

# “AT A Glanz”

## Rangers Vs. Devils

### Sneaking Into Game 7



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October 2009

#### **Sneaking into Game 7 vs. the Devils**

1994 unquestionably was the best year in Madison Square Garden's history. The Knicks made it to Game 7 of the NBA Championship, and more importantly, the Rangers won their first Stanley Cup in 54 years. But before the Rangers could slay the dragon, they had to beat the pesky Devils. Thanks to my man Fuzzy, I was able to see it firsthand.

After the Game 1 debacle, where I had to run away from a security guard and find a seat, I wasn't too keen on trying to get into Game 7. The last thing I wanted was to get caught and miss the game in the room they held my two friends who weren't as daring as me.

But my friend and future Vegas roommate Anthony Fiorino convinced me that we had to at least try. So we bring loads of cash and decide the best bet is to scalp a ticket. A Garden security guard saw us talking to a scalper and told us to save our money, the ticket was a fake. I looked at the ticket and saw the series say, “Round 2, Game 7.” The Rangers were in round 3. Anthony asked

what I thought and I said, “I think it says Round 2.”

So Fuzzy was our only play. Fuzzy as always (up until now) was able to sneak us in. While others were paying thousands to get into the game, Anthony and I paid \$30 bucks each. Fuzzy, isn't the only thing fuzzy, so is my memory. I believe I hung out with some friends by their seats until the puck was about to drop. I'm pretty sure they loaned us their tickets so we could move around, but I'm not that sure. What I am sure about is the crazy luck we ran into.

There was a tall guy around 24 years old with crutches, standing watching the game. We started up a conversation with him and he told us he couldn't sit down because of his injury, so he had to stand the whole game. Now I would say I'm sorry dude got injured, but that would be the biggest lie I ever told. Because the guy told us where his seats were, and said we were welcome to sit down in them.

The seats were amazing. They were right behind the goal. Truth be told, we didn't care where we sat, we just wanted to watch the game in the Garden. And what a game!!

The Rangers took an early 1-0 lead and held on for dear life till the evil Devils tied the game with 7.7 seconds left to go in the third period. Unreal. The Rangers shot at their first Stanley Cup was ending. Overtime came and you could hear a pin drop. While all 18,202 fans (the Garden sits 18,200 but Anthony and I didn't count in the attendance figures since we didn't pay for our tickets)

thought the Rangers were sure to lose, luckily the players didn't. They came out and played one of the best overtimes ever. Except they didn't score!

But after dominating the first overtime, and the suddenness of the Devils tying the game up had evaporated, the fans felt pretty good going into the second OT. I actually had positive thoughts and felt the Rangers would prevail.

I turned to Anthony in between periods and said, "If we win, be careful with your glasses, because its going to be a mob scene and your glasses will break."

I was at the time wearing my hat that I always worn. It was more than 3 years old and I literally wore that hat every day. It was dirty, grungy, and most importantly...mine.

So the second OT starts and the Devils almost score. I watched the replay of the game a month ago, and the puck was actually going into the net against the

Rangers, when it luckily hit a skate of a Devil player and harmlessly bounced away. The Rangers came down the ice and around 30 seconds after the Devils came oh so close to scoring, Howie Rose the Rangers announcer screamed, "Matteau!!!

Matteau!!! Matteau!!! STEFAN MATTEAU!!! And the Rangers have one more hill to climb, but its Mount Vancouver, the Rangers are headed to the finals!!!!"

Well as Howie Rose was making one of the most famous calls in the history of sports, I was getting mobbed like I had scored the winning goal. I was literally carried three rows up and I remember my hat falling off. I was holding on for it to dear life as another Ranger fan was holding on to it. I said, "Its mine! Its mine!!" He said, it was his. It was a struggle. Finally I said, "LOOK AT IT! LOOK AT IT!!" He saw the dirt, grime and sweat and said, "Its yours."

Anthony's glasses weren't so lucky. They indeed broke in the hysteria. It was a small price to pay for the best game either one of us ever went to. And I was at Game 7 of the Cup. More on that next time.