

WOMAN KILLED, MANY HURT IN AUTO CRACKUPS

Death Car Overtures After
Narrow Escape From
Side Road Collision.

One woman was killed and nearly a score of persons were hurt, at least five seriously, in traffic accidents in the city and county during the week-end, according to police.

A skull fracture incurred Sunday afternoon when the car in which she was riding with her husband overturned on state road No. 37, seven miles south of the city, caused the death a few hours later of Mrs. Ida Strupe, 44, 4244 Graceland avenue, wife of Cecil Strupe, president of General Products, makers of percussion instruments.

Her death raised the county traffic toll since Jan. 1 to seventy-two. Strupe lost control of his car when another auto, driven on to the highway from a side road, narrowly missed the Strupes' car.

Strupe suffered severe head injuries. Charles Chase, 35, of the Graceland avenue address, Mrs. Strupe's brother, and Miss Florence Hill, 32, and Miss Fanny Hale, 44, both of 4246 Graceland avenue, were cut and bruised. They are in Methodist hospital.

Funeral arrangements for Mrs. Strupe have not been made. Surviving her in addition to the husband and brother, are a sister, Miss May Chase, of Terre Haute, and the father, William Chase.

Another auto crash in the same vicinity resulted in serious injury of Dewey Hunter, 23, of 3292 English avenue, who was hurled through the windshield of a car driven by Conrad Hopper, 20, of 3748 English avenue, as it veered from the road to avoid collision with another car. Hopper was arrested for reckless driving.

Others injured in week-end accidents:

George Morrison, 49, of 1133 Larch street, head lacerations; Eugene Summa, 20, of 1228 North State avenue, leg broken; Charles Clements, 19, of 1221 Newman avenue, head lacerations; James Helen Booker, 24, of 1645 Ashland avenue, bruises and head cuts; Sergeant W. H. Green, Ft. Harrison, head cuts; Patricia Hellenbrandt, 3, and her mother Mrs. William Hellenbrandt, of Muncie, cuts on the face and legs, and Mrs. Oscar Williams, 31, and her father, Charles, 55, both of 317 East Forty-seventh street, bone fractures and internal injuries.

Cuts and bruises were received by Mrs. Neil Bamber, 58, of 1225 Finley avenue; Kenneth Riley, 38, of 1225 Finley; Carl Mrs. Bamber, 55, of 3025 North Meridian street; Mrs. Nora Norris, 42, of 3292 Guilford avenue; Herbert Hogue, 33, of 920 Arbor avenue, and Miss Edna Moore, 22, East Vermont street, apartment 2.

POLITICAL RALLY ENDS IN BRAWL; TWO HURT

One Man in Hospital, Knife Wound
in Breast; Condition Serious.

Investigation of a brawl Sunday night at the Twelfth Ward Democratic Club, resulting in injury of two persons, one seriously, was being made today by police.

Tom Gaynor, 28, of 713 Chadwick street, is in serious condition at city hospital of a knife wound in the breast, and Walter O'Hara, 42, of 11 West Wisconsin street, incurred a broken arm.

Although witnesses had fled from the scene of the fight as police arrived, police said they learned O'Hara incurred the arm fracture when shoved by a crowd of men into an auto. Gaynor, held in the hospital detention ward on a vagrancy charge, declined to name his assailant, police said.

TYPHOID IS GAINING

On Increase in Indiana During Last
Two Months, Dr. King Warns

Typhoid fever is on the increase in Indiana, records of the state board of health disclose, and Dr. William F. King, director, today pleaded for better co-operation in preventing an epidemic.

During the last two months, 265 cases have been reported, Dr. King declared. For the same period last year there were but 128, making the number this year the largest for the last several years, he said.

Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported to police as stolen belong to:

Frank Heath, 1303 Congress avenue, Nash from Senate avenue and Washington; Clarence Payne, 601 Fletcher avenue, Ford coupe, from 2606 West Tenth street; L. E. Johnson, 1225 North Meridian street, Ford coupe, 25-739, from Alabama and Michigan streets; William Hughes, 4065 Rockwood avenue, Chevrolet coupe, from 409 West New York street; Abel Fink, 535 North Capitol avenue, Plymouth coupe, from 435 North Capitol avenue; and Frank Fink, 535 North Capitol avenue, Plymouth coupe, from 435 North Capitol avenue.

