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# The COLLEGIATE

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November 2, 1983

University of Utah

Volume I, Number III

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# Age is no indication of quality

by Bradford Boyle

It was Monday, October 17 and I had read that The Ventures were to play at Brother Albert's roadhouse. The Ventures! Those demi-gods from the early sixties. Not known by name to everyone, but everyone has heard their music. It's pretty distinctive. You'd recognize it if you heard it. Guitar instrumental surfing songs like Wipe-Out and Pipeline, and some television themes like Secret Agent and Hawaii-Five O.

The Ventures are in Salt Lake City! I knew they'd been here a couple of years ago, but I had missed them. No way this time.

I rounded up some equally enthusiastic friends, and we left early to beat the crowds that were sure to form. We arrived early and found that we did indeed beat the crowds. In fact, there was no one in sight. The doors to the club were locked. Doubts crept into our minds. Was this The Ventures playing tonight? Or just some rip-off band using their name? We noticed that Brother Albert's sign announced The Venturs, not The Ventures... serious doubts now. We banged on the club's doors until we attracted an employee's attention, and asked him if it was The Ventures playing. He said it was. We pointed out to him that they had spelled the name wrong on their sign. He looked, and then shook his head and said there was nothing that he could do about it. If the Beatles came, they would probably spell it The Beetles.

We sat down in front of the club to wait. A search party was sent to seek out some Big-Gulps for mixers, as we were wise enough to bring our own medicine. Soon other fans began to show up and a small line began to form. Most were equally concerned if this was The Ventures playing tonight. We assured them that it was. Hawaiian print shirts were in abundance.

After a while the doors opened. We secured a table in front. The warm-up band (The David La Flamme Group) started late like all warm-up bands do so they'll have more people to play for. David plays a mean electric violin and he and his band played a good set, ending with his big hit from 1969, White Bird.

The lights came on in the club, and I looked around to see what kind of crowd was present. As I expected,

the crowd was older than the usual roadhouse crowd. People that had listened to The Ventures in their youth. But there was a group of obviously under-age new-wavers as well. (They later got thrown out.) A thought struck me... maybe The Ventures will stage a comeback with the kids that never knew who they were. It seems all the other bands that have been around forever have. And these guys have been around forever. They were probably father figures to the Beach Boys, and those guys are pretty old themselves. I've got a Venture's album from '65, and it lists 20 albums that had been released before it. The band has four members: Don Wilson, who wasn't on this tour as he was nursing a broken foot (probably back at the beachhouse). Some young guy was filling in for him at rhythm guitar. Bob Bogle on bass, "Nookie" Edwards on lead guitar,

and crazy old Mel Taylor on drums.

A figure appeared at the main mike. A voice rang out from the loudspeakers. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the world's greatest rock and roll instrumental band — The Ventures!" The lights on stage came up and standing before us were The Ventures! The real ones. Man, they did look old. You could almost read the weariness of all those years on the road on their faces. Playing songs that they have played so many times before that they wake up in a cold sweat just from dreaming about them. Well, maybe not. But they did look old. They started to play and it was beautiful. Smiles came to their faces. The new-wavers started to dance on the small dance floor. The crowd bopped to the beat. The band went from hit to hit: Pipeline, Wipe-Out, Let's Go, Tequila. They also played some early

rockers like Johnny B. Good. It was hot.

The first set ended and I noticed that there was a table selling Ventures memorabilia. I blew the rest of my money there.

Soon the Ventures were back on stage for their final set. They looked loose and happy. They went through more classics like Out-of-Limits and the themes from Secret Agent Man and Hawaii-Five O. They ended the night with Stars on Guitars, a compilation of their biggest hits.

After the Ventures had left the stage, I hurried out back to where their mobile home was parked. I managed to get Bob and Nookie's autographs, but crazy old Mel disappeared before I could get his. Oh well, I guess he's signed enough over the years. I'll just have to get it the next time The Ventures play the Valley.



The Ventures from l-r Mel Taylor, Nookie Edwards, Don Wilson and Bob Bogle

## Casa is an exceptional Mexican hot spot

by Karl Christ

One of Salt Lake's finest student oriented restaurants is the Casa Del Sol in Trolley Square.

There is no better way to describe the Casa experience than by putting you there.

Picture this:  
It's Thursday night, your funds are limited,

and after a long week you're ready to start the weekend off right. Levis and a tee-shirt, a phone call to your better half and you're off to the Casa. Parking at Trolley Square is difficult but well worth the gastronomic rewards. Every Thursday is student night at Casa and that means that Margaritas go on student discount and the Comida is 10% off with university I.D. The colorful decor comes to life under Casa's unique glass-

encased dining area. On the first trip to the bar for Salt Lake's finest Margaritas you are greeted by a chip and salsa bearing seniorita. You don't appreciate the difficulty of her job (insuring that no customer will ever see the bottom of a wicker chip basket) until you sink a crisp tortilla into one of Casa's fresh homemade salsas and submit it to your skeptical palate. Satisfaction!

At the exotic drink counter neon takes on a new dimension as it reflects off of the salt and crushed ice of your student priced Margarita (\$1.80). Back at the table you survey the menu and realize you have a problem, what to order? It all looks and smells delicious and at about \$5.00 a plate you can still make plans for the rest of the weekend. After great deliberation you finally decide on the El Presidente enchilada (\$4.95). Your date can't refuse Casa's famous Chimi-

changas at a mere \$5.95.

The arrival of your food coincides well with another round of Margaritas. Good timing... your piping hot platter will certainly require an assortment of cool drinks. After you've finished your meal and your table has been cleared you wonder why you can't get the smile off your face. You had a great time. Was it the price, the great Margaritas or simply the great food? Who cares, it was fun. The casa has other specials during the week in case you have Spanish 202R-20 in STOKR-BTFL on Thursday night.

Monday night features the Comida Grande "All you can eat" plate for \$6.50.

Tuesday night the Casa serves up unusual Mexican seafood dishes.

Margaritas are again \$1.80, but on Wednesday everyone gets in on the fun.

Bon Appetito!