

AN ALTER EGO IN REAL LIFE

Two Tulsa Men Hard to Distinguish When Seen Separately.

KRUPNIK-HOVIS MIXUP

Many Laughable and Some Serious Incidents Occur Because of Resemblance.

After all, "The Masquerader," that interesting book based on the phenomenal likeness in appearance of two Londoners who met for the first time in a dense fog, is not such a highly imaginative piece of fiction.

No fiction is so tremendously strange nowadays, when almost unbelievable events are happening in this prosaic old world every day. Right here in Tulsa there is a case of physical likeness between two young men which is so great that hardly a day passes but one of them is mistaken for the other—and by close friends. Frequently these mistakes are embarrassing to them. Luckily each man does possess the humorous side of the errors, and later, when they are in each other's company, they enjoy many hearty laughs over the situations they relate.

These two men are Alvin T. Krupnik, prominent local photographer and the World's staff picture maker, and William S. Hovis, an employee of the Guffey-Gillespie Oil company. Krupnik is 25 years old and Hovis 22. They are of the same physical build, their voices are of nearly the same pitch, their hair is of the same color, and singularly they are both left-handed. Both are smooth-shaven so there is no chance for mistakes in identity to occur through a likeness in hair or "beard" or "mustache."

nor Hovis knew of the existence of the other. They pursued their vocations here, undisturbed by scrambled identities.

A few weeks ago Krupnik was walking down Main street to keep a business engagement. He started to pass a young woman going in the same direction. She turned her head slightly toward him and asked pleasantly, "Going down the street?" "Yes," he replied, falling into step.

Then the young woman began to relate a series of incidents that had happened the night before at a party, calling the young man at her side "Bill" occasionally during the conversation.

Krupnik had not attended the party the night before, nor had he ever been called Bill. He told her so. "Why, aren't you Bill Hovis?" she asked, beginning to suspect the truth.

"Hardly," Krupnik answered. Then he found that there was someone in Tulsa who resembled him greatly. So much so that one of Hovis' most intimate friends had been mistaken and had walked a block with him before learning that he was not the person to whom she thought she had been talking.

This incident aroused Krupnik's curiosity. He wanted to meet the man whose physical appearance was so much like his own. The opportunity did not present itself until later.

One day Krupnik stepped into the elevator of one of Tulsa's large office buildings. The elevator girl stared at him in an amazed manner, blinking her eyes two or three times to clear her vision. Finally she stammered:

"Why, you're up on the tenth floor, because I just took you up there a minute ago." It was Hovis who went up.

Krupnik recently sold a kodak to a friend. Shortly afterward this friend, carrying the kodak, met Hovis on the street. "How do you work this d—d thing?" he demanded angrily. "I can't tell which way to push that little lever that governs the exposure. Hurry up and show me because I'm going out to take some pictures."

Hovis grinned. "You must think I'm someone else," he said. "Ain't you Al Krupnik?" was the kodak owner asked. "Nope," was the reply. The angry kodak owner resumed his walk, glancing back at Hovis as though still unconvinced, and half-suspicious that someone was playing a joke at his expense.

Not long ago a well-dressed individual, a stranger, accosted Hovis on the street. Drawing him to one side, the stranger exhibited what appeared to be a valuable diamond ring and asked Hovis how much he would loan him on it. Hovis first demanded to know where the ring came from.

"Oh, I've owned it for five years," he replied carelessly. "But I'm short of ready money and I've got to soak it for awhile."

The story sounded plausible. Hovis became money-lender—for one transaction.

Naturally he wanted to know the approximate value of the ring. Shortly afterward he was in a jewelry store seeking to establish its market worth. He showed it to a dealer in precious stones and found that he would be better off financially if the stranger failed to redeem the pledge. Satisfied with his bargain, he placed the ring on his finger to wear until he loan had been returned.

Next day a city detective went to Krupnik's studio in the Wood-

These Two Men Are Often Mistaken for Each Other



Alvin T. Krupnik (left) and William S. Hovis (right).

