

BUFFALO STATE RECORD

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Surviving Snowvember: My South Buffalo journey



Brian Williams
COPY EDITOR

Hey all. It's Brian Williams, or B-Dubs, if you will. Can you believe the weather this past week? I think everyone is about ready for spring. As I looked out at my driveway earlier this week and watched snowflakes coming down like artillery fire, I couldn't help but feel haunted by my recent past. I thought I could put the troubling memories of Snowvember in South Buffalo behind me, but the horrifying experience rushed back and flooded my thoughts; it was as if it were only months ago.

It was November 18. I was driving through South Buffalo, on my way to City Hall to cover a story for NBC Nightly News.

I'd been warned that Buffalo was going to get hit with a snowstorm, but I didn't care. Bringing the truth to the people about Mayor Byron Brown's affair with a woman known as "Nicki" was my only concern.

Little did I know, this was the beginning of an extraordinary journey. An enormous wall of snow stopped my Infiniti right in its tracks. I could barely see anything two feet in front of me. I decided my best option was to stay in my car until a rescue crew arrived.

Three hours passed, but no help came. I wondered why no one had rescued me, because, after all, I'm Brian Williams.

It was then that I realized I hadn't called for help. Frantically, I searched for my cell phone. But when I went to dial 9-1-1, I realized my phone was dead.

I was slowly coming to the harsh realization that Buffalo was not a fairytale food land of chicken wings, pizza and beef on weck sandwiches as I was led to believe, but rather a snowy, blizzarding hell.

My car wouldn't start, so I had no choice but to carve my ice scraper into a spear and venture out into the Buffalo tundra.

Both my car and phone were

dead, and pretty soon I figured I would be too.

It had to have been around 4 p.m. Hunger was slowly settling into the pit of my stomach.

I stumbled upon a wooded area, where I found a wooden shack with a sign that read "Mighty Taco." Its doors were locked, so I figured the owners wouldn't mind if I broke in. They probably would have given the food to me for free, anyway. I mean, I am Brian Williams after all.

After eating a monstrous, sloppy, raw beef burrito, I went on my way. You may be wondering why I didn't cook the meat. Well, that's because I had no time to fire up the grills. I was not concerned about anything but my one and only objective — exposing Brown. I figured I could still make it to City Hall in time, but I'd have to hurry.

I then spotted wild buffalo roaming in an open field (Buffalo has lots of buffalo, that's why they named the city Buffalo). After offering burrito scraps to them, they accepted me as one of their own. I climbed onto one of their welcoming backs and rode off into the night towards City Hall, guided by the North Star. I dismounted the noble beast, making sure to thank him for his services.

I then burst through the City Hall doors and rushed up to the Mayor's Office. I straightened my silk tie and slicked back my hair, because looking good is the number one rule when breaking a story. Any good journalist knows that.

I kicked open the door with my Ted Bakers, but nobody was there. No Mayor Brown, and no "Nicki."

I scanned the room and spotted a shadowy figure. It slowly stepped out of the dark corner and into the light, calmly, with its hands held behind its back. The trademark milky brown skin tone and phosphorescent pink hair led me to believe it was hip-hop star Nicki Minaj.

But a full scan of the shadowy figure led me to the horrific, shocking realization that it was actually Mayor Byron Brown dressed as Nicki Minaj, wig and all.

Without saying a word, he rushed over to the stereo sitting on his desk and pressed play. "Super Bass" blasted from the speakers, echoing "boom, boom, boom, bass! boom, boom, boom, bass!" throughout City Hall.

I ran out as fast as I could, terrified from what I'd just witnessed. The last thing I recall was sprinting down the hall towards the doors, the lyrics growing fainter as I raced away from the real-life nightmare.

"Somebody please tell him who the eff I is. I am Nicki Minaj, I mack them dudes up, back coupes up, and chuck the deuce up."

I never went back. Some stories were just never meant to be told.

Email: b-dubs.record@gmail.com

¡ My locó spríng bréak: I wéñt tó Dóñ Téqúí lá!



