

Difficult decision

With the preponderance of candidates running for county judge, it becomes an extremely difficult task to decide exactly which two deserve the positions.

First of all, it is obvious that incumbent Judge Ralph Slocum deserves to retain his seat on the bench. Indications are that he has performed his tasks exceedingly well within the strict limitations of the county office. And the experience he has in that position automatically gives him the advantage over other aspirants.

The other position, then, becomes even harder to decide on, for all those vying for the position seem to have individual merits and experiences which would qualify them for a judgeship. The main problem is finding the one candidate who best could fill the position, taking into account all past experience and achievement.

Most frequently, the major work of the county court seems to be involved with the workings of estate settlement, including adoption, inheritance taxation, probate, etc.

For this reason, Jeffre Chevront seems to be best qualified. Nearly half the cases in which his law firm is involved are decisions having to do with estates. Chevront has spoken at probate sessions sponsored by the Nebraska Bar Association, chaired the bar's section on taxation, led the bar's Bridge-the-Gap program and even written a portion of the probate manual published by the state bar.

A top graduate of the UNL law school, Chevront is a young 33 and a life-long Lincoln resident, which may prove helpful in comprehending problems specific to Lancaster County and its youth.

Agreed, there are many qualified people running for county judge this fall and differentiation is difficult. But all indications show that Chevront and Slocum probably are the best two for the jobs.

Orme's the one

The Legislature is the place this year, it seems, for races which force two candidates, both of excellent quality, to battle for a single

seat. It's choosing between the better of two goods for a change.

Such is definitely the case in the 29th District where incumbent State Sen. Fern Orme is facing another well-qualified politician, Shirley Marsh.

Both are excellent candidates. Even so, Orme's record qualifies her for continuance in office.

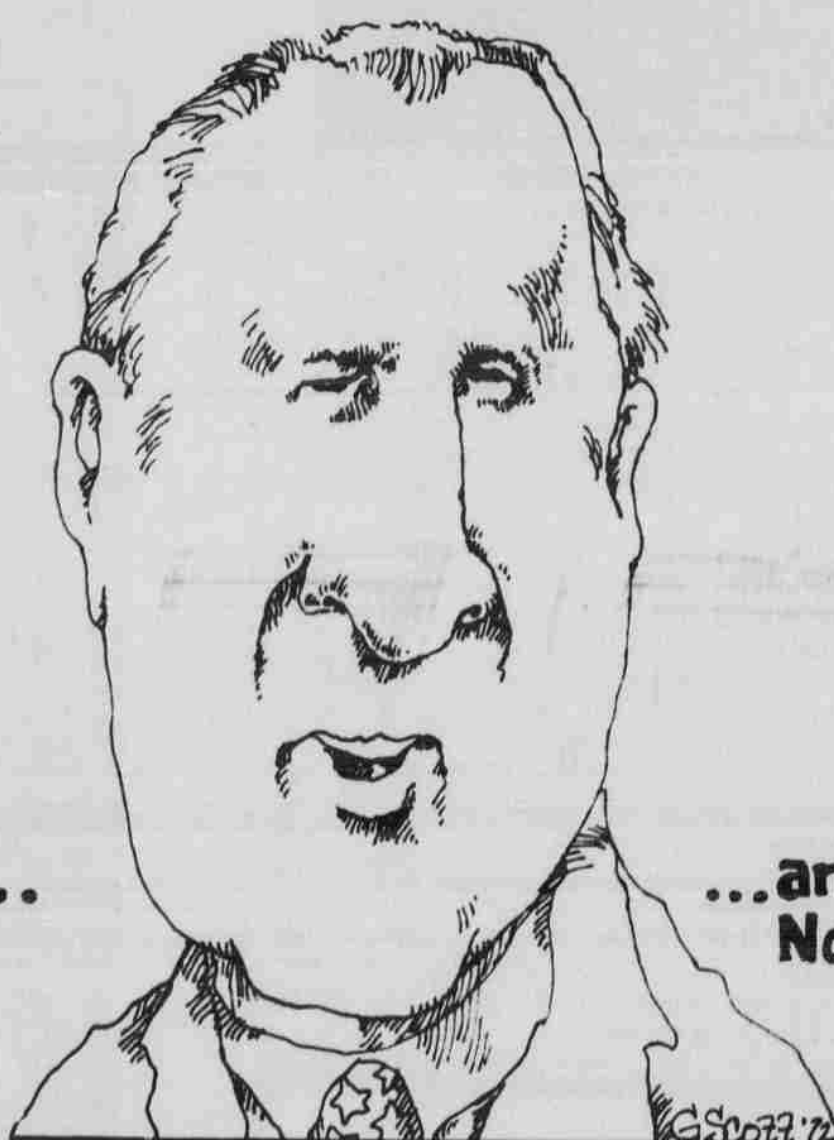
For a good many years, Orme has proved a true friend to the University's cause in the Unicameral. Not long ago, it was she who headed a campaign which ended in the construction of the Women's Physical Education Building.

