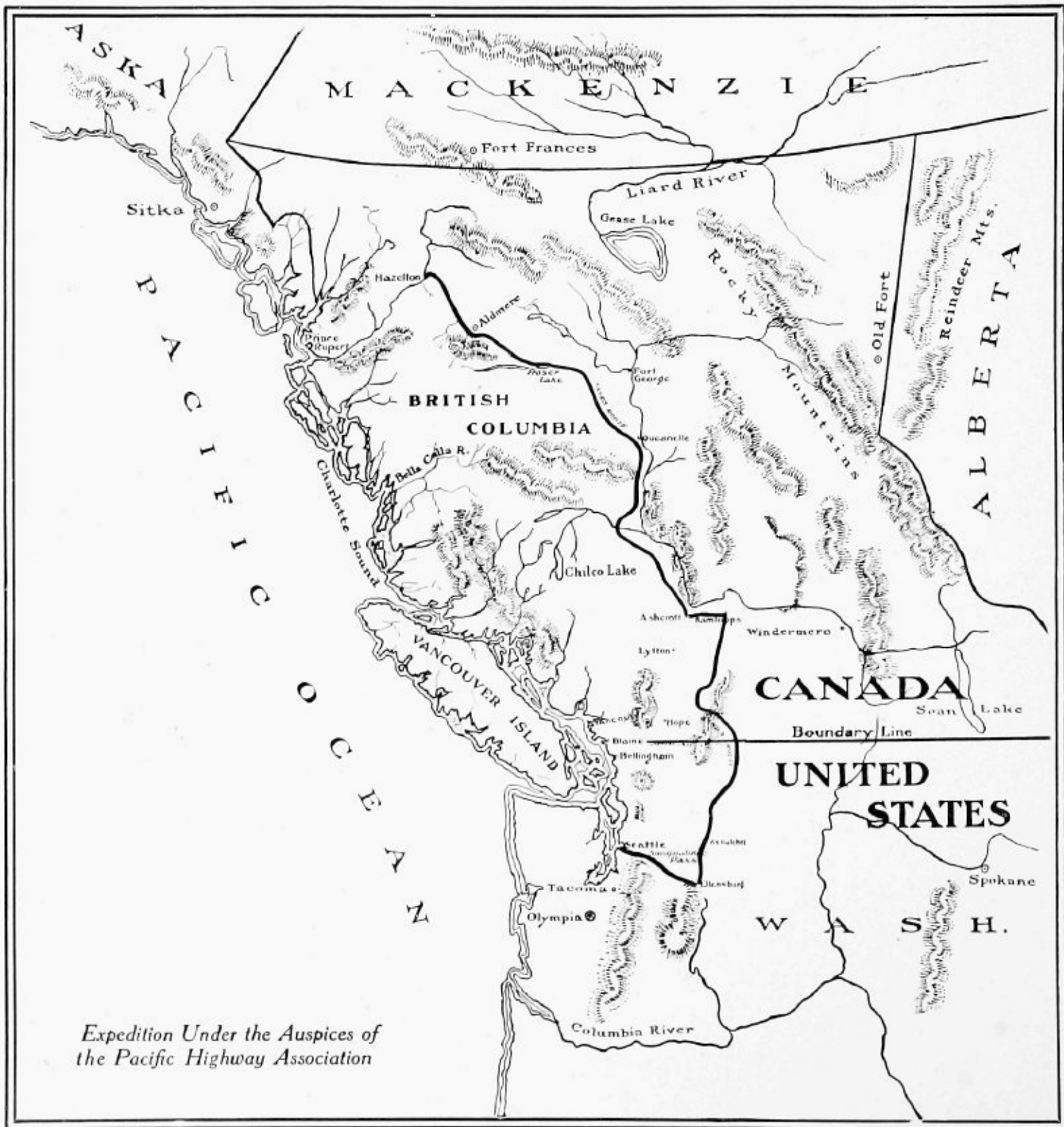


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Wm. H. ...

FIRST TO HAZELTON IN A FLANDERS "20"





*Expedition Under the Auspices of
the Pacific Highway Association*

A Story of a
PATHFINDING EXPEDITION

That made its own Path.

Compiled by

Paul Hale Bruske

from the log of the trip by

P. E. Sands

Photographs by
W. E. Curtis



STUDEBAKER CORPORATION

E-M-F Factories

Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.



FIRST TO HAZELTON

In a Flanders "20"



The Flanders "20" "First to Hazelton" car, equipped ready for the start, at Seattle, Wash.



