. You will read more about her but suffice it to say that marrying her was the single best decision I ever made. It is true when you get married you also marry the other's family and there again I struck gold. My in-laws, Bunny and Jeff Aaron were two amazing people who got as close to being second parents as anyone could. I still miss them both a lot.

Time passed, I became more successful, we bought a house, had three incredible kids, paid off the mortgage, sold it and bought another, this time in the town I always wanted to live from the time I was a little kid. We paid

off that mortgage early too; I never liked debt. I also resolved to grow our company. My drive for success and willingness to work long hours and take huge risks was directly contrary to my Dad's preferred pathway. He wanted nothing



*The Jacobs Siblings*

to do with that, was very happy with the money I made him, and he eventually retired. Our relationship during and after our working together went through many changes some positive and others not. The more successful I got the less negative treatment I was willing to absorb from him and the less impact he had, which meant a constant re-working of our positions relative to each other and our family.

From my experience and watching others these were normal pathways for generations in a family business, they rarely transitioned smoothly or happily and stuff that happened decades earlier could easily move to the forefront as power shifted. He eventually passed in 2015 and happily we were on decent terms. It was only



*Andrew circa 2000*

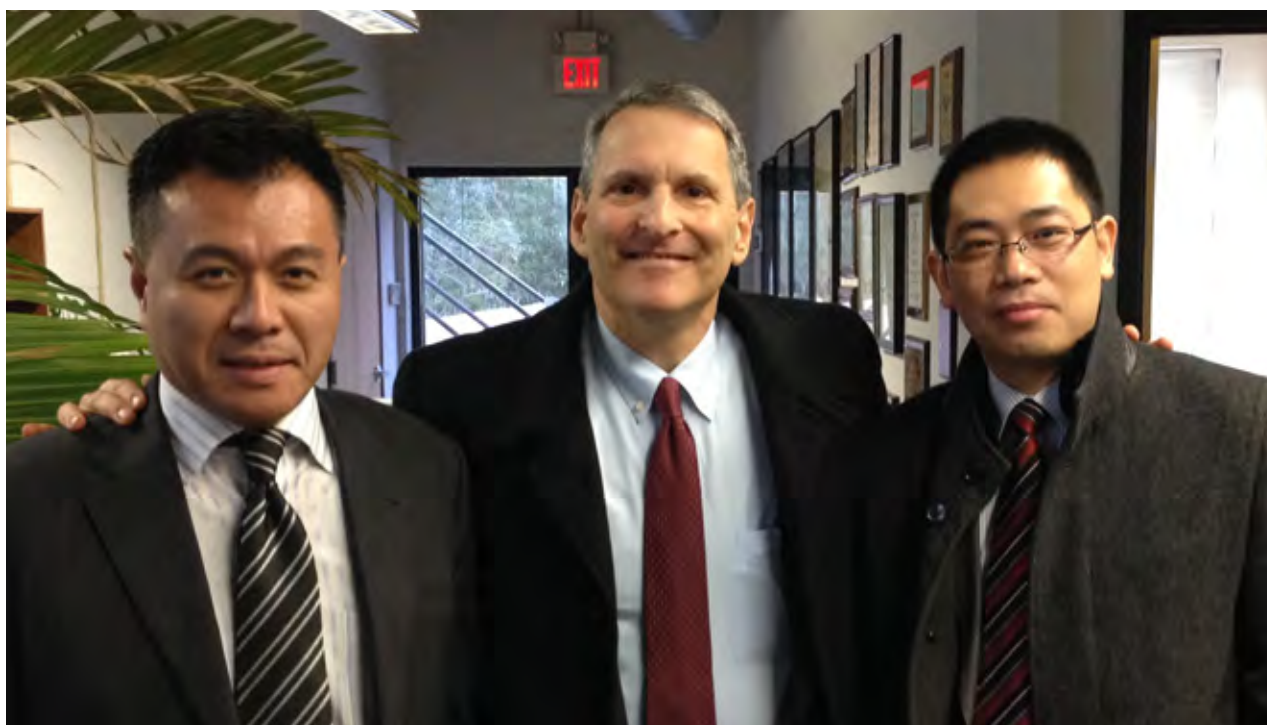
later that I found out that he never wanted me in our family business and my mother had forced the issue. She knew that if I had known while he was still alive I would have probably made things more difficult for him and she cherished peace above all, a very smart woman. My brother Ira is retired, he and his wife Eve live nearby in Verona their two daughters are married, all doing well and so far they have three grandchildren. My sister Irene is also retired, also lives nearby with her husband David, they have two children

and so far two grandchildren. My Mom is 92 years old and although a little frail physically is still mentally very sharp. We all live within fifteen minutes of her and my siblings and our spouses have created a safety net around her so she is able to still live alone with outside help. When I go to see her she wants updates on our company, what is happening with the rest of the world, The Farm in Israel, new inventions and projects. I cherish her input and treat her not just as my mother but also an advisor.

My wonderful daughter Kayla was with us for a few years. She had the ability, intelligence, drive, interpersonal skills and she could sell, she was the “total package” but she decided she wanted me only as her Dad instead of her Boss. She gave up a huge potential job for me and I will never forget how she put us, Dad and Daughter, first. As I write this in 2021 she now works for a software firm in California and lives with my elder son Ben in Colorado with his fiancé Carla. My middle son Alex is living with his boyfriend Scott in Manhattan, he is in the fashion industry and all are doing well. To say I am proud of my family is an understatement and it is an honor to be their father.

As for me, I am now 65 years old, love my wife, my family and my job. Our teams around the world are amazing and we have positioned ourselves to be in the front of technology so we can produce new products and product lines to capitalize on whatever is coming.

Globally, we have three manufacturing plants: one in the US and two in China with our Asian Group run by my very good friend and partner Ben Meng. We are currently building a new forth plant in Penang, Malaysia. He and I have been together for more than 15 years and I trust him like a brother. That day we met in the MacDonal’s Restaurant in the old Hong Airport changed both of our lives for the better. We also have two small distribution centers in Mexico and Belgium and sales offices in Thailand, Canada, Israel, China and Malaysia. At one point, our Asian Group went public on the Malaysian Stock Exchange, and then private again. Our product lines have expanded from printing to gaskets, insulators, metal and plastic products, SMART Labels, 3D Peripheral Printing Products, and more. We have approximately 275 employees worldwide and saying the journey has been amazing would be an understatement.



*Ben Meng, Andrew Jacobs, Allan Du*

# PHILIP RITTER

1902 - 1985

**I** was born in Poland in 1902 and left there to seek my fortune in March of 1919.

I was only in Toronto a few days when I ran into an acquaintance that found a smuggler to take us across the Niagara Lake at night in a row boat. His fee was \$50.00. There were no guarantees. If he was caught, he would run and advised us to run separately for cover. We started out at 2 o'clock in the morning. We ran into rain and rough waters but we finally made the crossing. The agreed plan was that we separate and follow country roads and fields until we got to the Buffalo Railroad Station where we would buy a ticket to New York City.

It was probably a 10 mile distance from Niagara to the railroad station in Buffalo. I followed a line that the boat man prepared for each one of us separately. At the crack of dawn, I saw a light and a farmhouse and heard a dog barking his head off. I figured that the only thing that I could do was to go straight ahead and meet the challenge. I had a piece of bread in my rucksack and thought I would try the normal greeting. The dog was a mongrel of the common variety that all farmers usually have. He responded to the name that I called him and escorted me to his master who talked to him in Polish.

I came in and gave him the greeting commonly used by Poles all over, "Niech bedzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus." He crossed himself and gave me the answer, "Na Wieki wieków Amen." He asked where I was going and I told him that I was going to Buffalo Railroad station. At first he had some reservations but soon he warmed up and told me that he was going to town with his milk and he would be glad to drop me off. It was an old-fashioned kind of farm, the kind that I was at home in. We put 2 cans of milk on his wagon. He was cooking oatmeal on a small gas burner. He showed me where to wash with cold water. He had a fireplace where a couple of logs

were burning. I hung my clothes on skewers to dry near the fireplace. We ate the oatmeal with cold milk and we were soon on our way. He did not ask me who I was or where I was bound for. He was probably as perplexed as I was, by a boy who appeared from nowhere and spoke Polish to him. While on the wagon, I had some misgivings of where he was taking me, but soon I saw the railroad station from a distance and my fears were allayed. I thanked him, took my leave and exchanged this again old-fashioned greeting, "Daj Boze szczescie," which I needed more than he probably knew.

At the station, I saw my colleagues, bedraggled and unkempt. We agreed not to give any sign of recognition to one another. The boatman warned us not to talk at the station. He told us how much money we needed for the railroad ticket with a written request to New York City. I bought a Buffalo Newspaper and acted as though I was reading it. At 8:30 they announced our train. This was the first feeling of assurance that I had made it. When I got on the train, I breathed a sigh of relief. It was a slow train that stopped at each station and we arrived at Grand Central station around noon. The three of us took a taxi and went to Jack Beim's store at 75 Canal Street. I knew Jack as he came out to Canada to see another cousin that came in at the same time I did. Jack called Newark and in no time at all, Maximilian came to meet me and took me home.

*The above excerpt was taken from my Great-Uncle Phil's personal diaries. After this entry, he made his way to New Jersey and started Ritter Food Company in 1922. By the end of his life, he was wealthy, beloved, and a symbol to all of what our country could be. He is another one of my heroes.*



# OUR HISTORY

*Philip Ritter and his wife Ruth, long after his coming to the United States.*

# BEN MENG

CHAIRMAN, IDEAL JACOBS XIAMEN

I first met my partner and good friend Ben Meng in the old Hong Kong Airport in the McDonald's Restaurant on the bottom floor. He had another man with him who would soon leave our partnership, which was just as well because it was Ben and I who shared the connection. It was if we had met before, there was an immediate tie and sense of trust which was critical for both of us in launching in China. Back in 2004 trying to open a company there was fraught with huge potential risk and in my mind the only chance we had for success was for a partner on the ground. After ten minutes I had my decision, as did Ben and on a handshake it sealed our fates. As I look back over the last seventeen years that decision was one of the best I ever made. Ben is a man of high integrity, intelligence and we trust each other implicitly. Ideal Jacobs in Asia had no chance to be where we are today without him.

Born on September 20, 1967, Ben is 76th generation Mencius descendant. Ben currently holds the following titles: Chairman of Ideal Jacobs Xiamen, initiator and council vice chairman of BoAo Confucian Entrepreneur Forum, Director of Xiamen International School, and Vice President of COIC Xiamen (Chamber of International Commerce Xiamen).

In 1993, Ben graduated from the Universi-



*CY Cheung, Ben Meng, and Andrew Jacobs at an initial business meeting in 2004*

ty of Utah with a degree in Finance. During his time at college, Ben met his beautiful wife Jasmine. They got married in Utah and now have two adorable daughters, Kahlee and Emporia.

Ideal Jacobs Xiamen was established in 2005 with the partnership of Andrew Jacobs. The company was listed on Malaysia's stock exchange on May 18, 2011.

In 2016, Ben was awarded the prestigious title of DIMP Date' in Malaysia. He also set up the first overseas Mencius Instititue at UTAR (University Tunku Abdul Rahman) in Malaysia.



*THE MENG FAMILY  
(L-R) Khalee, Ben, Zhen (Ben's father), Jasmine, Emporia*



Chairman Ben Meng

# MIKE VALENTINE

## VICE PRESIDENT OF OPERATIONS

**W**hen people ask me what I do for a living, I am always conflicted as to whether or not I should give the short or the long answer. The easy reply and the one that requires the least amount of explanation is that I am a VP at Ideal Jacobs Corp, a Commercial Screen Printing company in NJ. But that answer, while completely sufficient for the purposes of small talk really does not even begin to tell the whole story. The long answer in my opinion, is much more interesting and unique, but requires a bit of explaining in order to fully highlight not only what I do, but what that the company does as well. Most people think of t-shirts, stationary and product labeling when they think of printing companies. None of that describes what we do, in fact what IJ has become in my tenure is so much bigger than that. The majority of what we print is front panel overlays for telecom and other electronics equipment, which provides the look and feel for those applications. Over the years, we have expanded and transitioned into as much of a “one-stop” supplier as possible by expanding both our capabilities and global reach. In doing so we have expanded into Digital printing, laser cutting, machining, and 3D printing industries, while also opening manufacturing and sales locations in key countries all over the world. My position and work has led me in many directions, I have helped to institute many of those technologies into our workflow as well as forming many of the IJ locations around the world. Along the way I have carried many hats, including designer, inventor, project manager, process and workflow creator, bookkeeper, IT and HR admin and database developer to name a few.

This of course didn't all happen over night though. So to quote the great David Byrne... well, how did I get here...

Of the 101 years of Ideal Jacobs' history, I am honored to say that I have been contributing my efforts for 19 of them (and counting). I was hired by Andrew in March 2002 for a graphic design position. Like many of us in the Maplewood location, I was recommended by someone I knew who worked here. In my case it was a friend and former colleague of mine who had started working at IJ only six months prior. Having come from a company that employed over a 1000 employees nationwide, it was safe to say that I was burned out from working in such a large corporate environment and I was frustrated knowing that my work would probably never make much of a difference in the grand scheme of things. After only 1 day working at IJ, I knew the experience would be a refreshing pivot in my early career and would be a much needed fresh start. It quickly became very clear that this company was different from most and the small business atmosphere was just what I was looking for. At the time we were only about 30 employees. Andrew had only just had the Maplewood factory grand opening 9 months earlier so the team in general was fairly new but it already felt very much like a family.

When the factory opened on June 22, 2001, the company had grown from a team of less than 10 to more than 30. I, of course being one of the new members of the team saw that we had great potential as a group and a company. It was clear that Andrew was on a mission and was assembling a dream team of sorts, gathering the key industry experts he knew from his brokering experience to ensure our manufacturing team and operation was hitting the ground running. The team was growing fast and after about a year or so working as a graphic designer I started to take on more of a management position, first within the graphics/prepress dept and then expanding into other areas that required some dedication



# OUR HISTORY

*Vice President Of Operations, Mike Valentine*



and development. Soon my multi-department experience allowed me to the ability and confidence to start addressing areas that required re-thinking workflows and process inefficiencies. As I began revamping various inventory and order entry processes, it became very clear to me that we needed to rethink our current contact and order processing database. So with the help of a developer, I pioneered a new ERP database that was fully customized for our operation. We rolled this out in 2005 and it could not have happened sooner as it allowed for us to smoothly mirror our operation in Xiamen, China, as well as open our first sales offices in Mexico and Europe a few years later.

This type of innovating and problem solving eventually led to my becoming a Vice President in 2007, which I am grateful to say has truly been an enriching experience and has allowed me to maximize my input and effect on Ideal Jacobs.

What is great about working at IJ is that the need for creative problem solving is never done and every day brings a new challenge. In 2013, I was discussing the new emerging market of 3D printing with Igor Gomes in our EU office, and he pointed out that there were some new printers that had an affordable entry-level option. Andrew gave me the green light to purchase a 3D printer for the office just to explore the possibilities. Well, it did not take long for us to realize that the desktop 3D Printing technology at this time was not ready for the mainstream. Among the many frustrations we suffered was the ability to reliably achieve good print bed adhesion for our 3D prints. At the same time Andrew had requested that we begin experimentally 3D printing on a variety of substrates and raw materials just to see what would happen. In doing so, we invented a raw material and adhesive composition that solved our in-house problem of getting 3D prints to consistently adhere to the print

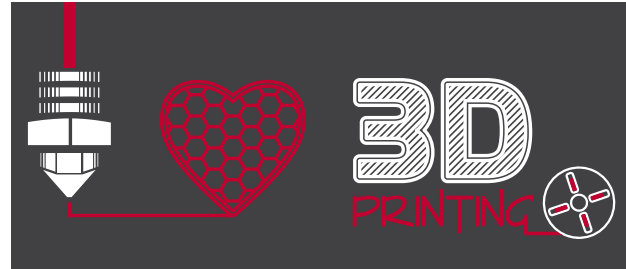


*(L-R): Dave Alexander, Mike Valentine, Vinnie Santoro, and Andrew Jacobs review the setup process of the company's first CO2 laser cutting machine.*

bed, while still allowing for easy removal of the 3D printed part without destroying the print bed surface cover. By July of 2013, our intellectual property was secured, patents were filed and BuildTak was born! This product and brand has since expanded into many other solutions and has become a well known standard in the 3D printing market today, sold in over 70 countries and counting!

I am certainly grateful for the journey and opportunity working at IJ. Things come up all the time that require a unique mindset and resourcefulness. Andrew has indeed succeeded in creating a flourishing global dream team, but he has also created a unique culture and arena for innovation that allows people with a thirst for learning new technologies to thrive in this environment. We

always joke that you have to be a little crazy to work here (in a good way of course), we all come from different backgrounds and bring something unique to the table. It starts with the notion that no job is too big (or small) for any of us. A problem presents itself (either from a customer or internally) and we solve it and move on. It is with this mentality that we can truly do anything. Andrew certainly believes so and that feeling and confidence is contagious. It's that kind of culture that allows for a company to succeed for 100 years and beyond!



# VINCENT SANTORO

VICE PRESIDENT OF GLOBAL MANUFACTURING

I love printing and I have for a very long time. As a young boy I would stop at my uncle's print shop when walking home from grammar school. It was an exciting time for the industry as offset printing was starting to "replace" letterpress printing and the equipment in his shop reflected that change. When all the presses were running the smells were intoxicating, the sounds were rhythmic, and all the mechanical motion was mesmerizing. At age 15 I worked



### **Printing Time Warp!**

*Although his appearance may have changed since 1972, Vincent is still just as passionate about printing.*

after school in a screen printing shop. The first time I produced a screen printed image by hand I was convinced I performed magic. The tactile feel of pulling a squeegee across an ink filled screen, forcing the ink through the mesh producing an image worth admiring was fascinating. I was too young to choose a career path so I'm pretty sure at that point screen printing chose me.

In college I pursue a teaching degree in Industrial Education and become fortunate enough to teach high school in a wonderful school system in Ridgewood, New Jersey. To use the vernacular, I am a "Shop Teacher" teaching Black & White Photography, Offset Printing, Letterpress Printing, and of course Screen Printing. Although rewarding I left teaching to pursue my other love...music. Running concurrent to all the above is my desire to seek fame and fortune as a working musician. Realizing I am never going to get a girlfriend playing the accordion I switch to the Hammond B3 Organ. I worked with some talented musicians, made some life long friendships, and played at some fun venues, but no fame and fortune.

Disenchanted with the music business, I concentrated on the printing industry and in the early 1980's started my own screen printing company. Among my customers is Ideal Jacobs Corporation with Andy's dad, Jerome Jacobs, at the helm. We have a business relationship for over twenty years when Andy asks me to come on board and create a printing plant in Maplewood, NJ. I understand Andy's vision and want to be a part of it. I am responsible for equipment selection, floor plan, process flow, start up, and training. With his support I make his vision a reality and IJUSA begins to flourish. We add, new processes, more equipment,



*Vice President Of Manufacturing, Vincent Santoro*



### **Take Your Bike To Work Day, 2014**

*Sharing their passion for motorcycles and the open road, Mike Valentine and Vinnie Santoro took their bikes out for a ride one spring day.*

and assemble a talented, motivated workforce.

At lunch one day in the Maple Leaf Dinner Andy reveals his desire to expand into China by simply saying "I need you to go to China"...I respond without hesitation "Okay" and take another bite of my burger. Simple as that. He tells me I will need to once again be responsible for an equipment list, floor plan, process flow, start-up, and training. In 2005 I travel to China and worked with Ben Meng to create IJX. Ben was a wonderful host making me comfortable in his country and a valuable ally in securing all the resources to make things happen. Thanks Ben, I look back fondly on our time together and all my experiences in China.

I get to do it again in 2009 as I travel to Thailand to help create IJTH. This is our third time creating a facility from 4 bare walls and it goes seamlessly. Travel in later years includes a very memorable trip to Malaysia 2011 to celebrate going

public and Mexico in 2013. Mixed in along the way has been numerous domestic travel to view a process, examine a pieces of equipment, speak on behalf of Ideal Jacobs Corporation, or solve a problem.

In this time period I also receive my masters degree in Graphic Communications Management and return to teaching at the university level. While employed at Kean University I teach Offset Printing, Color Management, Finishing, and of course Screen Printing. In my 16 years at the university I arrange field trips to IJUSA, work with some talented students some who went on to various positions in the printing industry and some actually became Ideal Jacobs Employees. Most notably Richard Green III class of 2003 our Senior Manager of Technical Sales at IJUSA.

I no longer teach but look back at the time I spent in education with a sense of accomplishment. I still periodically insert (or assert) myself



in the music business but with no more aspirations of fame and fortune! The printing industry and Ideal Jacobs specifically has been a wonderful fit for my skillset and my interests. It seems fitting to mention those who mattered along the way. Thank you Jerome Jacobs for lessons learned. Heidelberg Master Pressman Conrad Andgebrant who let me look over his shoulder, shared his knowledge, and made me fall in love with a machine! Dr. Cyril Nwako for all the encouragement, and opportunities he provided in the field of education. Special Thanks to Andy Jacobs for believing in my abilities, trusting me, allowing me to travel, learn, and work hard.

During the past 20 years Ideal Jacobs pursued so many different product lines, processes, and projects when I talk outside of work about what we do the response is always.... "I thought you guys were printers?"

Happy 100th Anniversary Ideal Jacobs Corporation! I'm proud to have been part of the journey.



*Vincent is treated to a surprise birthday celebration from his IJ Thailand colleagues*

# Remembering Jeff



**Jeff and Andrew**

When you get married, you marry the whole family, which is how I got Jeff as a father-in-law. Our initial meeting was stormy. I was introduced to the family less than eight weeks after Wendy and I started dating. We knew we were going to get married, even at that time. Therefore, I was pretty nervous and things did not go well at the beginning.

I was still hopeful when her parents, Wendy, and I went to play tennis. However, Jeff started hitting the ball over Wendy's head on purpose. This was something I did not like and by this time I was getting really angry and I asked him to stop. He replied that she was his daughter and he could do what he wanted, and asked me what would I do about it? Figuring that there was no way to get along with this man, I was ready to stop trying. It was my turn to start serving the tennis balls. I told him that if he kept up this behavior, the first serve would be twelve inches from his head and the second would be straight at him. At that point, I figured we were done and I was ready to hurt him for acting the way he did. I served the first ball, and it missed his head by about twelve inches at a very high speed. I was a good tennis player. I knew by his look that he wasn't going to change, and I figured I was dead anyway, so I was about to rocket the second ball at his face when he started to smile at me. Apparently, I had passed the test and we were suddenly great friends from then on.

Life with Jeffrey was never boring or dull; something was always up. As Wendy and I progressed from dating to planning our wedding, I asked permission from both sets of parents before we would go further. My parents, I knew, were not a problem. I was not so sure about Jeff. He and I sat down and I asked his permission to marry his daughter. I said he could ask me any questions that day and I would answer it. The only thing he asked was how much money I made. He then asked what I would have done if he had said no. I said we would have delayed the wedding, giving me more chances to work on him.

Jeffrey dealt with power; if you were tough with him and gained his respect, he would do anything for you. If not, he would run right over you. I have seldom had a more loyal, trusting friend, who was a little crazy and full of strange behaviors, but that can describe many of us. I do know that if I called him anytime from anyplace, he would have come to help me as I would him.

It is rare you meet someone like that, and rarer still to have that person be your father-in-law. Although not everyone saw the good side, I am glad I was one of the lucky ones who got to see it most of the time. I will miss you, Jeff. I am glad I got you when I got my wife.

# Remembering Bunny



**Bunny, Andrew, and Wendy**

Bunny was cool. She is the only person I ever knew who followed Wagner's operatic "Ring Cycle". She bicycled through the south of France, went ballooning and walked the Great Wall of China. She was up for anything.

When I first met her, I figured she was an extremely strong willed woman who was used to getting things her way, and not having to wait too long to get it. As I grew to know and love her, I also found out that, in addition to being exceptionally strong, she also had a heart of gold, and an extreme sense of right and wrong. She was someone you could trust everywhere.

While we always respected and liked each other, we truly bonded when she was in France alone on vacation. Her credit cards had gotten messed up, and the hotel would not let her leave without paying. She called us around four o'clock in the morning, and I asked her to put the hotel check-out man on the line. I told him I would give him my credit card, and he started to give me an attitude about needing me to go to my office and fax him a copy. I strongly suggested he take the number and let Bunny move on. I convinced him. From that point on, Bunny and I formed a mutual admiration society that continued to blossom. I would have done anything for her.

When I think of her, it normally goes right to Tanglewood in the Berkshires. She loved it there, and I think it was the place where she was the happiest. I loved her as my mother-in-law, as a person and as my friend. I miss her.



# THE LAST 45 YEARS IN REVIEW



The following pages are my view of how we got where we are. I had not wanted to go through the nineteen books, hundreds of newsletter, and blog posts I wrote until after I retired or, even better, never because I do not like looking back. Interestingly, what struck me was not the successes, but the huge amount of ideas we tried that failed. After a while, I knew that we could never “win” until we “lost” multiple times first, so whenever an idea did not work, I would give myself a few hours--or maybe even a few days, in really bad cases. I'd figure they were necessary learning experiences, and move on. The day I am afraid to fail is the day that I am either retired or dead, and I hope I never retire. Another positive fact of looking back is to see how truly blessed we have been. Our lives have been amazing and a lot of fun working, learning, and living together.

At this point, June, 2021 there is hope that the global pandemic could be mostly “dealt with” by this summer. I had been worrying about an event like this for decades and now that it finally happened I have learned a lot. People become more of who they are under extreme, long-term stress, many family and team members have excelled through this extended crisis and it has been an honor to work and be with them. I believed in God before the COVID-19 pandemic and that feeling has only intensified. We, as people of this world, can do anything if we put our minds to the positive potential to deal with extreme change, help and take care of each other. We just have to make the decision and commitment to move forward.

As it turned out, I was born into a family business that I loved. Being able to say that forty-five years after I started is a gift that I never, ever take for granted. Glad you are here with us. Thanks to everyone and hopefully I will see you when I am on the road; I still love it out there.

2/16/78

I am now 22 years old today, and I am beginning to find out I have a long way to go. Whenever I get depressed while out on the road I simply go into a restaurant and usually there is a salesman having coffee and I strike up a conversation and they tell me it takes time to make it and the first years are tough, I then felt better. I feel like a member of a special fraternity. Salesmen are a separate breed of people who are usually extremely empathetic and understanding, people I like to be with.