Knoblock laboratory building. Finding Krupnik, he politely yet firmly informed him he was under arrest. Krupnik, greatly surprised, suspected he was the innocent victim of a hoax. But the detective assured him it was far from a joke. He said a valuable diamond ring had been stolen two days before, and that a

man answering Krupnik's description had shown it at a local jewelry store in an effort to find its value. It flashed into Krupnik's mind that the detective was really looking for Hovis. He did not suspect his counterpart of being a thief—but he

starely explain the rather serious situation. He told the detective so, explaining the striking similarity, and asked that they locate Hovis, who might be able to clear the muddy water. Hovis did explain it. The detective was displeased, but readily saw how easily a mistake in identity might be made. The ring was returned to its owner. Hovis was released for his trouble.

On a Monday night not long ago Krupnik was dining dinner with a young woman in a prominent local cafe. During the course of the meal he was called to the front of the cafe to meet a business acquaintance who had met him there—and who was anxious for a few words with him.

Excusing himself, he walked to where his acquaintance stood—to a spot not easily viewed by his companion, who remained at the table. Miss Smith, who is not her name, slipped at a glass of water, glancing slowly about the nearby tables in search of it. Any of her friends were there.

As her glance rested on the occupants of a table to her right, she noted rather intently that there she was satisfied she saw Mr. Krupnik making merry with two other young women with whom she was not acquainted.

She turned back to her own table to consider this rather ungentlemanly act on the part of her escort. A minute later Krupnik returned to his seat and resumed the conversation at the point where they had been interrupted.

However, the conversation lagged. It was embarrassingly one-sided. His young woman companion returned only monosyllabic replies. Realizing that a cog had slipped some place, he finally asked to

know what caused the prolonged silence. "You ought to know," the young woman replied fully. "I don't think it's very gentlemanly for you to bring me here and then spend your time at another table with other young women. If that is your brand of courtesy, you can take me home."

Krupnik looked around. He spotted Hovis at a nearby table with two young women. "Do you mean I was over there?" he asked his friend. She looked. Then she turned back and surveyed Krupnik.

"Why, I guess I made a mistake," she said, her icy demeanor changing to one more compatible with gentility. The chain of events which has continued for several months required in the two former close acquaintances. "Buddies," one might call them now.

To see them together the resemblance is not so striking. But to see them separately is to invite mistakes. A World reporter recently found them together, and he can easily see how easy it is to mistake one for the other, even though a person may be intimately acquainted with both of them.

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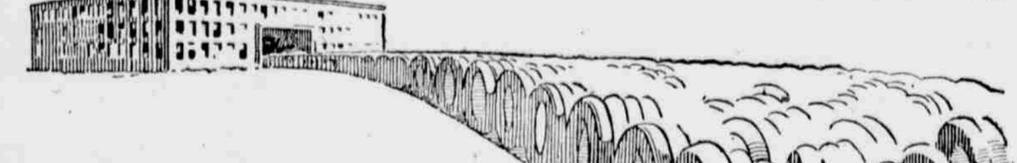
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- ENGINE—Four cylinders cast en bloc with Hot Spot and Ram's-horn intake manifold; cone clutch running in oil; transmission bolted to engine; bore, 3 3/4 inches; stroke, 4 1/2 inches.
 - GASOLINE SUPPLY—Capacity 10 1/4 gallons; positive feed.
 - TRANSMISSION—Three-speed selective type.
 - STEERING—Left side drive; 18-inch steering wheel; irreversible worm steering gear, adjustable.
 - CONTROL—Gear shift lever in center of driving compartment and operated at right of driver; spark and throttle controls operated on quadrant underneath steering wheel; also foot accelerator.
 - WHEELBASE—124 inches.
 - TIRES—35 inches by 5 inches pneumatic cord.
 - REAR AXLE—Worm drive; semi-floating type; extra heavy malleable iron housing.
 - FRONT AXLE—Heavy drop-forged steel I-beam.
 - SPRINGS—Front, 38 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide; rear, 52 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide; both semi-elliptic.
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