

BDF AND SLEEMANS
LOWERING PRICES FOR POOR STUDENTS

WEDNESDAYS PINTS OF SLEEMANS HONEY BROWN \$3.75
SATURDAYS PINTS OF SLEEMANS ORIGINAL DRAUGHT \$3.75
FROM NOW TIL END OF SEPT

Gateway ready for football and sharing favourites from the field



GATEWAY
STAFF

Sports
Commentary

When the Golden Bears take the field this weekend in Saskatoon, it will mark the beginning of the CIS season. With the CFL past the halfway point and the NFL and NCAA seasons set to kick off by the end of September, those of us here at the Gateway can't help but cast our minds back to those fond memories upon which we built our football fandom. Some of us love CIS, others the CFL and one can't get past his high-school glory days.

Andrew Renfree

For me, there are many memorable football moments from which to choose a favourite. There was high school football, where we had a slave-driver for a coach who made us run until we questioned why exactly we had signed up to play in the first place. Then, there have been many occasions where I froze my ass off covering Bears football for the Gateway, while more senior reporters got to enjoy the warmth of the press box. Also, I'll never forget last fall when Ross Prusakowski and I tried out for the Bears to get the inside scoop on the team before the season began. The memory of jumping on Ross' back and falling to the unforgiving carpet at Foote field will forever be seared in my memory.

As a fan though, my favourite football moment was watching the 2002 Grey Cup in Edmonton. It was the first Grey Cup I watched in a frosty stadium, as opposed to a warm couch in someone's basement. Despite the chilly temperatures, the live experience of Canada's most prestigious football game was something I'll never forget. Commonwealth Stadium was buzzing that day as the Eskimos took on their all-too-common foe, the Alouettes. Fans of the Green and Gold went home disappointed as Montreal won 25-16, but it was great to hear 50 000 fans jeering Als quarterback Anthony Calvillo each time he had the football. Our efforts didn't bring the Cup home, but it was a great first live Grey Cup.

Ross Prusakowski

Though I bleed Calgary Stampeder red and white and grew up during the Pitts and Flutie era, the Stamps actually have nothing to do with my favourite football memory. Instead, the combination of a freak October snowstorm, one sparse stadium and a very lopsided football game are what makes my most beloved pigskin moment.

Sure, that blend of events might seem like a reason to stay home, but they also allowed some of the lighter side of sports to shine through. Both the Alberta Golden Bears and the Regina Rams not only played the game, they traded balls for shovels and helped cleaned Foote Field off after a snowstorm. Something that likely made Rams backup quarterback Mark Anderson the only person who cleared the same spot he was sacked on.

That was only the on-field humor:



FILE PHOTO: DANIEL HAYDUK

NOT OUR FAVOURITE This catch by Matt Burrows didn't quite make the cut.

Regina probably left wishing that the 41-7 final score was some kind of joke as well. Off the field, the fact that the handful of media and stadium personnel outnumbered spectators, and the 50/50 draw was a paltry \$20 provided more amusement than the actual game could muster.

This isn't a game that's likely to be found on anyone's "best of the Bears" list in the near future, but it's a game that will always hold a special place in my heart, for the sheer minor league atmosphere, and not the score.

Mike Kendrick

The year after the Stamps won their last Grey Cup in the 2001 season, the team essentially fell apart. Considering the loss of head coach Wally Buono and practically the entire defensive line, this sort of thing really isn't surprising to a Calgary fan.

Since Tom Higgins skipped town up here and drove 297 km south, though, things have been looking up in Cowtown. The Stampedeers are currently sitting at second in the West, and are looking to deliver a one-two crushing blow to the Eskies' beleaguered season in back-to-back games next week. Macciocia has already been thrown to the wolves and subjected to the relentless and unforgiving appetites of bloodthirsty Eskimos fans who don't know the meaning of the phrase "early off-season."

A streak of having made the playoffs for 34 consecutive years hangs in jeopardy for Edmonton, while Calgary breathes easy, coming off two hard-fought victories over the toughest team in the East. As a bitter, Eskimos-hating Stamps fan, my favorite football memory is currently in the making. Happy Thanksgiving, Edmonton. We'll bring you back something nice from Winnipeg.