IN the big prosperous cities of the Pacific Coast, there recently sprung into being an enthusiastic band of motorists known as the Pacific Highway Association. The improvement of the existing trunk lines of through travel by motor car is one of the chief objects of the Association. More particularly, however, is its membership bent on securing one magnificent highway through the coast states, and extending north to the limits of civilization in British Columbia, and south to the Panama Canal.

Motorists and good roads enthusiasts of all sorts are enlisted under the banner of the Association. Among the affiliating bodies is the Victoria Automobile Club, which had been for two years custodian of the Challoner & Mitchell trophy—



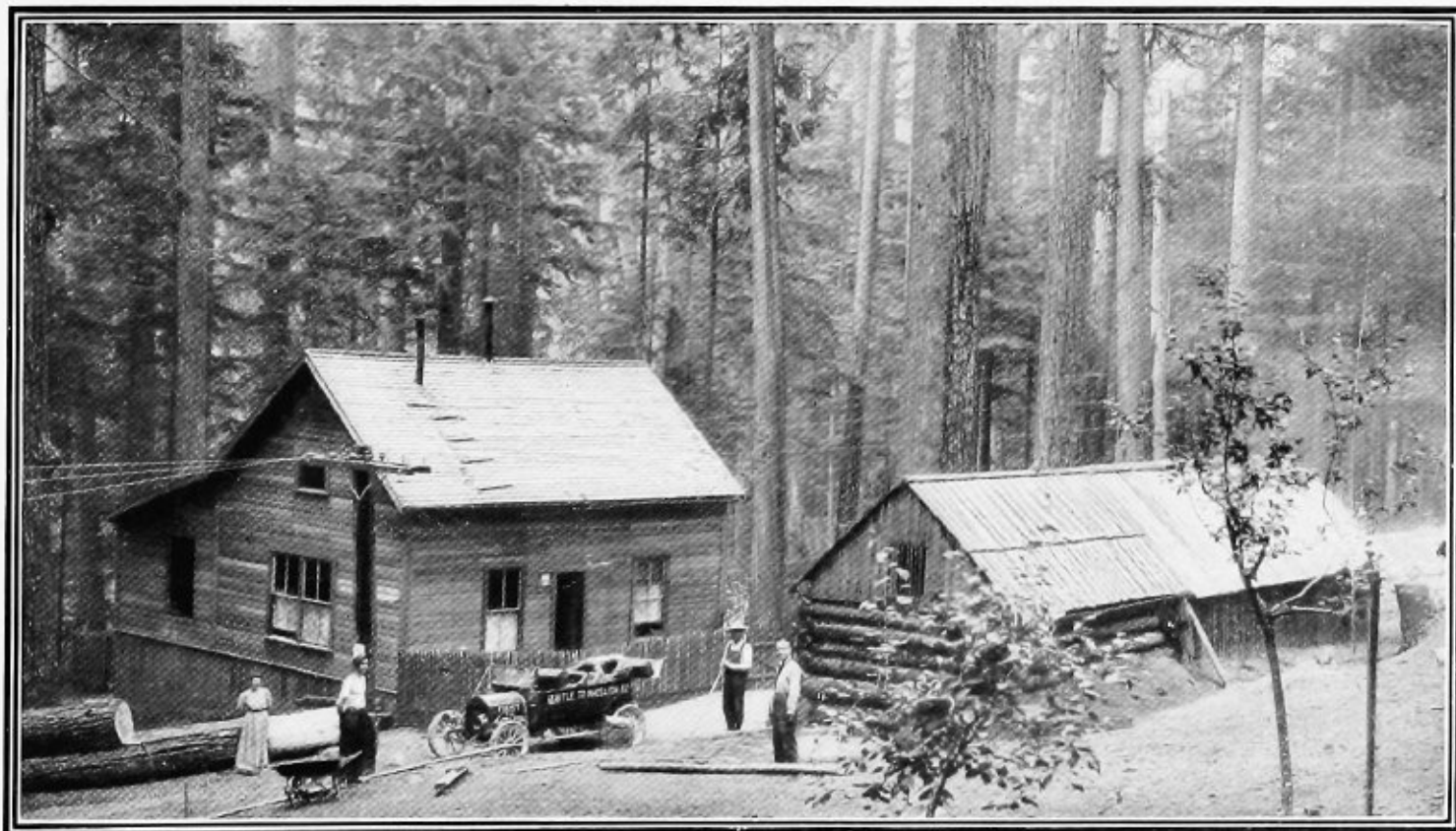
In the wilderness of Snoqualmie Pass, which the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" was the only car to cross in 1911

a handsome medal of solid gold, donated as an award to the man who should first drive a motor car into Hazelton, B. C.

