Ferry Trip

THE engine of the ferry boats beat like a giant's heart through the floor of the passenger cabin. On the bench seats, facing forward, humanity talked, slept, read newspapers, stared with stony faces. For the time wealth and poverty, good and evil, rode

Chance had placed Mr. Bartley Haddon, general manager of the Tiderock Lumber Company, beside the family of a Finn laborer for the ferry trip. A gambling shark and a deacon touched elbows. A forester whose domain was 70,000 acres of big timber and a bulb-grower who worked a town-lot garden were in botanical

Down in the murk of the freight deck three men of a kind were perched on a packing case, their heads bunched in muttering, mouth-corner talk. They were unpleasant people. Luger Licavoli and Teredo Mike were tidewater men who lived mainly by smugging booze from freighters that called at Tiderock for lumber cargoes. Slip Gallary was their most exalted patron.

popular hot spot in Seattle.

"Okay, it's a setup," stated Galtake him there. If that seven and he rushes, you trail him. Then it's a stickup in the freight shed ambitions and no despairs. So counter. His gaze drifted to a long as Cora could dance and sing crumpled newspaper. or on the ramp to the street.

"Anyhow it's a bingay—plenty world as she knew it.

when ship captains unload cash on manager had a bug about fighting. on the doll, and this is it."

about a factory kid." feet and a canary in her throat. Slip Gallary.

Licavoli cynically. "But I'll play. How about it, Mike?" The Teredo said. "Unk," in agreement, and fondled a well-worn blackjack with his hairy worn blackjack with his hairy ty say. "But that's how the old show the old

THE wake of the ferry was a looking at you like he was coming plumed fan of white water over." opening toward a wooded island. The island firs were black against the red-and-gold blaze of a summer sunset on Puget Sound. A beat it, Marty."

Cora Harney sighed, "Don't it this, just us, and that sunset to see

twisted from Marty McCune's got a gift, and here's a chance to room. . . . hard young mouth with bitter in- use it." "All I can think about is the flop I'll have in a two-bit joint tonight, and the dogfight tomor-"But this," she protested,

"should help you to forget-" "Not a chance," he cut in roughly. "Not me any more. It's all a gyp-sunsets and moonlight, flowers and songs, the movies and the stories. All they do is dope And to Marty, "Fella, do you folks like you and me silly, and mind?" "You haven't talked that way before, Marty."

you. But when we both lost our Bartley Haddon observed him. jobs today my eyes were jolted fore we were in the shack, with hungry babies on our hands."

not a hard man, but he regarded Menace flickered coldly in Galhimself as the moral trustee of his lary's gaze. "If you get in a jam

"Gee, Marty—we gotta live," employes, and he would not tolershe said miserably. "And even a ate any semblance of viciousness wouldn't forget that, baby." shack can be a home, when two people love each other."

wouldn't forget that, baby."

yeggs foul. We'll never Still in that sick daze, Cora one incident he had judged Marty hardly noticed. He laughed jeeringly. "There McCune as a boozing rowdy. Fir- She watched the first pale gleam see if we don't," Cora said hap-were seven in my family, and ing the man was one of the first of a star in the twilight sky and pily.

Elmer Barnes \$33.49; Fred Danzer \$49.87; John Watkins \$9.57; Elmer Racine \$55-.82; Bud Hines \$12.76; Bill Messenger

82; Bud Hines \$12.76; Bill Messenger \$19.14; John Wilson \$51.04; Frank Duyck \$65.39; Tony Kemper \$65.39; R Nelson \$40.40; H Wahn \$22.33; H Spreitzer \$3.19;; Ben Lyda \$25.52; H Spreitzer \$54.23; H Wahl \$23.92; Ben Lyda \$47. Sepreitzer \$4.78; Herman Holznagel \$15; E W Keim \$25.52; A L Edwards \$28.71; A Kemper \$0.38; Frank Duyck \$9.57; Peter \$62.63; H McDaniel \$55.82; A



Three men were perched on a packing case, their heads bunched in muttering, mouthcorner talk.

the galley boy.

you mean, champ?"