Sara-Lynn Ashley Stephenson
STAFF WRITER

Holas amigos! How was your spring break? Mine was good. My friends and I wanted to do something crazy this year. Last year we all went to Florida. It was, like, MTV Spring Break crazy. This year we wanted to do something with a little more culture and not have to drive as far. After careful deliberation, it was settled: we were going to #vivaDonTequila!

Located on the typically American Allen Street, Don Tequila is a little slice of Mexico here in the big city.

As soon as you walk through the doors, you're immediately surrounded by Mexican culture. The walls, tables and even the chairs — it all reminded me of what Mexico is probably like. Even the bathrooms were labeled in

Mexican — senior and seniorita — but I could still tell which one to use because they had the little symbols next to them!

Mexican colored scarves adorned the walls, and the waiter brought out a free order of chips and salsa before we'd even ordered drinks. Talk about V-I-P!

At first I almost freaked out because they didn't have anything Buffalo chicken, which is what I was craving. Hello, we're in Buffalo! But then I thought, when in Rome! I ordered nachos—that's Mexican for chips and cheese—and a strawberry margarita. Frozen, please!

Holly got a side of this melted cheese that was muy delicioso! It honestly reminded me of the Easy Cheesy Mexican Dip recipe my mom makes from the back of the Velveeta box. Seriously, so good.

My only regret is that I didn't go on a Monday, when they serve two-for-one Dos Equis. Talk about the most interesting drink specials in the world! LOL. I'm kind of a party girl, and I like to travel, so I can definitely see myself going back some Monday night, even if I'm not on vacation.

The girls and I at the Geico office will definitely be back for more! Love you ladies! You keep me sane!

#girlsnight #vacay #springbreak #besties #mexico #tortilla #south-of-the-border #ispeakmexican #more-margaritas #everydayiscincode-mayo

Email: staff.record@outlook.com



tweets of the year

Adam
@Adam_Schroe

Janet, your voice gives me mesophonia. #kiss985 #janetsnyder

8:22 AM - 23 Mar 2015

Joe
@BuffaloWins

Hanging out with Janet Snyder and that Pickle guy sounds like the worst time ever.

2:08 PM - 20 Mar 2015

Jesse
@JessicaMerrill8

Why is Janet Snyder verified she ain't shit

12:27 AM - 22 Mar 2015

jackson price
@j_price52

If Janet Snyder was my mom I'd try to donate all my organs while I'm still alive

8:11 AM - 31 Mar 2015

Maxwell McClellan
@MaxMcClellanx

Is @JanetSnyderKISS really critiquing Sam Smith's music? Maybe she should stick to things she knows, like the Tony Walker plaza. All shade

9:27 AM - 23 Feb 2015

Emma Davis
@emma_davis15

u know the morning is going to suck when u hear janet snyder's voice

7:41 AM - 16 Mar 2015

Janet Snyder @JanetSnyderKISS · Mar 20
Why I love the booths at STIR!



← 2 8 ...

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR RENT:

Brownstone Living 3, 4, 5, 6 Bedrooms.
Off street parking, one minute walk from Humbolt Metro Rail Station.
Must see - Freshly painted, ceramic tile, hardwood flooring, comfortable, clean, and roomy.
Major appliance included. Cable ready. Call 716-583-3102

NEEDED: Personal Care Aide Manager

Downtown Buffalo - Must have reliable car and experience in working with the disabled and elderly
Manager will assist a female client and other aides with their duties and keep track and report their hours.
\$10 an hr/ 30 hrs per week -15 hours on site and 15 hours can be from home.

Call Linda at 347-305-3982 or email lhaniford@optonline.net for more info
Would prefer someone who would work through the summer and if not is able to recommend other people who can fill in for her when she's gone.

NEEDED: Personal Care Aide

\$10 an hour/4-16 hours per week.
Work for an elderly disabled lady.
Aide will assist in transporting client to various places including the gym.
Prefer person who can continue through the summer.
Contact Linda at 347-305-3982 or email lhaniford@optonline.net.

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BUT YOU PLAYIN**

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