9/4/88

I have to sell any idea twice, once to the customer in general form and once to my dad in specific. It has been hard to convince my Father of a new plan or procedure for the company because he looks at the details of the operation from start to getting paid. All of the possible problems with their various levels of the customer and the vendors. Since I am more of a general looker, I figure that the end will come out okay if the base plan is good. Our strength is molding (many

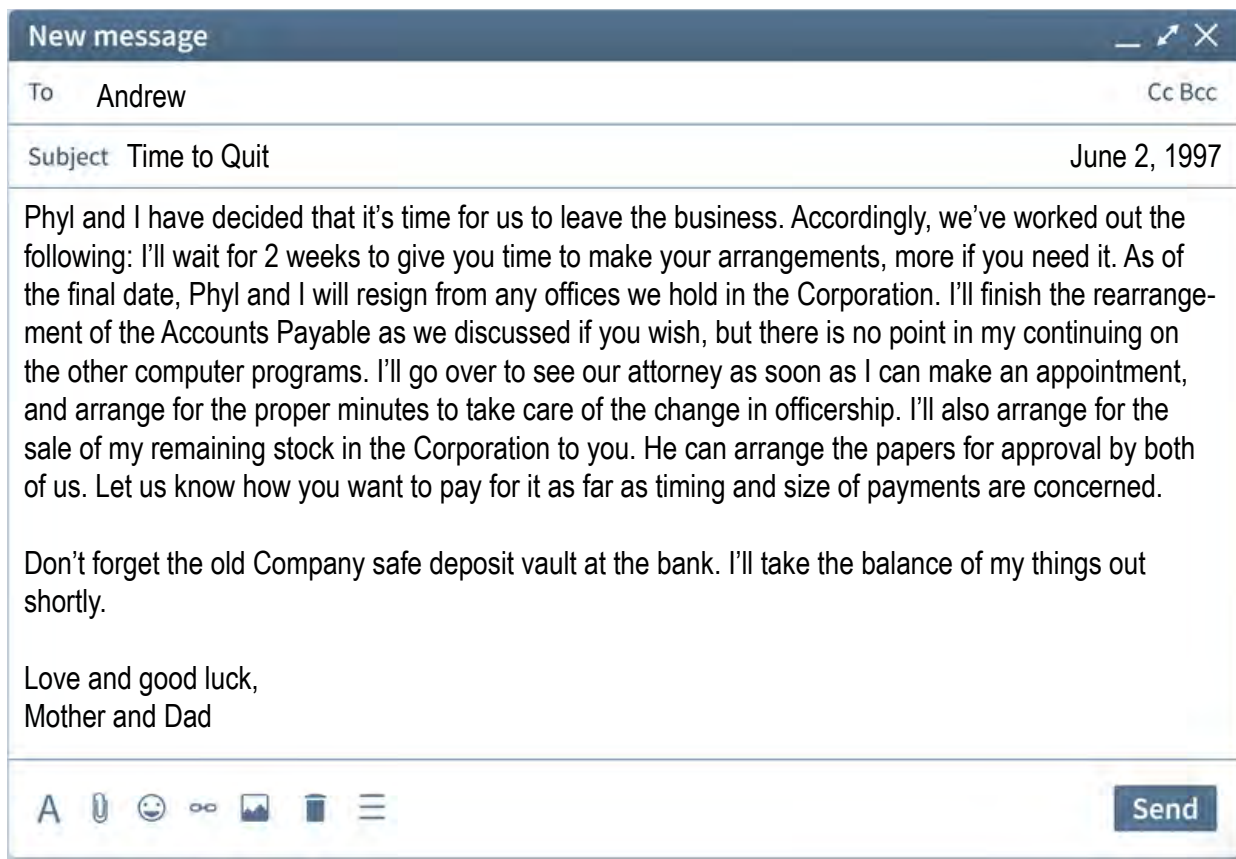
times not quietly) of our 2 philosophies which in the end hammers out to a coherent plan or a drop in the policy, It is a unique blend of the general and the specific and many of our plans have worked because I am so prepared for all levels when I go in for final negotiations.

9/8/92

My grandfather died on August 29, 1992. He was 95 years old. The funeral was on August 30th. We had a one day Shiva for him at Dad's house. The funeral went very well, Grandfather's rabbi presided and all sides conducted themselves well despite the family feud.

1/3/95

I start this year with probably the most anxiety of any within the last decade. The core product lines for Ideal-Jacobs seems to be disintegrating daily as does the printing business in general. We spent all of last month launching Ideal Solutions Corporation to make all types of fast metal and plastic prototypes. Our advertising has been



productive. The outlook for the new company is good and my stomach is still in a knot. Dad, Mom, and I went to our attorney today to transfer more Ideal-Jacobs stock to me. The majority of the stock for IJ will turn over to me in eighteen months and I hope it is still worth something because if it is not then it will mean I will probably not be able to afford to run things the same way, which means employee reductions and the possible retirement or radical change for Dad. These are not circumstances where I am at my best and negative input from him will force me to a radical change which I do not want to make. His future is in his hands. On the other hand if it booms then maybe things can stay somewhat the same. Unfortunately, I am having more trouble getting along with Dad. I fear a major realignment no matter what within two years.

7/2/00

When I was growing up, I always wondered about the people who were not nice. Those who would shoot off their mouths to mock others, belittle them to increase their own limited self worth, degrade others in order to rise in the estimation of their mini-minded peers. I tried not to play that game, because to be truthful, I knew how cruel their comments could be, how they could rip right through you and make you feel inadequate, lowly and worth nothing. I did not want to be like them. As I went into high school I learned that I had the ability to throw out these types of negative comments whenever I was attacked. It got to the point that I knew that I could destroy anyone verbally if I just let mind go with my initial reactions. I saw how much it could hurt and dedicated myself to the ideal that I would take as much as possible before I would unleash my own torrent of abuse. With my martial arts training, and the quick verbal ability that I developed, there were few situations that I could not handle.

But I asked myself, why? Why should I have had to enhance my ability to physically and mentally destroy people, why did I have to protect myself from people who pounced on anyone they thought were any weaker in any area? Why do we as humans feel it is our right to bring ourselves up while putting others down? Why

do we hope for the destruction of others and use it as a basis to make ourselves feel better? Our neighbor does not get a promotion and we are secretly glad. Another's business goes bankrupt and we are happy because he tried to be "better" than the rest of us. We judge ourselves by the misery of others, at least that is what a lot of people do because it is easier than blaming ourselves. Being negative in every way is easier than being positive. When most people view a situation, they always look at it from the negative viewpoint first and then to see if they can personally benefit from it. That is why our television news programs love fires and explosions and why we study wars and battles in school.

Think back, how much time in your life has been spent studying the positive aspects of any situation, how much do we focus on what is good? The answer is that we don't because it is harder. As human beings it is easy for us to be negative, being positive takes a lot more energy and most people don't want to expend the effort or worse yet do not know how. It is a great effort to get up in the morning and focus on the good, what is peaceful and positive. To focus on what we need to do to make our lives better for ourselves, the people around us and the world as a whole.

8/17/00

My wonderful wife decided that it was time for us to have a new kitchen. A few days ago, I came home to a house in controlled havoc. What was before a kitchen was now a blank room, the doors had plastic sheeting over them to cut down the dust and our dining room was going to serve as a makeshift kitchen/ dining room/ meeting area for the next six weeks. In order to get a new floor a new base of cement had to be put down first and when I came home last night there was an older man, about 60 years old waiting in our driveway to be picked up. His face was lined and showed the signs of a life of hard wear. My wife was waiting for me; my daughter had not wanted to leave because she did not want the old man to be left alone. His ride had been delayed and he looked sad and she felt sorry for him. We checked on his ride and realized that he would be waiting a while so I got him

an apple and a chair and he calmly waited. He spoke no English and we communicated by sign language. My daughter had felt sorry for him because he seemed alone in a strange world without even the ability to communicate.

I went out for a walk and as I came back down the hill I passed a little old lady. I was trying to be quiet so I would not scare her and as I went by her, she was barely moving, she smiled with a determined look and in a Russian accent said she was jogging. I thought of my grandfather, who came to this country when he was eleven years old.

I remember feeling as my daughter did when I was a young boy. People who had come to this country, seemed out of place, lonely and having a tough time, far from their homelands and their family's starting new lives and carving out new destinies derived from their own initiatives. It is the immigrants that helped to forge this country into what it is. It is that steely nature of that little old lady saying she was jogging although she was barely moving. It was that man laying out the kitchen floor with a skill he probably learned fifty years ago in another country across the world. It is that attitude of not caring what it takes, they are going to succeed and get a better life for themselves and their children.

I should not have felt sorry for them when I was a boy and my daughter should not now. They got what they wanted, the chance to succeed even if it meant risking their lives to get it.

**3/17/01**

I got a notice the other day from our town. It was for a renewal for a rabies tag for my dog. I naturally thought it was for our new dog, a very feisty male Bichon named Bailey, but it wasn't. It was for my old dog Hershey, who we had to put down last spring--she was fourteen and a half years old.

Seeing the form that I had filled out fourteen times before, the memories suddenly rushed back to me and a lump formed in my

throat. I really miss her; she was my dog. I trained her for hunting birds, even though after the first few years most of our outdoor activities were kept running in fields and woods near our home. She was incredibly well-disciplined, if I do say so myself, and I would revel in the praise from people of not only how beautiful she was but how well-behaved.

Of course, she was also no wimp and there were times when she would want her way and I mine, but as the years passed and we both grew older, the bond strengthened even more. We knew what each other wanted and the telepathic link between us grew stronger.

Over the last few years as she slowed down and began to get sick, I eased up on the discipline, especially as she stopped trying to go through holes in the fence to visit the other neighbors dogs. She was a very sociable animal.

The last year was the toughest, and she grew more feeble and I knew the time was coming, the dread became worse. Sometimes I wondered if I had done the right thing to have her at all; becoming so close to an animal I knew at best would only be with me for fifteen years. But I shrugged off the feeling because the answer always came back a resounding "yes". She was my dog, my ultimate responsibility, and my role as her owner is one I have always cherished. After she was gone, we had her cremated so we could spread the ashes in our backyard. It was my one last attempt to stay close.

We had a service and my eldest son played his guitar and we were all very sad. A few months ago my wife got another dog and since I had picked out Hershey it was her choice to get Bailey. We got him from another family who could not take care of him well and he loves our house, the kids and especially my wife. He now has a home. Me, he could take or leave. I get the feeling the dog has decided that my wife was his and I am an intruder on his turf. Later, Bailey and I bonded and I learned to love two dogs.

But every once in a while when I look out in the back yard I still think I glimpse

# The Owner's Son Thinks Out Loud

**D**on't forget to check on those letterheads. Did you finish last month's invoicing? The accountant says your books were off \$3,000 last month.

It's only been two years since I got out of college and went into the family printing business as a salesman, being groomed to a one-day takeover. Oh those days of bliss, not knowing an invoice from a statement, a check from an envelope, and not really caring because I could sell anyway.

Two months ago, I lost my title of salesman and became an inside assistant in production, accounting, expediting and detail and more detail, until today I am immersed in a sea of small matters. Gone are the days on the road, tackling unbreakable accounts that evaded my father and grandfather and feeling the glory of getting new types of business that they hadn't opened up. As much as I love being on the road selling, I hate being tied to the office, being constantly reminded, and rightly so, that I wasn't careful enough and I wasn't going the extra yard. Not through laziness, but not knowing how to take the final step that locks an order up tight so there aren't any hassles on either end.

I am now on the inside. What a horrible word, "inside." Dad said I had to learn my craft. I couldn't go through life bluffing my knowledge. At the beginning it was fine to sell on hustle, but nobody who makes it big can rely solely on that.

So now my days are filled with frustration. I know what I am being told to do is right, but I can't seem to make myself do it. I understand that all of the shipping

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By ANDREW C. JACOBS

papers must be filled out in total, so there won't be any trouble when the shipment arrives at the customer. Theoretically, if there is a problem we'll have all the information at our fingertips if I do everything the way it should be done. It seems so logical and tight; that is why it is so hard to do.

It all comes down to discipline of detail. It's not just thinking that the basic concept of putting everything down is right; you have to be convinced that it is the only way to conduct business. I guess the best and only way to learn is to get burned a couple of times. That is exactly what's been happening to me. Customers call and I don't have all the answers about what went where and I get another lecture from my father and maybe lose an account and I say I understand and do the same thing over again the next day. It's hard enough on me, but I don't see how father can take it day after day.

It takes discipline to read the customer's purchase orders all the way through so that when the cus-

tomers decides his purchase orders are going to ship to East Orange instead of Rutherford (where they have been going for the last five years), I catch it; discipline to make exact quantities on our records so we can charge for overruns; discipline to make sure that all the shipping papers say the same thing, so shipments don't get held up in receiving. And discipline to have discipline to hear about my lack of care to detail on something you would think should be really easy but really isn't. And discipline to take orders from one man when you've spent your whole life priding yourself that you tell others what to do and you are the leader; discipline to make yourself do what you hate most during the day and making yourself do it first to get it out of the way.

From all of this you get the satisfaction of knowing that nothing, least of all those petty little details, can beat you; at least, that's how I think I will feel when I get to that level.

This is the time, they say, when many young salesmen give up and try another job because they can't make themselves do the little things. The old experienced grizzled salesmen tell me, "Now is the time when the crossroads are faced."

Whether I make it or whether I don't or whether I make it big, there isn't another chance. I will always come right back to this point if I ever give up. Thinking about it that way, it's not so hard to go back and try to balance the books one more time. □

Andrew C. Jacobs is the son of Jerome W. Jacobs, president-owner of Ideal-Jacobs Printing & Engraving Co., forms distributors in Mountainside, N. J.

BUSINESS FORMS REPORTER

Published in 1979

Hershey, as she was when she was young, full of energy and beautiful and I invite her in for then and all time.

3/22/01

We lived next door to Mr. Rich when I was growing up. From the time I was a little kid, he always seemed old to me. He had a small, meticulously groomed mustache and carried himself with great authority and class. His house was filled with antiques and I especially admired his pocket-watch collection, which he displayed in glass cases in his living room. He seemed to live a life of dignity.

One day when I was young, probably about ten years old, I was suddenly declared the new snow shoveler for his driveway. I don't remember asking for the job; in fact, I thought that my brother had the "contract." But nevertheless I became the heir apparent, and my job was to make sure that if it snowed, I was up early enough to do his driveway before I had to go to school. You will notice that I left out doing our driveway before school. I was a capitalist from the moment I was born and it occurred to me that I should go where the money was, so I naturally took care of my paying customers before my own.

In those days, before political correctness and lawsuits many of us kids made money going door to door shoveling snow. Some of us were able to secure contracts and those snow days helped to extend my money supply way past my allowance. As time went on, I took on a second contract, but that meant I had to get up really early, and one time I got yelled at by the second contract's husband because I was making too much noise too early in the morning. It was a big mistake for the husband because I threatened to leave the shoveling for him and things quickly returned to their profitable norm.

I learned many things from Mr. Rich like the benefits of getting up early, which meant I had the best snow contracts and my own money to spend. I found that I could

do what others would not, which meant that for a little less sleep I could get what I wanted, which was financial independence from my father. Being willing to get up early has meant a windfall for me. It was a symbol of my commitment to whatever I was doing and it always worked in my favor.

Mr. Rich also taught me how to shovel a driveway; it is not as simple as it sounds. Shoveling snow is like playing chess. You need to survey the situation and conditions to set-up your shoveling like a battle plan to ensure that the snow is removed in the cleanest, most efficient fashion. You had to consider from which side of the street the plow would be pushing snow onto your newly cleaned area and which direction the wind drifts would be pushing those flakes you had toiled so hard to move.

Certain snow could be broomed, some had to be cut into pieces like for an igloo and still others could be pushed. These variant conditions sometimes called for different types of equipment, again taught to me by Mr. Rich. While he was showing me how to shovel, he was also helping me to learn to think, plan, and improvise when conditions changed, as happened often in winter and life.

He also taught me that there was no job that was not worth doing well; even shoveling snow could be done in a better way, almost to an art form. A beautifully shoveled driveway after a snowstorm was a picture of elegance and gave one a definite sense of accomplishment and purpose.

Now everyone thinks I am crazy for cleaning my own driveway, especially when I can pay someone else to do it. What possible motivation could there be? I race the plowing service to get out there so I can do it myself, because something inside me wants to prove I can still do it, being outside, taking on the elements and doing a better job than anyone else because I was taught by the best and I knew it.

10/15/01

In the Jewish religion, there is no greater

trial by fire than becoming a Bar or Bat Mitzvah. This rite of passage involves studying for years leading up to your thirteenth birthday. Long in advance you get the date and all life leads up to that one defining moment when you are standing in front of your family, friends and the heads of the temple and go through a litany of various prayers and readings in both English and Hebrew. The hardest part of the service is reading from the Torah, which is the basic text for Jewish law and history. You have to read the passage in Hebrew, without the benefit of vowels, and it is extremely difficult, especially in front of everyone who is important to you.

David is a good friend of my middle son, Alex. He is a really good kid with a big heart who is not a scholar but tries very hard. I remember about a year ago when my son was having a bad day and he decided not to go to a school dance scheduled for that night. He was feeling miserable and kept refusing to go even after his friend repeatedly called him. Finally, David gave up and Alex retired to watch TV for the night, depressed and miserable. Suddenly there was a knock at our front door and it was his friend, he had decided to take matters into his own hands and had asked his dad to drive him over and try to get Alex to go. Needless to say, this extraordinary display of friendship and caring did the trick. Alex got dressed, went to the dance and had a great time. It was not the first time that David had displayed this type of caring, so it was with this in mind that I watched him this morning.

It was his turn to take this rite of passage on his journey to becoming an adult, it was his time to become a Bar Mitzvah and the moment in the service was fast approaching for him to read his Torah portion. Under extreme pressure before, this was the toughest part and I could see the stress level skyrocketing on his face. He was looking around trying to marshal his interior forces and I realized he could use some help.

I believe that you can transfer energy between two beings, I believe that physical contact is the most efficient vehicle, but the energy can also be delivered via mental concentration. That energy can not only make someone feel better but help them with an extra touch of cosmic force to get through whatever they are facing. I had never

actually formally tried it before and I was hoping it might have an effect; I owed it to David to try to help. I started to stare at him, even though he was not looking at me, and kept concentrating and sending positive, supporting thoughts, and as I felt my energy level peaking, he looked at me and instantly knew what I was trying to do. The stress on his face vanished, replaced by firm resolve and in the next instant he was up, reading his portion and doing a phenomenal job. The rest of the service was a breeze for him and he finished in triumph.

Later in the day at the reception, I went up to him and asked if he could feel what I was trying to do and miraculously he said he did. The transfer had happened and I was able to actually help someone with sending out positive energy from my mind. Had the world changed? Of course not, a miracle had not occurred, but something very important did happen on a smaller scale. We are taught that there are all kinds of limits in terms of space and time. We are structured from birth within certain borders as to what can be accomplished, and even worse what should be attempted. If we accept those limits, where we allow ourselves to venture, how much have we preordained ourselves to mediocrity? How can we have any hope of gigantic achievement if we limit ourselves before we begin? We are all born with interior energy, of which we are the definers for where it is used. Utilizing that life force and all of your interior resources will define how well you do in all areas. If you are fortunate, you might actually have the chance to directly benefit someone else by sharing your own energy to help them through one of their defining moments in life and becoming a part of that moment yourself. My son is lucky to have a friend like David, and it was an honor for me to be there to help him, even in the small way that I did, especially from across the room.

**12/13/01**

This past summer my wife asked me if I wanted to go to a James Taylor Concert during the 4th of July weekend. I normally do not like concerts; the noise levels are always too high (I once used ear protection at a Yanni concert) and I do not like the smell of cigarettes, marijuana,

or stale beer. But the thought of being with my wonderful wife and hearing the fantastic voice of James Taylor was too much to resist and I gave her a resounding affirmative. When we got to the concert, it was a sell-out and although early we still ended up at the top of the “lawn seating” at the PNC Arts Center in Holmdel. It was a wondrous night with a perfectly blue sky that turned into an incredible array of stars as the music continued throughout the evening.

I began to watch the people, one of the great activities for me at any concert, especially one outdoors.

This concert was unusual because the age group varied from little kids to people in their seventies and I was having a field day watching and listening to them. There was a group of college kids behind us. One of the boys spent the whole concert loudly trying to make conversation and impress his date. The only thing certain to me was that he was a pain in the neck and judging from his date’s reaction there was no chance he was going to get sex that night. Speaking of sex... I am in wonderment of spandex.

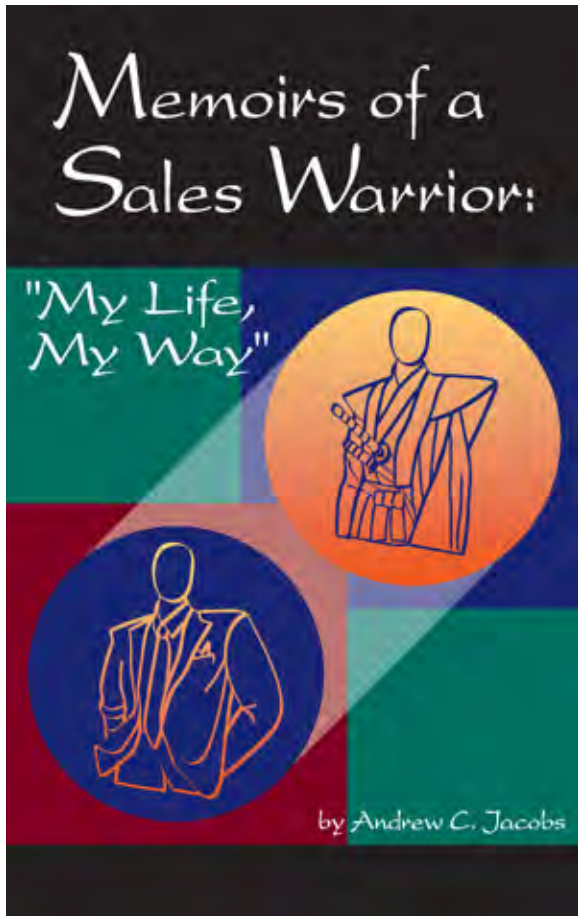
There was another couple who also looked like they were in college. The guy spent at least half an hour standing up with his girlfriend in front of a crowd of thousands, with his hand on her backside on the inside of her “skin-tight” pants. The following thoughts came to me: first, his hand must have gotten rather warm from all that body contact; second, that they loved the attention; third, how did he get his hand down there in the first place, the pants were that tight; and fourth, what would happen when she sat down? Would his hand go with it? And then I thought, just like the first couple behind me, this guy probably isn’t going to get sex either because in my experience, the more a couple shows passion in public the less that goes on in their bedroom.

My wife was having a great time, singing and swaying to the music, laughing and smiling. She was in heaven, and it was great just being there with her. Our three kids had all gone away for the summer and we had gone back to “dating.” It was like having



*Early publications by Andrew used as selling and promotional tools when meeting with new and existing clients. These books are the beginning of over a decade of self-publications.*





a girlfriend again but without the pressure to talk all the time, think up witty things to say, and be nervous.

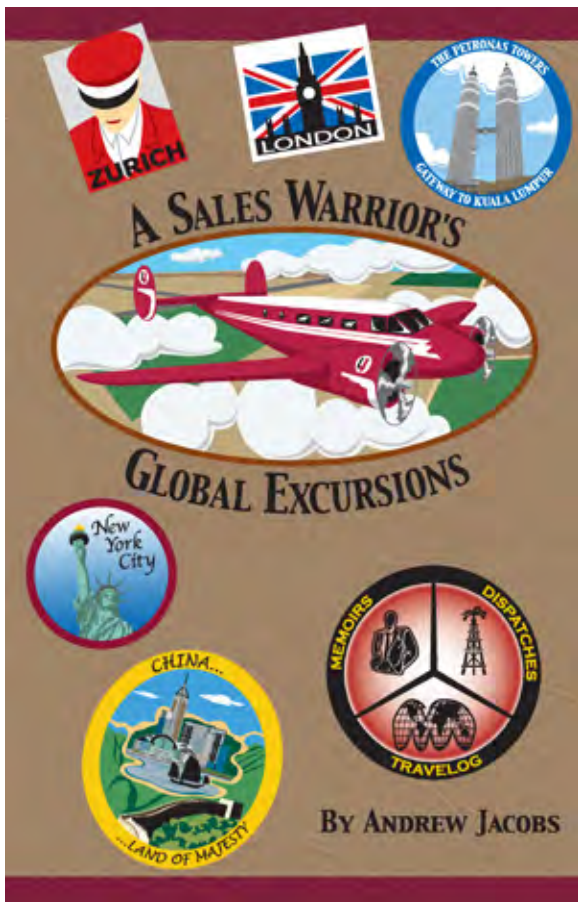
The concert ended and on the way home, my wife told me about the wonders of spandex (it stretches), so at least one mystery was solved as to how that guy got his hand down there. I will never ask my wife to wear tight fitting clothes in public nor will I ever stick my hand down her spandex pants in front of anyone else, let alone strangers. Commitment means more than a ridiculous, public display of affection. It is about respect and devotion with knowledge and faith in the long haul that can lead you to the magic of a beautiful summer's night, the music of James Taylor and falling in love with my wife... again.

2/20/02

My daughter called me yesterday and asked me to be an assistant coach for her town softball team this spring. My first answer was "no". I did not want to commit to it at the time and I was never any good at softball anyway. My second reaction was that I was a jerk, my daughter was asking me to share some time and an activity that she liked and I had declined. I should have remembered that she was only going to be ten once in her life and how many opportunities like this would I get? I then said, "I would love to do it, but keep in mind I was lousy at the sport." She said, "Thanks, Dad," and hung up. It was only later that I realized how I had almost made a huge mistake by originally saying no.

Ian Schneider was one of the truly great soccer, baseball, every sport dad-coaches. If his kids played in a sport, and they played a lot, then he or his wife were not only at every game, he usually coached it. His enthusiasm was contagious, his commitment total and his love for his kids, the game and life were eternal. To watch Ian coach was to view a master at work. He would have those nine year old girls, including my daughter, running, hitting, giggling, and cheering no matter how cold, hot, dry, or wet it was. He loved to win but with the kids it was all geared to having fun. His smile would light up the field and I would watch him in awe as the general who led a happy army.

Ian was killed when the World Trade Cen-



ters collapsed, the effects on his family were obviously devastating, but because of the man he was, those shock waves spread everywhere. I had been wondering how my daughter was going to handle playing softball again with Ian not being around. Even if she was not on his team, his mere presence permeated all parts of the game and I worried how she and the rest of the kids, not to mention his own daughter, would handle it all.

I believe in fate and I believe that when a vacuum is created someone is destined to fill it. The only problem with me being the fill is that I have very little experience with the game of bats and balls. Growing up I played little league and my main memory is having a sadistic coach who seemed to hate the world. I learned to have disdain for many of the parents in the stands who took the sport way too seriously. As an assistant coach, I am determined to make sure the kids have a great time, water to drink, hats on their head, sunblock on their faces, and no parents giving them a hard time. I could never fill Ian's shoes regarding coaching; I don't even like the game, but I can match his devotion to the kids and try to make sure that, even though he isn't there, they still have a great time.

Besides, I know when the chips are down and I am in a tense situation and my head coach has gone to the bathroom, Ian will be there to help me. His commitment and passion had no boundaries through space or time and I will be listening. But just in case he is at his son's game that day, or his daughter is not on my team I am going to get a copy of the rule book, fast.

**3/11/02**

It is Sunday night again and I am due to get up at 4:00AM. The monsters are about to come out and force me into a night of worrying about not getting enough sleep and the mental panic that accompanies it. Ever since I was a child afraid of going to school the next day for not doing my homework, I would lie awake on Sunday nights and wor-

ry about what would happen if . . . I used to worry about not doing well on tests, dealing with bullies, being drafted during the Vietnam war, I was ten years old, in short, everything. My incredible amount of energy, so useful to me in other areas of my life, was creating havoc at night when I was supposed to be sleeping. Of course watching horror movies on Sunday afternoons also did not help.

My older sister would go to bed, next my brother and then it would be just the sound of my parents' television and my wind-up alarm clock. 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock and finally 11 o'clock when their TV went silent and I would be left by myself. I would walk the hallways of our house and wander through the night. My parents referred to it as "night riding", the anxiety level was so high I could not sleep, and I roamed through the house like Paul Revere on his Midnight Ride. I would be so wired that nothing would allow me to pass out. The warnings by my mom that the longer I was up the worse I would function the next day only made things worse.

