

GOSH, JUDGE SHIFMAN, YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM:

How do you fight a phantom?

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You're Burt Shifman. You've got a problem. You're the candidate for Judge of Probate Court in Oakland County. Voters nominated you in the primary along with that other fellow who hasn't got much to offer except a name. And what a name he has.

You remember years ago, even before you were dry behind the ears, how his father was elected and re-elected to the bench? And how — for two decades — the name was practically synonymous with Probate Court?

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NOW FOR YOUR PROBLEM:

(1) How do you make the voter aware — beware might be more accurate — that this other candidate is really the son and not his pappy? How do you do it without making it sound like sour grapes, and without giving voters the idea that you're envious, or spiteful?

(2) How do you make the voter aware that you're the better man for the job? How can you get across that you've got the maturity, the experience, the legal mind and training to deal with complex Probate Court matters? And that your record for serving the public as a judge these 10 years is something to be proud of?

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After the primary, Burt Shifman, you went to your friends for advice. They were voters. They could appreciate your problem.

Some, with a shake of their heads, said you could only lose steam by yammering about the other fellow being the son and not his father. With luck, they said, voters possibly would see through the camouflage. Some others shrugged their shoulders and said you had no choice. Come on strong, expose this bit of chicanery of the son trying to pass himself off to voters as his father. Otherwise, they said, you haven't got a prayer.

So you walk away, Burt Shifman, shaking your own head and thinking maybe you ought to write to Ann Lenders. Sure, you'd rather tell voters about yourself and let it go at that. You know, honor grad at school, juvenile court referee, admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court, school board trustee and PTA work, municipal judge. Just ignore that other fellow with the name. And you're tempted.

After all, this has been the formula other candidates followed with success — but then, what other candidate has your problem?

So you go home. Your wife, Sue, gives you that sympathetic look of hers, and says, "Honey, if the voters only knew you like I know you, you'd win in a landslide in spite of what's-his-name's name."

Great! Now you know why you married the gal and why she does her best in the kitchen.

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You stoke up your pipe and your dog comes over, tail-wagging. His ears perk up because now you're muttering to yourself; so he snarls and is willing to go bite that other fellow where it might do some good.

You settle down and think about how the road to Probate Judge is one-way. Voters must elect you over that other fellow with the "name." For the umpteenth time you study the primary returns. That other fellow swamped you because — and only because — of his name.

You've got to believe that voters were dazzled and confused in seeing that "name" on the ballot. You remember his campaign signs that sprouted on fences, poles and trees across the county. The last name was in big, big letters; the first and middle names in small print. When you drove by fast, all you caught was the last name; it sort of sticks with you. Clever.

And what about that middle name "Arthur." Same as his Dad's first. Why until this campaign the boy wasn't known to use it, not even in signing checks. So you've got to believe it was a shrewd, cunning move; calculated to cut voters right out of their socks. Make the voters think it's the old man who's running again. Smart.

And you try to understand why the son wants to cling to his pappy's coat tails, instead of standing on his own two feet. You ask, wouldn't it be better for the boy's own sake to work his way up the ladder, rung by rung? Does he want to go through life known as, "Why you're the son of so-and-so."

Besides what guarantee do voters have that the boy is a "chip off the old block?"

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Yes, Judge Burt Shifman, you know that to correctly administer Probate Court, the Judge needs to have lived through the hard times, the heartbreaks, the everyday ordeals that once faced you as a struggling young lawyer. And that a candidate ought to be able to offer voters — the public he serves — more than the "name" you're born with, and law school just 5 years behind you.

You've got to believe, Burt Shifman, that the job of Probate Court Judge is too important to entrust to someone unqualified. You know just how important it is. "You know it's the court that 'serves from cradle to grave.' You know it's the court where a father's love can be twisted into heartbreak for his survivors; where a man's worldly possessions may not go to those for whom he intended, where a youngster in trouble with the law may have his whole life changed by a judicial decision; where a poor soul in need of mental treatment may be helped or turned away; and where a potential murderer may be turned loose on society."

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You know how vitally important it is — in the case of Probate Judge — not to send a boy to do a man's job. Yet even taking issue with what's-his-name's name, you're far from a shoe-in. Why your own name, Shifman, is farther down the alphabet than his. As a certain columnist might say, "Holy Toledo, you're really the underdog's underdog." You know the reason for that, too — voters are enamored with the father image. After all, the Oakland County Bar Association rated you "most qualified."

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Okay, Burt Shifman, you're nodding now. You've got the problem figured out, huh? You'll run the risk of getting voters peeved at you by clueing them in on this subterfuge.

Nothing's worth sacrificing your integrity, your sense of fair-play, you say. Good thinking! All right, Burt Shifman, you've told the voters about this fellow running against you. He is the son and not the father.

Now if you've done the right thing, Burt Shifman, you'll know it on election day. You'll know it when they count the votes.

DON'T VOTE FOR A "NAME" CANDIDATE WHO IS REALLY SOMEONE ELSE...

don't waste your time on a phantom!

RATED "MOST QUALIFIED" ... ELECT JUDGE

☒ **Burton R. Shifman**
AS **YOUR** PROBATE JUDGE
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th

(Paid Political Adv.)



MRS. RICHARD SCOTT (left) was hostess at her home on Forestbrook Friday evening for three/Republican party leaders. Those who attended were (left to right) Raymond Baker, Mrs. Marge Griffin, wife of Sen. Robert Griffin, and Eugene Moore, candidate for Oakland County Probate Court. The GOP is holding informal coffees throughout the area to acquaint voters with candidates.

Sharon Bacon Married At Dearborn Ceremony

Saint Sabina Church, Dearborn Heights, was the scene of the recent wedding of Sharon Diane Bacon and Buel Lanier Trappnell Jr. Rev. Father Howard officiated at the double-ring ceremony, with the Rev. Robert Sawyer, of the First Presbyterian Church of Farmington, giving the blessing and prayer.

Parents of the bride couple are Mr. and Mrs. Bert W. Bacon, of Kendallwood Drive, Farmington, and Mr. and Mrs. Buel L. Trappnell of Redford Township.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a full skirted floor length gown of champagne silk taffeta with a bodice and long sleeves of Chantilly lace and seed pearls. Tiers of lace trimmed the front of the skirt. Her court train of champagne silk taffeta hanging from the shoulders was also trimmed with Chantilly lace.

Her double crown of seed pearls and rhinestones was held by an elbow length veil of illusion. The bridal bouquet was of cascading white roses, yellow sweethearts, roses and ivy.

The bride attendants wore empire styled gowns with floor length sheath skirts in mint-green, with short sleeves tops of mint-green were of green maine velvet, centered over the forehead with a green and beige rose, and

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