

May 18, 1935

Frank the Horse
Snug Harbor
Ore Push

It was raining.

The harbor was full of ^{broken,} rotten ice, bobbing
and bouncing ~~as dirty as~~ a horde of dirty,
cackling gulls. The twenty-one hatches ore carrier,
Faconite, lay low in the water, ^{obscenely} caressing
the wet timbers of the docks.

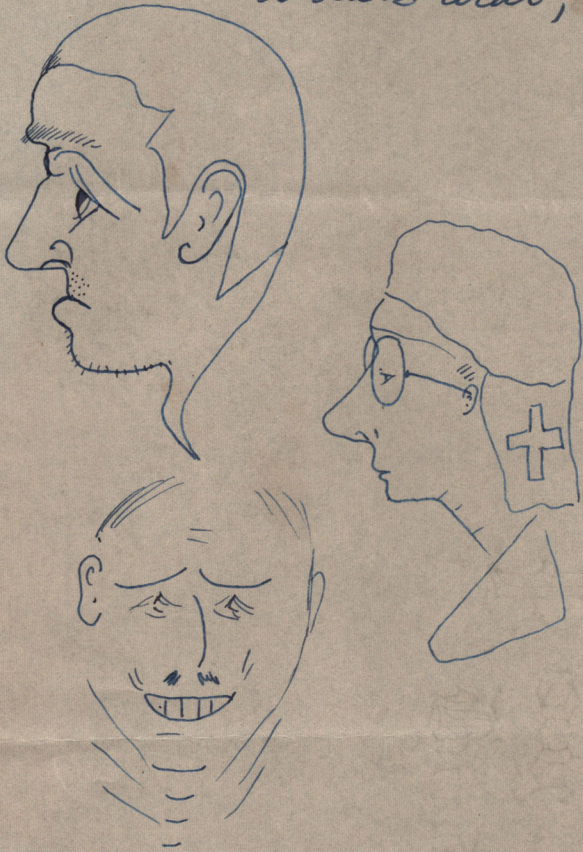
I climbed the ladder and went fore
~~and down~~ to the engine room. Met the engineer on the
iron stairs

"Job." Coal passer," I said.

"Union?" he asked.

My name is Frank, kid. They call me
Frank the Force. Been firing the hoes for
thirty-eight years. Now they give me a new coal passer...
But he had bright, tired eyes, like an old
actor, except that he wasn't an old actor, he
was an old fireman.

"What's that, kid?" he said, pointing.



Jacob