As Hazelton, by its geographical position, had been agreed upon as the northern terminal of the proposed Pacific Highway, the project of exploration fitted in well with the plans of the Association.

It is with the gallant and successful attempt of P. E. Sands, of Seattle, to secure this medal with his Flanders "20" that the accompanying narrative concerns itself.

Partly from the many newspaper accounts, partly from personal recollections by Mr. Sands, but chiefly from Mr. Sands' log of the trip, this story has been compiled. The remarkable photographs with which it is illustrated are by Will T. Curtis, of Seattle, a member of the expedition.



A settler's cabin in Snoqualmie Pass, where the crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" paused for lunch



ANIMATED by the same spirit which, many years before, had urged out upon a similar journey the expedition of Lewis and Clark, three men and a motor car left Seattle, Wash., on a journey destined to make history.

Like Lewis and Clark, the men were explorers, for their designed route took them far from the haunts of civilized man into the great unknown. But of horses and pack animals they had none; the busy motor of the Flanders "20" furnished the power of their chosen vehicle. Nor was there a covered wagon in their outfit.

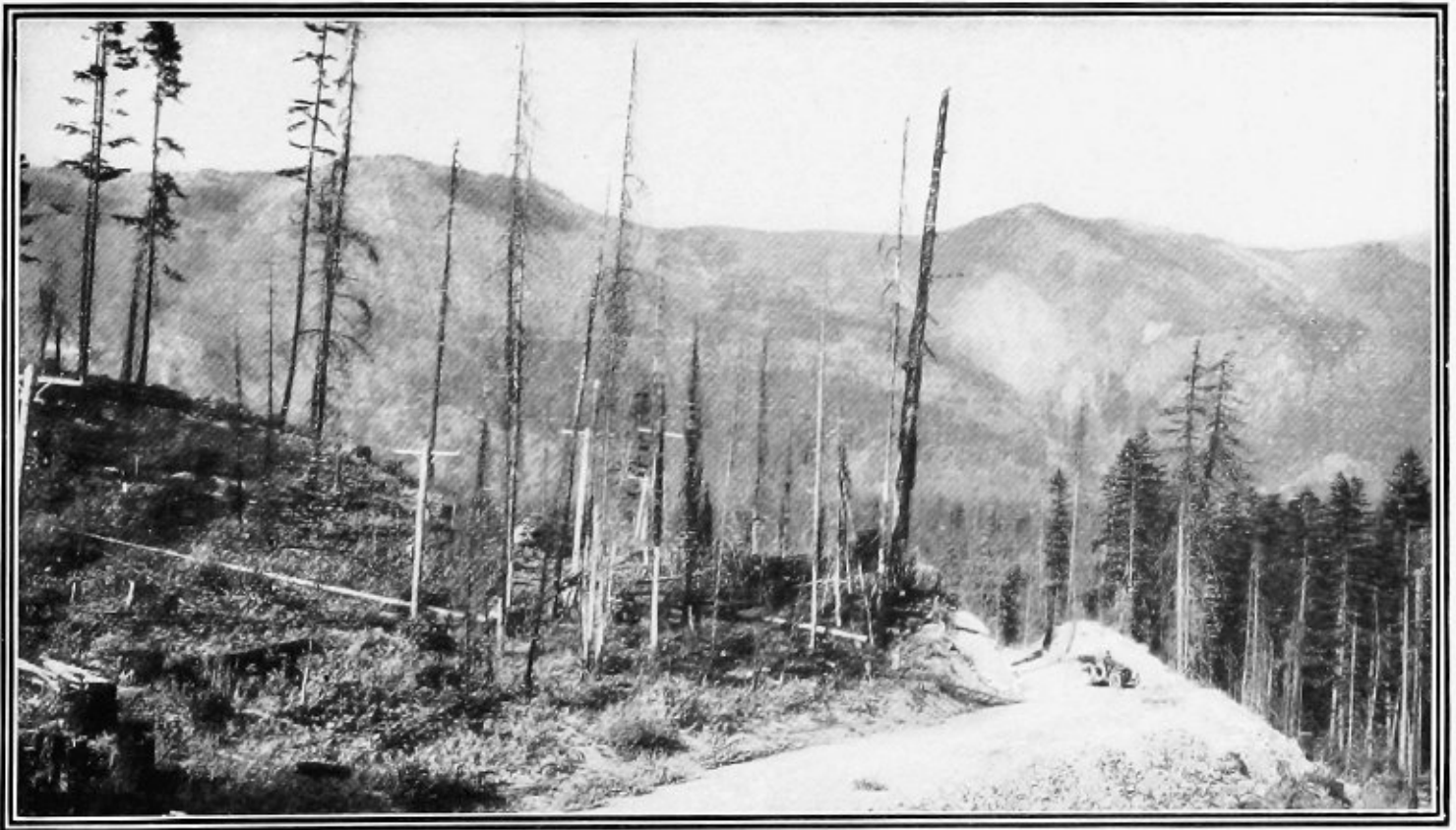
Their destination was to be Hazelton, British Columbia, more than 1,200 miles away. Between them and their goal stretched many a mile over which no motor car had ever traveled—many a mile where not even a wheeled vehicle had ever preceded. Owner and driver of the car, executive and moving spirit of the party was P. E. Sands, motorist and sportsman of Seattle, normally a cool, clear-



