

dan ladely SUPERSTAR

An explanation is probably in order.

This issue of the **friday** magazine is unprecedented, to our knowledge. Never before has one individual commanded so much important space in the **Daily Nebraskan** for no apparent reason. Oh, we're willing and ready to feature astronauts, football players, drug users and the entire Greek system. But a guy named Ladely?

When the idea came up there wasn't a moment's hesitation on anybody's part. We all agreed that it was one small forum at our disposal with which to pay back Dan Ladely for everything he's done.

Dan has been around this University for probably as many years as any student. Not only that but he's been involved in all sorts of stuff that's gone on. We think a lot of it's been important. And besides, he's pretty near the nicest guy you'll ever meet.

That's why.

In order to gather material for this thing, we, first of all, had to keep it a secret from Dan. We contacted a lot of people; folks, friends, etc, for anecdotes and/or photographs of Dan. People responded marvelously.



by Bart Becker

There's one thing for sure about Dan Ladely; he hasn't been here as long as Bob Devaney. But then, he doesn't get paid as much either.

One thing Dan Ladely has been around this University long enough for is to get into all kinds of escapades.

Growing up in Gordon, Dan saw a lot of things that formed him into the man that he is today. To a degree, perhaps somewhat disproportionate to the average Nebraska kid, Dan saw poverty, suffering and racism. Gordon, you may or may not know, is the first Nebraska town over the line from the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

Besides the covert racism of white people—probably the thing that I've known Dan to lash out at most overtly and often—Dan still bears vestiges of other, nicer things Gordon had to offer. Western finery, boots and shirts, are part of the Dan Ladely I know. Plus, he drank some beer, as all kids do. He once told me this story.

"A bunch of us were going to drink some beer and we had it in the trunk of the car. One of the policemen in town stopped us and asked to check the trunk. We let him. I don't know why, and he found the beer which he took and put in the patrol car. Then he told me he wouldn't charge me if I went home and told my mother. So I did.