Therefore, for survival I learned a few things. First, I realized I needed less sleep than most people, and not getting a full eight hours on Sunday nights did not mean I would be a basket case on Monday. I also learned that watching horror movies was not in my best interest and stopped that practice permanently. One positive thing was discovering the benefits of exercise and that the more I got the better chance I had of falling asleep. If I was too tired to think then I was too tired to worry. This system helped reduce my stress in general and allowed me to fall asleep easier and be happier.

As the years went by, I became a good student and then successful in business and kept increasing the amount of exercise, always looking for the athletic "high" of being too tired to think, too sore to move, able to eat anything because the calories didn't matter and fall asleep anywhere. Luckily, my wonderful wife, seeing what I was doing to myself, tried to rid me of my anxiety ridden obsession and introduced me to yoga.

Unfortunately, meditation does not seem to help on Sunday nights, and here I am again. It is 9:58 and I have already told some of my kids to be quiet. I will have one small window of time within the next hour to get to sleep. If I miss it I will be up for hours and the mere thought of that causes anxiety and decreases my chances for sleep. I can hear the rest of the house shutting down around me like it did when I was a child.

I have a big week coming up with lots of great potential things happening and I am both apprehensive and excited, two emotions, again not conducive to being calm enough to sleep. But I would not change my life for anything and if going through the purgatory of Sunday nights is the only way I can earn the right to go back to work where I can influence my destiny and have a chance at my dreams then so be it.

I do not believe that you can put in 8 hours 5 days a week and run a business or be able to sell successfully. The commitment necessary to be able to succeed and meet your dreams and expectations far outweighs the societal norm of working a forty hour week. There are many people out there who are smarter and tougher than I am. The difference between us is my willingness

and ability to accept stress and the commitment of time and energy to achieve goals over the long term.

Part of that sacrifice is the need to think about work, your position, and tactics for dealing with life in general and business, in particular, for many hours of the day, often most days of the week. If you are not willing to commit the time and energy then you will be beaten by someone who is. It often means that it interrupts your sleep, vacations and chance to relax. If you decline the challenge then, on a percentage basis you will be beaten by someone more willing to do it, like me.

But that also means that it is hard to shut off your mind which brings me back to Sunday nights. I love my life and am incredibly thankful for what I have. Perhaps if I ever retire, then this Sunday night ritual will fade into an amusing memory. But when my career ends and every day becomes indiscernible from the next, I will have lost a lot. They say the problem with retirement is you never get a day off. The thrill, foreboding, anxiety, anticipation and potential for all types of things will be missing. Every Sunday night is a battle. Occasionally I triumph but it



*Andrew Jacobs and VP of Manufacturing, Vincent Santoro accept the 2003 National Environmental Performance Track Outreach Award*

is an ongoing struggle and one which I will engage in indefinitely because it is part of the price for the life that I cherish. It is now 10:39. Wish me luck--I'm going to bed.

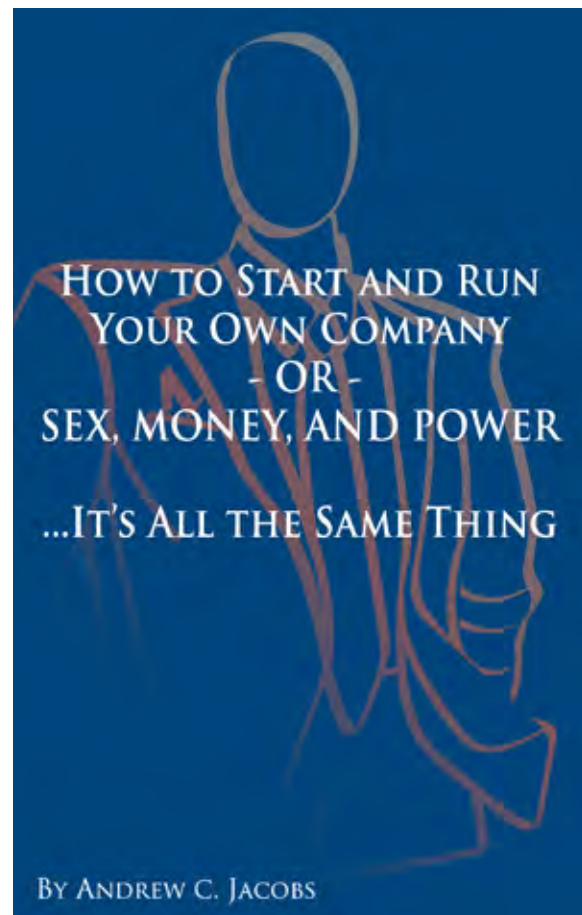
3/21/02

I have never really mourned for anything in my life. What a happy thought, that no person or thing close to me had ever passed on. Most of my relatives that had died were either old or lived far away and the others, while meaning a lot to me, seemed to have faded into memory somewhat easily, until Hershey.

She was a German Shorthaired Pointer and lived until she was almost fifteen, pretty old for a dog her size and yes I did what most everyone else considered wrong when feeding her. She never liked dog food so I used to give her what I ate. I always figured if it was good enough for me then it was okay for her, she usually agreed. She never acted like a dog, loved to sleep on our bed, usually when we weren't there, and occasionally demanded space even when we were. You could tell by her facial expressions and actions that she felt she ruled the house, and she did. She was mine, would do anything for me and even now that she is gone she is still with me.

Sometimes I cry when I think about her and when I look in our backyard, where her ashes are spread, I swear I can still see glimpses of her chasing squirrels and rabbits and looking like a racehorse shimmering in the sunlight, but through it all I always smile.

Then about a year later came Bailey the Bichon. I never liked small dogs; I never liked small dogs that yapped, especially those that did not take command well. I really don't like little dogs with a cocky attitude that think they own my wife and I am an intruder. He was supposed to be my wife's dog and he did have spunk. I also did not like that he could seemingly climb cabinets and leap onto counters and eat everything in sight. What was it with that dog and my cereal? Once we found him with his head



stuck inside the box furiously trying to get loose before we caught him.

I was never close to him for the first year, I somehow felt it was a betrayal to Hershey, to like and get close to another dog. But then a few weeks ago I got sick. It was nothing major, just a twenty-four hour bug that not only kept me out of work for a day (highly unusual) but actually forced me to stay in bed. I was so weak it became a major decision about whether to make the effort to put on the radio. A trip to the bathroom was a formal expedition but through it all Bailey never left my side.

Did I mention he was a great sleeper? He stayed there with me all day, and it was during that time that I grew to love him. Like Hershey, he never left my side and like Hershey he is now mine, at least I will now share him with the rest of the family. I look at him differently now, he looks forward to me getting home and I am happy to see him. He steals food but I generally don't get mad, even if it is my cereal. It is nice to know that

there is enough love in my heart for two, now if I can only get him to stop climbing up those cabinets.

**10/11/04**

A few weeks ago, I got a message that one of my biggest customers needed to talk with me. We had previously been designated as one of their three world suppliers which means that we were allowed and expected to do business all over the world for them and their contract manufacturers. We have been doing well; and although we only have our one location in Maplewood, New Jersey, we have had no trouble supplying our customers in Asia, Europe, and South America. No trouble until I got that call and was told he thought it might be a "good idea" if our company had a distribution center in China. After thinking it over, I came to a decision. Judging by the amount of business that had been transferring overseas, and realizing that my competition was already creating alliances over there, I knew I had no choice but to commit to not just a distribution center in Asia but to a full-scale manufacturing site. In addition, I also committed to putting additional plants in Eastern Europe and South America. Although this might seem like a foolish spur of the moment reaction, the ensuing months have proven its validity. It seems like an avalanche started that day because more of my customers were suddenly doing the same thing and moving some operations to Asia. Although

I originally thought we could compete worldwide based on our superior quality/environmental, health and safety system, I believe now I was wrong. Our way of doing business gives us the ability to have a better ratio of raw material to finished products than almost everyone else in the U.S., in Canada, and in parts of Europe, but it does not allow us to compete with Asia in general, and especially China. China, in particular, has its own rules; it is like the Old West in the U.S. with different scales of what things are worth. Their inexpensive labor combined with tariffs, taxes, and other factors make it almost impossible to compete with them unless one has a facility there. Therefore, I could either do business on a level-playing surface over there or delay action and hold for as long as possible here in the U.S. Since by nature, I do not tend to hold back, the only direction for me is forward and on the attack.

**10/20/04**

I am sitting in the Chinese restaurant in Qingdao Airport. I just ordered lunch; although I am not 100% sure what I am getting. But the people are nice, so I guess it doesn't matter that much anyway. My calls this morning went really well, and if our new plant is able to produce at lower costs than in the U.S., then I think there is a lot of business we can get, not to mention exporting back home. The customers here are pleasant and are anxious for us, I believe, to set up in this



*A promotional yo-yo given to customers during Andrew's 2004 World Tour.*

country, both for reduced prices and ease of doing work. I am very excited and am looking forward to seeing the potential new plant location tomorrow. I just bought presents for Wendy, my wife, and the kids. They all like sushi, so I got them some nice sets of beautifully ornate chopsticks. I also went wild and bought candy and chocolate for the gang at work— they do so love when I am away to bring back candy. I am early for my flight, so I will attempt to eat slowly and then find the airport lounge, if there is one, for about 90 minutes. Everyone at home is asleep, so there is no one to call for another nine hours and by then, I will hopefully be roaming through Hong Kong, swimming, or asleep. I just got my lunch, with which there is a minor problem. I forgot to ask for no spice, and my mouth is on fire. Luckily, I have experienced this from Thailand, so I ordered some soda and will be fine. The food is good, just way too spicy for a man who is used to none.

2/04/05

The countdown has begun. From today, we have 364 days to prove our own wealth to the Chinese government. I am now in the hotel lobby waiting for my partner Ben to pick me up and take me to the airport. I have a circuitous route home. I will work on making sure all of the expenses we have already used for this project are counted in the investment total which is the amount we have to invest to get a license to operate. It is a new day! I feel great and ready; I am looking forward to the challenge. When I get home, I will begin to market new ideas of putting together joint ventures and sourcing from China. There is plenty to do, and I also need to find ways to help us finance this operation. My stomach is tightening, and I am sure the anxiety attacks will be coming with regular frequency. Once it is done, it will seem a lot easier than it actually was; but in the midst, I will try to enjoy it all. It is very strange being a foreigner. There are very few Americans here, and people stare at me briefly. It gives me a small taste of

what it must be for others who venture to a foreign land. In my case, I am very fortunate that I am not starting from nothing and am not without backups, but it does give me the slightest sense of how brave these people were who threw themselves into a world where they know almost nothing, with no place to go but forward.

5/25/05

I am back on my way to Chicago again and then on to Dublin, Ireland. My daughter's softball game last night was memorable for a few reasons. First of all it was really cold, a high wind blowing with temperatures in the 50s and rain threatening. I had on so many clothes that one of the parents said I looked like a tube toy. But all of the girls, including my daughter, were tough and played a great game. We won by a few runs, which was only our third win of the season.

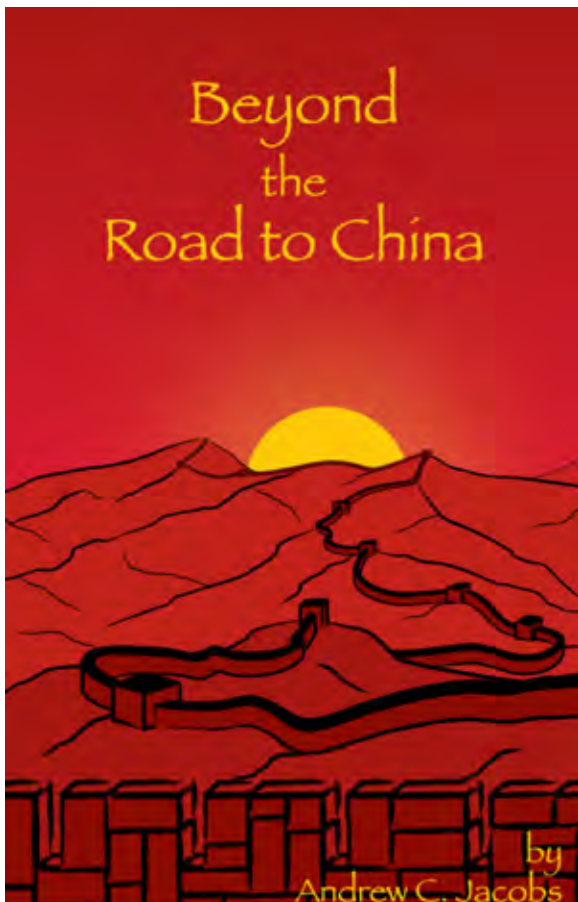
Our venture in China has been going well with great potential. My wife has an incredible sense of what will work in most things in life, what is best for me so I tend to heed her call. Her gut instinct is among the best I have ever seen, and I am incredibly lucky to have her not only as my wife but also as my advisor and biggest advocate. She thought our move there was a good idea and that was all I needed.

I am now sitting in the airport lounge; I am due for Ireland at about 8:30 tomorrow morning. If fortunate, I will get about five hours of sleep between all the naps I plan to take. I am going to Lucent Technologies first, then on to Teradyne. Those are my only two calls so far, and they could each take anywhere from five minutes each to hours. Heavy planning is my nature, but I have left time open to stay with both customers for as long as they wish. Besides, they may want to go out to lunch, and doing that in another culture is always interesting and is the best way to get to know people in a much deeper way. If I end up with extra time, I may try to find an Irish dancing or music center to watch a performance in person. I have al-



ways had an urge to learn how to Irish dance, much to the chagrin of most who know me. But since I am not opposed to looking dumb, especially when I am exercising alone, I may try to get a lesson. I am staying at the same hotel as last time and have a general feel of the layout for the surrounding blocks, which means it may take me a full half hour before I get lost. Sales for this year are going well, and the facility in China should be running within eight weeks. In fact, I will schedule the flight in the next few weeks for Vinnie and I to go over there and also then for Oscar and Carmen later, two of my pressmen. The pictures from Ben have shown great progress, and he is as anxious as I am to get rolling. By the time we get there, the equipment should be installed, powered, and tested (where possible), and ready for prototyping. I am as excited to have the outflow of money stemmed as I am to start the operation. I hate debt and will be much happier when it is paid off. As for China, I will not believe it is real until it is actually happening, so for now it will stay an expensive dream. I have missed traveling. I was getting a little bored. It has been about five weeks, and I am ready to go.

6/12/05



It is the week before Father's Day, and I am stuck with a dilemma. My wife and I virtually never get to have Father's or Mother's Day; it is always spent with our parents being a son or a daughter. She has been asking me for a week if I want to do something with my dad, but I have been avoiding the issue, figuring one of my siblings would have set up some family function or my parents would do something taking it out of my hands. But it did not happen, so today I decided to break tradition and spend the day with my wife and kids. I called my brother, and as always he was supportive and had no problem with it, and then I left word with my sister. The guilt started coming and I began to waffle on my decision. My wife said that maybe we could drop off some muffins before we went sailing next Sunday. At that point, I decided to change the situation and take care of everyone and invited my dad for breakfast next Sunday. This will free up the rest of the day for myself

and family. I called my brother to see if he wanted to be there, and he said it was a great idea, that he was in, and then I called my dad and he said yes. My mom got the bonus of having my dad out of the house for a while, so everyone would win. I left word for my sister so she could join us if possible, but why do I feel so guilty? I used to have lunch with my dad everyday for the first ten years we were together in business. When we were in business together, Dad and I would see each other all day, talk at night, sometimes see each other on the weekends, it was a lot of close time together. But one day I announced that I did not have time to go to lunch anymore, and he said okay. It was another step towards his eventual retirement. Today, I moved a little further away again by no longer spending the evenings with my parents, or Wendy's for that matter, for Father's and Mother's Day. The day has moved to my wife and I, a first step in things moving onward for us and our move towards getting older. We are on the same road as my parents that will end up with the same things happening to us; that is okay because it is part of the life cycle, and things have to move on. At the age of 49, I think one of the most important things for people my age is not to be bored, to have a long-term goal, and be involved. Worldwide expansion has always been a dream of mine, and I am so fortunate to be able to do it at this point in my life. As my dad said, this was a move I had to make. Everyone seems to think it is a good idea, especially with everything in the media about the upcoming dominance of China. But if nothing else, it has been a fun, great adventure. What more could I ask for?

**10/09/05**

I got a call from my sister today. She is two years older and lives in the same town as I. She asked if I had seen our mom lately. She was worried because she did not look well. My dad has had numerous medical problems – we say he has nine lives but has already used five. My mom has only re-

cently been having trouble and is due for a stomach operation in November; that is, if she is well enough to have it. She is slowly dehydrating, and if things get much worse she may have to go back into the hospital. Like the vast multitude of the baby boomer generation, I am watching my parents get older and it is a very difficult thing. I always remember my dad as a vibrant guy with huge amounts of energy. My mom, I see the same way; she always seemed to be able to do anything that needed to be done. But that time has passed for both of them. Now they spend a lot of their waking hours going to see doctors and dealing with their illnesses. My parents have just closed on a condominium. They will be moving at the end of this month. They will be leaving the home where they spent 55 years of their lives – the place where we kids grew up. It will be very strange going past that block and seeing a place that no longer belongs to us.

**4/9/06**

It is Sunday night again and my thoughts wander about what it could be. I am very worried about a pandemic flu. Reports are coming in about possible outbreaks and it is very scary to think about it. If a pandemic flu does occur, then world chaos will probably follow to some extent. At the very least, it means that businesses will slow down for a while, if not virtually stop. If that happens, we will be reasonably saddled with a high overhead with all of the recent expansion in China. We would have to downsize quickly, and it would not be pretty, especially with the money we owe and the banks holding my main house as collateral.

If there is no pandemic or other major catastrophe, then the world continues as it is and our expansion should place us in a good position. It will also mean we should be able to reduce our debt faster, and potentially move on with our expansion plans to Europe, India, or the Middle East, or to a combination of all three.



# Dispatches from Hong Kong:

## THE DIARY OF A RELUCTANT TRAVELER

*Written in 1986*

It had all started three years ago (1982). My wonderful mother-in-law Bunny had stated that when she reached 60 years old she was taking the whole family on a trip to Hong Kong. I thought, three years is a long time and it would probably never happen. One year passed and she still spoke about it, then two years, and finally six months ago I began to panic because reservations had been made.

But my mother-in-law was adamant that it had to be Hong Kong because it was going back to the Chinese government in 1997 and it had to be now because it might never be the same. I didn't care who owned it and I had no urge to see it. But my mother-in-law meant the world to me, as did my wife so I went. My wife and I were traveling separately most of the trip in case one of our planes went down so that our children would still have one parent. I resent all those people who call me paranoid, I chose to be called exceedingly careful.

My father-in-law Jeff is 65-years-old and can best be described as a sweet, tenacious, successful, opinionated man who enjoys being in the company of all types of people as long as they end up agreeing with what he says. If he wasn't already my father-in-law I would have to find some way of making him an official member of our family because I have seldom met a more fiercely loyal ally who I can count on for anything 100% of the time. I first met Jeff twelve years ago, soon after I first started dating his daughter. He is a wonderful man and I sit next to him at all family occasions and as I always, tell him I am his one true ally in the world.

This is the man I chose to cross the Pacific. I had never been in a plane for more than five hours and I had just spent that coming from New Jersey. I had figured this last part of the trip would take about half of a day. Once on board we settled down for a long journey. The plane crew was wonderful, the trip long and difficult

and I still cannot understand how I could lose a pair of glasses in a confined space like an airplane, but I did. We arrived in Hong Kong 15 hours later at about 7:00pm Hong Kong Time.

I had never been through Immigration before and I was wondering why everyone was moving quickly when they got off the plane, as it turned out they were trying to be first on line. Since my father-in-law had some leg trouble and was in a wheelchair, we were given special treatment by the Airport Staff and passed immediately through the Immigration line and changed our currency. In a half hour we were on our way to the Hotel. Once settled, Jeff wanted to go get dinner. I had been up for over twenty-four hours, not counting the plane naps, but was feeling good so we went to a Chinese restaurant frequented mainly by local people. The staff did not speak much English but Jeff knew how to make himself understood. The noodles and Peking Duck were great, although I am sure that they labeled me a tourist when I asked for a fork instead of chopsticks.

While going to and from the restaurant we were amazed at the amount of people who were out looking at the Christmas Decorations; it was the day before Christmas Eve and the area around The Harbor was packed. I quickly learned that while the people of Hong Kong are pleasant, it is very natural for them to bump into each other in their driven quest to reach their destinations. There was no bad intent and I went with the flow.

Hong Kong is beautiful with its many types of motor and sail boats busily crossing the harbor. The incredible row of newly made commercial buildings with their varying architecture and front side advertising is a testament to the independence of its people being able to build an empire on a small island with almost no natural resources. I quickly grew to love Hong Kong, then all of China.

8/29/06

## Traveling In Thailand

We got to the airport on time, but our driver was not there. It turns out they never got my email. My partner Ben expertly negotiated a deal with a cab, and we were on our way for the two-hour journey. As we were nearing the hotel, Ben mentioned something about an elephant and I thought he was talking about a statue or sculpture, because there are a lot of those here. Suddenly, from behind our car, an actual elephant was brushing by us and cutting across traffic to get to the other side of the street. Of course, if an elephant wants to cross a street, you let him do it, which is just what occurred. If he wanted anything else, he probably would have gotten that also. Thailand is beautiful, tropical, lush and full of very good-looking people. After we arrived at the hotel, Ben and I decided to split up. I wanted to get in a swim before dinner and he had things to do, as well. The swim was pleasant. The water was cool. I could see the lightning exploding in the sky in a gorgeous, luminous display. I went to have dinner in the hotel's Japanese restaurant. They spoke very little English and I didn't know Japanese, except the counting I had learned in Martial arts training. We used hand signals and pointed at the menu to communicate our orders. Dinner turned out to be good. I was going to walk a little outside, but it seemed like there were a lot of nightclubs and people hanging around. It might have been dangerous, so I decided it would be better if I stayed in. I had some fruit sent to my room, and started getting ready for tomorrow when I noticed my iPod was missing. I must have left it somewhere, and I am distraught because my family gave it to me. Although replaceable, it had all my handpicked music and will be a pain to set up again. However, it is a heck of a lot better than losing my passport, wallet, computer, Blackberry, or mobile phone, so I am trying to count myself lucky. The lightning storm continues, and it is mesmerizing. I can see the harbor from my window, and it is hard to stop watching.

9/18/06

## Traveling In Austria / Hungary

We touched down late, and I was unsure if I would make the flight. They had buses to take us to the terminal, which seemed to take forever. I ran into the area and a wonderful British Airways employee was there, ready to point all of us going to Austria in the right direction. She not only directed me, but actually took me through security and then sent me forward. By this time, I was actually running and I made it to the plane. The flight to Austria was fine, and I was sitting next to two very pleasant fellow Americans. I went to go get my bags and, as the baggage carousel kept spinning, I started to get a sinking feeling that my bags were not on it. Eventually, I went to the lost baggage area and sure enough my bags had not made it onto the flight. What was I supposed to do, go on a call with no suit, no extra books, and no samples? The answer is obviously yes. At least I had my laptop. The next flight was at 6:00PM that night and would have my luggage. Happily, I was due to come back to this airport anyway, so I could pick them up on the way back. But all my food and almost everything else was in there. Now we will see how good I am, going on a sales call almost naked. I walked out of the customs area, not that I had anything to declare, and found my driver Lallo. He was very pleasant and spoke enough English for us to get along. He was going to spend the day with me, and I did not have to worry about waiting for a driver on the way back at least. It is time to take an inventory of what I do have with me. I have a pair of regular glasses. I have my laptop, iPod, earphones, electric toothbrush, and one newspaper which I have mostly read. My chopsticks got confiscated, but I do have one long sleeved t-shirt, a chocolate chip cookie, my computer power charger and a memory stick for my laptop. I also have one of my own books, which is slightly written on, a biography of Samuel Goldwyn, and some gum. Most importantly, I have my passport, plenty of Euros, my Blackberry, and my wallet. As I always tell people, you can

do anything if you have money and a passport and I have more than that, so I should be fine. I tried to buy Lazlo and some bottled water at the airport, but they did not seem to sell it there. We may have to stop along the way. This is proving to be a highly interesting trip. I have never been to Austria before. It looks a lot like New Jersey. People hate it when I say that about most European countries, but we are all in the same latitude and the trees and landscape are similar. We will come to the border with Hungary in under an hour, where they will check our passports. I felt like I was in a Humphrey Bogart movie, except that my Blackberry keeps buzzing because

I am corresponding with my partner Ben in China. It is starting to rain. I asked Lazlo if they get a lot of snow here and he said yes, starting in December. Just like New Jersey. I asked him if I could check the stations on the radio, and who should come up but the Pointer Sisters singing their song "Jump." I will resist the urge to car dance. Lazlo has not known me long enough for that. I feel sleep calling, so I may indulge in a nap. The rain just got worse, so I think it's better he watches the road instead of me dancing. I am glad I am not driving.

I slept for a while and feel better. The landscape has changed and the towns have become very old, with lots of open air markets and places selling tourists items. Gnomes seem to be very big in this area. We have about another forty-five minutes before we arrive. I took stock of my appearance. I am wearing pants that are a bit dirty. I could have shaved, had I had my stuff. Overall, I look a little worse for wear, but I don't think they will mind as long as I don't. It is all a matter of perspective. If I had someone come this far and ended up losing his luggage, and he still came, I would be even happier to see him. Hopefully, they will feel the same way. IJUS should be in full operation soon. It is almost 7:30AM there, Monday morning.

**3/19/10**

**2:09 PM Malaysian Time, 2:09 AM EST**

**En route to Malaysia**

The two most incongruous things I have seen so far: While walking in Kuala Lumpur yesterday, I saw a hotel sign advertising that Elvis Presley would be there that night. The second was a sign today, which advertised a western resort with cowboys and Indians. It is strange what leaves the United States.

**4/25/10**

My ideas for inventions are often cumulative from various stimuli. For instance, after watching the movie "Twister," about the attempt to figure out how tornadoes are created and can be predicted, I started to think about big storms in general. Added to that was our current work on the hurricane and tornado panels. Those, along with the recent problems with huge hurricane devastation in the middle of the U.S., all



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coalesced to form an idea. If our new material passes the hurricane tests on Wednesday, then I can make the assumption that with additional reinforcement the same material will pass the tornado test. If we can stop the effects of a tornado in a defined space, then it creates a whole new group of potential inventions. We could build a fifteen foot wall that sloped down and outward from the top with ruffled sides like a gun barrel, so that any air going up the sides would be spun in a specific direction. If we could change the direction of a tornado while it is going up our wall, then the energy could be dissipated. If we built a wall with an area at the bottom that had wind turbines and those turbines were powered by the oncoming tornado and reversed the direction of the wind rotation, then when the twister hit our wall it would effectively kill the tornado. In other words, we would use the force of the storm to kill itself. Continuing on that idea, what if we could attract tornadoes in the first place? Perhaps we could harvest a huge amount of energy from them. How do you make a tornado move where you want it to go? How does a lightning rod work? If we set up a line of these walls, connected them by power lines and released something in the air that would attract a tornado then we might be able to create a virtual wall of attraction and capture its energy. I spoke to Brett about it and he found it intriguing, but said he would not test it in person. I understand his hesitation.

