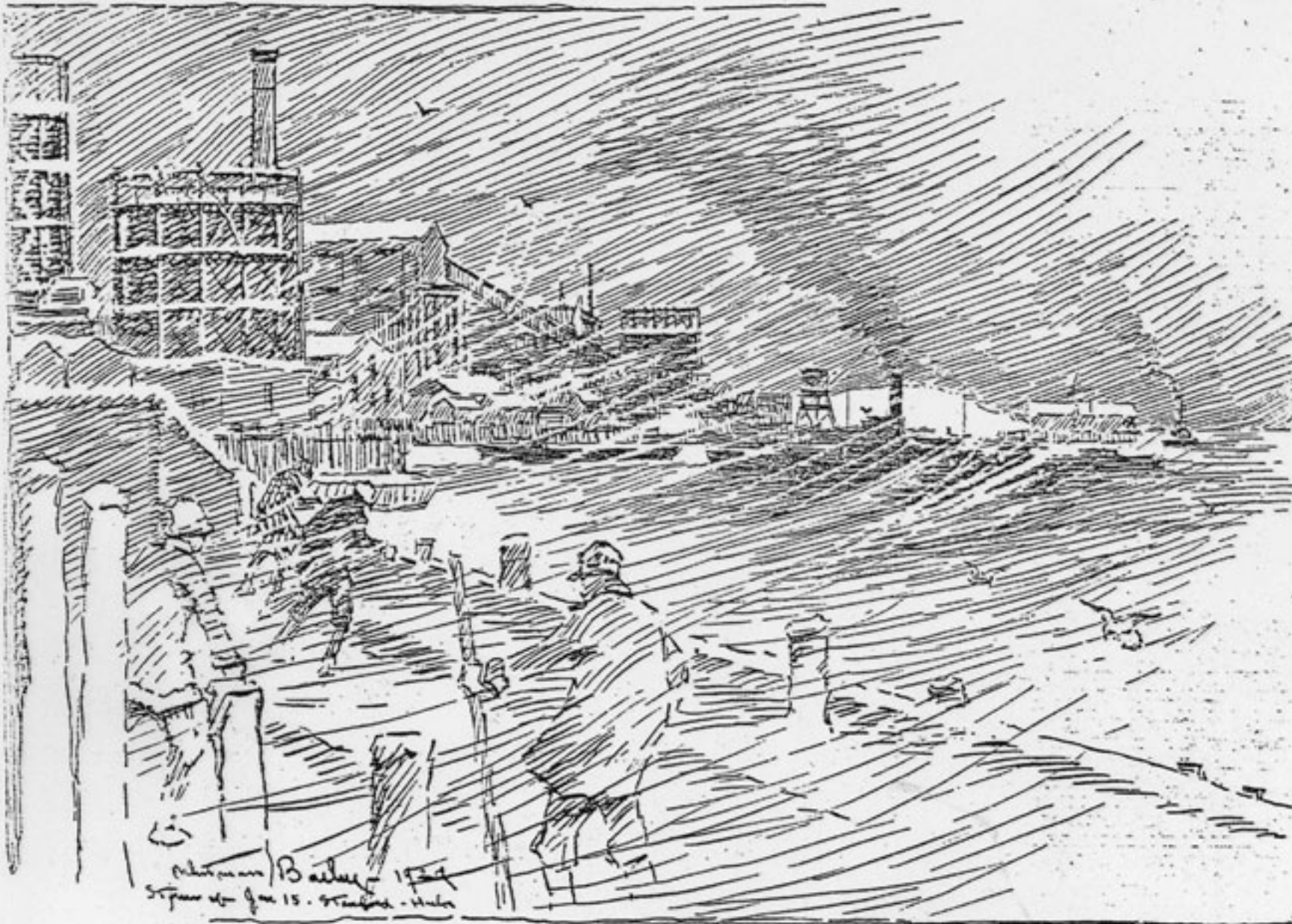


ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF SNOW STORM FROM WATERSIDE HARBOR Jan. 2



"And through the snowy mist there seemed to lie an unfamiliar city. Wrapped in the beauty of a Winter storm."

When we awoke on Tuesday morning, January the fifteenth, we found to our surprise the windows iced and a full-fledged snow storm in progress. Such fine flakes were falling so steadily that it gave every promise of being a real blizzard and one that would fully carry off the season's first introduction to Winter. Like most snow storms

it was fascinating to watch. Particularly at the harbor front where we were bound to catch a glimpse of Jack Frost in all his madness and fury.

Perhaps a walk along the docks from Waterside Harbor showed this wintery elf at his wild best. For here one could see the great tanks of the Stamford Gas and Electric Company looming across the harbor and appearing like huge Egyptian pyramids out of a misty sky. Across the snowy horizon, the coal shuttles swept, resembling the white

toboggan slides at some Winter carnival. A lonely tug butted through the waves as though it, too, was blinded by the sleet and was struggling against fate.

Before long, however, something told us that the storm would not last. Gradually the sky grew less sullen. The wind slackened. There was a milder feeling to the air that betokened that Jack Frost would soon calm down. He could never keep up this fury for long after visiting every corner and crevice with his long-stretched snowy arms.

At last the sun broke through clouds, and in a twinkling the whole scene was changed to fairyland.

A coiled rope nearby suddenly became a great pearl necklace, all the slender masts, rimed with glittering sleet, showed where agile Jack had climbed the rigging. In fact no master of art or poetry could hope to reproduce this scene which now lay before our eyes; with a silver brush, Jack Frost had painted a frozen world upon his silver canvass.

WHITMAN BAILEY