

The Birmingham Post-Herald

PART TWO

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TOWNS TO PAY FOR PRISONERS

New Ruling Does Not Affect Birmingham Because Of Local Jail

Birmingham is not affected by the new ruling relative to charges for prisoners housed in the Oakland County jail, it is pointed out today.

The village accommodates its own prisoners, with the exception of those arrested under state acts. There no charge is made. President H. T. Ellerby pointed out. Prisoners arrested under state law are taken to the county jail in Pontiac.

A resolution was adopted Friday afternoon by county supervisors effecting a charge of 25 cents for each registration and 25 cents for each meal served a prisoner arrested for the violation of a city or village ordinance and held at the county jail. The cities and villages would be forced to pay the fees.

The resolution was presented by Supervisors Washington E. Irish and Joseph Long, members of a committee named to investigate the situation. Supervisors F. G. Ely and Goodloe H. Rogers, also members of the committee, protested that they were not consulted.

The measure was passed by a vote of 29 to 6 following a heated battle on the part of the Pontiac city supervisors.

According to the complaint made by Supervisor Irish, the city gets the fees collected from prisoners, but pays the county nothing for the maintenance of these same prisoners at the county jail.

CATTLE TO GET EXAMINATIONS

All cattle brought into Oakland County will be tested for tuberculosis, according to a resolution passed by the Oakland County board of supervisors. The order goes into effect immediately. A man is to be hired to inspect cattle as they enter. The state today is completing an examination of the cattle here with the idea of weeding out all infected with tuberculosis.

Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM
By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

MY TOP SERGEANT HAS JUST BROUGHT ME DATA on the efficacy of debates. I know he did not take the trouble to gather these data, and that he merely settled in a corner somewhere and made it up. However, from his information I drag on the soap box and assert that debates, outside of the walls of the red school house, are as useless as the combination cigar clipper and lighter I received from the corner grocer at Christmas.

The audience is divided into three classes. Those lined up on one or another side of the question—and heaven knows there is no budding—from the opinion held before the starting gun was fired—and those who came because one of the participants has curly hair.

In Pontiac last week a clergyman advanced the premise there is a God. A "Man From Toledo" took the opposite view. They clashed in a very gentlemanly public debate.

But what did it mean? I venture not one member of the audience left the hall changed one iota in his way of thinking. If the House were divided against itself at the start of the debate, it was similarly divided at the conclusion, when both men reached somewhat weakly for the water pitcher and tried to get themselves to sympathize with the other's point of view.

I usually associate Clarence Darrow with debates, for his life consists of one long and uninterrupted one. Yet, when he goes in for this sort of thing formally, when, for instance, he meets the eminent James Schermerhorn on the platform to decide whether prohibition is good, bad or indifferent, the outcome is a sordid thing indeed. The trouble is the men are as far apart as two persons possibly can be. They never will understand one another and the debate merely serves to intensify the confusion. And the same is true of their congregations, banded together into two rival camps, each eyeing the other with that Machiavellian glint.

ON A PAR WITH THE STRONG ARM CAPPERS WHO SEEK to induce persons in the streets of Detroit to board their buses for St. Louis and various other remote places, is the salesman who attacked me the other evening as I was about to have a belated dinner. He wanted me to purchase, right there and then, an automobile. He intruded upon the privacy of the table, riding a great wave of enthusiasm, and attempted to high pressure me into the purchase. Of course, the bad manners of this man merely entrenched me further in my inclination neither to own nor drive an automobile. Instead of devoting the evenings of summer to a drive in the country, I shall merely think up answers for persons with such a quantity of enthusiasm.

STRANGE, WHAT A FEW YEARS DO TO A PERSON. NOT so long ago at Ann Arbor, a statement along the lines of this, which will follow soon or late, depending upon my verbosity, would cause me to pound furiously on the restaurant table, tip over the water glass in the excitement of refutation, and end by stopping from the

place, hat pulled down and thoroughly forgetful of the bill for toast, ed rolls and coffee.

But today, on receipt of it (incidentally from a student at "Michigan") I have no reaction whatsoever. I tossed it across the desk to Commandant Williams of the Interpretation Department. Her complete report follows:

"I see what he is getting at. But he is illogical. However, the analogies give it—whee—a good local angle, so why not run it. Why, alas, not? Its author spent some hairpulling hours arriving at his conclusion. Walking across the campus, he probably passed several friends without seeing or speaking to them, so engrossed in his ideas in words. But artists do not make their creations in that way. Consciously they select and make analogies in the same way—through associations—that you and I, in our matter of fact way, are making from day to day.

HONEYMOONS and COAL MINES. . . THE COPPER colored sun in the ANCIENT MARINER. . . no bigger than the MOON. . . But the process while an integral part of literature making may be found entirely outside of literature. Let us look at our stimulating five words again. HONEY, MOONS and COAL mines. . . Honey. . . Ivan Parks sells honey. . . Parks COAL Co. . . And I venture to say that many readers seeing these fragments interspersed with dots immediately associate them with GLIMPSES.

