128 ARGOSY

you this afternoon, at Port Washington."

David Lowe and Margett rode up town in a taxi with the slide in the top pulled back. For most of the time, until they were nearly to the hotel, they didn't speak. "You can go back to Crête à Moulin," he said suddenly. "With all that gold, you can make the place finer than before."

"No," Margett said. "I believe it should be left as it is. Crête à Moulin was only made for peace. When Ernst went away to war, the whole place changed. Now I'll wait, and go back there with you."

They had luncheon in their hotel room, high up over Central Park, with the city gray-brown and tremendous out beyond the windows. David Lowe packed his bags sitting on the edge of the bed, throwing in his shoes and suits at random. "I don't know," he said, "whether or not I can make a good job of saying goodbye to you. But this is better than Port Washington."

She took him in her arms again and held his head against her breast. "Oh, darling, darling," she said. "Brick promised to tell you, and I should have. I'm going on the Clipper to Europe with you. We'll face this war together, and when it's over and you're through writing about it, we'll come home."

"Home to peace," he said.

"Yes," she said. "To peace. The people like us, the people who really know, will make them end war."

#### THE END

### ananananananananan Greetings!

Charged with Christmas cheer and good will toward men, our authors have given us such a bountiful supply of fiction this week that there is no room for our old standby, Argonotes. But we couldn't let you get through the book without receiving the salute of the season from us. . . . A Merry Christmas to you!

-The Argonotes Editors

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## Looking Ahead

#### LOOT LIES DEEP

The Condor's sailing for the Spanish Main! She's southbound in search of sunken gold, carrying a select cargo of glamor girls and golden boys and heels—commanded by Captain Kidd the second. Beginning a mile-a-minute novel of Caribbean adventure, by

EUSTACE L. ADAMS

#### ALLAH SENDS A REAPER

The old hajji kept saying something that no one understood; men died because they could not understand it. A simple thing: yet the soundings one American had to take for its meaning were more turbulent than the Rea Sea wind; more stinging than the hot sands of Arabia. A complete short novel by

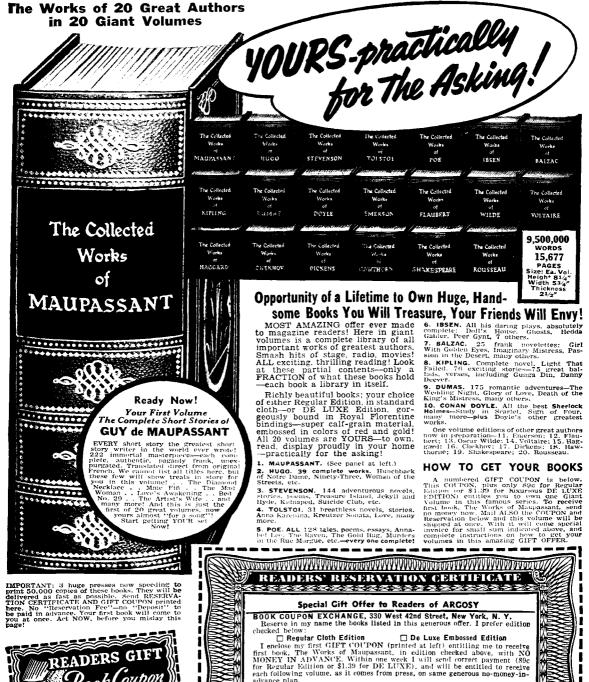
E. HOFFMAN PRICE

#### MEDALS FOR MADMEN

China—1939. Still a war there; still men marching against machine guns for their own good earth. But there are cowards and chiselers there, too—as everywhere else. Here's what a Yank flyer did about one of them. Novelet by LOUIS C. GOLDSMITH

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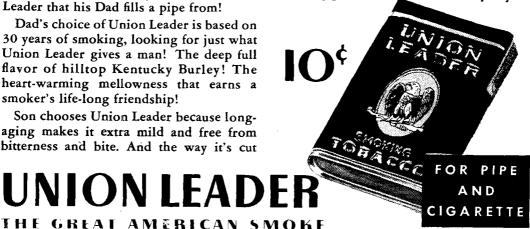


# The "Leader" both Dad and Son Cheer

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! You see it everywhere—a young fellow rolling cigarettes from the same big red tin of Union Leader that his Dad fills a pipe from!

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