**9/10/10**

**9:20 AM EST Home, NJ**

I had a reaction to the two vaccine shots I received yesterday. Obviously, the combination of the flu, H1N1 and pneumonia all together was a not a good idea. I think I am feeling better. Wendy is in the Berkshires, so it is just Bailey and me until Sunday. I am working on lots of new ideas. We better hit on one of them soon. I can't keep justifying these massive R&D costs.



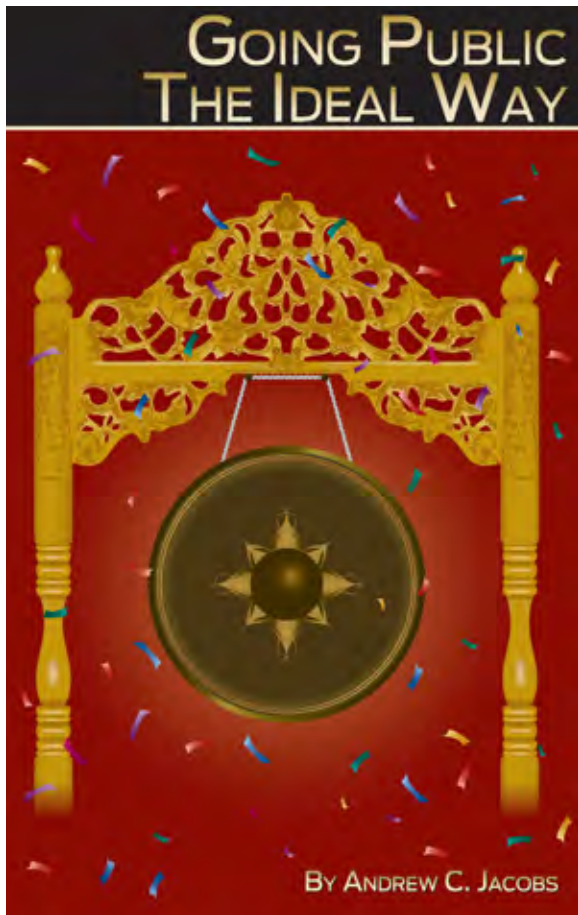
**Lets Go Giants!!**

*VPs Alice Prager (former) and Vincent Santoro show off their pride for the New York Giants.*

**9/11/10**

Today is the 9th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks. I hope we are better prepared to protect ourselves from a military standpoint worldwide. However, from a moral and justifiable standpoint, I have to wonder where we are when people like the minister in Florida can threaten to burn the Qur'an, knowing it will jeopardize not only our troops but all Americans trying to live in peace.

Why does mankind think they can do anything in the name of religion, using God as their justification? Why does the constitutional right to burn the Qur'an, Old or New Testaments, flags of various countries or sacred symbols give people the actual okay to do these horrific things knowing they will cause great harm? Our country really needs to learn tolerance if we expect to be an example to the rest of the world and foster our system on others. We cannot throw stones at other governments if we are not perfect. Perhaps getting along, although seemingly an alien concept to many groups in the U.S., makes a great deal of sense, especially for the benefit of all, as opposed to domination and the use of force. Memories do not go away. If we lose our dominant position in the world, people will not forget how we treated them and it will come back to haunt



us and our children. The Golden Rule was never truer than it is today; treat others as you would like to be treated.

I hope I do that in my life and it is a good example for the people I work with and my family. I will work harder to be so. It was a very nice day here in New Jersey with a beautiful blue sky and about 80°F. I rode with my friend Dave this morning.

**2/24/11**

Traveling in Malaysia

After a decent night's sleep, I was up at 5:30am and down to the gym area within an hour when it opened. I already have a schedule here. I go out to the tennis area, do my band workout and then make telephone calls while walking around the two courts for an hour. It was still dark when I got out there and suddenly I heard a call for morning Islamic prayers over a loudspeaker somewhere in the darkness. It has a strange, eerie yet appealing nature to it and the humid, hot night air intensified the atmosphere

of exoticism. A little while later, I saw lightning in the clouds overhead, which only added to the feeling of being in a foreign and beautiful land. It did not rain or thunder and the sky eventually cleared to a beautiful sunrise.

**6/12/11**

There are a few moments in business when you know in advance something huge is about to occur and you are able to focus and put all your attention on that momentous event. That happened for us last week in Malaysia when our Asian Group went public on the Malaysian Stock Exchange. After about 18 months of auditing, putting in new systems and basically going crazy trying to fulfill all of the requirements necessary we completed the process and my partner and good friend Ben Meng and I "Hit the Gong" to start the trading day on May 18th. It is funny what goes on in your head during times like this. About 30 minutes before the opening there was a large screen set-up showing our stock price. In preliminary trading it peaked at about four times the initial estimates. Elated, I quickly calculated how much my stock was worth even though I could not trade it for at least 12 months, but moving toward the podium to give my speech I then noticed it suddenly moving downward just as quickly. Such are many of the emotional mood swings and changes with going Public. The immediate second task was not to check the stock price every 20 seconds. The third lesson, as exemplified by the meeting we had with the Securities and Exchange commission later that day, was we were now a Public Company. We had many responsibilities to our shareholders and must face the ramifications of not running the company as required which could mean civil or criminal penalties. We now also have to answer to stockholders. I had to watch what I said to the media and it all added up to a new way of doing business with the potential to soar. The reality actually did not fully set-in until I got back here to the US and Mike Valentine, our VP of IT, put an "app" on my iPad that showed our stock on Bloomberg. Then it hit me that we had actually done it.

8/16/11

I know this sounds ridiculous, but there are two main factors that directly affect my mood and state of mind. As long as I am close to my goal weight of 185 pounds and sales for the month are going well. My adrenaline is usually surging like a torrential river. If I am close to these goals, then things are usually still very good but as they slide, I start to lose momentum. I did not say it was rational, but few of us are able to guide our lives by a totally logical structure and negate the effects of emotions. The personal factor of weight fixation is simple. I was an overweight child. Not by a lot, but by enough that I was mocked by some of my alleged friends and it forever altered my self image. That obsession has been a gold mine for my later years, both in loving and needing a lot of exercise. The resulting health benefits enable me to maximize my energy outputs. It is simple; extra weight to me means I have been weak and unable to control myself. It is a personal war that I can never let myself lose because if I do, my self worth will go with it. The business factor is equally simple. I am responsible for our companies worldwide including new product areas, inventions and overall sales. If business is not good, it is my personal failure. Laying people off due to a lack of sales is a horrific thought for me and I will push myself to the limit to keep from having to do it. I suppose if I was to work for anyone, and I am glad I do not, I would want someone like me at the top. I realize I did not guarantee anyone a job for life and maybe I should not be so hard on myself. However, if you are going to lead, you should do it with your mind, body and soul. While I love my job and my life, my obsessions represent a constant set of standards and occupational demons that have to be battled. The bar is forever rising. This means that I experience almost continual rushes of adrenaline that few others comprehend. It is an amazing feeling. I live in a world of energy, power and competition. It is tiring, but truly wonderful.

04/06/14

I started in the family printing business in 1977 fresh out of college. Once the secretary decided she didn't like me and left it was just my dad and me. Amazing as it sounds, I had only had one boss in my career. My father was the model of good and bad. He never wanted a big company, just to make a good living and go home at the end of the day with as little business-related stress as possible. Therefore, I was both a goldmine and a continual source of anguish to him since my passion for success collided with him on a continuing basis. My dad did not like having people around and if given the choice would have kept it just the two of us forever but he did enjoy sharing in our success and money generated for him. As we grew, however, despite his wishes, I got a first hand view of how to treat employees. My dad considered them workers, rated them as such, treated them decently but was never emotionally involved. I decided to take a different route as I gradually took over and wanted to create a positive company culture that was safe, productive and fun. I wanted a sanctuary for them and



*Andrew Jacobs and Ben Meng hit the gong of the Bursa Malaysia Stock Exchange as Ideal Jacobs (Malaysia) Corporation Bhd is listed for public trading on May 18, 2011*

me so when the rest of our worlds were going crazy with various family and related issues, often beyond our control, the office was a place of calm. Our company culture centered on fair treatment, kindness, and an expectation that in exchange for giving 100%, they would be well-paid, respected, and cherished. My system has worked well for me. Many of our people have been with us a long time and we have been successful in moving forward in an ever changing economy, marketplace and new technology. But, and there is always a but, when you have a situation like the one we have created you also have the downside of caring what happens. We know about each other's spouses, kids, where they go to school, what jobs they are trying for and the welfare of extended families. Many of our team, including me, now have parents who are in their 80's in declining health or others have spouses with medical problems, or troubles themselves. This sometimes means more time off is needed than the normal amount of vacation. My father was right that their problems become my problems and you can find you have stronger feelings for many of your employees than you do for some of your relatives. If there is a school play that should be attended or a doctor's appointment that can only be during working hours or a parent who needs to be checked on I am usually

okay with it. However, I also have the expectation that the time will be made up and I know I gained a better employee by doing the right thing for them. Life is not clean, things can get messy, relationships are not easy but I feel it is better to treat people the way I would want to be treated and I know they would do the same for me. This was not my father's way, but it gives me a much happier life and in the end that is what really counts.

05/12/14

I have noticed a common behavior of mine. Boredom is my enemy. I can now accept and embrace the title of being "different." After many decades I have been described this way and I've realized that it has more benefits than disadvantages. When I was younger and did not have our companies in place, I used to get a lot of heat from people because my thought processes appeared erratic and nonlinear (which they were). These individuals thought I should follow more traditional rules of thought, action and not branch off into so many different areas of business and life. To them I had no rudder or balance. Their negativity would sometimes affect what I wanted to do. I have come to realize that my apparent state of confusion was really

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my way of dealing with the complexities of life and the people around me. Yes, I process data differently than most and internalize in a way that seems to be threatening to others. Where many see problems and are willing to live with them or follow conventional paths for solutions, I often see things from a different angle. I could not do this unless I surrounded myself with individuals who not only thought that I wasn't crazy but embraced my ideas from wherever they came from and tried to bring them to fruition. They are not, however, "Yes Men" and "Yes Women." They have strong opinions and are free to say what they think, especially if they think we are going in a direction that is not productive or profitable and I listen to them. The point is that you may think of yourself as different and wonder why everything seems to be done in ways that seem less than optimal. Don't be so sure you are wrong and they are right. Often it is those who look at things in a whole new light that come up with better and more profitable ways to do something. But, beware when looking for approval from those around you because few people will embrace the journey you are on unless you are lucky enough to surround yourself with kindred souls. It is hard to be different. You may constantly have to justify yourself. The vast majority of people like to follow one path and a single way of doing things. Try the other road and you may find that it is fun and where big money can be found.

10/29/15

I first started writing when I was in Junior High School. There was something about it that always appealed to me - not the grammar or the structure, but the chance to be able to define what was in my head, and to make sense out of what I saw and what I thought could be. In 1974, I sent a short story to Jean Shepherd. He had a radio show on WOR in New York City, where he told stories about his life in the army, growing up in Indiana, and the New York City area in the 1960's and 1970's. I included a self-ad-

## Fate, God or Both

*Before going to Hong Kong in 1986 the only traveling outside the US I had done was to go to St. Croix in the Virgin Islands for Wendy and my Honeymoon. I did not want to go to Asia, it was too far and I was scared of the unknown, however my wonderful Mother-In-Law Bunny Aaron forced me. In doing so she opened up my world so when the time came for me to start traveling globally for business I was ready to get started. If not for her and Hong Kong the bulk of where we are may never have happened.*

dressed, stamped envelope with a request to read my work. A short time later, I got back my story with the words "keep trying" written on it. Those two words were enough to keep me writing, and now, 13 self-published books later, I got word from the potential literary agent that he liked my book. It needed more information and he wanted to talk next week. I know it doesn't sound like a big deal that he liked my book, but this is a well known and respected individual who handles professional writers, and although my writing has been extremely self-fulfilling and very profitable to our companies worldwide as a branding vehicle, I always wondered if I was good enough to get published. The answer to that is still unknown, but a big step was taken today and I am extremely thankful not only to Mr. Shepherd, whose two words of encouragement were enough to send me down the road, but also to God. Yes, I am going to get a little spiritual here, so please bear with me. I was incredibly blessed to be born into a fantastic life, with the potential to do a lot of good and have incredible things happen to me. I am not self-centered or arrogant enough to even consider the possibility that the fantastic life I have and the opportunities given to me were because of only things I have done. Life is a myriad of choices, including where



to travel, how to utilize your energy, the people you associate with, and your own moral code. I don't know if I will ever be formally published, but what I do know is that I am extremely fortunate to get to where I have gotten, and am very grateful to my God, my family, those I work with, my friends, and the rest of the world to have gotten this far with a chance to do more. It is time for me to go to sleep. I will put on a Jean Shepherd Tape - I often listen to him before I go to sleep. His talent was immense and his ability to do good was huge, not just for me but for all of the others who listened to him.

*Author's Note: I never was formally published and in the end it did not matter.*

**11/14/15**

I have been in this Air France lounge for more than two hours. In the old days, that would have driven me nuts, now it is a chance to do more of the work I enjoy but often don't get enough time for. Also in the old days, before we started self-publishing my books and using them



to brand our company worldwide, my writing was viewed as a hobby. When I wanted to spend time doing it people would look at me like I was goofing off. They gave me no credence as a writer, let alone someone with the ability to generate sales. As time passed and my books went to our customers around the globe, they took on a life of their own. My books gave them a gateway into our lives, and they loved being a part of it, especially if they or their companies were mentioned. Giving information about yourself is something that most people refuse to do - I not only write about it, I send out free books of it and post them to make it easy. People also use them to help learn English, another reason I have added more editors, to make sure they are grammatically correct. I was able to turn a passion, writing in my free time, into a positive force for our company. A businessman's life is filled with unexpected inefficiencies that can quickly drain a day of usable hours. Time spent waiting in airports, waiting rooms, and on planes can all add up to a huge amount of lost potential if you don't have fill-in work that has to be done anyway and can be completed on the road. In my case, I almost always have editing work to do since I am writing all the time. Therefore, when I don't have regular office tasks to do but have the mindset to be productive, I can write or edit. Since my writing is directly tied to our corporate branding, it is not only a good way to spend my time but a necessary and profitable avenue for doing something that I love.

**2/2/16**

**6:12am EST**

**My House, N.J.**

Dear Dad,

Mom and I were looking through old pictures a few weeks ago and I saw some of you. You always told me that you were overweight as a child and young teenager. I remember you took one summer when you were about fifteen, exercised hard and lost all of the weight over a few months. When you got back to school you were a different person. The only problem was that I saw pictures of you from before and after, and the weight difference was 20 pounds at the most. The weight before and after had marked

you for life. The same happened with me.

You gave me the means to become my best. You gave me all of the physical and mental training needed to build myself into a person that I wanted to be, to protect my family and teams from the bad people in this world. Neither you nor I can force people to become what we think they can be, but we both carry the obligation to offer them the avenues to define and reach their potential. While we both hated the process as we went through it and the deep scars it left, the advantages it gave us for ourselves and those around us cannot be discounted. Sometimes we were more alike than I wish to admit. Our personal and business lives had many obvious parallels, and while we often did not agree in many areas, there was no denying our shared reaction to injustice of any kind, which is an immediate, combative unwillingness to see it continue.

Love,  
Andrew

2/2/16  
Hair Cutting Shop  
Livingston, N.J.

Dear Dad,

People have been responding to the columns I have been writing about us. Apparently I am not the only person who both has unresolved parental issues and has benefited greatly from everything you have given

me. I know you are not around to give your side of history, but since you were my father and we worked together for more than two decades I am pretty confident I know what you would say. Besides, you and I, at your end, got to the highest point possible. We spoke about things that would not bring up trouble. I agreed with you in as many areas as possible, so you remained calm and unruffled as much as I did when we worked together. The training I got from you not only directly affected me, but also indirectly when your behavior did not square with what you said.

I learned as much from watching you as I did by listening. And that is one of the great lessons I tried to bring to my children. Consistency as to what I said and did was of paramount concern to me. I have constantly checked and rechecked myself over the years to try and ensure my compliance. My kids are not shy, and in addition to the permission I gave them, which was unneeded, they knew they could always call me out when I was inconsistent, unfair, or just plain wrong.

Unfortunately, I never felt that way with you. Your wrath could be extensive and long lasting and I was not willing to risk invoking it. Therefore, as time went on I simply shielded you from the world's problems, and business in particular, so you had a happy, calm life. Of course I also shut you out of what was going on so you would not be in-

## Make the Effort

The older I get the more I try to listen, but to really do that I have to get my mind calm enough to receive the information. I find that when I exercise, especially outside biking or walking, my mind moves to a "zen" state and allows me to think in ways that are not otherwise possible. It was cold and rainy here in New Jersey this morning. I did not want to go out and walk but I also knew that if I stayed inside on our treadmill watching a movie then nothing would have the chance to happen. The only way to glimpse another dimension was to put in the effort to get there. It doesn't happen every time but enough to keep me highly motivated to keep forcing myself forward.

volved and risk annoyance, which in itself bothered you. But the end result was mostly peace, which was what I wanted. Besides, the annoyance you felt for being “kept out of the loop” was a side benefit for me and passive aggressive behavior was sometimes one of the few weapons I had without resorting to an all-out war.

You were tough, smart, unbending and happy as long as you got your way. So me and the rest of our family found it simpler just to isolate you and do as you wanted. It served you well right up until the time you died. So in retrospect, neither I nor anyone else can say you were wrong.

Love,  
Andrew

2/22/16

11:54pm China Time

Dear Grandfather,

I am on my way to Asia, a three-country trip that includes China, Malaysia and Thailand. We are flying somewhere over the old Soviet Union and I can't help but juxtapose our trip from your emigration from Romania to the United States at the beginning of the last century. You came in a large ship in steerage with the rest of our family. I am sure the conditions were highly unpleasant, crowded with lousy food and a general feeling of elation of having left your horrible homeland, which, in later years was so bad that you would not even talk about it. The idea of going to a country where the streets were “paved with gold” and anyone who worked hard could get ahead must have been in the back of your mind. You were only a young boy when you got here, it must have been incredibly difficult to rapidly learn English and assimilate into a new culture. However you studied hard, received good grades and spoke

like an “American” very quickly. You were obviously a very smart and competent young man and you re-made yourself into an American Entrepreneur with amazing speed.

You also had huge amounts of aggressiveness, energy, and knew what you wanted. While working two jobs you started our company in 1921 then got married and bought a house in the New Jersey suburbs. You eventually sent your two sons to college and later retired to live a comfortable life in Florida. You were the American Immigrant dream and it was an honor to

be your grandson. I am incredibly proud of the legacy you built.

And now we are continuing the Jacobs tradition of selling, a good part of the same types of things you sold more than a century ago, all over the world.

Because of you and Dad, instead of Steerage I am in Business Class, and instead of being able to confine our customers to within 100 miles of New York City, we are now world wide. The basics rules of business are the same, they have simply expanded for those of us who

want and love to compete on the global playing field. Grandfather, I pride myself on being able to identify and evaluate the competition we face around the world. You would have been a formidable foe if we ever had to sell against you, which is one of the greatest compliments I could ever bestow. Please be happy with the fact that what you started continues to grow around the world and we fully acknowledge that you were an amazing man who began our journey.

Love,  
Andrew

## Follow My Feeling

My birthstone is amethyst. When my wife and I were in South Carolina a few years ago, we walked into a store that sold gems and they had some pieces that were a dark, rich purple that were absolutely gorgeous. Wendy bought me one for my birthday and over time I acquired a bunch of others weighing between five to fifteen pounds.

To me, they seem to send out a forcefield of positive energy and I eagerly sleep in their paths at night. I don't know whether it is real or imagined. I do know that positive thought, in virtually any area, leads to positive action.

Over the decades, I have come to believe how little we actually know about the universe and the power within it. Therefore, if I “feel” something is working for me, then it usually is and I will keep going in that direction until I am proven wrong.

2/23/16  
12:42am China Time

Dear Dad and Grandfather,

It is time and we need to get some things straightened out. Since I am currently on a plane bound for Asia, the only people involved are you two, God and me. Since you two are both dead you will have to grant me that I knew you both well enough that I can give your parts of the conversation. The reason we are talking here today is because I am a believer in fate and that we were put here for various reasons. Some of the common ones that drew us all together were to create a legacy that could be passed down that would help to secure the livelihood of those who came after us. We are here also to do some "good" that would directly affect the people we love and also help others. How we have all chosen to do that has been radically different for the three of us.

Grandfather, you know I loved and respected you but you were an autocratic, unbending, highly difficult person who forced

his two sons into the family business. By that action you secured your financial future but at a high cost of turning your sons against each other. That was only temporarily patched up before my Uncle died.

Dad, you did not like grandfather, hated working under and eventually with him and spent your life at a job you did not particularly enjoy but were very good at. You also were autocratic, unbending and highly difficult. However, that was juxtaposed against a totally opposite personality that could be pleasant and fun to be around. Unfortunately, I never knew which version I would be seeing from hour to hour. You offered me my first job when I failed at being a broadcaster and it turned out that I was born to be a printer. Unfortunately, you took advantage of me to secure your financial future.

Then comes me, and believe me, gentleman I will not sugar coat it. I am highly aggressive, territorial, dominating, stubborn, and can be vindictive. This was evident in how I froze you, Dad, out of the company, as



The Ideal Challenge Board Game

you became a detriment to my expansion plans. I knew that the one thing you wanted was to know what was going on in the company, but you were so difficult that I kept you in the dark to help keep you in line so that we could move forward. On the other hand, I did learn from you and grandfather about what not to do. So I am also loyal, trust worthy, have an incredible family that I love, and lead teams around the world of our employees who respect and honor our family name and company. You have both taught me a great deal, shown me what can be both in the best and worst areas of life. I have endeavored to accentuate my positives and reduce the use of my negatives until they are absolutely necessary. All three of us come from the same cloth; we have all had the same potential for both good and bad acts. I realize it and work hard all the time to keep improving with the help of my wonderful wife and close family. They continually remind me that if I do something negative

it should be done for the right reason and for a positive outcome. It is with that in mind that I invite both of you to do the same. Since I believe in an after-life and reincarnation, I urge you two to get along wherever you are. I am hoping the bad parts are stripped away once we all pass, but if not, I am assuming that you both have the time, especially with God as your mediator, to work out your differences up there. I will strive to be a continually better person to pass on our legacy that is based on living life from the positive side.

Regards,  
Andrew

**2/27/16**

**9:38am Malaysian Time**

**Batu Caves Malaysia**

Dear Dad,

Do you remember when I first came into our business and you gave me a dissertation about drinking? It was much bigger then than it is now in the United States. You taught me how seriously people took what type of alcohol they drank and many would often imbibe too much. But that was sometimes good as you got to see what was really inside them once their defenses were down. Unfortunately, when you drink you often got mean. It did not take long before I decided that I wanted to maintain control, as I do everywhere, and gave up what little I drank and thus I have had less than five servings in the last thirty five years. It gave me a lot of power because people knew I would not start and I was happy to let them indulge as they wanted and could always drive them home. Therefore, I got an entry into viewing their souls for very little effort. People sometimes say they don't trust anyone who doesn't drink. I say it is much easier to take advantage of anyone who does. Besides, if I am going to ingest worthless calories I would rather it be chocolate cake.

I was at a business dinner last night in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. It included my partner Ben, some people from IJX, a few investors and a banker. The wine was flowing easily and except for Ben, myself and one other who did not drink, the others were feeling no pain. The people not directly involved with our company had

## People are Good

I was waiting in line to get into my flight to Singapore when the man in front of me got called to the main desk. When he got back I had saved his place in line and we started talking. He had just flown to Newark from Australia to go to a meeting in Puerto Rico.

Once he landed he found out it was canceled because of the earthquakes there so he is turning around and going back. The whole trip should take him about fifty hours. What was really heart-warming was that he was not angry at the having to make the trip for nothing, he was really upset for the people whose country was destroyed first by a hurricane and now by earthquakes.

I could tell he was a nice man immediately and that simply confirmed it. The vast bulk of the people of this world are good, kind and want to help. That is one reason I like to travel, because I get to meet them, often in these few minute encounters and it almost always reinforces my faith in humanity.

trouble understanding my rigid code of conduct regarding no alcohol and a lot of food restrictions. They would have preferred that I didn't because I cannot be plied with alcohol, drugs or women. The only thing Ben and I cared about was doing business.

Sometimes what you taught me was best received directly from what you advised, other times it was to do the opposite. Still seeing how you reacted, and it did not take much alcohol to change your personality, that was the best teacher of all.

Regards,  
Andrew

2/01/17

When my dad passed about a year ago, I had no plans to make a documentary about our family and our company. My brother had done a wonderful job compiling a genealogy book within the last decade and as far as I was concerned that was good enough until someone from my kids generation decided to update it. That was, however, before I decided to embark on the adventure of creating a television show that will debut on YouTube in the next few months. Since we had gone that far, I figured that as a great introduction I should make a formal history of the four generations of our company. What started out as a small project ended up having a life of its own and, as always, a lot of unintended consequences.

For those who have been reading my books over the last decade and various articles you know I have no reticence in talking about my family, our company, and those within it. However, with production came a need for a level of research and also soul searching that I had not anticipated. It is hard not to think about your father and family when you pass by the editor's table outside my office every day and see pictures of them covering the last 95 years. Before my dad died last December, I had been under the assumption that as time passed, the negative things he did would fade into the background and I could focus more on



the positive. I really did not think it would affect how I felt about other people in our family and our company, but I was wrong.

With the research came a lot of interviewing with my siblings, friends, and especially, my mom. All of us had always thought of her as tough growing up. She had to be able to withstand the force of will of my dad, but we never really knew her because my dad overshadowed her whenever we were around. Now that he is gone it has given us the chance to actually get to know our mother. To many this may sound absurd but when you come from a family of immigrants from a philosophy that the man of the house dominates and all others obey, it is not that surprising. When the interviews started a few months ago it turned out that there was a lot more "stuff" my dad did and did not do that I did not know about. It turned out my mother was the champion behind the scenes for my siblings and I, often putting her in direct confrontation with my dad. In other words, she had been protecting us for decades and we had no idea, including right

up until this afternoon when I was interviewing my brother and she was in the room.

It turns out that she forced my dad to bring me into the business and train me. He did not want me there and would have been happier without me. Whether it was because he did not like the way his father treated him, not wanting to take the time to train me, was afraid I would be more successful than him or probably a combination of all we will never know. But in an ironic twist of faith, and with all due modesty, bringing me into the company and training me, we started with just him and I, we are now more than one hundred times our original size, have locations around the globe and are continuing to grow.

My father got a lot of money, position, and prestige which would not have happened otherwise. He used to brag about me to everyone, he got everything he could have hoped for in business and money without doing it himself. However, his luck was not 100% because as he trained me to be an “attack dog” in business, to protect him from all adverse situations, and isolate him from stress and worry, he also sowed the seeds of his own irrelevancy.

