

Fairmont had shortly before that created and begun marketing "Indian Corn Chips, the fast vanishing American". Wrote Ladely: "I, for one, would like to see those 'Indian Corn Chips' vanish from the shelves or change the copy on the packages to be less derogatory and a bit more truthful." He continued, "I wonder what public reaction would be if some company came out with a similar product shaped in the likeness of the Kennedy brothers and called them 'Kennedy Corn Chips,' the fast vanishing American?"

"Suppository" was not Ladely's exclusive column. A couple of other writers wrote articles under the heading, but Dan was the most prolific suppositor.

Sometime that same spring the Yippie party was formed in order to put some pizzazz in the ASUN election campaign. Alan Siporin was the Yippie presidential candidate. He commented, "Ladely wanted to have a Yippie campaign and he got the biggest crazy of all, which was me, for president. When I first met him I thought he was working for the FBI with that camera."

Of course, one of the "Suppositories" was devoted to a plea for the return of Siporin, who disappeared in the middle of the campaign for a couple of weeks. In another column which dealt with rising Union food prices and disproportionate representation on the Union Board, Ladely opened up with this gem: "Well, folks, bend over and grab your ankles and brace yourselves for another of those greased trajectories aimed for that much-travelled, all familiar dark and hoary hole—your butt and mine."

On the last day of **Daily Nebraskan** publication that semester Dan wrote his final column. In it he wrote a sort of farewell to NU, the kind of thing that would be expected from a radical senior leaving the campus. Well that sly old 'possum Ladely probably fooled plenty of folks with that one.

But, ever the man of the people, he must have heard his subconscious crying "Three more years."

For the past couple years political 'activism' in the sense of marching around and such things has been at a low ebb. Ladely's politics have remained humanitarian, above all.

I mentioned that the mistreatment of people—especially the American Indians—has always been one of Dan's main things to protest against. In the past month or so I know he has found it necessary to make public statements to the effect that, being from Gordon, he is familiar with white racism.

In short, Dan Ladely loves beautiful things and hates ugly things. "So does everybody" you say. But most people have inconsistencies or lapses in their act. Dan has no act; it's all out front.

As Dan's mother wrote, "He's loved dearly by all who know him." If there are truths, this is one.

by Cater Chamblee

Whether or not it is meaningful or even significant, it is the case that one of Dan Ladely's earliest and dearest memories is of smelling gasoline. Later he fell from a bridge, injuring his nose to the distress of his anxious and loving parents. After these early years of obscurity in

Gordon, I think, Nebraska, he surfaced in Lincoln, making odd noises and putting an appreciable amount of time and energy into taking pictures, hustling the Rag and pop-culture mongering in general.

He is not the sort of fellow to ride into town with fresh strangled puppy dogs dangling from his saddle bags. Nor would he knowingly keep a hog in his hotel room. Rather he seems to be one of the few

around here to do anything about anything, mainly because no one else will and it gives him the chance to meet girls. And perhaps to pick up a loose non-taxable dollar or so.

I believe him to be tenured. Certainly he should be. Quite possibly he will never be heard of again, which will, I trust, be of some passing concern to his many friends of which number I count myself one.

## testimonial

