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Beto's Monday

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Title: Beto’s Monday
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Informant: Steve Buys is from Centerville, UT. I met him during my freshman year of college at USU. He was on either his fifth or sixth of school still studying for his undergraduate degree. He was the oldest person in our band, and he made sure to let everyone know it. He is very talkative and loves to have conversations with people. He is a percussionist, and we first met when he was playing fifth bass drum in the Aggie Marching Band. He was a member of the band fraternity Kappa Kappa Psi while he was at USU. Steve seemed to like me, and we talked a lot. We even had a few classes together my second semester, despite our being many years apart in school. He stopped attending school at USU last year, and he still did not have his degree. He has recently moved to Centerville, stating that he wanted to get away from Logan.
Context: Steve commented on a Facebook post of mine where I asked people to share various food related tradition that they had. Steve left the longest comment of anyone else on my post. Steve is fairly active on Facebook, and it is common for him to get involved with people’s posts. The Beto’s that Steve mentions in his comment is the Mexican restaurant labeled “Rancheritos” on main street in Logan. I’m not sure why everybody calls it Beto’s, but they do, and it gives you away as an outsider immediately if you call it “Rancheritos.” It is one of the only restaurants that is open 24 hours, and because of that it is a pretty popular place for students to get food. Steve and his other friends from band even had a specific table that they would sit at every time they would go.

Text:

Steve Buys

This will probably come as no surprise, but I had several involving Beto’s. My freshman year we had the classic midnight Beto’s run Sunday nights (technically Monday mornings). We considered it the way to start the week off right.

Then, when I was older and more tired, Robert and I had Beto’s every Monday night after KKPsi meeting for several years. For years we ended each meeting not with a “motion to adjourn”, but instead with a “motion to Beto’s”.

Third, there were a good many orchestra concerts that between dress rehearsal and concert call time, I and whoever else wanted too (often Robert) would go to Beto’s in our concert black.

Also, Robert and I (other people that new us well caught on after a while) would also go to Beto’s other times during the week, but the tradition is that we usually didn’t mention Beto’s. One of us would just say to the other, “Do you want to go do that thing?” So it’s not day specific, but it was definitely the traditional way of initiating a Beto’s run.

And a couple non-Beto’s ones for you. Every Sunday I used to order Pizza Hut pizza and wings.
To get more information about their comment I messaged every person who commented on my Facebook post, except Steve. Steve loves to talk, and he loves to talk about Beto’s. Steve’s very lengthy comment showed how excited he is about this tradition. Also, Steve’s comment had some of the most follow up comments and likes. Steve and I haven’t talked online a lot, but he is not shy about sharing on social media, so I was not surprised to see a comment this long from Steve. Steve has a very personal attachment to Beto’s, and he likes to share about it often. I had already heard a lot about Steve’s Beto’s traditions before his comment.

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