"But selection implies judgment. And in art what is the judgment to be of? In other words, what is the purpose of selection? Selection in art, I take it, is to form patterns. . . And now Amy Lowell asks us 'what are patterns for?' Again I present for your consideration another hypothesis: that in literature patterns are for the purpose of interpreting philosophy in music are for the purpose of interpreting philosophy in philosophy is. That, I reply rather dogmatically, is literature."

More About The Trip

AS MURL DeFOE SAW IONIA, JACKSON

By MURL H. De FOE
Editor Charlotte (Mich.) Republic
Geo. Tribune (73) and
George R. Averill (much younger)
are thinking newspaper men.
They have opinions and state them

with clarity and emphasis. Mr. McMullen sets his editorial paragraphs at the case. He doesn't bother with manuscript, and thought is transferred directly to the usual routine between copy and publication omitted. Stepping up to his case a month or so ago Mr. McMullen made his type say in that issue of the Linden Leader that Michigan prisons are at attractive in their accommodations, that life behind the walls is not severe enough to keep men away. Repeaters should be lashed (Mr. McMullen gets that idea from Canada) at stated intervals, depending of course on the nature of the offense, terms served, prison record, etc. Late Saturday afternoon Mr. McMullen drove away from Jackson prison in Mr. Averill's big Packard for home, after two days of intense study and inspection of Michigan prisons at Ionia and Jackson. No man ever had a better view of prisons. At both plants he was personally escorted by the wardens (Shean at Ionia and Jackson at Jackson). He was free to do as he pleased; he talked with men in punishment at both plants, and took them in his own way as to their crimes, experiences, etc. He saw, and when he desired visited with the prisoners best known to newspaper readers like, for example, Shivers, the oldest inmate, was son; R. Irving Latimer, Fred Palm, Rich, Jimmy Deacons, sent to Jackson a couple of years ago for the brutal murder of a Sheriff (and school teacher). He was a lunch guest at both plants where he had a chance to compare his observations with additional questions. The writer visited the Linden veteran to see if the performers were Norman C. Orr, newly elected prosecutor of Oakland County, and the editor of the Republican-Tribune. At Ionia, Editor Fred D. Keister of the Ionia County News, was a guest and Editor V. J. Brown of the present legislature, joined the party Saturday morning for the Jackson survey. The writer will not attempt in this article to agree or disagree with the respective positions of his editorial colleagues but will confine his report to items of interest, reserving the right to make possible comment after Republican-Tribune readers have had a chance to study through the two reports which will be carried in full in early issues of this paper.

Mr. Orr, the new prosecutor of Oakland County with a present population of perhaps 200,000 and steadily growing, is a young man. He took up the study of law after he married. He is a student of things; he made this trip to see prison conditions for himself. He declares Ionia, instead of being a reformatory system, according to his viewpoint, where 180 men and boys, mostly boys, are quarantined in a single room, is a nuisance to every agency having to do with the mental and moral improvement of the inmate. He told Mr. Holsapple of the Anti-Saloon League last fall that he recognized no power above the people of Oakland County and declined to answer his meaningless and impertinent questionnaires. Orr has courage and ability and a found sense of public responsibility and should go a long way in his chosen profession.

Alden Putnam, the inventor of the balloon tire, was a neighborhood boy of the Orrs. The supreme court of the United States recently awarded Putnam four and a half million dollars damages on his infringement rights, which only marks the beginning of his income from this invention.

Ira Cotton, who presides over the main gate at Ionia to the prison, is on proper, wears six service stripes, representing a total of thirty years. Next fall he will have completed a total of thirty-five years and will get another stripe, but not the kind recommended by Mr. McMullen. E. H. Haight is the Ionia deputy with a record of thirty-four years, six years as deputy which covers the regime of Warden Shean, who was transferred from Jackson, where he was deputy warden, Dec. 15, 1922. Shean is a former Kalamazoo County sheriff and was succeeded in electing the sheriff, Donald Smith, the Olive Hill College boy who is doing a stretch for arson, is the warden's chauffeur. There is a well grounded rumor that Smith is about to be named and will enter Chicago University. There is a well grounded rumor that McPeck has advised the proper authorities that he is not opposed to such a program.

There are only 84 regular cells and 24 punishment cells at Ionia but seven dormitories that provide for 180 men each. Only two guards are used over each dormitory. There are eight lifts at Ionia, one sent there directly through the other seven have been transferred to this prison. The oldest prisoner is 81 and the youngest is 15. Eaton County, according to the September report, had 14 prisoners at Ionia. The following table, showing the population at this prison might have some interest:

September, 1928	1643
September, 1927	1527

(Concluded on Page 5, Part 2)

Pausing for Inventory

This week there is a lapse in our usual activity for the taking of inventory. Inventory to the customer often times means a mere check-up on our stocks, an endless counting and measuring. But to us it is a pause to prepare for a greater service to Birmingham residents. There will be new spring lines with a larger selection than we have ever been able to offer heretofore, and increased business activity that will result in a more complete service in every department.

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