The "road" through Snoqualmie Pass was often only the bed of a stream, along which the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" had to pick its way

headed business man, but on this one occasion a Paladin on adventure bent. For two years Mr. Sands had regarded the Challoner & Mitchell trophy, hung up to reward the owner of the first motor car to enter Hazelton, as a personal challenge. All that time he had curbed his natural impulse to make the attempt, hoping against hope that some other motorist would accept the challenge and perform the feat. During that time many had announced their intention of entering the lists, but always something interfered with their plans. The trophy remained to taunt Mr. Sands. In August, 1911, Mr. Sands gave way under the strain. He equipped his Flanders "20" car for the trip, invited D. F. Batchellor and W. T. Curtis to go with him, turned a deaf ear to the predictions of misfortune which came showering in from all directions, and started.

The log of that trip, prepared by Mr. Sands himself from the notes which he made each night, is on my desk as I write. It tells in detail the events of the journey. But only the man experienced in touring of the roughest sort can appreciate from



Through the mountain districts of Washington, on the route traversed by the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

its brief, incidental references the obstacles met and conquered. Were it not for the tales brought back by Mr. Sands' companions, and the newspaper reports of the conditions met with along the route, Mr. Sands' own story would have lost much in the telling. Modesty and a faculty of taking with good nature whatever duel of the road happened to be in store, formed the keynote of Mr. Sands' log, as the reader will be able to judge for himself.

The Flanders "20" car which Mr. Sands selected for the trip, was taken from the regular stock of the E-M-F Northwest Co. of Seattle. It was equipped with the standard, five-passenger touring body, fore-doors and with a three-speed transmission. In every respect it was the standard car regularly sold at all Studebaker Corporation agencies for \$800. Mr. Sands chose this car on account of its sturdy construction and its high power, in proportion to weight.

In the equipment of the car, Mr. Sands showed remarkable foresight of the conditions to be vanquished.



"Dead Man's Hill" near Ellensburg, where the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" climbed 5,270 feet in three miles of going

On account of the many miles of forest trails to be traversed, where barely room exists for the passage of a pack animal, Mr. Sands removed the fenders, making the car as narrow as possible. Because of the long distances to be traveled out of reach of supplies of all sorts, Mr. Sands installed on the running board an auxiliary oil tank. To the rear of the car he fastened an auxiliary gasoline tank, with a capacity of 30 gallons. A complete supplementary set of tires occupied one running board. On the other side was a large chest for the baggage of the party which included:

Provisions for three men for a week.

Rifle, two revolvers and ammunition.

