

DR. WESCOTT SOLVES

The Case of
The Roman Coin

by Wilborne Harrell

A CHOWAN HERALD FICTION STORY



Dr. Wescott waggled the putting iron back and forth, on each forward swing gently caressing the ball that lay on the carpeted floor of his office. Across the room a waste paper basket lay overturned with its opening toward the doctor. The carpet was the green and the basket was the hole at which he was trying to shoot a "hole in one." Among his many idiosyncrasies Wescott was a golf bug. And I mean bug.

"One minute, Jimmy; let me make this one last shot and we'll go." Dr. Wescott, drew back the putter and gently smacked the ball—right into the basket. That was Dr. Wescott for you: called out on an important case—a homicide at that—and he has to play around with a golf ball.

Me, I'm just plain Jimmy McGuire, reporter extraordinary, if I do say so myself, and I don't go for golf. "Come on, Doc," I said. "Lieutenant Crosby will be ready to chew us up—you know he's a minuteman and doesn't like to be kept wait-

ing."

A few minutes later, with Dr. Wescott's golf clubs stowed in the back of his car, we were on our way. Our destination was the Apollo Arms Hotel where Lieutenant Crosby awaited us. It seems that Hiram Noble, the famed big game hunter and numismatic expert, got himself bumped off and Lieutenant Crosby, as always, had called in Dr. Wescott to solve his case for him—as he usually did.

"Jimmy," said Dr. Wescott, as he skidded around a corner on two wheels, causing my heart to jump into my throat, "this is a personal interest. Hiram Noble was a friend of mine."

I grabbed my hat, and yelled, "Take it easy, Doc—for pete's sake!"

I don't think Dr. Wescott even heard me, for he went right on talking—and driving like a maniac.

"Hiram Noble," went on Dr. Wescott as he careened around another corner, "was very much interested in detective work, and he and I had many long talks on criminology. He used to say—jokingly, of course—that if he were ever murdered he wanted me on the case, and if he had time before he died he would arrange a message for me that would give a clue to the murderer. He knew my bizarre methods and the kind of clue that might attract me. So, you see, Jimmy, I'm very much interested to see if Hiram Noble found time to leave a clue for me." With these words Dr. Wescott settled down to his driving.

We arrived at the Apollo Arms with screeching brakes. Dr. Wescott alighted and headed into the busy lobby with me right behind him. I was in his

wake like a tugboat following a rakish yacht. Dr. Mordecai Wescott was tall, handsome, with hawk-like features, topped by a shock of iron-gray hair. His eyes were a piercing blue and his lips were a straight line. His age was, well, somewhere between thirty and sixty. I never had the nerve to ask him his age.

He made a dashing figure as he strode across the lobby toward the elevators—with me at his heels, but not quite so dashing.

Arriving at Noble's apartment a plainclothesman, recognizing Dr. Wescott, let us in.

"It's about time you got here," Lieutenant Crosby, rolling a cigar in his mouth, greeted us as we entered. Although they were continually barking at one another, Wescott and Crosby were warm friends. "There he is, Mordecai," said Crosby, indicating the inert body of Noble as it slumped over a desk. "He was shot, and the medical examiner said he didn't die instantly. . . . He's just as the maid found him, a short while ago. We haven't disturbed him, waiting for you."

There were several men in the room, fingerprint men and photogs, busily at work. But they gave Dr. Wescott scant attention as he stepped up to the desk and looked steadily at the body of Hiram Noble, now rigid and still in death.

Hiram Noble's right arm was extended across the desk, and his fingers were partly closed over his palm. Dr. Wescott gazed long at the closed hand, then bent sharply down to examine it closer.

I knew that Wescott had seen something that Crosby had missed, and a premonition thrill ran down my spine. Was this the

clue that Hiram Noble had promised Wescott, if he (Noble) were ever murdered?

Dr. Wescott extended his hand and gently drew from the fast stiffening fingers of Noble a small, round object. I edged closer—it was a coin.

"What's that, Mordecai?" Crosby stood beside Wescott and eyed the small coin that now lay in Dr. Wescott's palm.

