Monday, September 10, 1990 Page 13 **Daily Nebraskan** Quest for metal ends at Royal Grove

By John Payne Senior Reporter

A six-piece rock ensemble known as Johnny Quest has been making waves at the Royal Grove, 340 West Cornhusker Highway.

The band has been one of the larg-



est draws at the Grove for the past few months, according to bassist John Lemar.

The reason for their success, Lemar says, is a "danceability" that other Royal Grove cover bands may lack.

What they like, and what big crowds have been coming to hear, is a mostly metal selection from groups like Aerosmith and Led Zeppelin -- made lively enough for folks to dance to. The formula seems to be working, a. Johnny Quest has also earned club dates in Omaha, Kearney and across

Iowa.

Lemar, a University of Nebraska-Lincoln student, became Johnny Quest's bassist after answering an ad in the Daily Nebraskan. Other band members are Tommy Lance and Rob Higgins on guitar, Shane Hall on drums, Nathan Rogers on keyboards and Tim Horn on vocals.

Johnny Quest had been shuffling different members for six months before solidifying the current lineup last September. Lemar said that after 1 1/2 years, the band is starting to experience success

"We all hold full-time jobs, so its tough for us to balance everything. Eventually, we just hope to be able to support ourselves with the music, but right now its something we're doing mostly for fun.'

Lemar said that he hopes college students who ordinarily stay clear of the Royal Grove will come to check out his band Sept. 17 through 22.

The Grove has kind of a bad reputation in Lincoln," he said. "But the truth is they've really cleaned it up. Bands now get into trouble for some of the things they used to do.



Johnny Quest

Continued from Page 11

recorded around a campfire.

Mojo

Courtesy of Johnny Quest

Whatever he chooses to sing about,

Mojo Nixon makes good music -- not just for the patrons of the all-night bowling alleys and truck stops, but for everyone who enjoys their music with a humorous twist.

Real man Nixon creates album with wide range of musical styles.

Hanna

Continued from Page 12 with almonds?"

I graciously declined and got to my feet. I put my backpack on a shelf conveniently provided for me at the front of the store and headed around the other side of the cash registers so as to avoid the crazed Hershey Kisses woman

But there was no escape.

"Would you like a coupon book and a sampling of new Hershey Kisses with almonds?"

There was another Kisses woman strategically placed at this end of the store too.

"Um, no . . . thank you," I said. "Oh, I think you do. Here, take them or you'll make me very angry," she said with an evil grin.

I decided it was wisest not to defy her and took the free book and candy Over the crowd, I could hear the

manager on the bullhorn again. "Please enjoy the free Kisses being handed out as you enter the store. The money you save with this free stuff will help put a dent in your textbook bill, and may I remind you that we do NOT set the book prices. The heart-

less, hell-serving publishers do." I finally made it upstairs to select my books. The first one I came across was listed at an obscene \$43.95 new, or \$41.25 used. I found this a bit high for a 23-page paperback, but I knew it was pointless to complain.

decided to save a few bucks by buying used, but of course there were no used books available.

'But thanks for letting me know how much I could have saved if you actually had used ones in," I mumbled VERY TASTY. THERE'S AN ALMOND IN THE MIDDLE!" "REALLY, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!" I screamed.

I stumbled out of the doors and made a dash for freedom.

YOU, DON'T YOU WANT A FON CARD? YOU'RE NOTHING WITHOUT A FON CARD. YOUR FRIENDS WILL MOCK YOU AND TREAT YOU AS AN OUTSIDER IF YOU DON'T BUY A HANDY FON CARD!'

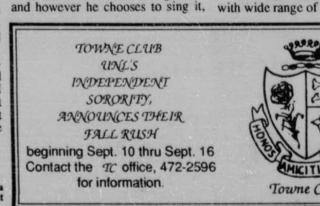
My escape route was cut off by the Fon peddler. I was trapped. Four foamy-mouthed behemoths were now closing in, pleading their case. If I didn't act quickly, I would be drowned in the ocean of words and spittle flowing from each of their gaping mouths. In a flash, I grabbed a pack of

Kisses and a coupon book from each of the advancing women. Then I whipped out a pen and filled out a Fon card application. Finally, not knowing how to appease the bookstore manager, I pulled the megaphone from his hand and whacked him on the head. He fell to the ground, unconscious, and I leapt over his crumpled body to freedom. So now I avoid both campus book-

stores and expect to be in a big bind when buying books next semester. I may fail all of my classes without books during my final semester, but I'll be spared the agony of bookstore shopping.

I'd say it's worth it.

Hanna is a senior theater major and a Daily Nebraskan Arts and Entertainment staff humorist.



Towne Club



to myself.

I bit back my anger, found all the books I needed and ambled downstairs to stand in a cash register line.

Three-and-a-half hours later, as my books were being sacked up for me, 1 began plotting my escape past the Kisses and the Fon cards.

Just then, from behind my head, came a jarring blast from a megaphone

"DID YOU KNOW THAT THE PRICES YOU JUST PAID FOR THOSE BOOKS WERE NOT SET BY YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BOOKSTORE?'

It was the manager. "I've gathered that," I said. "Now, If you'll excuse me, I'd like to get out of here."

I started for the door. From either side of the line of cash registers, the

Kisses women came a-running. "BEFORE YOU GO," they said in unison. "WOULDN'T YOULIKE SOME ALMOND KISSES AND A **COUPON BOOK?**

They were quickly upon me and I was surrounded by the manager and the Kiss-mongers. I struggled through

to the doors, trying to escape. "REALLY, IT'S THEPUBLISH-ERS WHO SET THESE HIGH PRICES!"

"REALLY, THESE KISSES ARE