The CASE of Mrs. WINGATE

by

OSCAR MICHEAUX

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BERTRAND SMITH
ACRES OF BOOKS
240 Long Beach Blvd.
Long Beach, Calif.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google
BERTRAND SMITH
ACRES OF BOOKS
240 Long Beach Blvd.
Long Beach, Cal.
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

45
30
75
25

2.00
3.00
2.00
2.50
9.50
2.00
5.00
16.50

ch
will

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Case Of Mrs. Wingate

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Then, on our wedding night," said Mrs. Wingate after a pause, "he broke down and made a *shocking* confession!"

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CASE OF Mrs. WINGATE

By

OSCAR MICHEAUX

Author of

"THE WIND FROM NOWHERE"

BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY

Publishers

40 MORNINGSIDE AVENUE

NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Univ. Library, Univ. Calif., Santa Cruz

Copyright, 1945 By
OSCAR MICHEAUX

Set up and Electrotyped

All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the author.

***7th** Edition*

Other Books by Oscar Micheaux

"THE MASQUERADE"

A powerful historical novel, based in part on a boy's (Johnny Northcross), peculiar reaction to the *bar sinister*, and the monstrous *Dred Scott Decision*, most infamous document ever conceived by the mind of man; of his beautiful quadroon sister, Rena: the men who fell in love with her—and the strange and unusual circumstances that were the result of it!

Illustrated, over 400 pages, $3.00

"THE STORY OF DOROTHY STANFIELD"

Based on a great insurance swindle—and a woman! A stirring novel of strange adventure, love and absorbing human interest, as intense, suspenseful and dynamic as an atomic bomb! Don't fail to read this exciting novel.

Illustrated, 416 pages, $3.00

"THE WIND FROM NOWHERE"

A truly great novel of contemporary Negro life. The unforgettable story of Martin Eden, young Negro builder of an agricultural empire in the Dakota wilderness, wherein he alone was black, and a beautiful and mysterious girl, to make this the strangest love story ever told. Tremendous is the word for it!

Illustrated, 400 pages, $2.75. Postage, 8 cents extra each book.

Printed in the United States of America

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

...ry, Univ. Calif., Santa Cruz

PS
3525
I187
C3
1945

Copyright, 1945 By
OSCAR MICHEAUX

Set up and Electrotyped
All rights reserved

...f this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the author.

***7th** Edition*

Other Books by Oscar Micheaux

"THE MASQUERADE"

...historical novel, based in part on a boy's (Johnny North-...r reaction to the *bar sinister*, and the monstrous *Dred*, most infamous document ever conceived by the mind of ...autiful quadroon sister, Rena: the men who fell in love ... the strange and unusual circumstances that were the

Illustrated, over 400 pages, $3.00

"THE STORY OF DOROTHY STANFIELD"

...reat insurance swindle—and a woman! A stirring novel of ...ure, love and absorbing human interest, as intense, sus-...namic as an atomic bomb! Don't fail to read this exciting

Illustrated, 416 pages, $3.00

"THE WIND FROM NOWHERE"

...t novel of contemporary Negro life. The unforgettable ... Eden, young Negro builder of an agricultural empire ... wilderness, wherein he alone was black, and a beautiful ... girl, to make this the strangest love story ever told. ...he word for it!

..., *400 pages, $2.75*. Postage, 8 cents extra each book.

Printed in the United States of America

To

ALICE B.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF APPEARANCE

HEINRICH SCHULTZ
A Negro Nazi spy, sent by Adolf Hitler to the U.S.A. to report on American activities from the Negro sections.

KERMIT EARLY
Assisting him from the inside. A highly educated but mysterious Negro, who is dissatisfied with the way his race is treated in America.

FLORENCE WINGATE
Wife of a millionaire textile magnate, who becomes strangely involved with Kermit Early, and is the cause of his peculiar silence.

SIDNEY WYETH
A Motion Picture Producer and Author, who refuses to make a "hate" picture Kermit Early has written, and around whom much of the story revolves.

MARIE COLEMAN
His assistant.

EDRINA VINSON
A stage-struck actress, who didn't mean Sidney Wyeth any good.