BACK HOME AGAIN

Stolen automobiles recovered by police belong to:

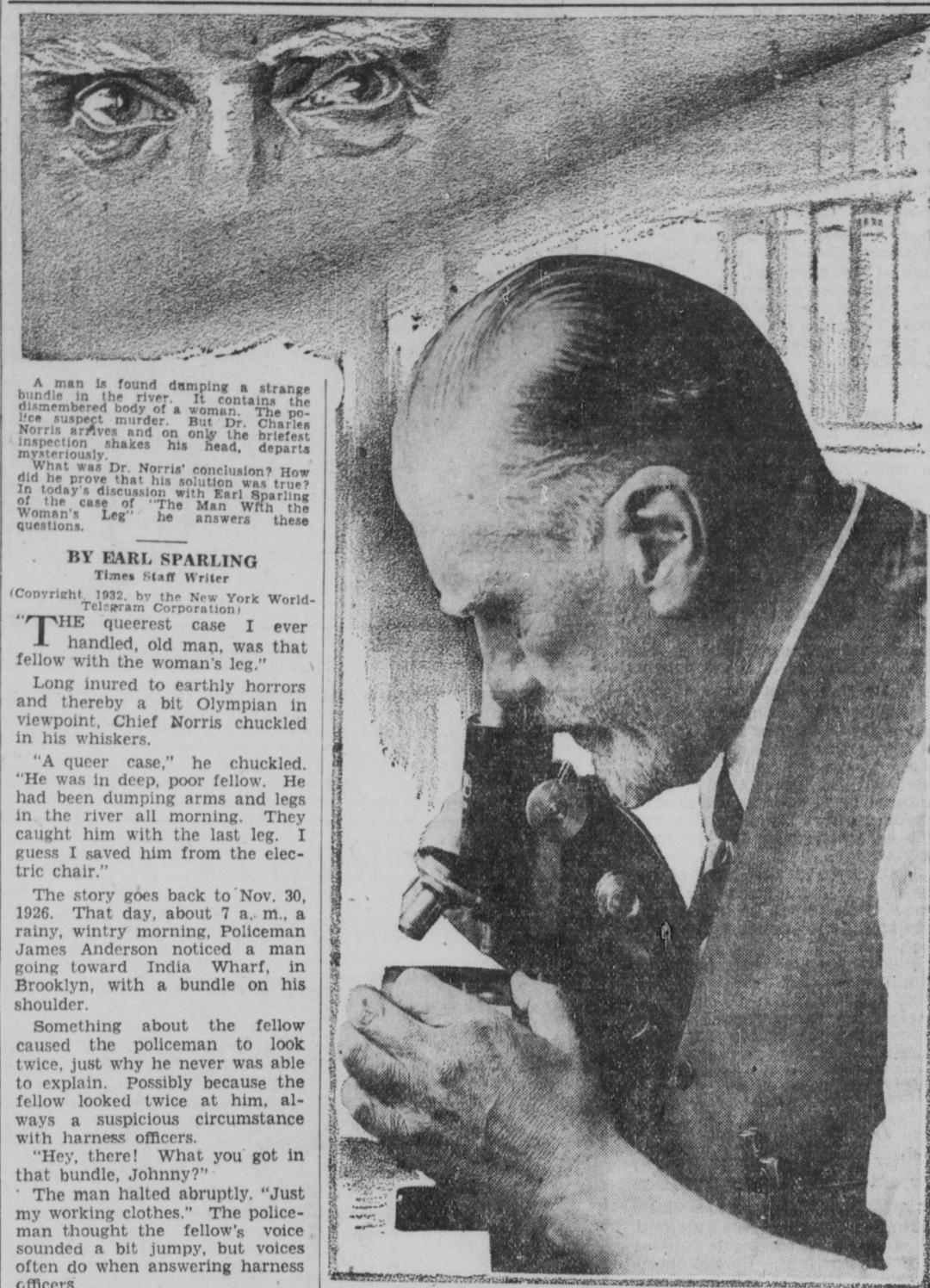
Louis Ida, 121 North Noble street, Ford truck, found at New Wrecking Company; Olin, 311 North Meridian street, Ford coupe, 3137 Northwestern avenue; Charles Smith, 1225 North Meridian street, Locke and Colton streets, stripped of tires; F. C. M-1809, found at 1030 South Capitol avenue; J. Moody, 7785 Indiana avenue, Hudson coupe, found at Southeastern avenue and Peasant Run.