"D' mensh'n it."

not listen much. He was sudden-

told him about hearing Mr. Had-

threats she was still unmoved.

"No-I just can't, Slip."

The girl was silent, looking at | Two boys and the mother of the him with eyes of hurt wonder. Finn family got up and crowded ost exalted patron.

Marty McCune was six feet of viover Mr. Haddon's polished shoes.

Slip had owned a rumboat back tal young manhood in dismal The father remained, stiffly holdin the golden dry days, he had a work clothes. His dark eyes were ing a baby in his huge arms. Mr Federal prison term to his credit, as clear, his dark-brown, lean face Haddon ignored a trodden corn in and at present he was the propri- as unlined as a boy's. A bleak a glow of approval. These were etor of the Rainbow Gardens, a mask of hopelessness made him working people who warmed his heart. Steady, sober, settled fam-

They had met three weeks ago ily folk who knew their duty and you hook up by the after door of the cabin. If Haddon squats till and slim, with a figure and face THE lunch-room was forward, and slim, with a figure and face the mob is out, like usual, you of delicate loveliness, and her There Marty McCune perched blue eyes were unclouded by the himself on a squeaky stool and grand on him makes him leery hardness of her life. She had no spread mackinawed elbows on the Marty, no!" she wanted little more from the

dark spots, no cop at the dock, a waterfront getaway. Don't thank McCune. He was a log-rafter by me-glad to do a coupla pals a trade, a rebel by temperament and a fighter by instinct. And Cora voli las' night in the Pogey. Boy. of it."

"On'y two things," muttered Liwanted him, without question. you gotta sweet lef' hook, you cavoli, through broken teeth. with all the force that was in her. could fight for money, an' w'y maybe Haddon ain't packing the For a week she had lived the rodoncha? Say, Luger is aboard, dough, and you don't do free mance of story and song. Then, with Teredo Mike. I spotted 'em gan to shine over black water. last night. A waterfront brawl, hidin' out in the freight room. "This Harney doll heard Had- and Marty jailed. And today, by Would they be layin' for you, don inform his cashier he was Mr. Haddon's personal order, champ' taking a wad over this trip. He's Marty had been fired and forced done the same plenty other times to leave Tiderock. The general kid."

him in a payoff for cargo. For the Just before quitting time this other thing, I wanna get a hook afternoon Cora had left her place at the sorting table, to go to Mr. "Funny, you getting so hot Haddon's office and make a plea ly remembering what Cora had for Marty. The net result was her 'Not so funny. I'm in the show own discharge, and the accidental don and the cashier in an argubusiness, and she's got class, once pickup of an item of information ment. The G. M. was taking a it's tricked out. Feathers in her that had strangely interested Mr. bunch of money to Seattle, and

In three months I'll make Cora | And now she and Marty seemed Harney the star of the Rainbow to be taking their last trip to- had the same information-Gardens. Right now she don't see gether. A ferry trip. At the dock it. But she will, fella, she will." | gether. A ferry trip. At the dock into the lunchroom and took stools "Just a big-hearted prince do-ing things for Cinderella." said of a lifetime together. beside him. One began to beg for a piece of cake.

SHE saw the sunset through a

life is. Always a gyp for the likes "Cake for the kids," Marty said shut and crowded back against of us. Slip Gallary there. He's to the galley boy.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't." Cora thanks, and began to drink his gun first, to the deck. hastily dried her tears. "I've told coffee. He stared at his young

girl in a shabby coat and a man plump man in a green gabardine, in faded mackinaw, overalls, and beaver hat and pigskin gloves who beaver hat an and pigskin gloves who beaver hat an an analysis who beaver hat a "Why don't you take him up?" works." seem wonderful, Marty? Us like Marty twisted out the words, his eyes smoldering darkly. "I mean from the stool, and with a swing with the swing of his shoulders.

> "Oh, Marty," she breathed painfully, "You can't mean-"

won. You don't need to be a loser, and twilight threaded the churnso don't.' "But I want to be decent-"

"Another fake song." Slip Gallary stared down at them with a swarthy grin.
"Hi, sunbeam," he said to Cora.

when we wake up it's in a tide-flat shack, with kids, and no job." Marty got up, his face rock-like. Cora's numb, stricken gaze haunted him on through the passenger cabin, so that he stumbled "I know, kid. I was batty about blindly along the passage. Mr.

