

# “At A Glanz”

## The 1994 Stanley Cup!



Rich Glanzer  
November 2009

After sneaking into  
Game 7 of the Semi-

Finals vs. the Devils, I was on a high. It was the greatest sporting event I was ever at. But there was more work to be done. The Rangers hadn't won the Stanley Cup since 1940, and I wanted to be in Madison Square Garden to see it.

I took my Mom to game one, where we met Fuzzy. He told us he can get us in for \$40. To get in through Fuzzy, you had to walk in to the building as soon as it opened. Normally, there would be 20 or so people walking in at this time. Only a few of those people would be walking in with Fuzzy and we'd go to the ticket taker who was on the take, and we'd be in the building.

Game 1 was different. Hundreds and hundreds of enthused Ranger fans were waiting to get in. The ushers were standing telling everyone to have their tickets out. Uh-oh. We didn't have Ranger ticket stubs. Fuzzy would give us used Met or opera tickets to give to the ticket taker.

This proved fatal as my Mother and I were never able to get past the ushers. Goodbye \$80. My Mother and I trudged back to Lynbrook as going into Game 1 was an epic fail.

So epic was the failure that we didn't even try to get into Game 2. The Rangers ended up losing Game 1, but won the next three, and they went to win it all at the Garden Game 5. We decided there was no point trying to get in with Fuzzy again, as there was just no way we could get in. We still went to the City to go to a bar to watch the game, but we didn't try to get in.

If you ask me what is the biggest surprise that ever happened to me, I would tell you it would be this. Fuzzy was a bit off. He was probably in his late 40's-early 50's. He had a long straggling beard, the dirtiest T-shirt of all time, and lets just say, you were better off having a conversation with him from afar. Which wasn't difficult because he was always screaming. In other words, he was a pretty straggly looking fellow.

We see Fuzzy before Game 5 and he makes a dart to me and my Mother. Fuzzy hands us the same four \$20 bills that I had given him a week earlier. Since we never got in, Fuzzy didn't do his job and he gave us our money back. We never were going to ask, and it really told me something about the world. Looks can be deceiving.

So my Mom, my friend Pete Fiorino and I go into a bar to watch the game. It was an amazing game. The Rangers play nervous and are down 3-0 early. The bar is quiet and this magical night was turning into anything but.

But then the Rangers rallied and scored three quick goals to tie the game. The bar

we were at was amazing. It was hundreds of people, cramped into a space that couldn't come close to fitting us going nuts. But as quickly as the Rangers tied the score, the Canucks retook the lead, and never relinquished it as they went on to beat the Rangers 6-3. Two nights later the Rangers traveled to Vancouver to try to win the Cup there.

Pete, my Mom and I went to the same bar. This time the bar was pretty light and there was no magic in the air. The Rangers pulled off a stinker and lost 4-1.

The stage was set, Game 7, Madison Square Garden. Rangers vs. Canucks. 54 years in the waiting. But could I get in? Story ends next month.