"This," said Dr. Wescott, "is a very valuable, ancient coin. It is a Roman coin and it contains, although faintly, an image of Caesar and one word that is still legible 'Caesar.'" He turned the coin over and studied it closely, and spoke the word "Caesar" softly to himself.

"Well, what do you think it means?" Crosby was getting impatient. He added, "Noble was one of those numismatic bugs. He probably had a lot of valuable coins around here, and that coin may indicate that robbery was the motive to the murder."

"No, I don't think so," Dr. Wescott said slowly and thoughtfully. "Crosby, I don't expect you to understand, and I haven't time to explain. . . . This coin is a message to me."

Lieutenant Crosby looked blank. "A message to you—"

"Yes," said Dr. Wescott. "Listen—I'll make it brief. Hiram Noble was married to a woman who hated him. Don't ask me why she hated him—I'm not quite certain. But I do know she hated him. Maybe she didn't know why herself." Dr. Wescott smiled a tight smile. "Does a woman have to have a reason to hate—or love—or to do anything?"

Dr. Wescott again eyed the coin in his hand. "She killed him, Crosby. This coin in my hand tells me so. Find her, and if you handle it right, you'll get a confession. . . . Come on, Jimmy." With these words Dr. Wescott turned toward the door, with me trailing him.

Behind us a flabbergasted Crosby, his mouth working like a fish out of water, sputtered, but no words came.

Dr. Wescott closed the door behind him and we headed for the elevator.

We were in the car and on our way, before I said anything. I had to; my mind was seething. What had the coin told Wescott? I had to know. I said as much to Dr. Wescott.

"Jimmy," he said. "Hiram Noble was a real friend of mine. He knew how my mind works, and he knew the kind of clue that would make sense to me, but would be meaningless to anyone else. Being a coin expert, he naturally had many coins upon his desk. And in that fleeting moment of time before death overtook him, his eyes rested on the one thing that revealed to me the identity of his murderer. And that, Jimmy, was the Roman coin—with the one word inscribed on it: 'Caesar.'"

Dr. Wescott paused a moment, and then continued, "Repeat the word, 'Caesar,' over several times to yourself, Jimmy. What

does it begin to sound like? Why, 'seize her,' of course. Seize whom? Hiram knew that I knew his wife hated him—enough, maybe, to murder him—so he knew I'd know he meant his wife."

Dr. Wescott glanced back at his golf clubs resting on the rear seat of the car. "Take me home, Jimmy," he said wearily. "I don't feel like golf today."

per cent of women of child-bearing age who suffer to some extent from premenstrual tension. To puzzled and resentful families and co-workers, a normally good-natured active woman seems to change overnight into an irritable shrew whose feelings are easily hurt, who flops around limply unable to get anything done, who gets depressed and jittery. The woman herself isn't exactly having a picnic either. She finds she's put on several pounds in weight (enough to shatter any woman), her head aches, she's tired, she doesn't want to go anywhere or do anything, her abdomen hurts, and her nerves feel raw. This uncomfortable state of affairs can last anywhere from two days to two weeks before she starts menstruating. Then it all goes away until the next time. Trouble is that most women don't realize there is something

specifically wrong with them, so they don't go to a doctor. If they did, they'd find that a good deal of the suffering could be prevented. Some of it is due to the unusual amount of water which gets stored up in the body. The doctor can prescribe medicine for that. He can also do something about the shreking nerves. And the patient's relief is matched only by that of the people around her.

A word of caution, though. No woman should decide for herself that she suffers from premenstrual tension and go shopping around in drug stores. Similar symptoms may be due to something else. Not only will the wrong medicine not do any good, but if something is taken that isn't needed, the effects can be very dangerous. A doctor's diagnosis, advice, and supervision are essential.

MASONIC NOTICE

A stated communication of John R. Paige Lodge No. 13, F. & A. M., will meet Tuesday evening of next week at 8 o'clock for work and regular business. All Master Masons are cordially invited to attend.

W. W. Baccus, Master
James Mount, Secretary

Well arranged time is the surest mark of a well arranged mind. — Isaac Pitman.

