

Nineteen-Thirty-Two

Chill March . . . The evenings now are spent amid the warmth and companionship of the friendly hearth . . . Under its magnetic spell the memory weaves and reweaves its strange tales of love and life . . . Safe from the wintry blasts . . . The hazy clouds from the cooling briars lend a calming satisfaction to life and its problems. . . .

March