While she can be counted on to closely scrutinize and debate University appropriation requests, she also can be counted on to see that the University receives its share of the state dollar. In her position on the Legislature's Budget Committee, she has more than proven her ability to govern as well as her interest in justice for all.

In this case, experience counts. Orme deserves re-election.

Jim Gray

DRAW ME...



...and win a trip to Norman Rockwelland!!

Agnew's lovely campaign

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander

The loveliest campaign is being waged this year by the New Mr. Spiro Agnew. The New Mr. Agnew is waging it in a place called Norman Rockwell Land.

It couldn't be lovelier. Herewith, a first-hand, eye-witness report:

Norman Rockwell land—Sprightly Jack Frost had waved his magic wand to garb the kindly old New England elms in their brilliant autumn finery.

Old Mother Nature, however, had played a little prank on our candidate, sending a chilling rain to douse his outdoor rally.

But golly, as he moved on to the podium with the stately grace of a real American clipper ship, he looked every inch a candidate—not a silver hair out of place, not a spot on his gleaming black shoes.

The apple-cheeked high school band in their red, white and blue uniforms struck up "Hail, Columbia." And though the freckled-faced youngsters were just a wee bit cold and wet and bedraggled, they sure did put their hearts into it.

And, oh, how the crowd of good, decent, hard-working Americans cheered and waved their home-made placards. The placards said things like, "Please Save America!"

Of course not everybody, even in Norman Rockwell land, is a good, decent, hard-working American. There are bad, indecent, shiftless un-Americans, too. They are young people who don't know any better.

The young people who didn't know any better chanted bad things like, "One, two, three, four — no more Agnew, no more war." And indecent, shiftless, un-American things like, "B-l-s-i-t!"

This offended everybody. Most offended were a group of good, decent, hard-working Americans wearing green and yellow hard hats. You could tell they were offended by such bad language because of the expressions on their faces.

But a nice Secret Service man went up to the young people and asked them please not to cause any trouble until our candidate had left the rally. "After that, ha-ha," he said, "you're on your own." Ha-ha.

Our candidate, though, didn't pay any attention to the bad young people. Not at first. He put his hands in his pockets to show he was being informal and told three jokes.

They were very nice jokes, fit for the *Reader's Digest*. One was about a black cat who was nervous because our candidate's opponent had crossed its path. Gosh, how the crowd loved that!

And, do you know, our candidate carefully changes his jokes twice a day, just like his always-crisp shirts. He even meets several times a week with his staff, which includes Bob Hope's nephew, to think them up. It shows how much he cares.

Nor does our candidate ever raise his voice, not ever—not even when he paused in mid-speech to tell the bad, young people chanting, "B-l-s-i-t" that "I got your name, but I didn't really get your occupation." Gosh, how the crowd really loved that!

Then our candidate resumed telling the crowd how he felt America is "a great nation," no matter what others might say. And how he, personally, would never crawl on his knees to Hanoi or legalize marijuana or coddle criminals or bus our little children vast distances—no matter what his opponents were for.

Wow, how the good, decent, hard-working Americans cheered and cheered. Then our candidate got back on his plane and soared up into the jolly old sky from Norman Rockwell land.

And, a half hour later, we were in New York City.
(Copyright Chronicle Publishing Co. 1972)