

# "PLAY A PART IN THE BIG PICTURE!"

An MSC Presentation



IT'S BACK, AND IT'S BETTER THAN EVER!

JANUARY 21, 1996

2-6 P.M. IN THE MSC HALLWAY  
 MORE THAN 250 ORGANIZATIONS WILL BE REPRESENTED  
 ENTERTAINMENT AND OTHER EVENTS PLANNED  
 ORGANIZATION SIGN-UP ENDS ON JANUARY 18

PR

Sponsored by the MSC  
 Public Relations Committee

Persons with disabilities please call 845-1515 to inform us of your special needs. We request three (3) working days prior to the event to enable us to assist you to the best of our abilities.

## Jobs On Campus

### Student Workers Wanted.

#### JOIN THE FOOD SERVICES TEAM!

Student Employees are an important part of our work force and are valuable to our efforts of providing the campus community with a quality dining service program. Employment with the Department of Food Services is not "just a job", but a positive part of your university experience. We are proud of TAMU Food Services and the contribution we make to the university. Come be a part of the team!

- Starting Pay Rate: \$4.70 per hour.
- Work schedule revolves around class schedule.
- Daytime, Night & Weekend Hours Available
- Holidays off (Christmas, Spring Break)
- Convenient campus locations.
- Most student employees average 15 hours per week, depending upon individual circumstances.

• Ag CaFe	845-6115	• Li'l Bernies	847-9034
• Bernie's Place	845-1641	• MSC Cafeteria/	845-1100
• Bus Stop Snack Bar	845-4590	12th Man Burgers & Snacks	
• Critical Care Cafe	863-3659	• Pavilion Sanck Bar	845-0682
(Vet School)		• Pie Are Square	845-9825
• Common Denominator	845-5183	• Rumors	845-1278
• Common Market	845-6193	• Sbis Dining Center	845-2061
• Commons Dining Center	845-1842	• Time Out (Rec Center)	862-1374
• Food Services Commissary	845-3005	• Underground Food Court	845-8188
• Golf Course Snack Bar	845-2627	• Underground Market	845-2081
• Hullabaloo! Food Court	847-9464	• Zachry Snackry	845-0270

For additional information call the Department of Food Services Personnel Office at 845-3005.

Tuesday - Thursday

Apply now at the location of your choice or attend the

#### Food Services Job Fair

Friday, January 19, 1996  
 MSC Room 201 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

## There's snow place like home

The blizzard of '96 that recently hit the Northeast set many records for snowfall, temperature and most of all, headaches.

Schools were closed for several days, roads were off-limits to "non-essential" traffic, many motorists got into accidents due to slippery roads and just as the federal government was about to reopen, the weather kept it closed.

Many Americans heard about it, read about it or saw the coverage on television, but I was one of the people who had to experience it.

I live in New Jersey, and the blizzard of '96 almost had severe ramifications on my travel plans of returning to Texas for the spring semester.

Here is a breakdown of my three days in the blizzard of '96.

**Sunday, 8 a.m.:**  
 The snow begins to fall on the sleepy town of Pittstown, NJ.

There had been weather reports of a coming storm, and predictions varied from 6-20 inches, so nobody knew what to expect.



JONATHAN FABER  
 COLUMNIST

**Sunday, 2 p.m.:**  
 There are now six inches of snow on the ground with no end to the storm in sight. TV stations are showing nothing but reports of the huge storm that is over us. Highways are being shut down, and I wonder if I will still fly out of Newark on Tuesday.

**Monday, 9 a.m.:**  
 The snow finally stops, leaving behind 30 inches of fresh powder in my yard. My brothers' eyes lit up when they saw the prospect of almost a whole week without school. Dad looked out at the snow, now drifting up to the level of the windows, and thought about how he was going to plow it. Then he looked at us and told us to dress warmly and shovel the 200-foot-long driveway. He solved that problem.

**Monday, 10 p.m.:**  
 I'm up in my room packing for my 12:15 Tuesday flight that I'm sure will get canceled. Airports are saying they won't open until 6 p.m., while my airline insists my flight will leave on time. We decide there can be no harm in getting to the airport a few hours early and see what's going on.

**Tuesday, 6:30 a.m.:**  
 We hit the road for Newark. The roads were not as bad as we had expected—they were worse. The snowplows tried to clear the roads, but workers figured one lane would be sufficient for safe travel.

Luckily, there wasn't anyone coming the other way and we drove to the end of the road between snow drifts as high as four feet.

**Tuesday, 9 a.m.:**  
 Before I walked through the doors, I saw a guy get arrested for trying to skip his cab fare. Welcome to Newark. I get in the check-in line behind 10 people. One hour later, the same 10 people are in front of me, and I turn around to see about 100 behind me.

**Tuesday, 11:30 a.m.:**  
 We were in the line for two-and-a-half hours before we were told the airline was having slight delays.

When people found out the airline's six scheduled flights for the day had to be cut down to two, they were measuring their kids to see if they would fit in the overhead luggage compartments.

Luckily, my flight was one of the two picked, and I was guaranteed a spot on the plane.