BERTHA SCHULTZ
Heinrich's sister. Sent to America to assist her brother, who fell in love, and changed her view point.

HANS SCHILLER
A German secret agent, in charge of subversive activities in America.

DR. GUSTAVE VON BARWIG
A ruthless and heartless Nazi who, angered by Bertha's falling in love with an American, orders her to commit a diabolical act.

TIME: 1939 through 1944.

PLACE: AMERICA.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RACTERS
OF APPEARANCE

LTZ.
Nazi spy, sent by Adolf Hitler to the U.S.A. to
merican activities from the Negro sections.

from the inside. A highly educated but myo-
who is dissatisfied with the way his race is
America.

GATE
millionaire textile magnate, who becomes strange-
with Kermit Early, and is the cause of his pe-
ce.

Picture Producer and Author, who refuses to
" picture Kermit Early has written, and around
of the story revolves.

N
.

k actress, who didn't mean Sidney Wyeth any

Z.
ister. Sent to America to assist her brother, who
and changed her view point.

secret agent, in charge of subversive activities

N BARWIG
and heartless Nazi who, angered by Bertha's
with an American, orders her to commit

gh 1944.

The Case Of Mrs. Wingate

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER II

THE EUROPA, Transatlantic Luxury Liner was three days out of New York, Bremen, Germany, bound. This was, of course, prior to September 3, 1939.

It was a beautiful morning in the late summer of a year the world was soon not to forget. The sea was both calm and smooth, as smooth as glass, hardly a ripple other than that stirred by the forward driving of the huge liner, visible on the surface of the water. Every stateroom on the liner was not only taken but filled, upper and lower, to the port holes. Passengers had been informed on arrival at the pier in New York that they would have to share their quarters with others, reasons for which became obvious a few days later.

The people of the world were in a state of apprehension. Every newspaper in America, England and the world over was blazing in conspicuous headlines that negotiations regarding the fifteen mile corridor to Danzig through Poland, had been suspended, and that Adolf Hitler was preparing to invade Poland. England and France had clarified their positions: that they were through with appeasing Hitler, and that if he invaded Poland, there would be war. His answer was to continue the preparations he was making.

Aboard the liner, Germans returning to the fatherland, said that the Jews were the cause of it, that in some strange and peculiar way, they were directly and indirectly responsible for every war that had swept Europe since before Napoleon. In the debates going on all over the ship, those of German sympathies declared that among those involved with the Jews in the threatened outbreak was no other than Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of the United States. They argued that Poland would have let Hitler have the corridor that he was demanding, if England and France hadn't urged Poland not to grant it, that they would back up and protect her, but that England and France would never have taken the stand they did if

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Roosevelt had not assured them that America stood solidly behind them and not to appease Hitler any further.

But our story is not a history of the outbreak of World War number two, but about some of the circumstances that was the result of it.

Among the passengers returning to Germany aboard the liner on this final trip across the seas was one Baron Otto Von Mueller and his wife, the Baroness Ernestine. Baron Otto was an important figure and high up in the affairs of the National Socialist party in Germany. He was one of the few aristocrats of the old school, active in Hitler's set-up, who still retained his titles and estates, which were near Potsdam.

Baron Otto and his fraulein at the moment were standing by the rail of the steamer, gazing out across the sea when they were attracted by footsteps and a shadow, which crossed behind them, as a man walked up to the rail a few feet away and leaned his elbows thereon. They turned slightly and gazed across at him, then turned to each other, exchanging expressions of curiosity. As if by instinct, they turned their faces again toward the stranger, studied him a moment, then turned to each other again in curiosity.

"I wonder who that young man is," mused the Baron idly, and turned again to glance over his shoulder at him. The steamer was in high speed, doing about thirty knots an hour and the spray from below sprinkled their faces with salt water, from which they did not turn because, combined with the soft morning air, it was rather pleasant.

"A Negro, too," replied the Baroness, after another glance at him. "Yes, I've been wondering who he could be."

"He doesn't look exactly like the colored people we saw in America, yet he must be one of them," ventured the Baron.

