

Football Food and Drink - The Dreaded Super Bowl Party

Written by {ga=mattvan1}

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Congratulations everyone. Once again, we have managed to survive another completely nauseating run up to a Super Bowl. We now know more than we ever needed to know about the ankle of Maurkice Pouncey, the phenomenon of “thunder snow”, and the inferiority complex of Arlington and Ft. Worth. Although I have done my best to avoid as much of the vomit-inducing media spectacle as possible, when the talking heads on radio row did find the time to actually provide reasonable commentary about the game, the conventional wisdom informed us that it is of utmost importance for the teams to “keep to their routine”. Mike McCarthy, Mike Tomlin, Aaron Rodgers, Hines Ward, and all of the Packer players left out of the team photo stressed the need to keep the distractions to a minimum and stay as close as possible to the same schedule their teams used during the regular season.

I cannot think of better advice for those you who are either hosting or attending the dreaded “Super Bowl Party”.

Super Bowl Sunday is a national holiday. Hallmark has not quite realized this yet but I am confident that someday soon we will all be encouraged to exchange “Happy Super Bowl” greeting cards on the first Sunday in February. The manner in which the general population treats the day with a reverence once reserved for Christmas or Thanksgiving is a bit baffling. A part of me, the part which believes that football is the greatest of all American sport, is content knowing that once a year the majority of the country stops to celebrate the game which I love. The flip side is I am continually amused by the apparent need of quasi fans to have a party at the end of the football year when they could have entertained with good food and drink for 20 straight weeks throughout the season. What have you been waiting for? And why is no one actually watching the game? And if I see yet another crock pot filled with a melted cheese-like substance I am going to use it as a urinal.

Regardless of your feelings on the subject, in all likelihood you will find yourself either hosting or invited to a party for XLV. Remember, both McCarthy and Tomlin have stressed that it is

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“important to stick to your routine.” Which essentially means if you and a group you know well regularly get together to cook up some grub and knock back a few then by all means proceed. It’s business as usual. However, when random person at the office or the shop whom you barely know invites you over for the big game, I would urge caution. You will need answers before you commit, and that is not the time to couch your queries in Emily Post-speak. Be direct. “I didn’t know you liked football. When did you start?” “How many TVs do you have and what size?” “What’s on the menu?” “Do you offer taxi vouchers for the ride home?” “Will people actually be watching the game at your place, or just milling around eating queso while creating needless distractions and then rushing toward the set to see the commercials?”

I have vowed to never host a Super Bowl Party unless the Browns are playing. That means I am off the hook for quite some time. As we all know from reading history books, the Browns last won a NFL Championship in 1964. Back then, there was no Super Bowl. The championship game was played in the stadium of one of the teams involved, and not some neutral site selected because the owner built a palatial monstrosity similar to Euro Disney. The game was not televised in the market where it was played, which means if you lived in Cleveland and were having a party to celebrate the Browns-Colts game in 1964 you listened to it on the radio.

Most of what we know about life in the early 60’s we have learned from watching the television series “Mad Men”. If there were such an overhyped media spectacle as the Super Bowl in 1964 and Don Draper was hosting a party, what would be served?

Menu for the Cleveland Browns 1964 Super Bowl Party

Hors d'oeuvres

Rumaki (chicken livers and water chestnuts marinated in soy sauce wrapped in bacon and broiled)

Molded salmon mousse with dill and crackers

Cocktail sausages in a chafing dish

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Lime Jell-O mold with canned pineapple

Swedish meatballs in gravy

Porcupine cheese ball

Deviled eggs

California dip (Lipton's Onion Soup mix and sour cream) with Utz potato chips (well, it is Draper's party after all)

Dessert

Ambrosia fruit salad

Rice Krispie treats

Cocktails

Martini

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Gibson Martini

Old Fashioned

French 75

Bloody Mary

Moscow Mule

Good luck with your festivities on Super Sunday. And if you decide accept the invite from random guy at the office, simply show up with a bottle of Bombay Sapphire Gin and a jar of cocktail onions. When your hosts ask you what you are doing, simply smile and say "Celebrating 1964."