JAKE DE ROSIER IS AMBULANCE "HERO"

Slightly Built Motorcycle Record Breaker Has Gone Through Many Accidents.

STORY READS LIKE BATTLE

Veteran Will Be Asked to Make Speedway Record Here This Summer.

"Splintered" Career of Jake De Rosier

Compound fracture of the left shinbone; four-inch cut in back; deep cut over right eye.

Fractured skull and many body bruises and cuts.

Second fracture of the left leg at the ankle.

Left forearm broken in two places.

Three ribs broken on the right side; three-inch piece of one rib removed by surgeons; in hospital three months.

Ruptured blood vessel near the bladder; hemorrhages for seven days.

Nose broken three times.

Both legs badly burned from toes to knees a dozen times by fire flashes from the motor engine.

Artery severed in the right forearm.

Splinters three and four inches long driven into his back.

Remained one night in New York Jail for fighting a policeman.

Jumping machine of four years as a bicycle rider and eleven years as a motorcycle professional, carrying his life about for years between two of his fingers, while he was knocking down posts and fences with his body.

Jump Wrong Man.

As if all this would not satisfy an ordinary mortal in the way of experiences, De Rosier was once arrested in New York City for fighting a policeman, when he rushed on the track to help a fallen friend. He was taken by four others and thrown into jail, and passed the night there because he could not find any of his many friends by phone to bail him out. He was discharged the next day. Incidentally, Jake was covered with bandages after an injury.

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Etc.

It may be fine business to wear big diamonds, get out of bed when you are tired of sleeping, and eat nothing but half fries and terrapin whether you are hungry or not, but if you have to break your legs, arms, head and ribs and pass all your spare time in some hospital in order to get such luxuries, the ordinary man would probably rather take a chance at the corn beef and cabbage of life than at the joy stuff that makes one's stomach think it's a ballet dancer.

There are others who do not think that way, however, and one of these is Jake De Rosier, motorcycle record holder. He has had all kinds of accidents, from cracking his head to having his feet burned, and he has probably gorged enough big splinters out of board racing tracks to build a small-sized cottage, with a chicken house and a back yard fence stringing out behind.

De Rosier would make a consumptive look like Jim Jeffries by comparison, for he is a slight, slender fellow that a strong Christmas breath might blow over. He isn't that kind, though, for otherwise he could not have gone through the threshing machine of four years as a bicycle rider and eleven years as a motorcycle professional, carrying his life about for years between two of his fingers, while he was knocking down posts and fences with his body.

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This is only an incident in De Rosier's life, and one would imagine that he had been slummed about enough to him sour on the motorcycle game, but he cannot quit, for the same reason that Harman only quit the railroad-building game because he died. It is seldom that auto drivers, motor riders or aviators decide to retire until some barber is hired for $5 to shave them so they will look natural.

De Rosier began as a bicycle rider in amateur races at Fall River, Mass., in 1894 and rode four years until, like many other "amateurs," he made so much money that the chairman of the racing board made him a professional. Strange to say, he never had an accident of importance.

When Henry Fournier arrived in New York from France in 1898 he brought with him as excess baggage two fast pacing motorcycles. De Rosier saw his chance and immediately got in with Fournier as a steersman, and rode in the first motor-paced bicycle race ever run in this country, which was at Waltham, Mass., in 1898. He paced Henry Elkins in that race and later on paced one of the contestants in the race in which Harry was killed when his rear tire blew up and he was hit by a motorcycle. De Rosier continued as a pacemaker until 1906, when he began to ride the motors as a racer.

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His first bad accident happened in 1902 in a race in Madison Square Garden, when his rear tire blew up in a race. His skull was fractured in the fall and he lay unconscious six hours in the Bellevue Hospital.

A few days after the pieces of his head had started to grow together following the fracture of the skull he went to the garden to watch another race, with all his many bandages on. There being no one to ride a certain race De Rosier volunteered to try, but after going several miles the machine broke down. Jake went into the grandstand to watch the other fellows, and someone minutes later one of the riders had a bad spill. Jake jumped over the railing to lift up his fallen friend and had his own resultant fight with the policeman, who tried to throw him from the track.

Ten days later he was pacing Jimmy Michaels, the bike rider, in a race at Worcester, Mass., when De Rosier's rear tire exploded. The motor jumped from under him and then, having bucked him off, the machine leaped on top of him, in addition to a bad cut over the right eye and a deep four-inch gash in his back. Jake got a compound fracture of the left shin bone. The bone split lengthways for four or five inches and had to be "stitched" together with wire, the operation being a "long ways" from a nerve tonic.

His next serious spill was at Providence, R.I., in 1906, when in riding a motor race against Fred Hoyt on a half-mile dirt track, De Rosier's motor slipped from under him and he broke his left ankle and was in bed four weeks. Five months later, while riding one night on a dark road near Fall River, Mass., his machine ran into a hole and he fell off, breaking his arm in two places.

The next year, in 1907, he had a match race against Hoyt in New York and was riding so fast that the rubber was burned off the canvas of his rear tire. The machine fell and the tire proceeded to break the handle bars, breaking three ribs. He was in the hospital three months, and his chest swelled to such a size that the surgeon finally cut it open and found a piece of his lungs inches long dangling around inside. This was cut off.

One of his most serious mishaps occurred last spring in Indianapolis, when the front tire jumped from his machine. In the fall his body was badly cut in a dozen places and his blood vessel near his bladder was ruptured. He was forced to remain in the hospital for two weeks and had hemorrhages for seven days. Just when the surgeons were to operate on him the hemorrhages ceased. For four days and nights he did not sleep. Some sharp stones had been used in making the track and these had been covered with asphaltum. His legs were badly lacerated by these stones and they left deep wounds half-filled with tar.

Real Scorcher.

In a dozen different races, De Rosier has jumped from the post before they had even started.
So the man who buys the Apperson of today knows that he is getting the splendid results of the Apperson Brothers' fine experience. He knows that the Apperson Brothers' integrity and their honorable record stand back of the car—that these are his guarantee that his Apperson is the best which their unparalleled pioneer-knowledge can produce.

An assurance of value such as this is not an assurance to be considered lightly;

For it has come out of seven-