Scott Lilwall

My favourite football memory harks back to the heady days of high school football, when we would spend our Tuesdays packed in a big yellow school bus with our sweaty gear, travelling across the bare Saskatchewan plains to the next tiny town. One of those tiny towns was Rosetown, and they had a player named Tiny.

Tiny was six feet tall, and must

have weighed over 400 pounds. His jersey stopped at his navel, leaving 40 pounds of sweaty, white flesh hanging free, scaring small children. Tiny played defensive nose, effectively plugging up the running lanes without having to actually move from his position.

I distinctly remember the fourth quarter of our playoff game against Rosetown, when my team's centre, Peter, had the misfortune of falling underneath Tiny. While he was laying down, Tiny was still plugging the hole enough to foil the play. So it came to be that I was elbow-deep in manflab, shoving with all my might to clear the way for the running back to slip through, all the while, Peter screeched from below the immovable object. "Stop! Please! You're killing me!"

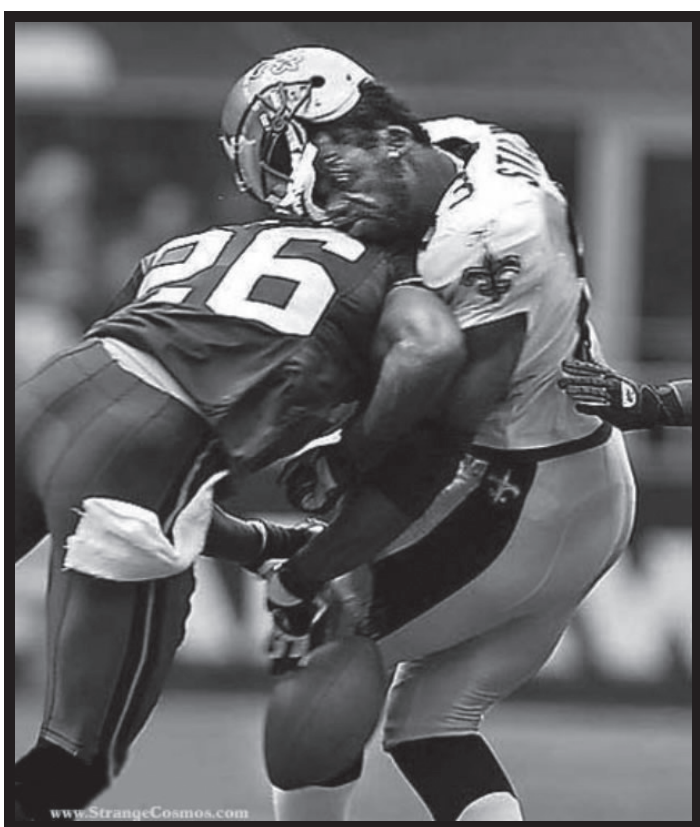
I don't know where Tiny ended up, whether he went on to continue his career of crushing the bones of unfortunate centres, or simply moved to the east coast to become a wave break for a marina. Wherever you are, little guy, thanks for the memories.

Paul Owen

The most memorable football moment in my mind didn't come from a game-winning TD pass or fluke play. Instead, the play most ingrained in my memory is a simple quarterback sack.

On 18 November, 1985, in front of a national TV audience on *Monday Night Football*, the Giants played the Redskins. Joe Theismann, the Redskins QB, ran a flea-flicker trick play that didn't fool anyone, especially not Giants LB Lawrence Taylor. Taylor sacked Theismann hard, driving him into the ground and breaking his leg. Theismann's career would be over.

It's not because I dislike Theismann, or even because I enjoy his commentating work on ESPN—I don't—that I remember this moment. It's simply because watching the video reminds me that Lawrence Taylor is probably the best pressure defender in history. When he wasn't suspended for drugs, Taylor was an absolute force on the field that opposing offences couldn't ignore. You didn't forget about LT being on the field, but if you did, the sickening snapping sound of Theismann's leg should be enough to remind you of the consequences.



Playing sports hurts.

Writing about sports doesn't.

GATEWAY SPORTS
Avoiding the concussion since 1910

Meetings Tuesdays at 5:30
in 3-04 SUB