Don't Lag—Buy Olag



dentists say "wonderful" . . . best I've ever used" . . . best tooth paste on the market

Health For All

The Trouble With Women

Some women are a part-time pain in the neck. A few disgruntled males might claim that the rest are a pain in the neck all the time. But the men are talking about something else altogether.

We're referring to the fifty

TRY DRUG STORE FIRST

CAMERA SETS

\$10.95 - \$24.95

MOVIE CAMERAS

\$32.50 - \$124.50

PERFUMES

Chanel No. 5

My Sin

Arpege

HALLMARK CARDS

GIFT WRAPPINGS

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE

DRAW FOR GIFT ITEM

Sold In Edenton At

We Deliver

MITCHENER'S PHARMACY

Phone 3711

Carolina Securities Corporation

Charlotte - New York City

RALEIGH

D. M. Warren 206 W. Eden St. Edenton

ILLS BRING BIG BILLS?

Meet 'em now; repay later: Borrow here!

Peoples Bank & Trust Company

Consumer Credit Branch

210 South Broad Street

EDENTON, N. C.



Bellows Partners Choice

\$2.50 PINT

\$3.95 4/5 QUART

BELLOWS & COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY. • WHISKEY—A BLEND, 40% KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86-PROOF • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

FOR Reliable Home Heating

use **Esso** HEATING OIL

• AUTOMATIC delivery service

CALL 2319

Harrell Oil Co. West Water Street

Fresh SEAFOODS

— from the —

BROAD STREET FISH MARKET

— operated by —

Bill and Lawrence Corprew

We Carry The Best In Salt Water and Fresh Water Fish

— also —

FRESH ENGELHARD OYSTERS

SPECIAL ORDERS TAKEN FOR OYSTERS IN THE SHELL. DELIVERY EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY!

OPEN WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS

Edenton PEANUT FESTIVAL

SHOP AT

Cuthrell's Department Store

During Peanut Festival . . . Bargains In Every Department

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| ONE RACK Ladies' Skirts
Values to \$8.95 — Broken Sizes!
\$3.98 | Ladies' Nylon Hose
First Quality! Red Fox, Cinnamon and Cherry Pink. Sizes 8 1/2 to 11.
49c | Boys' Flannel Shirts
Large Selection Assorted Plaids. Sizes 7 to 16.
97c |
| Ladies' Coats
Entire stock of Fall Coats reduced for clearance!
Reg. \$39.50 NOW \$24.95
Reg. Price \$29.95 NOW \$16.95 \$19.95
Reg. Price \$22.50 NOW \$14.95 \$16.95 | Boys' Bib o' Alls
Sizes 12 to 18
\$1.00 | Ladies' Cotton Slips
Sizes 32 to 44
Eyelet Trim Panel Front.
88c |
| ONE RACK Ladies' Coats
Values to \$24.95!
\$5.00 and \$10.00 | Plastic Drapes
Solids and Florals
59c EACH
2 pairs \$1.00 | Boys' Sweat Shirts
Sizes 8 to 16 — White and Colors
97c |
| ONE RACK LADIES' KNIT Blouses and Sweaters
Values to \$5.95!
\$1.98 to \$3.98 | Sheet Blankets
Large Assortment
\$1.00 | Men's Sweat Shirts
White and Grey — Sizes 34 to 46
97c |
| ONE GROUP Ladies' Knit Dresses
Reduced to Cost | LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S Plastic Boots
All Sizes and Colors
\$1.98 | Boys' Car Coats
Sizes 2 to 7 — Completely Washable
\$5.95 |
| ONE GROUP Ladies' New Fall Dresses
Reduced to Cost | Boys' Sweaters
Solids and Plaids — Sizes 2 to 16
97c | ONE GROUP Ladies' Shoes
Reduced to Cost |
| GIRLS' BLACK AND WHITE Saddle Oxfords
Sizes 8 1/2 to 3.
\$1.98 | Boys' Black Oxfords
Sizes 3 to 6.
\$2.98 | CHILDREN'S Cotton Knit Panties
White and Assorted Colors
Sizes 2 to 14.
5 pairs \$1.00 |

\$10.00 In Merchandise Given at Drawing on Saturday, November 28