

Cup Reporter

middle-aged sports reporters who were busily writing, talking on phones (we had none), and in all respects, covering the game at hand.

We couldn't find our assigned seats so we appropriated some directly over the centre line whereupon we looked for the quintessential ingredient: a bar. There was none. It seems that there must be something wrong with the Canadian sports scene in general if there isn't a separate bar for reporters.

We did, however, have great seats for viewing the game; you could see plays develop, happenings on the sidelines, and the Hamilton cheerleaders. The strange fact in this was that the cheerleaders were dressed for a blizzard: bulky winter pants, big jackets, and hats.

The football game progressed, and for a while we tried to act as reporters should, writing down important things, taking pictures, and intelligently discussing plays on the field.

Soon it was halftime and we set out on our important journey: to find a bar.

We actually found about five, but they were all so crowded that we would have to wait for half an hour (just for a beer or six).

We walked around, sometimes glancing at the pitiful halftime show, mostly waiting for the bar to clear out. Soon the second half started and we rushed to the nearest bar and purchased 8.

We figured it wouldn't be taken so well if we carried them all into the press box so we went to the deck behind the 600 level and drank. A stadium guard said something unintelligible. "What?"

"You cannot dreenk Biere 'ere." We inhaled our current beer fast enough to win any chugging contest, and set off to the press box.

By the time it found us we had 4 beer left, so we assumed carrying 2 each would be okay. But, carrying this small amount in, one would have thought we had just committed a murder, considering some of the looks we got. "What's the matter buddy, haven't you seen Maritimers before?"

We again took our seats and watched in a much better football state, snapping our cameras wildly, and drinking our well-earned beer.

The Dressing Room

Shortly after the game ended, the Grey Cup presented, and thousands of fans swarming on the field tearing down uprights, etc., we headed down to the dressing rooms.

The losers dressing room was pretty boring; everyone sitting around looking depressed (and no free refreshments to boot), so we took off quick.

The winners dressing room was much better. We arrived only to be sprayed with champagne, beer, and joviality. Lots of reporters and photographers were running around so we got 50 or 60 pictures so that we looked like we knew what we were doing (which we did, of course).

It was then that we spotted a corner with lonely beer and champagne so we ambled over. "Think anyone will mind?" "No."

So we grabbed a couple for the moment and a couple for our media bags (supplied by the CFL). The champagne was already open so we drank it too.

After this we made what we thought was our television debut on CBC. They were interviewing James Parker (one of the game stars) so we tilted our bottles on camera to show that the Maritimers were well-represented. We shot some more pictures, and with our full compliment of complimentary beer, headed out to explore field level at the Big O.

There was a bunch of people out there cleaning up the mess who didn't seem to mind our presence so we dropped our gear and threw a few passes to clinch the game for Hamilton.

After self-photography at some unknown field position we decided to head back. The Metro was, curiously enough, filled with people in a similar state of mind as us. And there were a few diehards chanting "Here we go Bombers, here we go."

Although the trip to Montreal took us 7 and a half hours, the return trip took 13 covering 2 provinces and 3 states. Brenda P. was confused when we called ("What are you doing calling collect?") and said we were in Rumford near Mexico (no joke). We got lost only once taking us miles out of our way, but, we did make it back.

One thing about the Americans (and Quebeckers) is that they know how to sell beer. All in all, a worthwhile trip.

By the way, B.C won - we don't know the score.

B.C. players take stand to revel in victory



B.C.'s Tim Cowan, Roy Dewalt and Mervin Fernandez clutch long awaited Grey Cup.

Jubilant & Drunk fans tear down large souvenir.



With that down they carry home their prize.