"Maybe he's an actor or a musician. We often see them in Germany." The Baron turned and glanced at the Negro again, then shook his head.

"No. He is neither. Doesn't have that kind of appearance. And I'm not even sure if he is an American Negro." The Baron was thoughtful a moment, as if trying to recall something. Then, continued.

"Now that I remember, I heard him giving an order in the salon

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

this morning, and in perfect German."

"Then he is not an American Negro," she said. "It's possible that he could be a German after all. We do have a few, especially in the Rhineland since the last war."

"But he couldn't be," said the Baron. "He is obviously older than any of them."

Again they surveyed the object of their curiosity, who seemed completely unconcerned and as completely oblivious of their presence as well as curiosity. Instead, he drew away on a cigarette, flecked the ashes from the end of it and gazed out over the waters. The Baron turned to his wife, his eyebrows puckered.

"The more I look at him," he said, "the more I seem to recall having seen him before somewhere. Must have been a long time ago, but there is something familiar about his face. I have a peculiar feeling, away in the back of my head, that I've seen him somewhere."

"Maybe you saw him in America after all. Maybe in Washington. We saw lots of nice looking, highly educated colored people down there. Maybe he is one of the professors of that big colored school we drove by one day, the one on the hill, above Washington. Many of them might speak German. Many—" the Baron again cut her off by a shake of his head, his eyebrows contracted.

"No. He is, I'd wager, not a professor, either. And if he was, he would have spoken German slowly, picking each word and he would have had an accent. This man spoke it as well as I do, without any hesitation whatsoever. No. It must have been in Germany and some years ago, for had it been lately, I would remember it."

"Then, if so, whereabouts in Germany?" his wife insisted.

"I can't recall, Ernestine, I can't recall."

"Well," she said, with a sort of sigh, "since we're both so curious regarding him, why not try to find out who he is? It should prove somewhat of a diversion. I've been rather bored during the whole trip. Almost nobody we know to talk to. So do some thinking and some planning and find a way to get information about this curiosity," she finished blandly.

"That's a poor way to put it, Ernestine," he said, in disapproval.

"I understand, Otto," she exclaimed apologetically. "I'm bored and I'd appreciate something to lift me out of the dumps, as they

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

say in America. Out of the dumps," and she laughed lightly to herself.

At that moment dinner was announced and turning, they made their way across the deck toward the dining room, turning as they reached it, to see the colored man heading the same way.

It was some time before they were seated at a table and their order taken. Then, and what to them seemed an unusual coincidence, when they looked up from the menu, it was right into the face of the colored stranger. All started, exchanged glances, then turned to him and bowed respectfully. He returned the bow and they had a chance in that glance to study him more closely.

He was obviously handsome. He possessed a strong chin, eyes full set but determined. Closer to him, they could see that he was German all right. He possessed all the characteristics, even though one of his parents was obviously a Negro. He wore his hair, which was curly, in an attractive pompadour. He was obviously tall, though they could not tell how tall he was since he was seated.

It was not until they were leaving the dining salon and had bumped into him as they were coming through the door, that the Baron got his opportunity to speak to him without just "butting" in.

"Oh, pardon me, please," cried the Baron, smiling.

"As much my fault as yours, Baron. I accept your apology, and in turn, offer you mine," said the Negro. The Baron started, then smiled relieved. The Baroness smiled too.

"Oh, you know me?" said the Baron in surprise, drawing his wife to one side to be out of the way of people, going in and out of the salon.

"Yes, I know you, Baron Von Mueller," he said, easily, and smiled. "I can see that you've forgotten me, however."

"Indeed, but this is a pleasure." He paused to turn to the Baroness.

"He knows me, Ernestine. Now I'm sure that I've seen him before."

"He's been insisting that he had," she said.

"Oh, pardon me again, my fellow," cried the Baron hastily. "This is my wife, the Baroness Ernestine Von Mueller, Mr. or is it Herr?"

"Just plain Heinrich Schultz, Baron Otto, of Berlin, thank you," he said. Turning to the Baroness, he removed his hat and acknowledged the introduction. The Baroness extended her hand.

"Now let us find seats," cried the Baron, "before they're all taken.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA