

Superbowl snack review

The Cheezy Stix put on an adequate half-time show, and the Pizza Hut "Specialty" pizzas with cheese-like goo stuffed in

the crust were certainly the third-quarter hit, but I have to say this year's Superbowl really suffered from the lack of Lisa's Spinach Dip.

As usual, the action on the field was overshadowed by the snack action on the coffee table. The success of any Superbowl gathering is measured less by the final score than by the gross net weight of accumulated snack remnants and packaging material. By these standards, Sean's Superbowl party was a modest success.

The Big Game requires Big Snacks, and this one was shaping up as a potential record-breaker.

Sure, the competition was stiff. Everyone remembered Randy's Poker Party of '94, which set the snackfood standard for every party to follow, including, but not limited to, several tons of Caramel Corn, Chili Cheese Dip, and Fresh Roast Beef Hoagies with Dip. It was a small detail, but it sealed his place in the record books; Randy actually massaged his roast with Peanut Oil prior to cooking, a bold move that will live forever in the annals of snacking history.

The Superbowl was once again the subject of a lot of pre-game hype, which promised an interesting battle between the blue-collar Pretzels and the glamorous Spinach Dip, balanced by the always-reliable Caramel Corn. Could any snacks live up to such huge expecta-

entire season would go to waste, unless he could come up with a last-minute substitution that would get the job done; a minor league snack would have to get a crack at the Big Time.

With the Spinach Dip on the sidelines, and the Caramel Corn a late budget cut, the greatest weight of the snacking responsibilities fell on the "regulars." Beer and Pretzels were up to the challenge for much of the first half, and they had ample support from the Potato Chips and the Cheezy Stix, but this group just didn't have the experience and sheer snacking talent to overcome a half-time Gooberton featuring Disco Queen, Diana Ross.

This is where the promising rookie, Peanuts in the Shells, made a substantial contribution, providing a badly-needed distraction while we waited for the half-time torture to end. They also created an impressive amount of post-game clutter. By the beginning of the third quarter, however, the Peanuts were relegated to periodic special teams appearances.

After Sean made a desperate and, frankly, pitiful attempt to appease the crowd with Pickled Herring, he realized that emergency measures needed to be taken, so he hopped on the phone and called in reinforcements. The pizza was ordered, but would it arrive in time? It was a gutsy call at that point in the game, and I had to admire him for it. His only other option was an unauthorized foray into Lisa's secret stash of antipasto, which he ruled out as too hazardous to his health.

Sean's gamble paid off, and the game ended on a high note, with satisfied,

pizza-stuffed faces all around.

I suppose it's easy to second-guess the coach, and hindsight is always 20/20, but I still have to question that critical error which resulted in the conspicuous absence of the much-touted Spinach Dip, not to mention my personal favourite, the Caramel Corn.

With slightly more preparation, better coordinated funding, and a willingness to sacrifice public safety in the interest of successful snacking, it's possible this party might have made the All-Madden All-You-Can-Eat Buffet Team.

It had a solid foundation of standard snack fare, and a couple of pleasant surprises, but it lacked the star performers that produce a winning event. He definitely should have broken into Lisa's antipasto.

Sorry, Sean. I call 'em as I sees 'em.

And there's always next year.



DRY WHINE

Jack Bleiler

tions? Preparation, as always, would be the key.

The first snag in the game plan came when the home team couldn't meet the payroll. A number of snacks had to be dropped from the line-up, in order to stay under Sean's salary cap.

The second snag was an unexpected emergency that required Sean's attention on the eve of Superbowl Sunday (Superbowl Saturday). A punctured railway tanker car was spewing propane all over the place and threatening the lives of a few thousand people.

As a dedicated broadcast journalist, Sean reluctantly abandoned his snack preparations to go on the air and alert the masses about the possibility that they might get blowed up.

This ill-advised move probably cost him the title. The chances that the tanker car would explode were relatively small, while snackfood disaster was virtually assured by Sean's negligence. Another tragic case of poorly-set priorities.

By game time, Sean's snacking strategy was in a complete shambles. An

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