

## VIEW OF RECENT SNOW SQUALL AT WATERSIDE HARBOR



Whitman Bailey Dec.  
Winter Scene Waterside Harbor

A week or so ago old Waterside Harbor was visited by the Winter's snowstorm. Black coal pockets were piled high with sifting snow piles. Overhanging cranes were bedded white. Tall mast heads shined and glittered. A deserted boat was draped and festooned in silver lace. The guide ropes, moreover, had been transformed to light strings of magic pearl. In the inner harbor, cakes of ice crack-

ed into curious shapes jostled each other with the rise and fall of tide, and the crescent shaped inlet took on the likeness of a huge wedding cake. Here many an upturned row-boat was held fast to the ice-bound shore. It was indeed a different place along these old Waterside docks from what one usually sees it. So much so that one was reminded of these famous lines from James Russell Lowell: "The stiff rails had been softened to swan's

down and still fluttered down the snow."

Over the whole scene there seemed to hang a wintry hush. Workmen hovered about here and there as if they walked soundlessly, on tip-toe; and there was no noise except for the sounds of crushing ice.

It is interesting to note in the writer's sketch above, the huge coal pocket in the foreground and also the sand and stone hopper belonging to the M. W. Flemming Com-

pany. The Genovese Coal Company yard may likewise be seen, shining faintly in the distance. The distant stacks of what was the chocolate factory and is now a part of the Petroleum Heat and Power Company, also lend height and continuity to the whole scene.

Old Waterside Harbor is indeed a fascinating spot to visit at any season of the year, but it is at its best when its contrasts are heightened by the effect of snow.

Whitman Bailey