Mr. Haddon's eyes narrowed in open. I'm glad it happened be- a cold frown of distaste. He was I think you'll change your tune." one incident he had judged Marty hardly noticed Gallary's going. longshoreman's wages to acts of an iron policy formed to wished for some miracle of luck feed us. I never once had enough clean up the waterfront of the to break before the ferry trip was glowered down at her. "I mean, lumber port.

bert Wachner \$3.19; Bud Hines \$3.19 Walter Jarrell, \$4.78; John Bose, \$62.37 J C Rucker \$38.28; Albert Wachner, \$36

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over.

Then Marty was with her again,

ust as she had known he would be. His eyes burned through the weaving shadows.

"I thought you'd be with Gallary," he said. "What happened?"
"I told him I couldn't. And

He eyed her queerly for a moment, then glanced over a shoulder at the ladder to the lower deck. He said:

be at the dock. You'd better go inside, kid." "Okay, Marty, if you want to—"
"Not me," he said quickly, "I'll stick around here."

COME instinct warned her. She rose and faced him closely.

His gaze shifted and his mouth was a tight, stubborn line. The giant beat of the engine underfoot was very loud. The shadows thickened about them. The girl spoke again, with soft insistence. "I knew something would break, I felt it so. But it's got to break right, Marty. Please tell meplease."

He yielded sullenly. "It's a stickup. Luger Licavoli and Teredo Mike are hiding out below. They're going to slug Haddon somewhere on his way between the dock and the waterfront street. I figure to be in on the payoff. So what?"

"Why not?" he said fiercely. you'll be in a jam anyhow. I'm set, kid. You can't talk me out

"Maybe. Thanks for the tip, quiet. Two figures moved over the The boy chattered on as he pulled a cup of coffee. Marty did dark deck.

> THE ferry's whistle boomed. The pounding of the engine ceased and the boat drifted for the dock ights with the flood tide.

the cashier had tried to talk him out of it. If Luger and Teredo "You don't have some cake," the

at the mother's half-resentful ting that Licavoli would come out,

him it's no use, and it's not. Let's hands, already knotty from hard ing, strained and shook into quiet. labor, he thought of Cora des- The floor of a dock loomed just He stared somberly at the perately, and wondered what it above the stern rail. The stickup had clicked in perfect time. And

Marty lunged, his hands out like hooks for the black shape of the He set down the empty cup, slid automatic. They closed, and jerked -nothing else seems to matter." it. You're going home, and your of his shoulders, he went grimly on toward the murk of the freight weapon in his grip. Then Cora

THE island rim of the sunset lifeboat, and in the instant Teredo Mike charged with his blackjack. "Play the game the way it's ebbed westward on the tidewater Marty went down.

> lary glowered balefuly over the feeling Cora close to him. rail as he lit a cigar. He had just "'S'all right. No luck for the likes

> "Think it over, baby, and think But Cora Harney had seen a star, and she was following its Cora still felt too numb and sick light to the last gleam. She told about Marty to think. She had Mr. Haddon everything, when the instinctivey repelled Gallary's manager had recovered sufficientpleas, and when they turned to ly to hear her, leaving out only Marty's real purpose in attacking "No," she repeated tonelessly. Licavoli. And Mr. Haddon said:

> > -I'll take care of you."

"We'll have what we want, you

by James Stevens

that's it. I just can't, Marty."

"It's getting cold, and we'll soon

"Marty, something has hap-ened. What is it, Marty?"

"No!" The cry was as unthinking, as instinctive as her refusal to Gallary had been. Her hands clutched McCune's arm. "No,

"Listen, kid. You chattered too much to Gallary, and that was the "What'll it be, champ?" chirped tipoff about Haddon packing all "A slug of Java, and whadda that money. If we warn Haddon now, and the cops are called. "I seen you lay out Luger Lica-

> And she could not, as the ferry beat on and the harbor lights be-Cora did not have the words.