Hood, 111 North Meridian street, found at 100 West Tenth street; F. C. M-1809, found at 1030 South Capitol avenue; and 2340 North Alabama street, Ford coupe, found at Maywood, stripped.

Chevrolet coupe, 31-632, found at 3400 West Vermont street, stripped of battery.

THE MAN WITH A WOMAN'S LEG

He Thought He Was a Murderer, but Proves Innocent



A man is found floating in a river. It contains the dismembered body of a woman. The police arrive and Dr. Charles Norris inspects the body. He finds a bullet in the head, and departs.

What was Dr. Norris' conclusion? How did he prove that his solution was true?

Read "The Man With a Woman's Leg," he answers these

BY EARL SPARLING

Times Staff Writer

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THE queerest case I ever handled, old man, was that fellow with the woman's leg.

Long inured to earthly horrors and thereby a bit Olympian in viewpoint, Chief Norris chuckled in his whiskers.

"A queer case," he chuckled. "He was in deep, poor fellow. He had been dumping arms and legs in the river all morning. They caught him with the last leg. I guess I saved him from the electric chair."

The story goes back to Nov. 30, 1926. That day, about 7 a. m., a rainy, wintry morning, Policeman James Anderson noticed a man going toward India Wharf, in Brooklyn, with a bundle on his shoulder.

Something about the fellow caused the policeman to look twice, just why he never was able to explain. Possibly because the fellow looked twice at him, always a suspicious circumstance with harness officers.

"Hey, there! What you got in that bundle, Johnny?"

The man halted abruptly. "Just my working clothes." The policeman thought the fellow's voice sounded a bit jumpy, but voices often do when answering harness officers.

"Where you making for?"

"I work down on the next pier."

"O. K., Johnny."

Policeman Anderson turned away, started up the street. There were better things to do on a rainy morning than stand palvering with a waterfront hunk.

But some sixth instinct caused him to look back before he rounded the corner.

" " "

THE fellow had halted on the edge of the wharf and was depositing his bundle on the stringpiece. Nothing exactly questionable about that, but how come he was keeping his eye peeled on policeman Anderson?

The fellow was too darned interested in the looks of a harness officer. Policeman Anderson got more interested himself and started back toward the wharf, that the fellow kicked his bundle into the air and began running.

"Ah-hu!" said the officer to himself and opened up the fly with his revolver. Policeman Louis Vitalo heard the firing several blocks away and raced down to the wharf just in time to head off the quarry and grab him.

"What was in that bundle, you mug?" puffed policeman Anderson.

"Nothing," grunted the mug, squirming in policeman Vitalo's tight grip.

"Nothing? You told me a few minutes ago it was clothes?"

"Yes, it was my clothes."

"So you're throwing your working clothes away? A thrifty guy, hey? What's your name, John?"

The man fell into sullen silence. Not another word could the two officers get out of him.

"All right," said Officer Anderson. "We'll take you over to the station and see how you feel after a little workout."

They worked on him quite a while at the Hamilton avenue station in Brooklyn. At first he refused to give his name. Later he changed his mind about that and gave both his name and address. The officers investigated and found both fictitious.

"Hey," beamed policeman Anderson. "Looks like I got something here."

HE and others from the Hamilton avenue station began dragging the river for the mysterious bundle. They worked a long time and found nothing.

Then along came a taxicab driver who had witnessed the end of the chase and the arrest.

"What you got Trapia for?" inquired the driver, innocently.

"What's that? What you say his name is?"

"Francisco Trapia," said the driver. "He's a longshoreman. He lives over at 56 Sackett street."

The officers hurried over to that address, broke in, tramped through to the kitchen and found something that sent them out for fresh air.

Propped in one corner was the headless torso of a middle-aged woman. Nearby was the dismembered

woman. Nearby was the dismembered