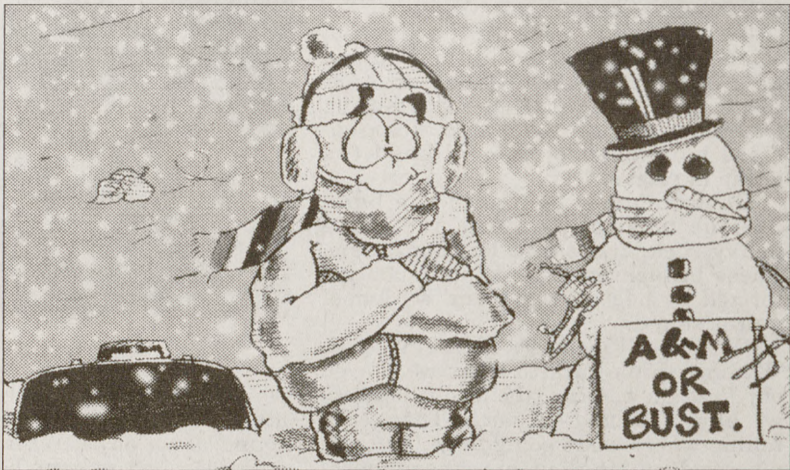
I took my ticket and carefully walked to the gate, aware of the dirty looks I was getting from the standby line.

The plane begins to board and leaves at 3:30 p.m. I have not seen any more snow or even had to wear a jacket since then.

My parents heard about the weather in Texas and were envious of it. There is no rest for the weary, however, because two more inches fell earlier in the week and about eight fell over the weekend.

I wonder if my brothers are done shoveling yet.

Jonathan Faber is a junior finance major.



## Football strengthens father-son relationship

There were times when I wished I didn't have a father.

When I was growing up, I blamed my dad and his explosive emotions for my surreal childhood.

After so many physical confrontations, the ideal childhood for me became a fantasy where I was growing up with just my mother. My mother was the one who comforted me after I fought with my dad.

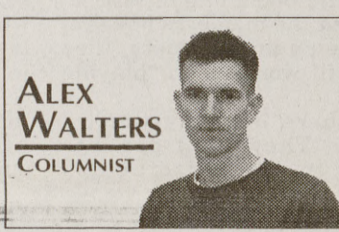
After my parents finally separated over a year ago, it became important to me that my father knew I cared about him.

I really did care about my dad as a person, but talking to him on the phone felt a lot like doing community service to pay for a speeding ticket.

Those conversations eventually came down to something that seemed rather trivial at the time — football and the Dallas Cowboys.

Then, over the phone, it all came rushing back.

The football experience. The Budweiser Clydesdales, cold weather and Dad asking me to come and watch the game with him on the big-screen television. It seems somewhat absurd to me now because my rational mind



ALEX WALTERS  
 COLUMNIST

tells me that beer commercials should not be the stuff of nostalgia.

But, sometimes, that's all we had.

I was raised on Drew Pearlson, Tony Dorsett, Danny White and the king of them all, Roger Staubach. Conversations over Sunday lunch centered on how touchdowns were not key to a win, but first downs.

I started to remember that, as a child, I would sit in my father's burly arms and watch the football stars that became my heroes. I remember how we would scream like banshees at each and every touchdown, interception and fumble.

Now, as an adult, when I am confronted by the loneliness of what my life can be at times, the football memories of my childhood seem to soothe me.

When the Cowboys win, I call my dad and we talk about the playoffs. When they lose, Dad and I talk about who didn't play well, who was hurt or what coach wasn't pulling his weight.

As I grow older, I realize I am becoming something my father is proud of. Dad always comes to town to see the the-

ater that I'm involved with, and he always saves copies of my articles and poems.

He may not understand all of the poems, but he tries harder now to be close to me than I ever tried for him.

When I didn't get the intern job that I'd really wanted at the Boston Globe, my dad just smiled and said that my talent would, someday, take me somewhere. Those words from my dad were at once soothing and inspiring.

In this stage of life, after all the changes Dad and I have been through, I find myself looking forward to our Sunday phone conversations.

The talks are no longer just about football. Now, we talk about the newspaper business, theater and my other passions. Dad and I talk about anything and everything, just to hear the sound of each other's voice.

I realize more and more every day that I am forever thankful for my father. I love him dearly and am exceedingly proud of who he is.

Next time the Cowboys play, the phone will be in its position beside my easy chair so that I can talk to Dad between touchdowns.

Alex Walters is a junior journalism and theater arts major.

## Street Sounds



"Street Sounds is both inspiring and spirited. A sound the world can embrace."  
 —Pete Seeger, vocalist.

Gospel, jazz, rap, rhythm and blues, civil and human rights songs, African chants, doo-wop, traditional and contemporary rhythms and sounds.

An innovative variety for all to enjoy!

Thursday, January 25  
 8:00 p.m.  
 Rudder Auditorium

Tickets are on sale at the MSC Box Office-TAMU, or charge by phone at 845-1234. New extended Box Office hours include Sat. 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

Now accepting Aggie Bucks™



http://www.msc.tamu.edu/msc/opas/opas.html

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