Then, as footsteps sounded on the deck ladder, Marty gripped her arm and drew her into the shadows of a lifeboat at the far rail. They crouched there, in tense

Observing that the last of the crowd was passing through the forward door, Mr. Haddon stooped over for his bag and briefcase. He started, as a man slipped into the seat beside him. Then he was frozen by a glimpse of the black snout of an automatic pistol jutting at the lower button of his

woman snapped irritably. "No money for cake. You split a ham-

screamed. He turned, swearing, toward the

"JAIL for us, kid," he muttered. ing wake of the ferry. Slip Gal-

"Of course you may come back "Okay, sunbeam," he said at to your jobs. last. "If that's how you feel. But hasty and-uh-inconsiderate. I'll

"Wasn't he big-hearted?" Marty himself as the moral trustee of his lary's gaze. "If you get in a jam growled, as he walked up the ferry yeggs foul. We'll never get an-

good," he said.

CLAIMS ALLOWED FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1937

R. & H.—Halvorson Motor Co \$1.14; Concrete Pipe Co \$87.30; Washington County News-Times \$14.60; Hilbston Lumber Co \$14.17; J W Connell Sheriff (Tax Refund-Re C E Blaser) \$3.26; J W Barney Co Engineer \$5.40; Southern Pacific Co \$343.39; L L MacIntyre \$20.96; Louis Lomax \$24.41; H P Barrows \$149.69; L] & H Berger \$22.33; J H Berger \$21.41; A D Drier \$117.54; F A Smith Say C B Hensley \$116.74; J N Person \$57.41; A O Kraus \$50.83; L C B Hensley \$19.50; D C Crunican \$112.76; Pete Krautschiedt \$191.14; N Person \$57.41; A O Kraus \$50.83; L C B Hensley \$19.50; D C Crunican \$12.76; Pete Krautschiedt \$191.14; J W Barney \$219.99; R N Torbet \$110; L Berger \$22.32; J H Berger \$22.33; J H Berger \$22.52; C B Hensley \$16.75; Cande Keys \$16.75; J E Mitzel \$98.85; Chas Austin \$12.90; Peterson \$25.52; Pete Krautschiedt \$191.14; J H Berger \$29.94; John Witzel \$26.60; C And Sultin \$19.90; John West \$10.75; J E Mitzel \$98.85; Chas Austin \$19.90; John West \$10.75; J E Mitzel \$98.85; Chas Austin \$12.90; R Wills \$37.90; K Mills \$37.90; K

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Wm Emmerson witness Justice Crt State v Strickler \$1; F J Sewell inquest fee Jessie Ogg dec'd \$6.20; F J Sewell inquest fee Jessie dec'd \$6; F J Sewell inquest fee Hans J Halverson dec'd \$5; F J Sewell inquest fee Peter Geisber dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Peter Geisber dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.35; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.35; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.35; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.35; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.35; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.55; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.55; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.55; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$19.55; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$25; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Byron Baker dec'd \$6; F J Sewell by dog dog dog lie Fd \$5; Conrad Algesheimer damages 2 sheep killed by dogs dog lie Fd \$10.50; Horone \$3.50; Dr. Horone \$3.50; Dr. Horone \$3.

tee Michael Reeves dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee Charles Frederick Newman dec'd \$6; F J Sewell coroner inquest fee August Burnett dec'd \$9.80;Rufus C Holman State Treasurer State of Oregon Mother's Pension Exp \$408.03; blind assistance \$80.85; old age assistance \$1,859-68; \$2,348.56; J W Connell Sheriff tax refund General Fd (Re C E Blaser) \$8.42; \$6.40; Mrs. Hilda Daufel \$2; Chester J W Connell Sheriff tax refund School Sheriff tax refund Schoo J W Connell Sheriff tax refund School
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clerk Co Court \$65; L A Long bailiff Circ
Crt \$55; James Peppard bailiff grand jury
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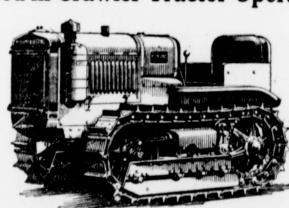
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