

My First Super Bowl



The very first Super Bowl took place in 1967.
I watched it. I was 10 years old.

The Green Bay Packers beat The Kansas City Chiefs by a score of 35 to 10.

I was born 26 miles south of Green Bay's Lambeau Field so I grew up a big Packer fan. I idolized Bart Starr. Bart Starr was the handsome quarterback.

Here's how that Super Bowl went at my house:

I was child number five of seven. We watched the Super Bowl on our only TV and that TV was in the den. There weren't enough seats for two parents and the kids in attendance so some of us were relegated to the floor. I remember they gave me a pillow and told me to lie on the floor in front of the TV. That gave me a front row seat but that also meant I was laying on a cold linoleum floor. Not particularly comfy. My brother was next to me on his pillow.

Orders were clear. Don't move. Don't get up. Don't even think about a washroom trip until the commercial came on. Just watch the game.

There were no award-winning commercials in those days. There was no famous singer headlining a half-time bonanza. There was no Super Bowl buffet. There weren't even snacks. You just watched the game. You cheered when the Packers scored. You might let out a quiet boo when the Chiefs scored but there was no big celebration at a sports bar with a TV screen the size of the side of a house. We didn't even have a color TV then.

Ever since I have been a big football fan.

For This Week's Featured Recipe stay in the Super Bowl mood with a bowl of my Taco Two Salad

Cheers,