

## Marion Murray

by Harry Zirkelbach 12-22-2017  
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My name is Marion Murray.

In my home town of Bad Axe, Michigan every one knew my name. Moving the forty miles to Detroit after High School, I entered this different world, where in two city blocks there might be as many as in all of my home town.

Applying for employment led me to a Secretary position at the Catholic Chancery of Detroit. I liked the friendship found here. Even after marrying, years later I remained there until the first child.

I liked my name. It was unique in school and in the circle surrounding me for years.

Then suddenly I learned I was not alone.

It began in the onset of my second year in Detroit, 1943.

When I began working, I opened a checking account at the nearest bank. Thereafter, cashiers there were always pleasant, and in no time, most called me by my name whenever I appeared to deposit or withdraw from my small account.

Then that day at work when I had a call from the bank, talking to a name new to me, telling me in a business manner, that my account was overdrawn, and a number of fees were being charged. Corrective payment was demanded immediately, almost in excess of my normal bi-monthly deposit. That "voice" didn't know me from Adam or Eve, nor that I was a block from the bank.

Obtaining permission I was excused to make the short trip to talk to the people who knew me by name and faithfulness.

Again I was treated as a friend. And further, these friendly words led to a confirmation that there was a discrepancy. That smiling Manager revealed it would take a hour to research in another department. I was requested to return after lunch for further information.

This visit I was ushered into the Office of a Vice President and told the Bank had erred. There would be nothing for me to worry about. I should return the next day while they delved into the source of their mischief.

That next day the same Officer of the Bank presented me with a Gold covered Bank Book with three color checks, my name embolden in a fourth color.

Then the explanation. There were four accounts in this bank under the name Marion Murray. The other three, unlike me, were all male. That in the backroom where the deposits were handled, shoddy work had irregularly credited another Marion with one of my deposit, unfortunately irregularly, but too often. Not only that, but these deposits had been credited into two of the other "Marion" Accounts. My modest expenses had protected me for two months before the overdrafts were discovered.

Further, I was given a credit greater than monthly deposits,; assurance that it was unlikely this would recur, ever. That my methodical records had helped them discover a flaw in their routine handling of deposits, thus the bonus. That the fault was their system.



Back at the Chancery I was complemented on my industry in fixing my problem. Only one Priest commented that I had been given this super treatment, not because of my industry, attentiveness, pretty smiling face, but because the Senior Officer saw that my checks all came from their largest depositor,  
The Arch-Diocese of Detroit.

So much for being Marion Murray from Bad Axe Michigan,  
of the cheerful smiling honest face,  
where now in my bank too,  
everyone knew my name.