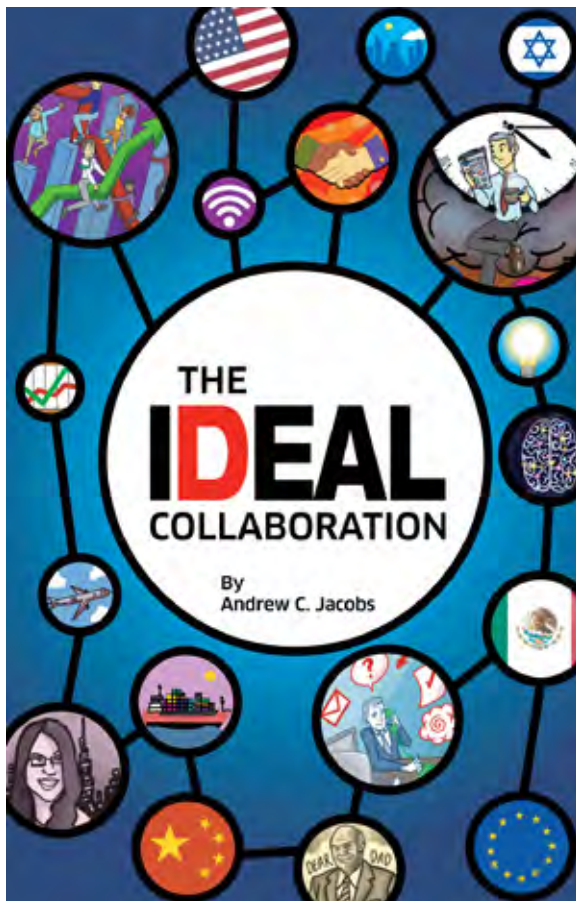
I used to resent the fact that so much of the

money I earned went to him when I felt he did so little to earn it or even give me the respect that I was doing well. But, as it turned out, he taught me all the tools needed to make him irrelevant and keep him in a position without authority so that he could never use the power he once held to attack my mom and my siblings and that drove him crazy. As it turned out, the protection my mom gave me came back to her decades later and she is now enjoying not only the financial fruits of my labors for which I am happy to share with her but is also getting the recognition she has deserved for decades for helping to keep my father somewhat in line.

The documentary will go to my son Ben in a few weeks. He will create the music and then we will submit it to YouTube for their Streamy Awards in their Documentary Category. If by any chance we win anything, the first person I will thank is my mother; she deserves it and it is time people knew it.

## February 2018

Hello and welcome to the February Edition of the Ideal Almanac. The process of Inventing is the ultimate in a process of passion and pain. There are few things that outweigh the incredible high when I think that I have a new idea that no one else has previously experienced. If not an original thought, than a variation on an idea already in work or new way of marketing or selling or maybe a new way to produce something differently for a better quality and less cost. Any type of innovation no matter how small has a thrill that geometrically increases to the uniqueness it involves. With that however, comes the flip side. Like being presented with a problem where, no matter how many ways I flip the angles seems to have no solution and even redefining the problem itself, the ultimate path to innovation stonewalls and there is nothing left to do. I have been on my current road for our 3D printing peripheral area during the past few weeks looking for pathways for us to follow regarding new products. At multiple times I have thought I had incredible ideas only to have them hacked apart by the people around me. Don't find fault with them, it is part of their job to keep my feet planted on the earth and to stop me from spend-



ing a fortune in resources, their time and especially my efforts when the invention has either already been done or simply will not work. Unfortunately when I am in the middle of the process, as I am now I can't see very far out in front of me as to what works or not. The ego needed to innovate necessitates the belief that all of my ideas are worth while and potentially life enhancing and profitable. It is not rational and in my non-inventing moments I realize the fallacy in the belief that I can accomplish anything, innovate past everyone else and invent the next best thing whether it is in my areas of expertise or not. But being rational and inventing are two different mindsets at least as far as I am concerned especially when things don't work. There is nothing as ego deflating as having an idea shot down, even when it is done in the nicest way. I know in my head that it is a long path, and there is no chance for success unless I travel it the whole way. Otherwise, the golden nuggets of the ideas with true merit will never be found. The highs are amazing, the adrenaline rush is like a tidal wave that washes over me and everyone in my path. But the downside is an empty, sad feeling and wondering if and when the next idea will come. But it has so far been enough over the past forty years where we have prospered globally and it doesn't matter how many times people say an idea doesn't work it just makes me try harder.

**2/1/18**

**3:29pm**

**My Office; Maplewood, NJ**

Dear Dad,

I have been reading a lot about past lives, reincarnation and doing things over until we get it "right". If that is actually the case then it is no longer true that when someone dies we can't "fix" the problems that occurred before they passed. There is a "karmic" reckoning each time someone dies and it would be in everyone's best interest to try to make things as good as possible across the board while they are still alive so

## Divine Intervention Again

It started raining this morning soon after I finished bike riding and got more intense as the day wore on. Later, while in my office, the rain suddenly got much worse and water began pouring in through one of my windows. I texted a picture to our amazing landlord and he "happened" to be in our building. It turned out that the drain pipe above my office had been blocked with leaves and he went up there himself to unblock it. Within ten minutes the flood stopped. What are the chances he would be right where I needed him at the exact moment of trouble? I no longer believe in luck.

that in the next life they can start at a higher level. I know that I have been blessed with the life I have. Thanks to you and Mom I grew in a really nice environment, got a great education that extended into our business. You both gave me every possible benefit to excel and for that I am truly grateful. You also gave me all the tools I needed to be able to launch out on my own and whatever successes I have achieved were built on the foundations you both laid out. Wendy and I have striven to do the same for your grandchildren, hopefully after long, wonderful lives they can say the same about us. As time has passed, especially in the last few years, I have spent a lot of time thinking about you and why you turned out the way you did. I have come to the conclusion that in the end you did exactly what you always said, you did the best you could, as did Mom, as have Wendy and I with our kids. Everything else is superfluous but the good news is that there is still time for you and I to work out the rough spots before we actually meet again. Perhaps they were left over from the past lifetimes we shared together. From what I have read family members and close friends often travel together through time. If that is the case than I feel confident



# THE IDEAL CONNECTION

ANDREW G. JACOBS



## Beware Of What You Watch

After we opened in China and Mexico more than a decade ago I began to start monitoring different media outlets to try and get a better feel of what has really happening. I found that whenever I left the US the news was reported differently and then I realized that various news outlets reporting on the same events often varied widely. I was able to see how their editorial slant was added into almost all aspects of every story and that if I wanted to get some semblance of the truth I would have to monitor multiple websites and newspapers.

It takes more work and costs money, but the resulting cross section gives me a much better feel for what is really happening. If you only have one source of news beware that it is being leveraged to whatever their editors want to promote.

that we will meet again and I will look forward to having a few “do-overs” so we both move ahead on a wider road together.

Love,  
Andrew

2/20/18

5:41pm

Intercontinental Hotel, San Francisco

Dear Dad,

I have been thinking about guilt. I think we can both agree that it is a negative process from start to finish. In my definition guilt is a process. Something negative whether pre-determined, spontaneous or accidental in thought, said or done and once that occurs the ensuing negative feelings both from the person who did “it” and the person or group whose received the action can have immediate, lasting implications than can range from minimal to life changing. I was blessed with a quick mind and from boyhood onward I have had the ability to destroy most people verbally. In the beginning I used this “power” recklessly which caused me great trouble. It necessitated the need to be able to learn to physically fight and just as importantly made me realize how badly I could hurt someone with just a few carefully chosen words that seemed to come innately out of my mouth as needed. As time went on and I realized the negative power I possessed, I determined that I would only use it when it was absolutely needed and to create a system within my own brain that would have a one second delay before I said most things, to determine if they were harmful, negative and in my and the other person’s best interest. I also found out how much more energy it took to give out positive messages then negative. It as easy to complain, say mean things and cut others down in an attempt to make me and others feel better. But it did not feel good when I did that so over time I have resolved to only go from the positive side and when I had nothing good to say simply keep quiet.

This has led to an incredibly wonderful life where I have the continual chance to make life better for others and myself through positive reinforcement and doing the right thing as much as possible. However once you have seen the

“good”, it makes doing the “bad” ten times worse. I have boxed myself into a corner where, when I do make a mistake, like I did today, I beat myself up for hours or sometimes longer. In today’s mishap the person I slightly maligned wasn’t even there and will most likely will never know.

However I knew I did it and not being positive meant I failed and the idea of that was also driving me crazy. I am not perfect, but having Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, amongst other things, meant I have to continually try and reach that level. Logically I know I have to let myself make mistakes, to breathe, because if I don’t I will choke off my ability to think and react spontaneously which allows me to invent and innovate. I am in the throes of an impossible dilemma which only gets worse with jet lag and lack of sleep which I also realize, greatly affects me.

You taught me when I was first in the business more than forty years ago that I had to learn myself before I could figure out what other people needed and I could then sell “that” to them. You trained me well, you enabled and forced me to learn what made myself tick and what I found out was that I was at war within myself. I defined myself as a pessimistic optimist. I am trained to see all that is wrong and bad and then flip it, by whatever means possible, to positive and good. That switching process takes a huge amount of energy and by definition cannot work 100% of the time which is where the guilt rushes in. If I make a conscious decision that I have to do or say something in advance that may be construed as wrong or bad and I have weighed out the alternatives then I am okay with the outcome. However the guilt comes when the reflex in my brain takes over and I know I am about to say something I shouldn’t and do it anyway. Guilt is controllable to an extent, but I am not sure how far I can ratchet down my thinking process to eliminate it entirely. Just by writing that I realize I can’t and that I should give myself a little wiggle room. Maybe I should

have given you a little bit more also. Putting myself in other people’s skin is mostly not a problem for me and through your training and my undaunted pursuit I have become good at it. I can be okay with almost all the world regarding human failings and their innate right to make mistakes and be human. I did not give you nor me that pass. I thought you should have been perfect, you were my father and you should have always had my best interest at heart even when it meant you might not have gotten everything you wanted. The more human you became to me the more angry and disappointed I grew because I felt you had everything and could do anything you wanted. That belief then became solidified within me that I should do what was right, and while my tolerance level is high for everyone else it is incredibly low for you and me. I like to think I took the best of you and Mom, negated the balance and helped build it into the best I could be but in the end the idea of perfection, not making mistakes never hurting anyone unless they deserved it constitutes a standard that can only be strived for and never achieved. Here is the hard part Dad. As it was with my career in Martial Arts, tennis and exercising, I constantly pushed myself to the breaking point until eventually my body rebelled and I am now suffering from the consequences. There are limits to what is possible and maybe guilt, in my case is the pressure release valve. In my quest to control everything maybe a little bit of guilt and remorse is not such a bad thing because it reminds me of the things I have done wrong, resolved never do them again and that I can often be wrong. Perhaps there is also a side benefit that getting too good at something may start yielding negative results. If I become too afraid of making a mistake, cutting off my impulsiveness and immediate reactions then that cost is too high, therefore a little guilt is okay and it was time to give myself and you some slack.

Love,  
Andrew

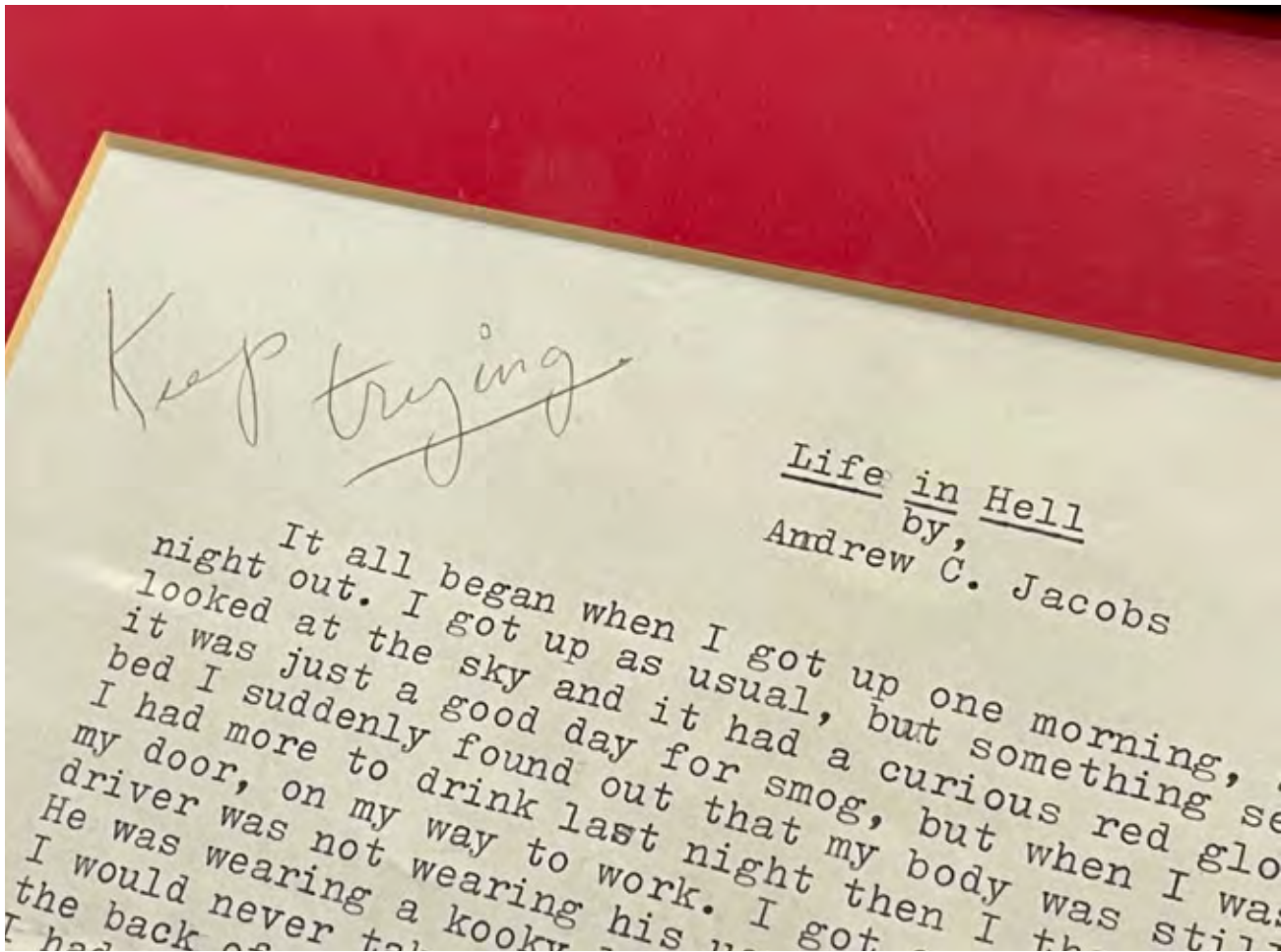
# “KEEP TRYING”

I disliked grammar and punctuation as much as I loved writing. A dichotomy within me like in so many other areas. I fought learning the basics of tools in favor of simply writing to please myself.

In 1976, when I was 20 years old, I sent one of my short stories to a man named Jean Shepherd. He had a radio show in New York City talking about his life in Indiana, the Army and numerous other areas. I mailed it with a self addressed stamped envelope not really expecting a reply but shortly thereafter back came my envelope. Inside was my short story, which in looking at it later was filled with grammatical and spelling mistakes, he simply wrote “keep trying.” If he did not say I was a horrible writer and to keep going then that was enough for me.

Under the rigid training of my father I did learn the basic rules which I have to admit made me a better writer. I kept going and now more than four decades my ability to write in general and business in particular has been an amazing asset for me and our company. I can “say” things when I write that I can’t verbalize and it gives me an outlet to be able to sort out how I feel, channel energy, angst and anger and try and figure out why I am as I am.

I have tapes of Mr. Shepherd's shows and with YouTube recordings listen to him at night when I am falling asleep. His voice and his messages were both interesting and calming and I owe him an incredible debt for giving me the extra push I needed when he simply could have done nothing.



These two words shaped the trajectory of Andrew's life and Ideal Jacobs. Jean Shepherd is an American master storyteller known for his WOR radio show in the 1960s as well as the holiday classic, “A Christmas Story.”

**3/9/18****10:22am****My Office; Maplewood, NJ**

Dear Dad,

Sometimes I scan the obituary section of the newspaper and this morning a name caught my eye. Pete Hollander passed away. When you and I first started going skeet (shotgun) shooting in Kenilworth (NJ) he was one of the best shooters there. He was more than that, he was also one of the nicest guys and I remember the really good times we had shooting together. Even though I was barely a teenager he treated me as an equal, something I would never forget. Class and style oozed out of him and it was an honor to know him. Those years were some of the best you and I had together. Target shooting, hunting and fishing on the weekends we used to go everywhere and I remember it being a huge amount of fun, meeting incredibly diverse people and learning outdoor skills that have kept me safe decades later. I still marvel at the amount you taught me, that I can handle myself in the woods, know how to use a fly rod and a gun and your passion for the outdoors that comes alive again every time I venture forth. You were a Renaissance Man and never happier then when you were thinking, learning and living in the moment and I always envied your unquenchable need to explore new areas, expand and push all horizons to the limit. You forced me into a dimension that I never would have experienced by myself. Left alone I would have gravitated to more conventional areas of sport and leisure and I would have missed a whole world that few others see. You pushed me when I did not want to go, forced me to learn what was necessary for the task, made me level up the ability to think and plan so the amount of possible surprise and harm were limited, in other words you forced me to grow. Knowing how stubborn I was and still am that must have been quite an endeavor for you but in the end, please know you succeeded. As a parent myself and hoping not to sound too self-serving, well done, you did

a good job.

Love,

Andrew

**4/22/18****9:12pm EST****Our House, NJ**

Dear Dad,

The older I get, the more experience I gain, the harder I work, the more chances I take, all seem to place me into a mosaic of time in which I have little or no control. You know me about control, wanting and needing to seemingly have a grip of what is and will happen. I plan, I check and figure out what I think will happen. Sometimes I am right and others not but I still keep trying. Lately, I have been reading a lot about post death experiences, what happens when we die, how those who have passed and even animals can come back to try and help guide us not to mention the idea that God is watching over us and we are all part of a plan. I used to hate the term "surrender to God's will" and I never understood it before but I am beginning to figure it out. With all of my planning and allocating of resources and time for me and my teams it has eerily become apparent that certain things happen for a reason that I can't explain. For a man who loves control I am finding that I have continually less but if we are a part of this overall plan than I am very glad to be part of it and it means that I should be more patient and keep looking towards a broader path. I hope all is well, please give grandfather and grandma my regards.

Love,

Andrew

**6/10/18****3:19pm****My Home, NJ**

Dear Dad,

I went to see Mom today. Ira was there which was a pleasant surprise. We spoke about Marilyn's (Uncle Phil's daughter) upcoming funeral tomorrow. Since you and

## Older Is Not Always Better, But Also Not Worse

In today's marketplace there are a lot more people still working in their 60's. Many have the double situation where their health is usually worse and they have to be out of work more but at the same time they do not have young children. I have found that life experience often more than makes up for moving a little slower in addition their accumulated knowledge and sense will often find solutions to problems they have already solved in the past. There is nothing wrong with young people, we have a lot of them but there is and will always be a place for older employees and those who discriminate against them because of age are missing out on a golden resource that could richly reward their companies.

she had been very close and Mom also liked her I wanted to be sure that she was okay. As is normal, what seems to bother other people did not faze her. Her strength of will is truly amazing, she seemed fine. Regarding the Ritters in general and Uncle Phil in particular it seemed that having someone of that high magnitude both from positive and economic aspects must have been very hard for the rest of his family. His presence was so over whelming that everyone else seemed to shrink in comparison. Grandfather, his contemporary, who also came from nothing and did exceptionally well and would have rightfully been considered an immense success had he not been compared to Phil who was a superstar. I would have found it incredibly difficult to be compared like that. In fact I still felt the need to try and equal both he and Wendy's grandfather, even though they were two generations away. Wendy says that I should not try but for me that was impossible.

You were a contrarian when it came to Uncle Phil and business in general. By verbally down playing the worth of success and the price they paid to get there you made it seem that money did not mean that much to you. However your non-verbal cues were always to the opposite. It

has taken me decades to be able to read people, It became clear to me a long time again that the non-verbal clues or the changes in verbal or written syntax are the true gateways to a person's soul. Your life was one of balance between work, family and time for fun.

You worked as hard as you needed to succeed to the level of your comfort, as did grandfather, leaving the rest of the time for leisure. Had there been no-one around like Phil there would not have been anyone to compare you to and therefore no level of success to match against. Although you loved and totally respected him, Phil caused you as much trouble as grandfather, even though you both probably never knew why. It was one of the reasons you and I did not really get along. I was never satisfied with what you had, I always wanted more and that never worked with your way of doing things.

The fact that I knew what drove you and most others crazy has been a great help when dealing with everyone else as a husband, father and boss. The people around me have various levels of concerns, passions and requirements. My job was to understand everyone's needs and satisfy them as much as I could to keep them as happy and productive as possible. The better adjusted and contented they were translated into a higher quality of life for all of us. There is no advantage for me to force people to succumb to my will because the lasting resentment will build over time and everyone will suffer. All relationships have the same basic principals and if all parties are not getting at least some of what they need then rebellion will ensue and destruction will follow, a path I will do almost anything to avoid.

Regards,  
Andrew

**6/13/18**

**3:00pm**

**My Office; Maplewood, NJ**

Dear Dad,

You taught me a long time ago that things are never perfect and if there ever happens to be a split second in time when it occurs you should be grateful because it will not last. I have adopted the philosophy which states that all aspects of one's life are illustrated by a series of ladders pointed to the sky. Each ladder represents one

aspect of my life like marriage, family, finance, honesty, integrity, hope, confidence etc. My position on each ladder changed with my daily behavior. The idea was to try and stay as high on as many ladders as possible knowing that no-one could possibly keep their progress going upwards all the time. If you do make it to the top of any one category then you would only find there are more rungs that you could not see before. Life was a journey and I remembered back thirty years ago to a time when I felt that you were treating me badly. I was contemplating leaving our company and going my own way. Most people had no idea I was so unhappy, it was not something I broadcasted. It would have been bad for our image as a family business to show any strife or discord and I was not going to let that happen. Besides I had a wife and three kids to support so it would have been a huge financial hardship to walk. However, since the rest of my life during that time and now was fantastic, I loved my wife, family and job that I resolved to work it out with you and keep going. Since that was more than three decades ago we obviously came to an understanding but it taught me a great lesson to view life as a whole and not one part could "kill" my happiness. It has seen me through some dark times and it is still relevant.

The bulk of my life has been fantastic

and even with some long-term family issues I would not let them drag me down. Life is so much a conglomeration of components that most days it is easy to pick the best and determine it was at least good, be grateful for everything I had and look forward to tomorrow. That constitutes the vast bulk of my working life and that has helped me handle a lot of difficulties along the way. So once again Dad, having you around, even after you have passed taught me a continual life lesson that the glass was not only half full but had cookies around it, all I had to do was view it that way.

Love,  
Andrew

6/25/18

5:42 AM

**In Flight to Germany**

Dear Dad,

I have been up since 4:15am and am starting the transition to Asian time. The second part of this flight will be about eleven hours and I hope to sleep a good portion of it. It is times like these that I remember you telling me about an unscheduled flight layover you had once when traveling with Mom. You told me that you did not try and force yourself to sleep since without drugs that would have been impossible. You went through

## History is Cyclical

This weekend marks the start of the Jewish Holiday of Passover. Its purpose was to mark the breaking of the Egyptian hold on the Jewish people and their trek to freedom. It is amazing how little times have changed. We still have the same situation all over the world with oppressed people moving to other countries looking for hope, safety and the chances for a better life. Ask any American about their heritage and the vast majority would tell you that their parents, grandparents or great grandparents came from another country. We are a nation of immigrants and those people who fought and died to come here were the cream of their countries and the US became the great nation we are because of that melting pot. What happens when you cut off the flow of immigrants to our shores? Simple, it spells the decline of our country and we will end up a distant memory of what an amazing country used to be.

Immigrant is not a dirty word and the people who come here should be treated as they are, the best who want to make us even better.

your nightly routine, got a few hours of rest and were fine. I found out a long time ago, with the many nights of not being able to rest peaceably that I can survive with less sleep and function well. My point is that even if I don't got a few hours now it would not make a huge difference so I am calm about the prospect of getting none. It is a very exciting time, I am having a lot of fun and hope that you and grandfather are watching and enjoying our progress I am currently writing my "rules of life" and it is amazing to me how often I utilize what you taught me. I should not be surprised, your intelligence and ability to see reality in business were great sources of knowledge for me and I still tap into them all the time.

Love you,  
Andrew

## It Only Take Ten Seconds

I was born with an ability to size up virtually anyone within the first ten seconds after I meet them. All I need to do is see how they stand, speak, a few words and the tone and timber of their voices, how they shake hands, whether they smile, smirk, glare or intensely size me up. Also included are race, religion if obvious or not, how they dress, if a man whether he shaved and yes it does matter. Check whether power is emanating from their bodies as well as a positive or negative aura that surrounds them. You can call it profiling or a first impression but the truth is that it is real, it is accurate for me more than 95 percent of the time. I trust the results and base all of my actions with that person from that moment on. Trusting your own judgment take years of experience as to how good an indicator it is. However if proven right most of the time perhaps you could save a fortune in time, resources and lost effort by trusting your own gut and not wishing the person was different than you had already evaluated them to be.

9/25/18

1:19pm

En Route to Budapest

Dear Dad,

I never feel closer to you then when I am "on the road." You loved selling more than anything and the gleam in your eyes when you had a client in your sites was a vista to behold. Just today I mentioned you to a customer in Germany. I had been talking to him about our global capabilities, including our machine shop and I mentioned that you had installed a lathe in my house decades ago for me to learn about machinery. It had been a brilliant move on your part because as it gave me the basics of how things worked and helped pave the way for me to understand the needs of the marketplace and our expansion into that area. In fact this man needed a part that in initial production would be produced via our metal laser and later stamped. Having that capability gave us a chance at the new business. I just finished my lunch here on the plane. As usual I could not eat the food but as you trained me when I was young, I had plenty with me to take care of my needs. In fact the almond butter and jam sandwiches on gluten free bread were excellent and I was refreshed and ready to go. You taught me to be prepared, to think ahead and to not be limited by conventional ways of thought. When I said something could not be done you usually challenged me to figure out a way to do it anyway. It was that belief, that almost any problem was solvable has been the driving force that has helped make us global.

It does not matter that you did not agree with a lot of what I did. It also does not matter that you did not think that I could achieve what we accomplished. It doesn't even matter that you considered me a rival versus a partner which caused a lot of unnecessary trouble. The fact that you prepared me to do everything that I wanted to do and gave me the base to launch into the stratosphere was more than enough. It has taken me decades to understand and appreciate that you were a very good Dad and I was very fortunate to be your son.

Love,  
Andrew

**October 2018**

About two weeks ago while preparing for a crazy, one week trip that covered Europe and Asia I realized that I needed to bring only carry-on luggage since checked baggage had a great potential to be lost. Therefore, I had to be extra careful in planning what to bring. Unfortunately, as I finished packing, I realized that there was no way that I could bring everything I needed unless I got creative. Therefore, in addition to the plastic bag to carry some of my food, I decided to take my large dark green trench coat which, in addition to helping for the potential cold weather, had very large deep pockets. On the Sunday of my departure, my wonderful wife looked at me and burst out laughing because I had obviously stuffed the trench coat with the underwear, socks and food that could not go elsewhere. Wishing me a safe trip but also saying she “would not know me” if I ever traveled this way with her, it was off to a Sunday night flight to the United Kingdom. I had never been to Scotland and after arriving there early that Monday morning, agreed with many others that it was incredibly gorgeous. Over the next few hours, I had my sales call and went to another airport. I noticed at that point that I was not feeling great but for some reason when the security guard gave me a choice of keeping my mouthwash or high intensity cold/cough medicine because I was carrying too many

liquid bottles, I chose the former. This decision meant that I would spend the next few days in extreme discomfort from a bad cold and very little sleep. Regardless, I flew on to Germany, spent the night there and got up the next morning, which was Tuesday, and I had one sales call. Then I flew on to Budapest, Hungary and from there was driven to Romania, which was about four hours away. I overnighted there, had a sales call in Oradia and then drove about three more hours to Timisoara, where I boarded another plane to Hong Kong and another for Xiamen, which I arrived to on their Thursday evening. Now you have a clear picture as to why no-one likes to travel with me. I had meetings at Ideal Jacobs Xiamen on Thursday morning, which went well and in the early afternoon visited the garment company that was making our new Swaddle-Pax Vest that is being introduced at a health expo in Canada later this month. I attended a dinner that night with the senior staff of IJX, which included their General Manager Allan Du and my good friend and partner Ben Meng. It was great fun but I left early because I was still feeling lousy. The next morning it was back to the airport and here is where my story gets really interesting. After I got to Hong Kong I went to the Cathay Pacific Airlines Lounge to stay until my next flight. Getting ready to leave, I got myself ready for the walk to the gate and put on my trench-coat. As I was going up the esca-

### **My Fault Either Way**

It always amazes me that when someone does something wrong, and I want to continue dealing with them, that I have to make them feel better about the situation. They know they made a mistake and caused us trouble but in their eyes they are not going to admit fault, be responsible and try to make things better.

