

are left untouched. These we shall be better prepared to meet when we have crossed the river safely.

Here is outline only. There is no drawing. Enormous problems of

procedure and matters of detail are left out, yet purposely so, because the intention is limited. What the writer is prepared to defend is not a plan but *that way of thinking*.



A FARMER CAN DOUBLE HIS LIFE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE house a man comes home to in cold nights
Should have a fire in it, by good rights,
A woman, and a light. But men can learn,
When women die, to make the fire burn.

A farmer who brings the wind and frost inside
To the bitter place where fire has died
Manages somehow to take the place of wife
And starts his dead house back to light and life.

He has a little heat to start things going,
Inside himself. Now, out of the wind's blowing,
The warmth deep in the muscles of his hands,
Deep in his bones and mind and heart, expands.

He makes a small world in the empty one,
He leans and joins the licking flames that run
Along the kindling he heaps tenderly,
Small flame calls out small flame in sympathy.

It takes a good long time, but a man can double
His life like this, in silence and his trouble;
A man can conquer clay and tree and stone
And then at night bring a house to life alone.

Yet always he will dread that last defeat
When wind will come in with him, and no heat
His body has or fire will drive away
The final cold and silence come to stay.

► *The remarkable chief
of the Arab Legion:*

A SECOND LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT

IN Amman, the capital of Transjordan, the sightseer will sooner or later be brought to a rambling white building, surrounded by a high stone wall. In front of the gate stand armed guards — tall Arabs in flowing scarlet cloaks, white and red turbans on their heads. In their wide belts are elaborately carved daggers, over their shoulders modern carbines. They are the soldiers of the Arab Legion, one of the best trained and most efficient military formations in the world.

The square fronting the building is the noisiest part of the sun-baked city. Leaning against the walls, squatting on the hot ground or the steps, are dozens of uniformed Arabs and tattered Bedouins, encrusted with the sands of the surrounding deserts. They wait for hours to meet face to face the "Uncrowned King of the Desert," whom they have learned to love and esteem.

Outside of the cities and among the colonies of foreigners his real name is rarely mentioned. His official title, by decree of the Emir of Transjordan, is Glubb Pasha. His soldiers call him El Farik, commander-general of the Legion. The Bedouins, nomads moving from pasture to pasture with their flocks of sheep and camels, affectionately refer to him as "Father of the White Camel." Glubb himself does not know where this nickname stems from. He insists that he never rode a white camel. But he is proud of such names. The Arabs of the desert are not an overly affectionate people. They bestow nicknames only on those they truly admire. Colonel Glubb likes best, however, the sobriquet under which he is known to most of his friends and enemies, Abu Haneik, "Father of the Bad Jaw." It explains his present position and the greatest love of his life, the Arabian desert.

ALBERT A. BRANDT is a German professor who left his homeland when the Nazis took power. In World War I he received the Iron Cross, which he later repudiated as a protest against war. He has written extensively on international affairs for American publications.