



During the 1970 student strike protesting the Indochina war, Ladely was a leader of strike forces, shown here marching at a peace rally.

dan ladely SUPERSTAR

Continued from page 3b

beginning to spill down his heartbroken face. A thousand words couldn't come

near the worth of that picture.

In addition to photographing for the *Daily Nebraskan*, Dan served it in a variety of other positions. Some of his poetry has appeared in it, he served as literary editor, copy editor, even appeared in an ad once. It was for TEAM Electronics and featured Ladely, wearing some kind of headphones with little antennae sticking out of them. The ad

copy read simply: "Tune In, Turn On."

But that ain't all. There was plenty more steam to be done.

On February 6, 1970, a column called "Suppository" made its maiden appearance in the *Daily Nebraskan*. Written by one Dan Ladely, the first sentence in this new column was, "Up yours," Fairmont Foods Company of Omaha, Nebraska.

the ballad of Hickman Lake

by John Ray Jr.

Dan Ladely is responsible for a large number of his friends losing faith in "the law." This is how it happened.

One dark summer's night quite a while ago, a bunch of people didn't feel like going home after a party. It had been a very nice party. A spit-roasted pig and a lot of beer had been consumed. There had been good music. Someone got the idea that everyone should go out to Hickman for a swim.

A long caravan of cars headed for the lake at about one



o'clock, led by Dan's pick-up. It was a cloudy night—not a star in the sky. No one felt the need for a bathing suit. The water was like black milk. The non-swimmers were kept afloat by the beer they'd drunk.

One friend who thought he was coming down with pneumonia was reluctant to go in. But he finally was persuaded to make his entrance. At the moment that he lowered himself up to his chin, two powerful flashlights were turned on from the beach and a voice shouted: "All right, everyone out of the water. And line up."

Now these friends had always thought of themselves as irreverent spirits: reformers, refusers, renouncers, yahoos, yippies. But most of them began straggling onto the beach. Of course, a few big-mouths insisted they couldn't see the cops' credentials in the dark; prudent voices quieted them. The dogs did run around making a lot of noise, and the two hitchhikers from Philadelphia who'd dropped in on the party were the only people who could find their IDs.

So the cops were having a hard time. But with instinct sharpened by training and experience, they could single out, even in the murk, the ringleader, the bad 'un. Ladely had kept his cool and his clothes. He twirled his moustache nonchalantly.

"Hey you, buddy," one of the cops said to him. "You look like the only reasonable, responsible person in this crowd. Help us get this thing organized."

The friends heard the cops. They looked at each other. They looked at Ladely. Then they lost faith in "the law" forever.