Their egos get in the way of doing what is best for them but once they take that position they are set in stone. I have been in our family business for over forty years and it happens all the time with suppliers, customers and even employees and family members.

One of the greatest pieces of advice my father ever gave me was to accept the blame right away, whether it was my fault or not and only then would the other side help to work on fixing the problem. They know they messed up but I still have to pave the way back to normalcy or we all lose.





*SwaddlePax is a compression vest invented by Anderw that utilizes movable ice/heat packs that can be located wherever desired to help focus on areas of discomfort.*

tor, my suitcase and computer bag, which were banded together became unwieldy and did not sit securely on the step. I suddenly realized the suitcase was falling backwards and as it went careening down the staircase, I went to grab it and in doing so I lost my balance tumbling head first after them. The people in the lounge went crazy and they immediately stopped the escalator but by then I was already near the bottom. I ended up walking back up the escalator since it was still turned off, and the nice attendant brought my bags. Once clear of the lounge, I went to the gate and surveyed the damage. I was bleeding from a cut on my hand and had some minor bruises but it turned out the cushioning in my coat seemed to have prevented a much worse set of injuries and I was glad I would be going to the Chiropractor soon after I got back home. Realizing I was really lucky not to have banged my head or broken some teeth I treated my injuries with the first aid materials I always have in hand and went onward to get food and catch my flight. In the end I was really fortunate that this was simply a good story and not a disaster ending up in a Hong Kong Hospital. I have to think that my padded coat definitely helped. If in the same situation again, I will not hesitate to pack all my extra stuff in my coat both because of the extra room and you never know when you might need some extra protection.

**10/21/18**

**7:08am**

**En Route to Shanghai**

Dear God,

I hope it isn't presumptuous for me to write to you, I believe it is the first time. I am traveling to China at about 35,000 feet and I always feel closer to you up here. I am figuring it is okay since I usually pray to you twice a day anyway, which makes me feel better and sometimes it is easier to write what is on my mind. First, I want to say thank-you. I have an amazing life, an incredible family, the job I always wanted and the chance to do more. As time has gone on I believe that my path in certain ways was pre-ordained but in other ways not. The issues I had with various family members over my life have come increasingly more into perspective and I realize

that my relationships and interactions with them, while they were alive and after some passed, were in place for a reason. The joy, learning, hard lessons and decisions I made over time all combined to enable me to get into position to enjoy my life and help others to do the same.

I also believe that it is true that some of my worst decisions, the ensuing fallout and guilt helped to mold me into a much better person. Although I would have preferred to take back a few of the things I said and did, they did force me into a path that brought me here. I now understand a lot more of why people acted as they did, their motivations and how much we all act from fear of failure, getting older, being irrelevant, getting sick and no longer being able to “be in the game.” I believe that the knowledge and experience I have acquired required me to use it to help others. Although I try and pick my spots and not give unsolicited or negative based advice I am sure there are some who wished I kept my thoughts to myself.

When you created my Dad you put a huge mix of positives and negatives into one person. In many ways he was the perfect father because I was able to absorb the positive traits, incorporate them as mine and also identify the negative and do my best not do adopt those. He was the “yin and the yang” all wrapped up in one person which made him the perfect teacher and role model for me which I was only able to recognize part of the time. As for my Mom, her ability to verbally define the differences between weakness and strength, empathy and sympathy enabled me to set up a solid structure regarding how to run my life. Her unquestioning loyalty and protection for our family were also part of my foundation and my code of conduct. She also gave me the ability to think and view life differently which has made all the difference in being able to create, innovate, leap, often fail, try again and keep going. All of which have been major components of the success we as a family and our company have had.

You never promised things would be simple or easy and when dealing with peo-

ple I know that will not often happen but I also know you gave me the skills that I needed to reach for my dreams. I know it must sound a little presumptuous of me, since you are God, but thanks for everything, I have an amazing wife and kids, a company with the chance to soar and I interact with great people every day. I am happy but not contented, there is a lot more I want to accomplish so thank-you for your help in the past, today and for the future. You have given me the foundation I needed and the chances to move forward, they are everything I could have hoped for.

Love,  
Andrew

11/4/18

4:35pm

My Home; Short Hills, NJ

### Planning for the Road

Most people have no real idea of what life is like “on the road.” As a salesman the primary purpose is to see as many current customers and prospects as possible with the shortest amount of downtime between appointments. In the 1970’s when I started, the great bulk of our accounts were in northern New Jersey so seeing multiple people in a day was not a problem.

Today it is much different with our global business, plane rides are often involved in any sales swing and can mean a city or even a country per day. In this case it will be New England, starting in Maine, then to New Hampshire and then probably to Massachusetts. It will mean a lot of time in the car and maybe a plane ride or two but it is worth it because people like to think they are worth the effort to see in person. Email, Skype, telephone, texting are all good for communication but to “sell” the best way is, as my Dad would say in person, “belly to belly.”

### January 2019

Dear Dad,

The firefly season has officially begun. It

will be wonderful for the next few weeks with their multiple tiny lights dancing across the front lawns of our street. As in previous years Wendy and I will watch the ballet from our front stoop and it is a beautiful moment that always creates and holds an aura of peace. Every season has these moments, the ultra cold nights of winter where the stars are bright and I can see my breath. The beginning of spring when the soft wind brings an aroma of the emerging flowers and fauna. There is also late Autumn with the smell of fallen leaves and the winds that foretell the coming of winter. You taught me appreciation of all things outdoors. I might have missed them all if you had not pointed them out. You sometimes had to force me to experience life outside but it only took once for each area and then I treasured them forever.

Thank-you,

## Shaving Does Count

I had a dream last night where I was suddenly brought into a meeting at work. An outside company was using part of our space and they were supposed to have vacated and had not. I found out and was on my way to nicely ask them to leave when I realized I only had on sweat pants and no shirt. I felt embarrassed about my lack of business attire but went in to confront them anyway and then I woke up.

I have had this dream in many variations for decades. It is obvious that I have an obsession to be prepared in all ways including mentally and being dressed correctly. I know how much it counts when going into any situation to be prepared which includes shaving which many people seem to ignore today. Anytime I am in a conference and the other person is not prepared on any level it gives me an immediate advantage which I am happy to exploit. Why would anyone give me such a bonus? The simple answer is they don't "want it" as much as I do and on a percentage basis we will win.

Andrew

1/06/19

When I first entered the family business, my dad would do the "fearless forecast". That process consisted of going through the accounts on hand, seeing what they bought the year before and guessing what they would do for the coming year. In passing homage to my father, I now give you my forecast for the US and world for the next twelve months. I had been a little down the last few days worrying about the coming year but this morning, the beginning of 2019, I am feeling better. Unfortunately, not so for the world as a whole but about our position within it. We can check back in 12 months to see how close I came, in some cases I hope I am dead wrong.

**The economy:** A global recession will take hold affecting everything. Unemployment in the US will go to 9%. GDP will drop to 1%. Bankruptcies both in residential and commercial real estate, as well as companies and individuals will be five times the rate of 2018. Inflation, due to the Tariffs, which will not be stopped will rise to 5% along with an increase of domestic goods prices in the US by 10%. Mortgage and student loan default will also triple. The stock market as a whole will go down another 10% which means fewer people can retire which means fewer jobs for those coming out of school. Similar results will happen around the world.

**Governments:** Across the board leaders will continue to do as they have been, blaming each other, politicians within their own countries and soon, will do anything possible, in a last ditch effort to remain in their jobs even with their dismal performances.

**Our planet:** Temperatures will continue to rise with more forest fires, floods and temperature extremes.

**The good part:** I hope you did not think I was going to leave you hanging with all that bad news. Historically, throughout the world, whenever things start getting bleak then God, or whatever entity you believe in usually puts forth a group of individuals who have the ability to make extreme, positive change. I am a firm believer that we only get the truly great leaders

in government and business when we really need them and that time is coming.

Therefore, read on to see how I think the “individuals” of this world will rise up in 2019 to make a difference. I believe in capitalism, in the value of the individual and the certainty that one person can make a huge difference and if they do then should reap the benefits of their efforts and risks. The tougher things get in our world, the more opportunities rise for those people to want to risk everything they own, to not simply make “things” better but also in the process make fortunes for themselves and their teams. The time has come for new fortunes to be created that will not negatively impact our planet but actually help it. Mother Earth needs capitalism more than ever before to help create major positive change quickly. The capability to make huge amounts of money will enable the synergy of personal desire, wanting to help the planet and survival finally come together where we all benefit.

These people are amongst us now, are often seen as innovative oddballs with their heads in the clouds, who think and act differently than the bulk of humanity and who view life from different perspectives. They

love to take chances, are not afraid of failure and now is their time to start to make a difference. Don't be fooled that if they are not backed by a government or billion dollar corporations they can create radical positive change, I believe that they can.

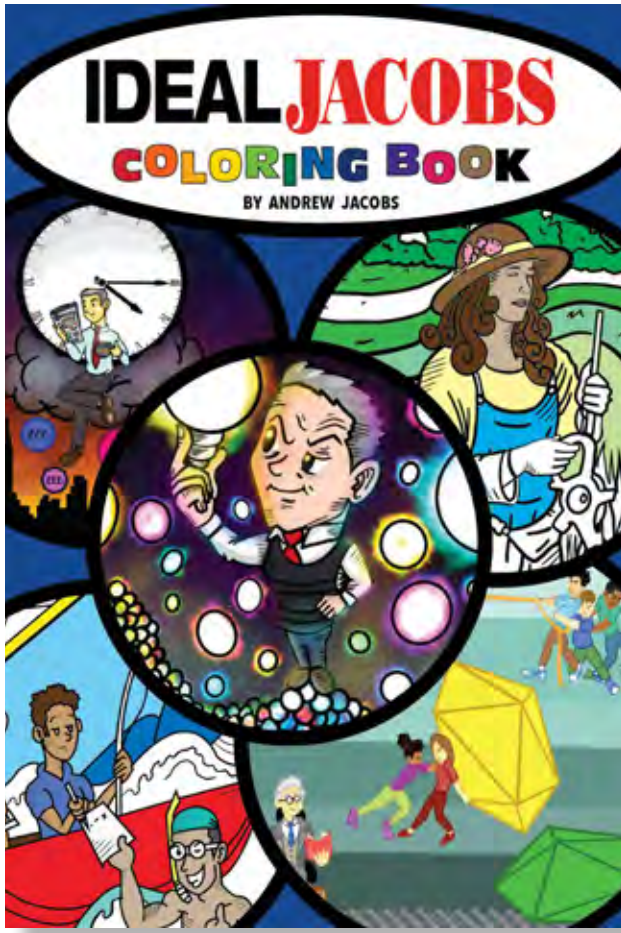
By the end of this year, global citizens will realize that the fate of the world is up to the individual and people will focus on innovative ways for individuals to handle the extremes, that together combine to make ever increasing, incremental betterment. Small companies, entrepreneurs and those with the willingness to take life changing chances and fail will find each other through the Internet across borders to create new ways to build better products with fewer raw materials and create less pollution. They will be able to build new types of transportation systems that do not create pollution, new ways to build individually engineered products built for the specifics of the individuals and new profitable processes regarding how to live our lives in harmony with others. The problems with safeguarding and increasing our water and food supplies will attract entrepreneurs, not just as something to do good for the world but also businesses to make money.

## DINO LAMBROS

I first met Dino more than twenty years ago. He used to work for Bell Laboratories. Our paths crossed first for business and then for our mutual interest in quality systems. We both saw and championed the cause for more efficient processes for saving time, money and raw materials and it created a very strong bond. We became friends and over time I came to find out what a truly amazing man he was.

He unfortunately got very sick and after repeated remissions was about to pass on. I was giving a course on how to sell and he forced himself to drive to our company to hear me because he knew what it would mean to me. That was the kind of guy he was.

Today was the marking of the termination of the educational foundation started by his wonderful wife Jeannie in his memory. She and her team raised a lot of money to benefit the students and science center from his old high school. If you are lucky you meet a few people like Dino during your lifetime, if you are really fortunate you realize it while you know them. He was a wonderful man, I miss him and I hope we meet again in another lifetime. I am sure I will recognize him by the huge rainbow of positive energy that followed him everywhere.



In short, every area where we face an issue or a global disaster will become an opportunity for people around the world to join together to find solutions and make fortunes in the process. If we wait for the governments and politicians of the world to fix anything, then we will all die a slow death. Capitalism is the only way to energize the genius that is within the individuals who can make drastic change. Call it selfish, criticize them for not willing to sacrifice themselves to a life of chastity for the betterment of the world. The only way for the world to change its course from self-destruction is to make it more profitable to do it "right" and that time is now.

**3/7/19**  
**1:28pm IST, 6:28am DST**  
**In Flight**

Dear Grandfather,

I am currently on my way to Israel. I saw on the flight map that we are passing over Europe and it showed the Carpathian Mountains around

Romania where you were born. I am scheduled to have Shabbat Dinner this Friday night with the granddaughter of your brother Sigmund. One of the good parts about being Jewish is that there is sometimes an instant connection with people and places that are seemingly new. I have this incredible yearning to see the Wailing Wall and say a prayer. I have scheduled time to do so before going to dinner. Jerusalem has always been a magical, mystical place in my mind, and the thought of actually seeing it is very exciting. But it is more than that, as I have been getting very strong feelings that I have been to places before, a sense of past lives. I was watching our family/business documentary earlier in the week and the pictures of you not only strongly remind me of my son, Alex, but there is also a feeling, something deep and sensory that we had been through this before. I have been opening myself up to actually "hear" what the world and God have been telling me. They have been guiding me to be better, especially when dealing with other people. I of course can't separate what is "real" or not so I continue on uncharted waters as to where I am going and what we can build. I do know that the respect I have for what you achieved only continues to grow and I am excited to hear about your brother, whom I never met, and maybe some new stories about you. I am glad you are with me on this adventure and throughout my life; you are a truly great example of what can be done.

Love always,  
 Andrew

**2/2/20**  
**4:20pm EST**  
**Our House NJ**

### **Jews and Christmas Lights: It Is Not What You Think**

Growing up Jewish with lots of Christian friends, our family got a very good taste of the positive feeling of Christmas. I did not miss having a Tree but the lights, oh those lights were always a source of wonderment and joy. I always figured it was something we would never be a part of until my wonderful wife suggested we hang some on our porch. I decided to put them up today. It was then that I started appreciating

the stories and comedy regarding putting up strands of electrical lights. It turned out there was an order in how they were to be hung, it took us a couple of tries. The good thing was that I had bought the removable hanger clips so I did not have to put in metal screws. They seemed to work well, hopefully they won't fall down tomorrow. Regardless after some trial and error we now have sparkly lights on our porch. Appropriately enough it had started snowing as we were hanging them making it all the more festive. As long as these lights function they will stay up, I can't wait to see them on a hot summer night and during the Spring and Autumn. Some things are eternal and meant to stay year round, I am hoping that our new twinkly lights will fit that bill.

**2/11/2020**

**1:49pm EST**

**Our Office NJ**

### **OCD Is Not All Bad**

Having Obsessive Compulsive Behavior (OCD) means that the individual (me) creates "rituals" of behavior that are very difficult to lessen or stop. For many it can include eating foods in certain numbers, shapes or sequences. It can also mean huge amounts of checking and to insure that something is turned off. Normally, at least for me, once a course is determined then it has to be finished or I have to fail in order to stop. Any action can become a ritual and there is no firm rule about how they are identified, internalized and become law within a person's brain. But once they are in your mind, they remain. However in certain cases they can save your life, help your career and also make you incredibly dependable. For instance if you "determine" that you will work diligently, intelligently and won't stop until you succeed, then you probably will meet your goals. If you resolve that your word is your bond and you will never disappoint someone then that will also happen. Some rituals can greatly affect your life in a good way. I have an issue with hand washing, I do it frequently. While this has it drawbacks

in terms of time spent and chafed hands it is also an extreme advantage in the mindset of the Flu and COVID-19. Hand washing is considered one of the best lines of defense and I don't have to be reminded, it is one of my rituals

**3/4/20**

**9:37am EST**

**Our Office NJ**

### **Hands to Elbows**

When I was a young teenager I was out with my Dad during the winter and we had just met this man and I shook hands with him with my gloves on. He sternly told me to never to do that with gloves. I never forgot it and over the ensuing decades, even though I am extremely germ phobic I have always done the "handshake" as a matter of respect. There is nothing like grasping palms to show someone that you consider them "a person", worthy of the acknowledgment and the status that they have been recognized. However my wonderful wife reminded me yesterday that with the Coronavirus shaking hands is now taboo indefinitely. A "fist bump" is even too close so I have started touching elbows. Now doing that shows even more respect that you don't want to spread germs. As is normal in this world what used to be bad is now good, the opposite now shows more concern than what was formally proper.

**3/14/20**

**12:35pm EST**

**Carwash, South Orange, NJ**

### **Time To Attack**

I have been interested that people keep asking me what I am doing in the face of the Global Coronavirus Pandemic situation. My responses have been simple and direct.

1. Be nicer to people the usual, everyone is under a lot of extra strain.
2. Do not expect people to make rush decisions because they are panicked and the normal reaction is to freeze.
3. Do not minimize the pain other people

retain. Fear is a palpable, real thing and telling people to stop being afraid is about as useless as telling them to try out for a major league sports team.

4. See how people react under extreme, you will see them as they really are, take note for the future for when something big happens again, you can then predict their actions.
5. Recognize who works best under pressure, they are the leaders you should follow.
6. Look for bargains of all types, unfortunately panic produces rash decisions and you might be able to capitalize on them. There is nothing wrong or immoral in this. Someone has to go higher in times of extreme strife, it might as well be us.

**3/16/20**

As I write this, the world stock markets have all substantially gone down and it is possible that the long awaited "correction" is upon us. Whether you believe it is the effects of the Coronavirus, irrational investor confidence in the global economy, a cabal of ultra rich business people who decided it was time to pull the plug on the economy, that it was just time for the economy to go down, or all of the above, the truth is that it doesn't matter.

For all of us who are not billionaires, the reason something happens has no bearing on us because we could not affect it anyway. The best we can do is prepare for the worst and hedge our bets so that we are covered if disaster happens and won't lose too much by being conservative if things improve a lot. It is a tightrope that we all walk and when business is good, the markets are up, and those with any savings are making some money, no-one complains and just hopes that it keeps going. But what happens when it doesn't? Things can turn sour very quickly. For those who were around in 2008 the bottom fell out in months not years and suddenly a lot of people lost a lot of money and did not know what hit them. It took a long time for the economy and them to recover.

People tend to forget adversity as quickly as possible. For those who got into the job market after 2012 they don't really have any idea of how bad it was, which is worse because they think

everything will always go up. That is why there is so much debt in our country and the world, things have been good for a long time. Some people have splurged on luxury items while others may have bought houses that strapped them financially. As long as times got better then it was okay, they could always make more money and their houses would be worth more. But when they don't then the bottom falls out and they are in trouble. Once the financial markets significantly go down then credit becomes tighter, people lose money in their 401K's, retirement plans and real estate starts to lose it's value. People who had a lot of investments in riskier areas are suddenly losing money, most start cutting back on their purchases and the cycle gets worse with businesses starting to close and people laid off from their jobs.

I write this as a reminder to all who were here for the Great Recession and as a caution to those who came after. This is exactly what happened then, beginning with a large drop in the markets. Tough times can come quickly. If you are in debt you might want to consider trying to get rid of it as quickly as possible. If you are living past your means you might want to cut back. It is going to get rough, and it might be bad, whether immediately or in the next few years, it will come and you might want to think about your future now before things happen you can't stop. Also think about how you can benefit if the economy goes down significantly, have a plan where you will profit when others don't. It is not a bad way to think, it is not immoral, no one will bail you out so think about yourself because no one else will.

**3/17/20**

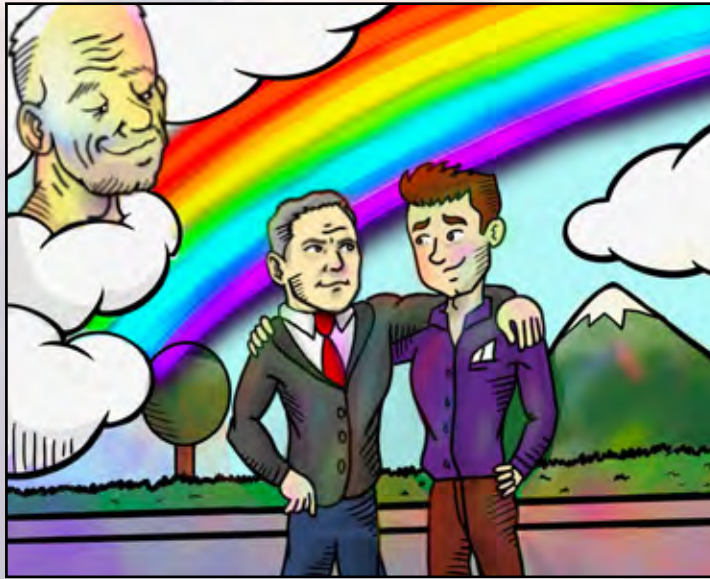
**8:29pm EST**

**Our House NJ**

**Pick Up the Phone**

The effects of people sequestering themselves at home are becoming apparent even after only a few days. Tempers are getting shorter, the feelings of being closed in and trapped are growing and the need for outside communications is increasing geometrically from the inner souls of those involved. Social Media is not enough, people need and crave verbal contact. Unfortunately the art of conversation or simply being able to

# Unexpected Life Lessons



When I got home last night my wife Wendy gave me a special hug that meant something had happened. The brother of one of my brothers-in-laws, also named Andrew, who had been fighting cancer for years had passed. We were all saddened, but I had a special reason. He was nice, pleasant and never caused any trouble but there was much more to it.

God had put him into my life for a reason. I came from a background that had a prejudice towards gay people. I did not know how ingrained it was inside me until I made an unfortunate comment in front of Andrew shortly after I met him in 1984. He then refused to be in my presence and when I found out that I had unintentionally hurt him, I did not know he was gay and that I did it without thinking, sent me into a spiral of self reflection which uncovered some very unpleasant things about myself. Realizing what I had done and what "I was" I immediately apologized, asked him to forgive me, which he graciously did and at his suggestion, we started over.

From that moment on, I radically changed my beliefs and behavior

not just toward gay people but other groups and it changed my life for the better. My new philosophy of being nice to all, tolerance as my base and with the help of my wonderful wife, a new era in my life began.

Fast-forward to today and up until the pandemic we regularly saw Andrew. We have gotten along well and learning from him over time prepared me for one of the greatest gifts that God had ever given me. Our son Alex, who is gay, is one of the most wonderful people I know. When he "came out", Wendy had prepared me in advance as I did not know, it was not an issue. There were no problems, we have always treated him simply as our son.

Without having known Andrew and going through the realization of how prejudiced I was, I could not have been as prepared for when Alex came out and a process that was seamless and full of love could have been a disaster with irreparable damage. I owe Andrew big time, my debt to him was to forever act with the most respect possible to everyone and his legacy will go on for decades.



initiate a telephone call has been largely lost in recent years due to the ease of texting and email. I have often found that when things get tough in business, especially through emails and texts. That the fastest, easiest and most direct way to get a resolution is to make a telephone call. Amazingly that has become an unusual occurrence and I have found it often works wonders. These days, especially with people shut-in, a phone call is not only a welcomed event in any case but can speed you to a problem resolution faster than any text or email.

**3/27/2020**

### **Give Thanks**

With our crazy world, especially now it is easy to forget how good things are. Whether you believe in God, Allah, Jesus, any other deity or the universe itself there are good things happening. Sometimes I have to force myself to concentrate on the positive and what can potentially happen which can be very difficult with the constant media storm of bad news. Even when I think certain things will not be good and they start to invade my thoughts at least twice a day I stop and endeavor to give thanks, remember all the good stuff in my life, and there is a lot, and resolve to move forward. Speaking to my wonderful wife, fantastic kids, their significant others only reinforces the good that is already here and the huge potential for more. Fear is a relevant emotion, it is inside us to keep us focused on what needs attention, but hope is just as important and at times get tougher when we have to force ourselves to center on what is already good and what can be great for the future.

**4/2/20**

**4:13pm EST**

**Our Office NJ**

### **Significant, Positive Change**

Unemployment hit a new record this week after last weeks record. There are multiple predictions of doom ranging from the Coronavirus itself to mortgage defaults, rent in arrears, additional furloughs as well as how long the lockdowns will last, how long will the economy take to come back up and how many people will be

rehired. I come from a family of worriers. I always defined myself as an optimistic paranoid which means there is a constant war of emotions going on inside me. Sometimes I am very worried about what will happen and other moments exhilarated at the chance to build our companies to heights not dreamed of just two months ago. Those emotions can happen at the same time so you can just imagine what it is like to be me. But in the end the positive side almost always wins. In extreme adversity and change there are unimaginable opportunities to move ahead faster than ever before. We all have the chance to reevaluate our lives in total, we can make significant positive change for ourselves and those around us we just have to be willing to make the leap forward.

**5/5/2020**

**4:45pm EST**

**Our Officer NJ**

### **Seek and Ye Shall Find**

Last year my Mom and I wanted to do a project together. We finally decided to help sponsor a Regenerative Farm Project, the first of its kind in Israel. Its goal, besides being organic, is to use virtually no chemical fertilizers or pesticides and to utilize decomposed past crops to act as food for the future plants. What started out as a small undertaking has grown to an ongoing project with many friends and relatives involved. We all look forward to the periodic written updates and pictures of how the fields have grown, what new crops and trees are being planted and the new plans for the future. Especially with the worldwide plaque in progress it is truly a breath of fresh air and created many new friendships and bonds which I hope will last forever. There are good things happening, sometimes they happen on their own, others have to be birthed into being but if sought after there is joy and happiness to be found.

**6/1/20**

Today is a big day.

Forty-three years ago I started in our family business. I had failed at my chosen profession

to become a television newsman and my mom took pity on me and forced my dad to hire me. It turned out that I was born to be in a company I grew to love so it worked out fantastically well for me. My grandfather started our company in 1921, the actual date was hazy so I decided that we would celebrate that event on this day also. God, fate, the stars, take your pick. Sometimes you find your destiny and sometimes it finds you.

