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# The Advocate

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BLUE RIBBON FICTION IS FOUND EVERY WEEK IN  
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## SCARFACE SAM THE MAD KILLER

The Story of a Professor whom Injustice Changed into an Insane Midnight Killer of Prospective Mothers

"You probably wonder why I picked you. But evidently you don't know that you are my sister-in-law."



While in jail for a crime, Professor Samuel Locke did not commit, an angry mob took him away from the sheriff. With a knife he miraculously escaped, but injuries he received so disfigured him that he was known as "Scarface Sam." Fate twists a mild man into a blood-thirsty tiger.

By REX KING

Until very recently we, my husband, son, daughter and I, lived in a small but progressive Southern town, populated, for the most part, by white people (people of my race). At the time of which I am about to write, although our section of the state people were terrorized by a sinister murderer. This murderer was particularly vicious. He had brutally murdered three white women at different times. The strange part about his crimes was that all the women were on the verge of becoming mothers, all lived within twenty miles of each other, and hardly one year had elapsed between the murders.

Why Called "Scarface"

Another strange thing about this murderer was that he was caught but once. That was after his first murder. While in jail an angry mob took him away from the sheriff to hang him. (The mob spirit is too prevalent among our men in the South in cases of this kind.) With a knife he almost miraculously escaped. But injuries which he had received had so disfigured his face that he was known as "Scarface Sam."

The last murder committed was about five miles from our hometown, and the women were in constant fear. Six months afterwards, the women

were still frightened and nervous. Some even declared that our town would be the seat of his next crime. I laughed at their, what seemed to me, silly fears.

Things of that sort never upset my equilibrium, for I had always been known as "Cool-headed Ann" among my friends. My calmness in the face of danger and even disaster was a trait of mine always admired by others.

On this particular evening, my husband and I had planned to take the kiddies to a movie, but my mother being slightly ill, it was decided that I should visit my mother and my husband would take the kiddies to the movies.

Returning home I expected to find

my husband and children there ahead of me, but glancing at my watch, I found that they had over a half hour yet. Therefore, I decided to fix some sandwiches and lemonade for an evening lunch.

Crossing the dining room floor, I had almost reached the kitchen when I noticed a gleam of light under the kitchen door. I heard someone softly move a chair as if to get up.

At first I thought it was my husband, but immediately I knew better. John would have left a light in the living room.

Burglars!

Burglars! The thought nearly frightened me out of my wits. I remembered then that the gun, the only weapon of protection, was upstairs locked in the dresser drawer. Picking up the first thing I could find, a heavy vase, I stood near the doorway waiting for whoever was to enter the dining room, certain that he had heard me. I waited breathlessly for what seemed hours, but he—I had definitely decided that it was a burglar—evidently had either left very quietly or was waiting for my next move. Finally deciding upon the former conclusion, I mustered up courage enough to enter.

Almost noiselessly I pushed open the door. The sight I saw froze me with horror, for the intruder was none other than Scarface Sam! He was standing calmly with a mean

looking revolver pointed at me. Even now I wonder why I did not faint.

"Stick 'em up," he said coolly. "It is too tiresome holding up one's



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