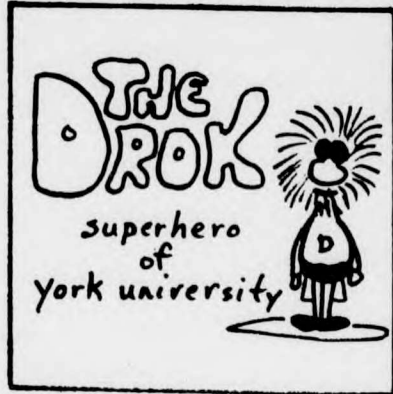


COMIX!



Albert Gricklehruber, a first year student, was the 1968-69 Champion in the annual Central Square Marathon. He completed the gruelling 26 yard scramble — carrying four open cups of steaming versa-coffee — in 6 hrs., 12 min., and 17 seconds! Right on Al!

The Miller's tale

By JIM MILLER

From our Oxford bureau

Oxford is really the oddest mixture of high civilization and barbarity. Such has been my constant impression since I came up to Christ Church and nothing has been more responsible for it than my culinary experiences in Christ Church Hall.

This venerable part of the college dates from a time when dining halls were pre-Versafoodian. In that dim epoch before catering services had standardized both menus and men, Henry VIII ordered the Hall of his newly founded college to be designed in a grand manner. Lusty Tudor taste demanded plenty of pinnacles, stone tracery, and gargoyles — all of which still decorate the exterior, though somewhat mossy now and whitewashed artistically with four centuries of pigeon droppings.

Inside the Hall, pigeons are replaced by bats — two of which I've often observed flitting gothically through the oak beams which support the high ceiling. Far below them stretch three long oak tables and a fourth, raised on a dais, reserved for the tutors, college guests and the dean. Luckily, whenever the bats choose to relieve themselves, they do so without discrimination: both high and low tables are equally convenient, which is (I believe) a great source of displeasure for the establishment.

Grace, incidentally, is a curious ritual. Once we've all been herded into the Hall, ravenously hungry as dinner doesn't commence til 7:20, one of the college servants stands near the High Table and calls out like a fog-horn: "Rise, gentlemen!" At this point, we all jump to our feet, knocking benches and chairs to the floor with traditional approbation. A scholar selected from our midst then intones the grace, which has been carefully chosen for length, boredom, and righteousness. It begins with the words "Nos miseri homines..." and this is about as far as anybody can translate, the rest is mumbo-jumbo. Apparently, back in the 19th

century, someone substituted an obscene poem by Catullus which was read out quite mechanically instead. No one noticed.

Little wonder, really: everyone's mind is concentrated exclusively on the alimentary onslaught about to begin. With tense nerves and clenched mandibles, we salivate through grace and then, like vultures, swoop down upon the benches and await the kill.

Our astounding rapidity in eating had me totally boggled during my first few weeks. Apparently, however, it is part of the public school tradition and is so staunchly justified: after all, if we're to be future governors-general of India, we need a bit of toughening up. After just one dinner in Christ Church Hall, one realizes why the British are noted for their still upper lips! My own is almost paralyzed from over exertion.

Many schemes have been devised to end this high velocity consumption. I had considered placing a potato in an envelope and addressing it to the Steward with this note: "Dear Sir, I am returning the one I didn't have time to eat. Have you considered awarding a trophy to the person who breaks the four minute meal?"

Along with the natural selection, Christ Church also has a selective breeding in its Dining Hall. But not of scholars, as you might suppose: heavens no! Rather, there's a special table reserved for Towers, the pride of the House. In order to build a strong team for eights' week, husky jocks are selected for the Rowers' Table where they're served immense meals, steak for breakfast, extra courses for dinner, real milk, and as much vitamin enriched cheese as they wish. Apparently, they eat better than High Table but no sacrifice is considered too great to ensure that Christ Church remains king of the river. By the rowing regatta, their musculature is so well developed that they can crush any college in Oxford. Fortunately, they tend to die of athlete's foot about a week later but are quickly replaced.

Please pardon my rash and somewhat savage temerity — but it's getting so now that I can't tell the difference between barbarization and civility.

★ GOOD EATS ★

By HARRY STINSON

No sooner did Good Eats make its debut than a zesty letter deposited itself upon my chopping board. It's genuinely encouraging to know that people are indeed reading the column.

Perhaps it will become an institution and rise to slay the dragon Versafood. Further suggestions, tips, and or vitriolic character assassinations will be gratefully received. As this letter points out, food prices are (surprise, surprise!!) far from uniform; health food bargains can be found at Weston Produce on Hwy. No. 7.

And I am still beating my head against the refrigerator for omitting Kensington Market, the downtown Garden of Feedin': expect an article on it shortly. Nevertheless, I should like to point out that the prices quoted were typical for several health food specialty outlets, where most people do their shopping for that sort of thing (alas, it seems).

In the meantime, try this recipe for home-made pizza. Chances are that it won't take any longer from start to finish as the time you'd wait for one of those daredevil delivery Bugs to appear with a more expensive, ketchup-on-cardboard models. Besides, the fun is in the creation, and you'll enjoy it more if you made it yourself (you have to...). You can slop on just about anything your imagination and stomach feel up to.

PIZZA

(Preheat oven to 375)

Add one envelope of yeast to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of lukewarm water. Stir in 1 teaspoon sugar, and let this all stand 10-15 minutes.

In a bowl, make a well in some flour, and gradually pour in the yeast concoction. Mix together, adding as much flour as possible.

Turn out on a lightly-floured board and knead in as much more flour as the poor blob will stand. (Kneading: press down in the centre of the dough, and push away from yourself with the palm of your hand.)

Give it a quarter turn to the right and push away again. Then plop it into a buttered bowl, cover with a moist cloth, and set in a warm place until the dough has doubled in bulk. Turn it out and knead again. When you are tired, or have taken out all your frustrations adequately, press the dough into a greased baking pan (or two, depending on their size, and the crust thickness you want).

The fun part — First, spread tomato paste over the dough. Then cover with grated mozzarella cheese. From this point on, it's all your fault. You can add chopped green pepper, or shreds of onion, or mushrooms, or anchovies, or pepperoni, olives, or parmesan or a variety of other cheeses, the list is endless. And be sure to spice it with some oregano. Perhaps some basil, garlic, pepper, salt, paprika, chili powder, newt essence, or whatever, but don't forget the oregano.

Bake for about 15 minutes, but it's best to check it often. Then try some mints.