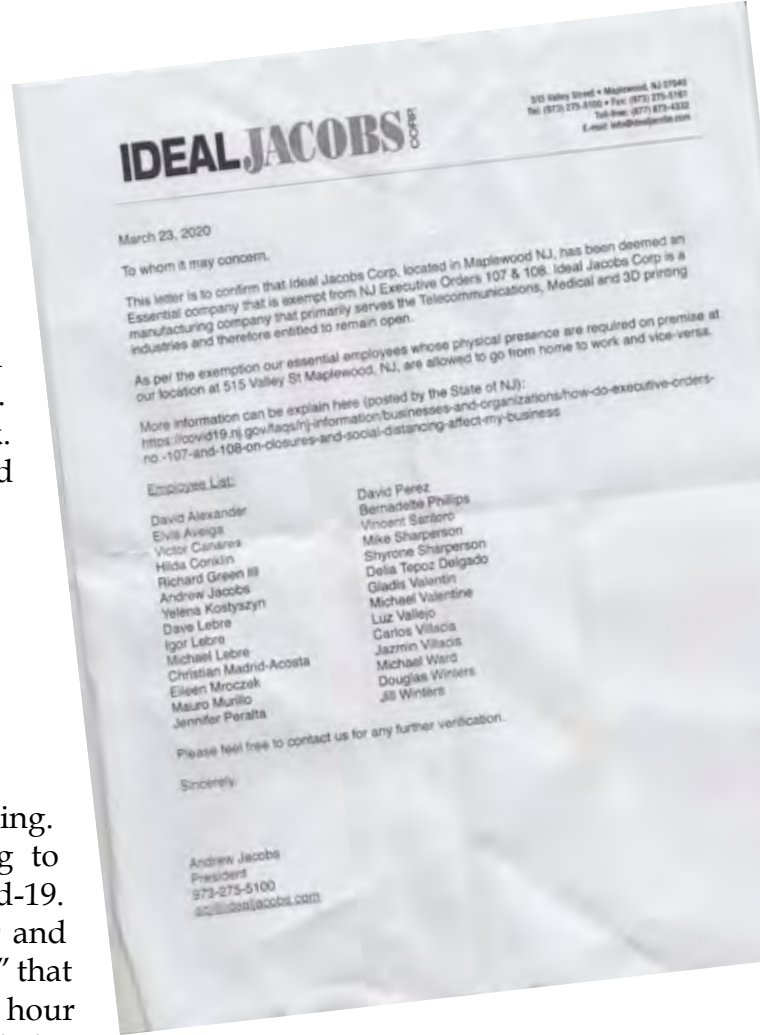
**6/3/2020**  
**1:26pm EST**  
**Our Office NJ**

**Proof of God**  
 God is Real.

Our new laser went down this morning. The manufacturer had been refusing to come into service it because of Covid-19. Our CFO Mike call the manufacturer and demanded a service call. It “turned out” that there was a service technician only an hour away. After he arrived he concluded that some bearings had burned out. Something that should not have happened in five years let alone ten weeks. It turned out that he had a spare set of bearings with him. What are the odds of getting a serviceman in an hour who had the special parts we needed to get up and running the same day? You decide, I believe.

**6/6/2020**  
**6:18am EST**  
**Our House NJ**

Dear Dad,  
 Growing up with you, a child of the Great Depression you instilled in me a continuing fear of what could happen if all of the financial, business, health and political events align in a bad direction. I have studied the time when you grew up to give myself an early warning system of when disaster might come. Although an optimist I have an alternate side to my personality that believe really bad times are coming. Unfortunate-



**Ideally Essential**  
*This is the letter that Andrew kept with him during the COVID-19 Pandemic showing evidence that Ideal Jacobs and its employees were essential during the lockdown phase.*

ly with the events of the day I still believe another Great Depression has started. The signs are unmistakable. A pandemic that has reduced the survival means of our population both by sickness but even worse economic devastation and the deterioration of whatever savings many people had. A stock market that seems to be radically out of sync with the world economic order and a population that is willing to listen to the false high hopes of our political and educational leaders who say everything will be fine. The global stock markets are now surging, just like they did in the Great Depressions. Small and medium investors are being sucked back in after being destroyed with the last downtown. Whatever money they have left is being invested in companies that will go down. As with what happened 90 years ago the events will continue with surges and

downward spirals until we someday hit the bottom. That disaster will be found much faster than in the 1930's because of the global pandemic. I write to you not to complain. As far as I can see we have prepared as best we can, but to tell you once again thanks. Had it not been for the way you were, and believe me your paranoia drove me crazy, I would not have been forced to really see why you felt that way. In this case I believe that your views were correct and are for today. If I am wrong and the world rebounds then we are still positioned well. You have put us into a much better position than most. It is a legacy I did not want. A point of view I did not like having but none the less could help to ensure our very survival so thank you Dad your teachings are still guiding me today.

Love you,  
Andrew

7/05/20

It started a few years ago when my friend Jerry showed me his beehive. I was fascinated but it took a few years of being around them before I got the urge to try it myself. Fast forward a few weeks ago when I called a local apiary to find out if he had any "nucs" or starter hives for sale. The owner only had full scale hives so I figured it was God's will and we would buy two. I had heard that buying two was a good thing because if something was wrong in one hive, you could compare it to the other. My landlord had been excited about the prospect so we had our choice of roofs in which to house them.

Ten days ago the owner of the apiary delivered two hives to our loading area and helped us to transport them to our roof. After a scant few minutes of advice, he left and we were suddenly alone with two beehives, many thousands of bees and no practical experience. However, I had been taking a correspondence course from Penn State, Beekeeping 101 and passed it. I had my friend Jerry for advice and we hired a coach to come in and try and reduce our levels of mistakes. She came last week for a cursory view and is due back this Thursday where we will open the hives and run various checks on their health. We have been having great fun visiting them,

going up to the roof and making sure they are okay and watching them buzz around for a few minutes. They already bring us joy, a very pleasant break during the day, and a fascination with how they live and work.

1/20/2021 -  
8:29pm EST -  
Our House NJ

### **Tournament Tough is not just for Sports**

Part of my job is sales. I love it, going after customers, sometimes half way around the world, trying to figure out what they want and need, often two very different things. But in order to do my job correctly I have to be in the best possible mental, physical and spiritual shape. While I can train constantly, which I do, if I am not in the actual "firing line" in front of potential customers I lose my edge. The pandemic forced me off the road up until last week. We were able to start some visits and have people come in for plant tours. Getting the vaccine last week was a huge leap forward in broadening our global scope. However, it became apparent that with all my preparation being in front of the customers was draining me quickly. I was out of practice and by the end of the day I was exhausted. The good news is that, like most things, the more I do, the better I will get and the longer I can do it. It will take a few months for me to recapture the tournament tough level from the pre-pandemic days where I can travel with little sleep over multiple time zones and love the adventure. It is a very worthwhile goal and even the training aspect is very rewarding because I know that if I push myself to my limit then the chances for our success will multiply accordingly.

4/14/21

One hundred years, three generations of our family, hundreds of employees/friends all combined together to make an incredible life, both for our company and me. As my father always told me, you can never sell anyone else until you know yourself. He also told me that to always treat others the way I would want to be treated. In the end, he was right.

Our company has been built on the bedrock

build by my grandfather, reinforced by my dad and I used as a launching pad. We have teams all over the world, still growing, and we are all working towards the same goals. Be aggressive, be fair, and be prosperous. Our company has given us the opportunity to be around really fun, smart, quirky people and the ability to strike out into new areas where we seemingly had no business or right to be. The countless chances we took, money we spent, and ideas we tried that failed all contributed to launching us into new product lines and getting new customers. We started out as a printing and office supply company in 1921 and we are now much, much more. My grandfather's dream of being in his own business and a self-made man has thrived for one hundred years and given us the chances to help our world both big and small whether it be through creating many good jobs, raising bees, supporting the first Regenerative Farm in Israel, or the chance to help stop global warming.

We are where we are now because of what other's did before us and with God's help, we will keep building for those who follow. I have said this many times in the past, I have been incredibly fortunate to be born into a family business that I love. It has been an honor to be involved in her history, her present, and her future.

Thanks for being a part of it.

# RANDOM THOUGHTS BY ANDREW JACOBS

*People rarely ask me for advice so I thought I would give you the following in case you were curious. Writing out the reasons why I love(d) my parents was a really good way of going back over my life and see where they influenced me most.*

## THE ART OF LISTENING

We live in a time of constant chatter, whether it be from personal electronics, movies, television, radio, the internet even just general noise all around us, there is a virtual absence of silence. Why is that? The answer is simple, silence scares us. We feel we have to fill it in because there is nothing more uncomfortable or revealing in any interaction than silence. However, silence if used correctly and positively, can be an extraordinarily successful tool in interpersonal communication. But in order to achieve this one needs to be able to listen (not just hear). This is not an easy task but once mastered it will serve you well in every aspect of your life. You may say to yourself that this is ridiculous, listening is easy, all I have to do is not talk, that, however, is where the vast majority of people get it wrong.

When I first came into our family printing business, my father set out to teach me certain fundamentals he had learned over his many years in the industry. It was his belief and now mine that there are laws of communication that people violate at their peril. Whether it be for dating, job interviews, sales or family interactions the rules are the same; the actions and reactions identical and the outcomes totally predictable on a percentage basis.

My knowledge is based on more than four decades of study, success, untold amount of failures and the continuing refinement of a system that has worked incredibly well. Use all if you wish. Take some as you see fit or ignore all the options. Know, however, if someone uses this system against you the odds are good that you will be successfully manipulated without ever knowing how or what happened.

Let's start with a concrete example. You want a job, not just any job; you have the chance at the position of your dreams. You think you are qualified, you have enough experience, you believe you are the right person but so are another 200 applicants who have gone before you and another 100 who will follow. What makes you stand out?

Before a big interview, what are you thinking about? Your qualifications, your appearance, making a good impression? You have all of this whirling around in your head so that when you finally have your chance with the interviewer you want to get it all out right away so you don't forget anything. You are woefully conscious that this is your one opportunity and if you forget to say something it will cost you the job. Let me be clear, however, that is not why you weren't offered the job because the reality is you already lost your chance.

The time to nail an interview or any other interaction is in the preparation before you go into battle and it is not for the reason you think. If you are smart, then you have done all the research on the company, the position and even the interviewer if you know who that is. But what you are missing is that your first impression needs to be of someone who is present, in the moment, and interested in what the person speaking to you is saying, not what is on your mind. You need to get to the point where you are so prepared that you can stop, focus, and listen to the other person to see what they are actually saying to you.

In most cases, the person on the other side of the table will tell you almost anything you need to

know about what is about to happen by their body movements, voice inflections, lack or look of interest. What is happening with them personally will tell you if you have a chance, whether they have already chosen someone, or hate their job or if they even care about their company. How can you do this? Just intensely listening and looking will tell you almost everything. The mere fact you are actually listening and treating the interviewer as a person will separate you from most of the other applicants. How do I know? Because over the last 45 years I have been in thousands of sales related meetings and I am a keen observer and know this to be true. If you can cut across the normal chatter of most interactions and temporarily dive into the psyche of the other person you have the chance to not only reach a different level than everyone else but also get what you want.

**Fact:** The only way to get the chance at what you want is to give the other person the chance to say or figure out what they want and then try and help them get it. It might be as simple as letting them talk about themselves for awhile.

**Fact:** There is no perfect job and if you think there is you are mistaken and it will only get in your way of finding one.

**Fact:** If you don't allow for multiple options and possibilities to whatever it is you want then your chance of success is greatly diminished.

**Fact:** Recognize that the most important thing to a person besides their family is their job. If you can help them keep their job or get a better one then they will try and help you.

**Fact:** No one will ever hire anyone that is a threat to their job unless they are extremely confident you can help them get a better one.

**Fact:** Listening is not just the absence of

talking, It is the passion to hear, understand and utilize what the other person is saying. Often the words used are codes for something else; you have scores to figure it out and use them for your benefit.

**Fact:** Most people are not good communicators no matter how much they think they are. The cues people pickup are either wrong or prejudiced by their own views.

**Fact:** Saying it doesn't make it true. You need a lot of practice and self scrutiny to be able to read people and figure out what really is being said.

True listening is an art form. Stop talking so much. Try periods of time with no noise, take walks outside without music, listen to the birds, try and focus on your surroundings. It is not an easy task but the rewards are amazing. You will start to decode what people are really saying and this ability will open many doors.

**Caution:** This system is based on percentages, the more you try the better you will get over time. It also means you will make mistakes, as I still do, because people are very difficult to read. If you can't accept the possibility of failing you will not be able to listen. Your focus will not be on the task at hand, imply listening.

We are interacting all the time. Do not worry about what you will say next, looking dumb or think of what you are doing for lunch next week. Focus on the moment; the person in front of you.

The best examples of great listeners are those who are most successful. Look at the people you idolize, figure out what it is about them that makes your want to be like them. If they are famous and successful the odds are good that they are excellent communicators. Listen and learn from them. As you improve your ability to listen you will improve your ability to interact and find yourself rewarded in all areas of your life.

# THE SIX RULES OF SELLING

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*Selling cannot be learned in school or a laboratory, it is a skill that must be honed to a razor's edge if you are going to maximize your capabilities in the fields that you pursue. I can't be there to help you in person, but I can give you a structure that can get you started. This structure is based on my Six Rules of Selling, also known as my Six Rules of Life because they are so interwoven together that learning one means learning the other.*

## **Rule #1**

**Selling is the exchange of goods and services between one person and another.**

In other words, whether it is going to the butcher, looking for a job, trying to sell your products or services, every time you contact another person, you are in a selling situation. Within that contact there is an exchange of energy, goods and or services and one of the two people will come out the better in the exchange. If one of them is smart enough, then they will both achieve what they want and be ready to enter into another contact to do more business.

Were you a high-school sports star? Most of us weren't and it is a good thing because we were not brought up with the "you owe me a great life" attitude. If you were not a star then, you could be one now. Selling doesn't just occur in business. Entering into relationships on various levels with people who have something that you want, and who you can supply something for them in return, is the essence of having fun and being successful. You don't have to be great looking; a star athlete or anything that is not already inside you, your basic human needs and desires will drive you where you need to be. It could be as simple as buying a pair of shoes, or closing a multi-million dollar deal. The concepts are the same.

## **Rule #2**

**You can never get what you want from someone else until you define first what they want and then satisfy their need. Only then will you have a chance of getting what you want in return.**

It is a simple concept but difficult to perform,

in order to get what you want, you have to be willing to give first, otherwise nothing can get started.

I had a potential customer who I had been after for years. One Friday I got a purchase order in the mail with the due date for that Monday. I tried to call the customer to let him know we would have to work the weekend and overtime would be involved but he wasn't available. Fearing a late delivery more than having a problem with the money, we did the job and delivered it on time. As it turned out, the purchase order had been a test. The buyer had wanted to see how we would act under pressure and if we would come through for him especially if we had to make the decision about whether to go ahead or not. He became a good account and taught me a great lesson, when in doubt always act in what you think is in the best interest of the customer.

## **Rule #3**

**The most important thing to anybody, apart from their family, is their job. The second most important thing is a better job.**

When I first got out of college, I went to New York City to look for a job in broadcasting. I remember looking up at the gigantic buildings and realizing that no one in any of them cared if I lived or died. It was a turning point in my life because I did not want to be in any situation where I did not matter. Within a few hours, after I had returned to my parents' house in New Jersey, I decided to go into sales where everyone said I had the best chance of success.

Americans are defined by their work. If you are able to help someone to keep their job, through the good use of your products or services, or even get them a better one, then you are the person they want. Do not be naïve to think that their company's welfare comes before their own; people look out for themselves because no one else will.

## **Rule #4**

**You are there to do business, never let your emotions get in the way of closing a deal.**

Your wife is angry at you, your boss is making you work the weekend, layoffs are coming

and you were the last one hired. Who cares about your problems? Certainly not your customer or anyone else you could be doing business with. If you have trouble in areas of your life like everyone else, your customer should be the last one to know about it. Your emotional baggage and problems are yours, do not share it with others, it is both unfair and irresponsible. Besides when given a choice no one, especially your customer, wants to hear about you unless it is good and affects them in a positive way.

Remember you are there to do business. Do not let your emotions get in the way of closing the deal and getting what you want. It is also irrelevant if you like the person you are dealing with or if you had a bad day. You have to stay focused on what you are doing and take care of your troubles on your own time.

#### **Rule #5**

**If you are not prepared to put your life on the line then you will be beaten by someone who will.**

When I flew shortly after the Twin Towers came down I was apprehensive both about the heightened security at the airport and the overall danger of flying. When I got to the airport, not only was I asked for my proof of identification three times, but I was actually searched which included being “patted down” by a security guard. By the time I got on the plane I had already decided that this wasn’t for me and I was planning to fly as little as possible from that time forward. But on the way back home, and going through security again, I realized that, first, it was necessary and second, it was now part of the game. The heightened security would not go away and unless I was willing to put my own fear behind me or I was going to be beaten by someone who would fly to see the customers I was afraid to visit.

Commitment is everything. The customers are trying to keep their jobs and will place their confidence and business with those they feel are most capable and can be counted on, especially in times of trouble.

#### **Rule #6**

**Failure is not weakness.**

Listen UP! This is really important. No one expects anyone to win every game. You are working on percentages and if you can’t take rejection, pressure and stress, then your level of success in every “selling” interaction will decrease proportionally. Ask any salesman about the percentages they get out of “cold calling” for leads either on the telephone or “door to door” and they will tell you they have about a two percent success rate.

The secret is in those odds; they will always work for or against you. If you make enough intelligent attempts then the percentages, which are dependent on your method and degree of ability, will always hold true. Being told no by a prospect simply means that you are moving further towards a “yes.” All it takes is time and determination, both of which you will only know after you test it out in real situations.

Failure is part of the game; it only becomes weakness when you give up. Selling is not a place for those who are not aggressive and who don’t want to appear pushy. The reason there is so much money to be made in sales is because it is so difficult and takes a total life commitment.

Even if you don’t “sell” for a living you are still “selling” all the time and since every interaction is a selling situation you might as well be as good at it as possible. Your goal should be to get the best out of every relationship for you and the other person so the relationship can continue.

**Six Rules** to change your life, they changed mine and are continuing to do so. The better you are at any of them, the more money you will make, the more successful you will become and the happier you will be in your relationships. They may seem simple, because they are, however they are not easy but they will lead you on a journey of self analysis and discovery that will allow you to attain all that you deserve as you are ready to handle it.

There you have it, my life in a nutshell.



## HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL LEADER

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It has been my experience that anytime I show any signs of weakness it has not served me. People want their immediate and especially their overall boss to be powerful, resourceful, innovative and tough. Employees want to be part of a winning, growing organization and weakness “at the top” is not a good trait. Team members want bad things done quickly and privately and the good things to be announced in front of everyone. Employees want the credit when things go well and have the boss take the blame and the responsibility when they don’t whether it is their fault or not.

They want a leader, a protector and a manipulator for their betterment. They need someone who has their back against everyone else and they want someone they know they can turn to if things go bad inside the office or out. They don’t want a leader who is their friend, uncertain, not confident, doesn’t love their job or who can’t be trusted. They especially don’t want a leader who is weak because that undermines the whole backbone of the organization and puts their jobs at risk.

Never, ever ask any of your employees to do anything you are not willing to do yourself. If you are the boss and you are having a bad day, things are not going well, business is not good or any other negative aspect then do yourself and everyone else a favor and leave until your mind clears. No-one wants to hear about your troubles, issues or insecurities and if you are the boss you had better find other boss’s for friends other-wise you will have very few people to talk to.



## THE CUSTOMER DOES NOT HAVE TO UNDERSTAND

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When I first started selling more than four decades ago my Dad gave me some sage advice. He said that customers can have whatever they want, do not have to understand my problems and everyone else will be happy to get their business. In other words the customers were like gold and should always be treated as such. Fast forward to a few hours ago at our local bank. I went there to deposit a check.

There was a line waiting for the one teller who was open and when I asked one of the three other bank employees sitting around if they could help he said no. The three employees simply watched as the line got longer and we all got madder. Is it any wonder that so many American businesses are in trouble?

Foreign competition has had one really good effect in that it has raised the bar regarding customer service. They really want the business, care for their customers and will move heaven and earth to get and keep them. Is there any surprise why we are losing market share to them?

## CURSING AND YELLING IS NOT ALWAYS BAD

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When I was growing up my Dad would always listen to my point of view knowing that was very important to me. I don't remember it affecting his decisions but at least he listened. As a boss a big part of my job is listening to my people especially when they are upset. When they start to curse and yell I know they have a lot bottled up inside them and it needs to come out. It doesn't matter whether I deserve to hear whatever is being yelled about, they need a safe space to release and I provide that environment. If their comments are relevant I will modify or change my actions, if not they know that I heard them and that is often enough to reduce their anger level to a manageable degree. Frustration is bad enough but feeling isolated is intolerable and a situation I try to never let happen.

## GOD, FATE, OR AN ACCIDENT

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Like everyone else I can't stand robo-calls. To make them worse I am currently in Asia and got woken up by one at 2:45am local time. I keep my cell phone on 24/7 most of the time in case my family or business needs me. The ring-tone startled me and I was awake immediately. I knew it would take a little while to calm down so I checked my texts to see if anyone else had contacted me.

It turned out that a very close family friend had a tragic death in their family. As I was texting him he called me. Because of that robo-call I was awake, present and able to offer my sympathies and be supportive. Had it not I don't know how well I would have reacted. My friend needed me at 3:00am local time, God, Fate or an accident gave me a wake up-call so I could be ready. I always like to think someone is watching over me.

## WE ARE HERE FOR A PURPOSE

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Our world is filled with incredible doom, hardship, hope and joy. The older I get the more I realize that the reality of how things are, emanates from how I view them. If I am happy then my teams, family and friends absorb that energy and it gives them fuel to do the same.

If I am down, angry or upset then that negative energy poisons them in the same way. As a Boss and Dad my responsibilities go way past my own self. I can motivate those around me to take our ideas and launch into the stratosphere or they can be dropped in despair. I was not meant to be here as a negative influence. No matter what you believe in, whether God, Karma or simply the value of life we all have a right, a need and a destiny to go as far as we can in the positive directions we choose. Don't settle for normal or average. Whatever is inside of each of us needs to be let go to radiate to others so we all soar together, if not why are we here?

# 5 REASONS WHY I LOVE MY MOM

1. About 1966. I was about 10 years old. I had been playing baseball with the other kids on our block and I sprained my finger. I came in to show my Mom. She said that I could either get sympathy for my finger or I could be strong and play through the pain. I could not have both. It was an easy decision for me I went back out to play and remembered that lesson for the rest of my life.

2. I went to the University of Delaware, majored in Speech Communications with the idea of becoming a television news anchorman. When I graduated in 1977 I did not get a job in my chosen profession and was faced with my first real crisis. My father took me into the family business in 1977, a turning point in my life. I found out four decades later that my Father never wanted me in our company, my mother forced him and he did as he was told, the usual course for all of us when my Mom was involved.

3. About 1980. I was in the family business making a good salary and doing the inside work for my Dad as he was selling. My own sales were not great and my Mom decided I was not motivated enough so she told my Father to put me on straight commission which meant a salary of \$100.00 per week, gas for my car and I could come home for dinner once a week. I then went home and checked my savings and figured I could survive for a few months if I did not sell anything. However with the needed motivation, my Mom was right again and the imminent threat of not being able to afford rent I went into hyper drive. Within a few months I was making more than before and within a few years was outselling my Dad. I was not thrilled with my Mom when she initially did it but it was by far one of the greatest things ever done to/for me and I will be forever grateful.

4. I had always loved inventing and trying to figure out new ways to do things. Happily as our business

expanded so did our product areas and that ability has been a great help to us over the decades to create new products and make more money. I would talk to my parents about where I got this trait; who in our family could do this figuring it was inherited. They always said that there was no-one like me, something I heard a lot, and I chalked it up to God giving me a gift until one day a few years ago after my Dad had passed. I was telling my Mom about a new invention and she got this strange look on her face, I could see she was going through all the possibilities how to make it work and then it struck me. It was the same expression I got when inventing. I had gotten this gene from her and when I asked her why she had never told me before she said my Dad would not have liked the fact she could do this so it was better she kept quiet. It was an amazing bond between us.



5. 2019. I suggested to my Mom that we do something together. She had never been directly involved with our business and I thought we could do something with our joint love of gardening. After a lot of research and course changes I thought it would be a great idea if we could sponsor a new type of organic farm. It involved Regenerative Farming which used virtually no chemical fertilizers or pesticides. We were first thinking about sponsoring a team here in the US but that did not work out. I was in Israel on sales calls and through a true case of Divine Intervention, after all it was Israel, I was put in touch with an amazing young woman named Sahar Shimon. She had been looking for a sponsor to start a farm like this on her parents land and within ten minutes of meeting her we had agreed to work together. It has been an amazing adventure with a lot of progress, please check our website for pictures and updates. There is now a whole group of us involved, besides my Mom and me. She lights up every time we talk about it and she eagerly awaits the periodic updates and pictures from Sahar. I could not have asked for a better adventure to take with my Mother.

## 5 REASONS WHY I LOVED MY DAD

My relationship with my Father was much more complicated than my Mom.

He had a very strong personality, demanded to be in charge and ruled by the force of his will. I remembered that I was afraid of him growing up and would try and act in a respectful way so I would not get into trouble. If I did that then he would generally give me a lot of freedom and we got along well.

1. He loved to fish, hunt and target shoot and since I liked it too we spent a lot of time together when I was younger. I was a kid from the suburbs of New Jersey and almost none of my friends had any exposure to places in the country, the New Jersey Shore or the adventures we had. It was a whole different life that I never would have seen if it wasn't for my father. I really enjoyed the times we had together. My love of the outdoors, which has never lessened was directly due to his efforts.

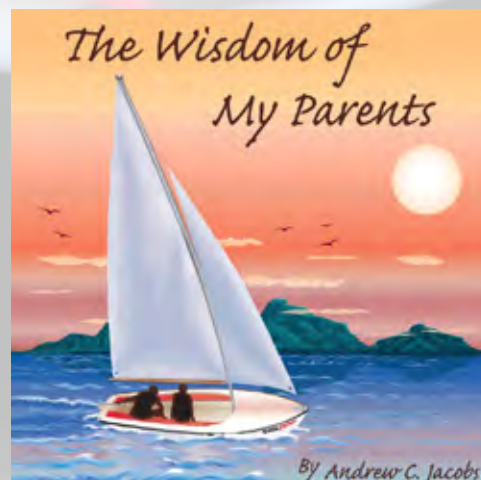
2. When I got into trouble with a bully and a gang at my Junior High school, he paid for Martial Arts training which I continued for most of my life. He wanted me to be able to defend myself and it quickly became apparent that I liked to fight. However the discipline I learned from Judo also helped me to keep my mouth shut so I got into a lot less trouble.

3. My Father loved music both to listen to and play. When I wanted to learn to play an instrument in elementary school he paid for clarinet lessons until I finished High School. I played in our school orchestras and bands and when I went to college participated one year with the University of Delaware Traveling Wind Ensemble. Again because of that training I was able to go and meet incredible people that never would have been possible otherwise.

4. One of the greatest pieces of advice I ever got was from my Dad was when I first went into our family business. He told me that I could never learn to sell to anyone else unless I knew myself. In other words I had to find out why I did what I did when something happened. Stress, trouble and opportunity

brought out all kinds of emotional stuff that no-one knows is inside them until it suddenly appears. Prejudices, hatred, fear, anger, tolerance, love all comes out at the weirdest times, usually under extreme stress so when an event happened I forced myself to dig deep and find out why. Over time, and it has been an ongoing process, I have learned a lot about myself, some of which I did not like and have continually tried to change. No-one is perfect, we can all continually change but there is no hope to get better if we don't figure out why we are as we are. That journey for me was started by my Father and although it has often been a rocky road I will be forever grateful for it.

