

**This week:
The Friday Edition
salutes junk food.
What could be
more fitting?**

THE Friday EDITION

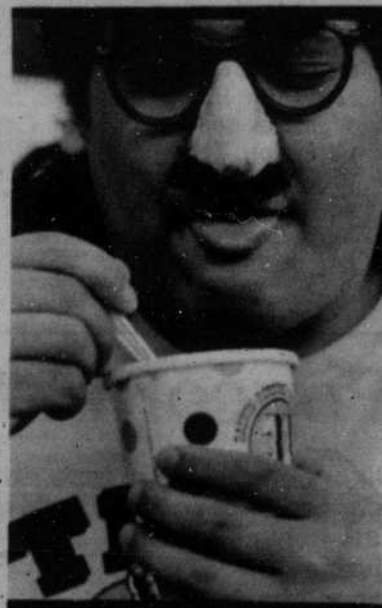
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photographs by michael clapp

We had to tear these Emeraldites away from their terminals to do the (semi-) annual ice cream survey, but when finally faced with the goods, they got serious.



ice cream

here's the scoop

The stalwarts of the Oregon Daily Emerald were faced with a grueling assignment last week: surveying the various offerings of ice cream manufacturers in Eugene, self-styled ice cream capital of central Lane County.

Eugene's ice cream industry has a long tradition of existence to the community it serves by the cone and dish and tub and truckload. And the Emerald staff romped through a truckload of ice cream Sunday night, in search of full bellies and a better understanding of Eugene's indigenous ice creams.

Samples of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry ice cream were gleaned from five local vendors: Baskin-Robbins (a worldwide chain with five Eugene-Springfield outlets), Gantsy's (1605 E. 19th Ave.), Marco's Gelato D'Itali (2495 Hillyard St.), Sweet Surrender (943 River Rd.) and



Prince Puckler's (861 Willamette St. and 686 E. 13th Ave.) (Their ice cream is also available at The Big Dipper 1473 E. 19th Ave.)

Prince Puckler's proved to be the chocolate champion. The Emerald tasters praised the Prince's smoothness and creaminess as being a cut

above the competition. One taster vowed to "never eat another kind of chocolate ice cream again," and noted that the PP variety had a "malty flavor."

Marco's Gelato D'Itali provided the most popular strawberry

ice cream. The fresh-picked strawberry flavor and jam-like consistency was the most noteworthy feature of this uni-

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life, popcorn and the kernel of truth...

By Thomas Henderson

I had almost forgotten I had promised to pen the definitive popcorn story when the decree came down from the desk that 40 lines on the subject were required in five hours.

I cannot work as a common tradesman and usually deal with such mandates by sneaking home and turning off my phone. But the injured tone of the editor's appeal moved my callous heart. And, with the promise of 45 cents a column inch, I can afford to be noble on occasion. The only problem is that I couldn't care less about popcorn. It's fairly pedestrian as snack foods go and, I understand, poses no threat to one's health. That's as

good a reason as any to avoid it. Nonetheless, I had to get The Story. I traveled downtown, searching for the kernel truth about this strange substance. I already had a general idea what I would write about.

I would talk about how popcorn is best when unsullied with candy and other alien coatings or, more accurately, how candy and other alien coatings are best when unsullied by popcorn. Foods should mate within their species.

There is an increasing assortment of mongrel popcorn out there. Jimmy Crack Corn at Fifth Street Public Market, for example, sells chocolate popcorn as well as the more familiar caramel corn.

Caramel corn is all right, I suppose, for people who

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