5. My Dad taught me how to run a business from scratch and that meant every part of it. I was not always the easiest person to train but when I got something I retained it. I absorbed everything he gave me like a sponge both what I agreed with and what I would later change. He was highly opinionated, manipulative in both positive and negative ways, difficult, autocratic and had a love and respect for everyone. He would always treat people with the highest level of dignity until they proved they were not worthy. For him our company was a means to an end, a good living for he and my Mom. He did not love it, he did not feel we served a higher purpose with it and a chance to help our world. He did not, but he trained me and gave me the chance to do it, so in the end did have a passion for it and it was the best gift he could have ever give me.



# IDEAL JACOBS GLOBAL LOCATIONS

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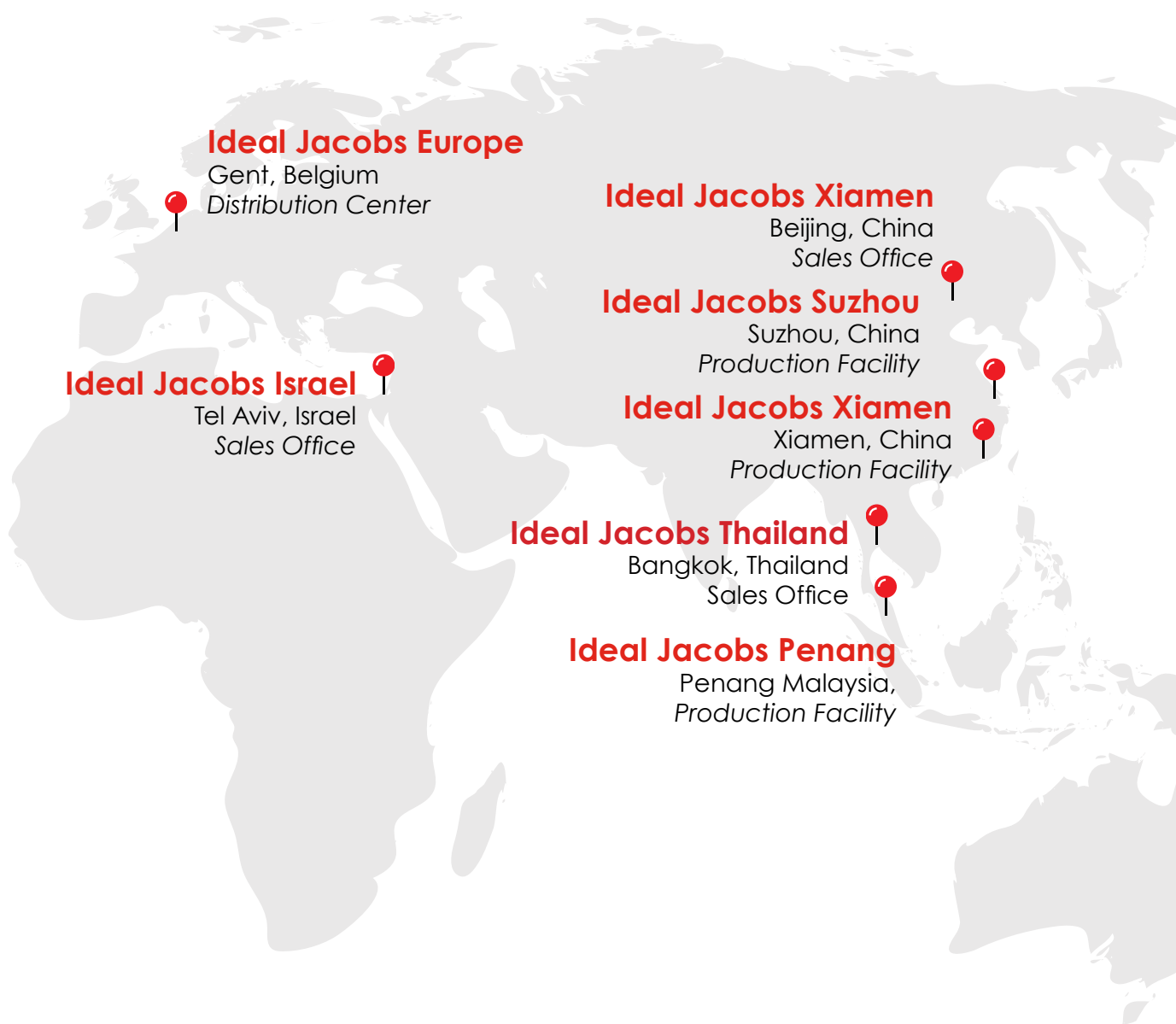
*I believe in reincarnation, past and future lives and that we are all in a constant journey for self improvements and to help our world. That is one reason for my restlessness and the urge to be constantly on the move to wherever business takes us. I love meeting new people and over the past forty years our network has grown globally. We are the sum of our people, own energy, spirit and the constant need to change and grow.*

*Our Ideal Jacobs locations are a prime example of this. I do not believe in accidents, I believe we were brought together for the purpose that we are worth more*



as a group than individuals. Together we have made amazing strides both with business, creating great careers and the actual chances to make our world a better place through our company, carbon credits, our bees or multiple other areas that are all in constant motion.

We can make more of a difference together and we will move forward as a team, helping, growing, having fun, taking care of each other and making money so we can all have better lives.



# IDEAL JACOBS XIAMEN

IJ Xiamen was created from a direct request from one of our biggest customers. In 2004 they strongly "suggested" that if we wanted to retain our position as one of their biggest suppliers then we had better get locations in Asia, Europe and South America. After consulting with Alice Prager, who was at that time my second in command, I decided to go for it and emailed back to our customer that we would have a location first in China within the next twelve months. That brought an immediate small panic attack as I had little idea how to go about doing that. We had one supplier in China and I had hoped to partner with their owner and although that path did not work it did lead to Ben Meng who became my good friend and partner. We started building a factory from scratch and within 12 months had launched Ideal Jacobs Xiamen.



**Allan Du**  
President



## **When and where were you born?**

Fujian, China in 1976

## **Where did you go to School?**

### **What did you study?**

In 1999 I graduated with a double degree in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering from JiangSu Science Technology University.

## **How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

When IJX was built in 2005 they needed a manager to handle production and operations. I got the job in 2006 figuring it could be a great career for me as well as learning a new technology and the printing business. I also thought that IJX could benefit from my training as an engineer and my production experience. It has turned out to be an excellent home and I am very happy to be here.

## **What are your hobbies?**

Running and Traveling. I run close to 1,000 KM/year and do a lot of traveling for IJX. I like going to different places, meeting new people and learning their thoughts and ideas.

## **I love my country because...**

My country is in the process of many changes and becoming more beautiful, peaceful and helping to save our environment and our world.

## **I like working for IJ because...**

I like everything ranging from the business model, the global teams and the different cultures.

## **If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

Have peace and good health for everyone.



FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD



# IDEAL JACOBS SUZHOU

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Not all of our location attempts worked. We had built a plant in Bangkok, Thailand in 2012. That was right before the huge flood hit that country and although we were not affected Ben, Allan and I decided it would be best to move that plant to Suzhou. We built IJ Suzhou and were operating by 2014. It is ably run by Rina He and has become a very important component of the Ideal Jacobs Global family.



**When and where were you born?**

1982

**Where did you go to School?**

**What did you study?**

Graduated in 2004 as an English Major

**How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

I started as a sales assistant and am now working at our subsidiary company as a general manager.

**What are your hobbies?**

I like basketball & calligraphy.

**I love my country because...**

It's the place I was born and grew up. It's a safe and peaceful place.

**I like working for IJ because...**

Positive company values, respectable boss, lovely colleagues.

**If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

No war.

**Rina He**

*General Manager*





FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL JACOBS PENANG

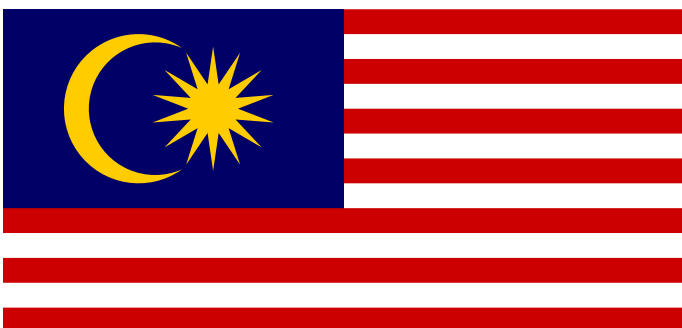
Having a partner like Ben Meng has been an amazing experience. We email occasionally, speak even less frequently, see each other once a year (when Covid is not in progress) and still we are on the same page in virtually all areas. We both are focused on productive growth and going into new adventures whether they are directly related to our core businesses or not.

When one of our bigger customers wanted us to create a new factory outside of China, Ben, Allan and I had already come to the same conclusion of where it would be, Penang, Malaysia and who would run it, Edwen Bay. It is set to begin operation in the fourth quarter of 2021.

Where will the next office, distribution center or factory be? That has and will always be up to our customers and the marketplace, we follow in their footsteps which has kept us in the front of the innovation curve for the last 100 years and we have no plans to change that strategy.



**Edwen Bay**  
General Manager



## **When and where were you born?**

Penang, Malaysia on April 28 1975

## **Where did you go to School?**

### **What did you study?**

I've graduated with Bachelor of Commerce from St. Mary's University, Halifax, Canada in 1997. Before that, I've completed my grade 12 in Penang and my grade 13 in Ontario.

## **How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

When I learned of an open position at Ideal Jacobs, I wrote Andrew and secured a job interview with Ben Meng who happened to be in Kuala Lumpur before Malaysia's first lock-down in March 2021 to counter COVID-19.

## **What are your hobbies?**

I enjoy reading many kinds of books, sometimes, it is novels and magazines. I have a small portion of my front yard planting different type of orchids, roses, adeniums, and bonsai. I also like listening to audiophile songs and music.

## **I love my country because...**

The weather, rich diversity in cultural and food varieties.

## **I like working for IJ because...**

Speed, responsive, and support given. These 3 factors are very crucial in securing projects from fast changing and demanding EMS customers.

## **If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

I would have the Covid 19 vaccines to be distributed to every corner of the world so we all can be back to our normal life very soon.



FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL JACOBS MEXICO

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*In 2007 I was in Guadalajara on sales calls. At one of our customers, a buyer looked at me and said we had no chance for business unless we had at least an office there, if not a small distribution center or plant. I asked her if she wanted to come work for us. We eventually worked out a deal and although she did not stay with us she did help launch Ideal Mexico and her best friend Paulina Vallejo now runs it. When we make sales calls together I am highly impressed by her sales ability, ease around people and her competence.*



**Paulina Vallejo**  
Managing Director

**When and where were you born?**

Guadalajara, Mexico in July 18, 1980.

**Where did you go to School?**

**What did you study?**

ITESO, International business

**How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

In 2007 I was working in Sanmina. Andrew hired my boss at the time and she took me with her. After some years she left and I started to manage Ideal Jacobs Mexico.

**What are your hobbies?**

I enjoy going to the gym and to swim, I love spending time with my family and going to the movies when it was possible.

**I love my country because...**

The weather is always nice, people are kind and caring, all my family lives here. There are so many cool places to visit and the food is magnificent!

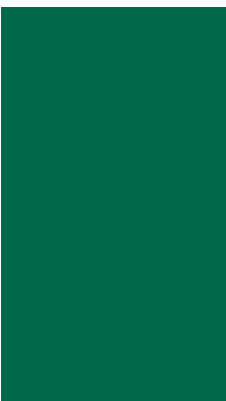
**I like working for IJ because...**

There is a great deal of respect and care for the employees. Our team is very committed and takes their jobs seriously.

I like the philosophy of always providing the best service possible and to always find a way to help our customers.

**If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

I'd change the damage that we are doing to our planet. I'd also fix poverty and also end the current wars that are impacting so many innocent lives.





FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL JACOBS EUROPE

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We wanted to have a presence in Europe and in 2010 we hired two men from the Netherlands whom we had done business and created Ideal Jacobs Netherlands. It went fine for a while but eventually things needed to change and at that point one of our Graphic Designers, Igor Gomes, met someone who lived in Belgium. Since he considered the possibility of living there, we eventually changed locations to Belgium and changed our name to Ideal Jacobs Europe. Igor has since built up a great distribution location for all of Europe and is very happy with his wife and two children.



**Igor Gomes**  
Managing Director



## **When and where were you born?**

October 20, 1984 in Coimbra, Portugal

## **Where did you go to School?**

### **What did you study?**

Process Technician Degree (unfinished) at Middlesex County College

## **How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

A good friend, Igor Lebre (current Prepress Manager at IJUS), informed me of a job opportunity at Ideal Jacobs.

## **What are your hobbies?**

Self learning and studying through online tutorials and courses, watching movies, and gaming.

## **I love my country because...**

I have had the fortunate opportunity to live in several countries, each with their own distinctive appeals; US with its ease and flexible economy, Portugal with its childhood memories and friends, and Belgium with its focus on family.

## **I like working for IJ because...**

The daily diversity; it is never "just" another day.

## **If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

That everyone spoke the same language. I don't mean for other languages not to exist but, for one single universal language to be universally spoken. I feel a lot of the worlds problems could be resolved and prevented if everyone was just able to clearly understand each other.



FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD



# IDEAL JACOBS IMPORTS

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*I first met Don decades ago. He was part of a customer and we kept in touch over the years. When we wanted to branch out to Canada, he wanted a chance at being in sales. I always like someone who is willing to go out past their comfort zone and for a mechanical engineer that is a long way. Don has been diligent in his efforts to learn how to sell and having an engineer on staff has been a great asset for us globally so we are very happy he is with us.*



**Donald Lem**  
*Design Engineer*

**When and where were you born?**

Orillia, Ontario, CANADA in 1959

**Where did you go to School?**

**What did you study?**

Electromechanical Engineering Technology  
Humber College in Rexdale, Ontario

University of Waterloo in Ontario,  
Bachelor of Science

University of Toronto,  
Professional Engineers For Mechanical Engineers

Ryerson University in Toronto,  
Lighting Design and Photography

**How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

I worked with a company that was a customer of Ideal Jacobs.

**What are your hobbies?**

Photography, music and cycling

**I love my country because...**

Canada has natural beauty, friendly people, and cultural diversity.

**I like working for IJ because...**

It gives me the opportunity to problem solve all kinds of problems.

**If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

Resolve all conflicts and save the planet.





FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL JACOBS ISRAEL

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IJX had two customers in Israel and since I always wanted to go there I decided it would be worth the trip in 2019. On the way over I met a nice young man named Ravid who was in sales and later gave us some potential candidates if we wanted to open an office there. I loved Israel and definitely wanted to return and building up our sales there would be a good reason to go back on a regular basis. On my next trip I contacted one of the people Ravid recommended and Netta Arkash joined us shortly thereafter. She is highly aggressive and really wants to succeed which is a great combination when starting in a market almost from scratch. In addition to her sales efforts she is also a liaison for us for The Farm so it all works well.



**Netta Arkash**  
Managing Director

**When and where were you born?**

October 23rd 1979 in Israel

**Where did you go to School?**

**What did you study?**

Rimon college in Center Israel. My area of study was music

**How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

As Andrew always says, it was an act of God. Andrew met a good friend of mine on one of his first trips to Israel and my friend introduced me to Andrew. The rest is history!

**What are your hobbies?**

Painting, flying drones (together with my husband), and traveling Israel

**I love my country because...**

it feels like one big family, it has great weather and a great beach\coast line

**I like working for IJ because...**

I get to know a lot of people (my clients) and I have great colleagues from all around the globe. I made good friends that feel like family to me, and I wouldn't know them if it wasn't for Ideal Jacobs!

**If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

Human tolerance, environment consciousness and veganism





FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL JACOBS THAILAND

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Since we no longer had a plant in Thailand Ben and Allan decided to open up a sales office there. Poranee Manee or "Yui" as we call her has been an excellent addition to our sales force not to mention a wonderful person and great traveling buddy when we make sales calls. How she navigates through Bangkok in her car amazes me, but she gets us everywhere we need to be early, is really good with customers and has created a lot of new sales for us there.



**Poranee "Yui" Manee**  
*Sales Manager*



**When and where were you born?**

June 17, 1986 . Thailand

**Where did you go to School?**

**What did you study?**

King Mongkut's University of Technology Thonburi

Printing and Packing Technology Department/  
National Institute of Development Administration : MBA

**How did you end up working with Ideal Jacobs?**

After I came back from studying abroad in China I had an interview with Mr. OH Yeoh, former IJ Thailand Regional Manager, who recruited my services through a staffing agency.

**What are your hobbies?**

Cooking and watching movies.

**I love my country because...**

Thailand is a wonderful place with a beautiful nature, a lot of variety of food and especially the Thai people whose kindness extend to everyone.

**I like working for IJ because...**

Ideal Jacobs has a very good support team. As a regional sales person, I do not feel like I'm working alone. If I face a problem there will be a lot of people willing to help and teach me along the way. We are working as a team!

**If I could change anything in the world, I would....**

I would stop the COVID-19 virus and not allow it to spread around the world.



FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# IDEAL HONEY BEES



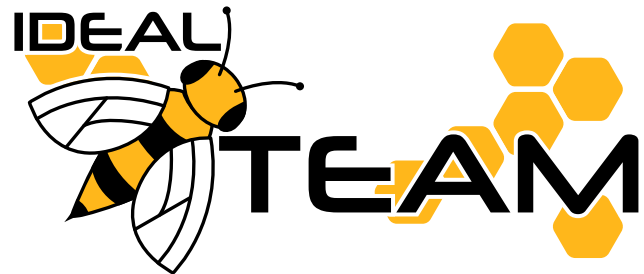
*The bee circled in this photograph is one of the queen bees responsible for populating our hives.*

## Bee Centered, Bee Happy

When we got our bee hives in the summer of 2020, I had no idea what to expect, but it has become a daily ritual for us to go and “see the bees”.

With all of the Covid-19 related craziness, those ten minutes up on the roof, watching the bees, is a true tonic. It transports all of us to another dimension of peace and kindness.

Especially now, it is important to step outside the box and be with the bees.





FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

**The Ideal Bee Team in action!**  
Zachary Sherman, Andrew Jacobs, Dave Lebre, Tin-Wei O'Boyle



# ISRAEL AGROFORESTRY PROJECT

It wasn't until after my Dad passed away that I started to find out how much I had in common with my Mom. She had been overshadowed by my father and was content to stay in the background and maneuver where needed for the betterment of my siblings and me. My mother and I had never had a chance to be in business together or do any type of project and two years ago I started "pitching" her ideas because I thought it might be fun.

We both loved gardening and I had already been doing a lot of research into Regenerative Farming whose basic tenants were to use little or no artificial fertilizers or insecticides and utilize the previous years crop waste to act as fertilizer for the coming year. I had some thoughts of trying to create a massive organic based farm in China and then a small Regenerative Farm in New York State but neither worked out.

I had been making sales calls in Israel with Netta Arkash, the head of Ideal Jacobs Israel and one of our appointments had been



*Sahar Shimon, Founder & Caretaker*



# טעג פאר די סעקונדע

קען מען עסן אהאלדן  
מאמעס קעמער און אהאלדן תשלום בקופה  
אן צוקן טיט: 054-4244943

## בעהדרון:

- 4 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 8 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 4 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 8 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 6 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 6 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 7 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 15 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 10 ש"מ - פלען יוק
- 6 ש"מ - פלען יוק

רובע קוקולען  
(הארט-קוקולען)





*Sahar Shimon teaches a group of students about the benefits of regenerative farming.*

cancelled. I had no urge to sit in a cafe for 4 hours so I asked her to find me an Israeli farm so I could see how they operate. Amazingly she was able to find a small agricultural center where they brought in groups of children to teach them about gardens and farming.

I went up to the man in charge and said I was trying to start a Regenerative Farm asked if he could help me. He told me to hold for one moment and went off to another area, a few minutes later he brought over a young woman named Sahar Shimon and I told her what I wanted. She told me she had land from her parents and was also trying to start the same type of farm, she had been studying how to do it. I looked at her and said "we are in." She did not understand and when Netta explained what I meant and that I was serious she was happy but doubtful.

God truly works in mysterious ways because that fifteen minute encounter started an adventure of a lifetime. We all did as we promised. Sahar started what we call "The Farm" and it is already in its second season.

We have various types of trees planted, including nuts and grapes for wine and there will be vegetables and flowers during the year. We promised to finance her efforts and with a combination of my Mom, relatives, friends and the corporate backing Ideal Jacobs Corp. We have done so and plan to continue.

Sahar sends us updates with pictures and the smiles from my Mom's beaming face as she reads and looks through them are truly worth the effort just by her reaction. But it has spread further and we have a whole group of people who took forward to hearing and seeing what is happening.

Sahar has plans for more land expansion and we have just created a Non-Profit Organization called "The Association for Development of Agroforestry" the first of its kind in Israel. Sahar's goal, and ours too, is to expand the use of Regenerative Farming in Israel and beyond. She is truly an amazing person and we are very fortunate to have her and "the Farm" in our lives.



FAMILY AROUND THE WORLD

# GLOBAL SCRAPBOOK



## Team Ideal Jacobs United States

Michael Lebre, Victor Reczynski, Vincent Santoro, Igor Lebre, Hilda Conklin, Noel Herbolario, Doug Winters, Alma Avina, Justin Winters, Mauro Murillo, Mike Ward, Jose Segarra, Andrew Jacobs, Dave Lebre, Jazmin Villacis, Carlos "Wilson" Villacis, Yelena Kostyszyn, Richard Green III, Joe Layton, Mike Valentine, Tyler Arias, Elvis Aveiga, Jill Winters, Jennifer Peralta, Gladis Valentin, Matt Marino, Tin-Wei O'Boyle, Dave Alexander, and Delia Aragon. Not pictured: Eileen Mroczek, Antonio Miller, Bernadette Phillips, Michael Sharperson, Shyrone Sharperson, Luz "Mery" Vallejo



## Take Two!

An outtake of Andrew as he cuts a commercial spot for The Sunday Night Lifeguards radio show.



## Going Public

Vincent Santoro shows off his company pride as Ideal Jacobs (Malaysia) Corporation Bhd is listed for public trading.



**Ideal Jacobs Xiamen Management Team**

Front Row (L-R): Shirley Lin, Yinjiao Zhang, Endy Chen, Sophy Zeng, Zelda Zhao, Joy Xiang, Lulu Li, Sally Zhang, Cindy Chen, Iris Yang  
 Back Row (L-R): Ben Meng, Mars Wang, Leo Zhang, Sam Zhang, Daniel Lin, Jeffrey Ye, Owen Zhang, Allan Du



**Team Ideal Jacobs Mexico**

(L-R): Diana Bucay, Cesar Delgadillo, and Paulina Vallejo



**Ideal Jacobs Management Team**

Betty Li, Annie Ma, Nancy Qi, Alva Chen, Rina He, Simon Liu, Daniel Duan, Lei Xu



**Team Ideal Jacobs Suzhou**

Ben Meng, Allan Du; Bottom: Rina He, Daniel Duan, Megan Zeng, Eric Liu, Longlong Li, Fei Xie, Dao-hu Tian, Guoguo Cheng, Leilei Xi, Yanlin Zhao, Yang Cao, Mengmeng Shi, Deyu Zhao, Suixin Xu, Yunhui Liu, Mingjie Zhang, Xiaoyu Zhu, Huanxia Duan, Shulin Mo, Ziyuan Shen, Jialian Wu, Guilian Han, Houfeng Zheng, Rong Yang, Xiupin Yang, Hongliang Liu, Huaxing Ju, Haiyan Wang, Lingjuan Ji, Jiaxin Zhao, Ji Huan, Peipei Liu, Cairong Liu, Xianghua Meng, Kui Dong, Hainv Shi, Enfeng Shen, Xiaole Xue, Zidong Zhou, Jiejie Wu, Xiaoyan Yang, Juan Wang, Nancy Qi, Yuqin Gao, Ting Dai, Ping Zhu, Qingan Pang, Lei Xu, Peng Tan, Mei Li, Simon Liu, Nina Zhou, Alice Qu, Tom Chen, Josephine Yang, Pacy Yang, Alva Chen, Alisa Xu, Cindy Cai, Michael Cheng, Betty Li, Yurou Jing, Annie Ma, Jia Zhao, Feng Chen, Yueqin Xu



**Branding In Asia**

*This photo was taken shortly after IJX opened its doors in 2005. It was our start in Asia.*



**Celebrating Going Public**

*Toasting to the success and future of Ideal Jacobs as Ideal Jacobs (Malaysia) Corporation Bhd is listed for public trading on the Malaysian Stock Exchange, May 18, 2011.*





**In-House Die Making**

Dave Alexander is our Master Die Maker and has been with Ideal Jacobs for over 20 years.



**A First Time Meeting**

After years of remote collaboration, Eileen Mroczek (Sr. Mgr. of Customer Relations) and Richard Green (Sr. Mgr. of Technical Sales) have the opportunity to meet Paulina Vallejo for the first time since she joined Ideal Jacobs.



**IJ Camera Day Extravaganza!**

Fueled with a passion for technology, the IJUS Prepress team established a day to show off the team's camera collection and gear.



**3D Printing Trade Show**

(L-R): Kayla Jacobs, Michael Lebre, and Paulina Vallejo work a 3D printing trade in Sao Paulo, Brazil.



**One Of Our Many New Additions...**

Vice President Mike Valentine holds his five month old son, Lucas, at 2010 Annual July 4th cook cookout.



**Setting Sail**

We purchased a sailboat kit in 2002 as a team building project. Since then, Vinnie Santoro has become its "Captain."



**Radio Days**

(L-R) At the helm of 'The Ideal Businessman' radio show, Andrew Jacobs is seen interviewing guests with the help of WOR Radio host, Joe Bartlett.

# COLOPHON

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This book was prepared using Adobe InDesign 16.2.1 on an Apple MacBook Pro running macOS Big Sur Version 11.4. The original text was supplied from the author in individual Apple Pages files and then compiled into Google Docs, and imported into Adobe InDesign. Original concept and initial layout by Rachel Barton. Layout, setup, and print prep were performed by Richard Green III.

The body text is set in 12 pt Book Antiqua Regular. Time stamps are set in 12 point Book Antiqua Bold. Chapter headings are 36 pt Century Gothic Regular and vertical section titles are 32 pt Century Gothic Regular. Captions are 10 pt Century Gothic Italic.

Front and back covers were designed by Richard Green III using Adobe Illustrator 25.3.1 on an Apple MacBook Pro running macOS Big Sur Version 11.4.

The photo featured on the cover was photographed by Michael Mroczek using a FUJIFILM X-Pro2 digital camera. The resulting 2647 x 3461 pixel image was cropped and corrected using Adobe Photoshop 22.4.2.

All other photos contained in this publication are from the author's personal archives, Ideal Jacobs Corp archives, or contributions by members of our team. Illustrations by Michael Ward. All stock photos contained are royalty free from [www.unspalsh.com](http://www.unspalsh.com).

All type on the covers was converted to outlines before the files were saved in PDF format before being sent to the printer for publication.

The finished layout was exported to a PDF document in Adobe Illustrator. The resulting PDF was used to transfer the volume to the print facility for imposition, setup, and printing.

RG3