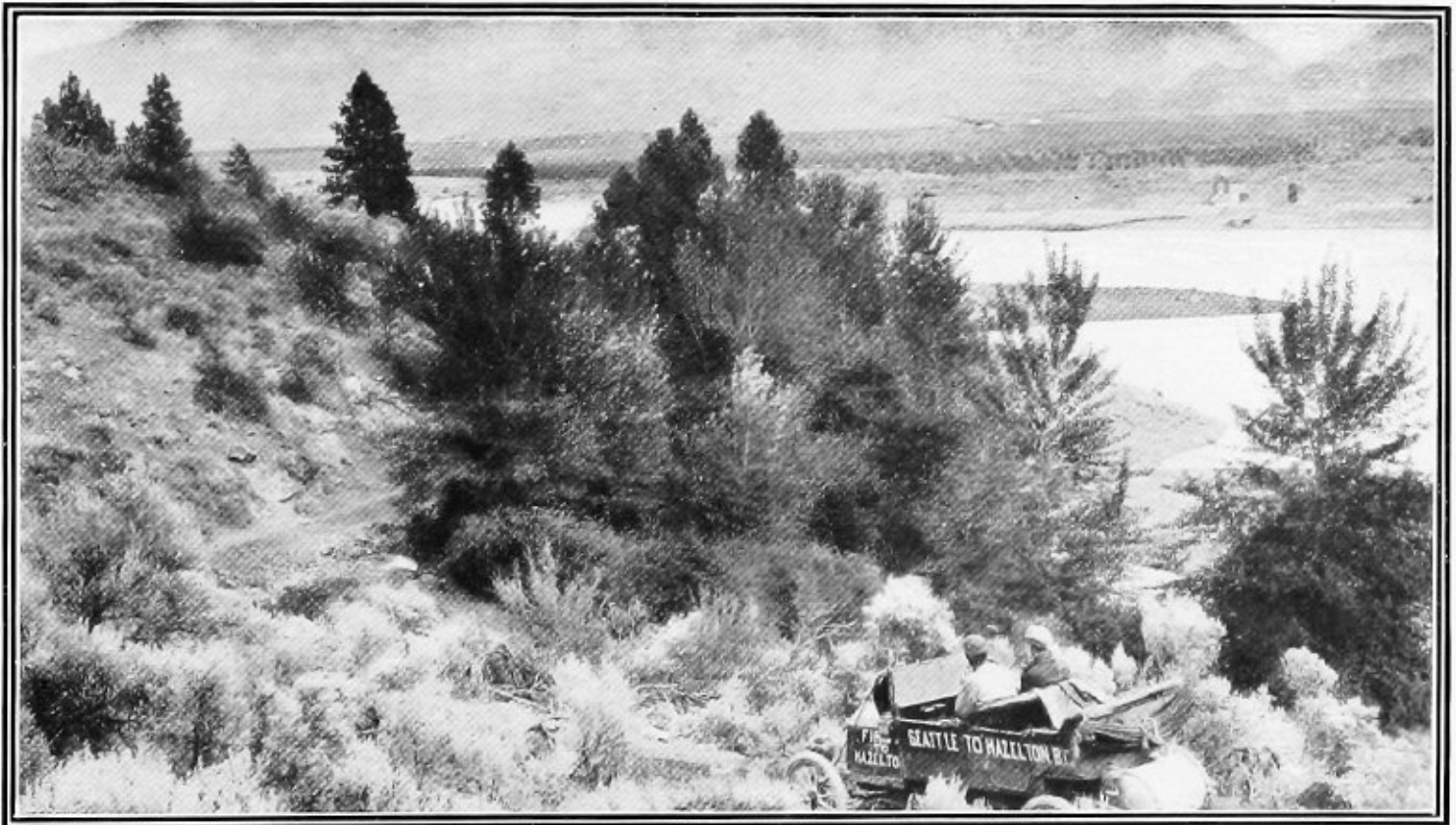
Camera and supplies.

Axe, hammer, bucket, cup and dishes.

Big, one-handed cross-cut saw.

Complete set of tire chains and auxiliary chain to be wound around wheels.

Blankets and sleeping bags.



Near Orondo, Wash., as the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" was approaching the crossing of the Columbia River

Two hundred feet of rope and blocks.

The weight of the car itself was about 1,650 pounds. With load and passengers installed, the weight was increased to 3,100 pounds—a terrific handicap on a rough journey but one which Mr. Sands was confident the Flanders "20" could carry.

The start was made from Seattle, August 28, and a long line of motorists escorted the explorers as far as Georgetown, Mayor Dilling of Seattle presenting Mr. Sands with a letter for the mayor of Hazelton. The first day's journey was over familiar highways and Mr. Sands noted in his log with pride that the Flanders "20," despite its terrific load, pulled the hill into Snoqualmie Falls—a bugaboo to the motorists of that region—on intermediate speed clear to the top. North Bend was the night stop and the Commercial Club turned out to do the honors. Mr. Sands notes in his log:

"Mr. Frank E. Hart, editor of the Snoqualmie News and prominent in the Commercial Club said he had been all through the country around Hazelton and,



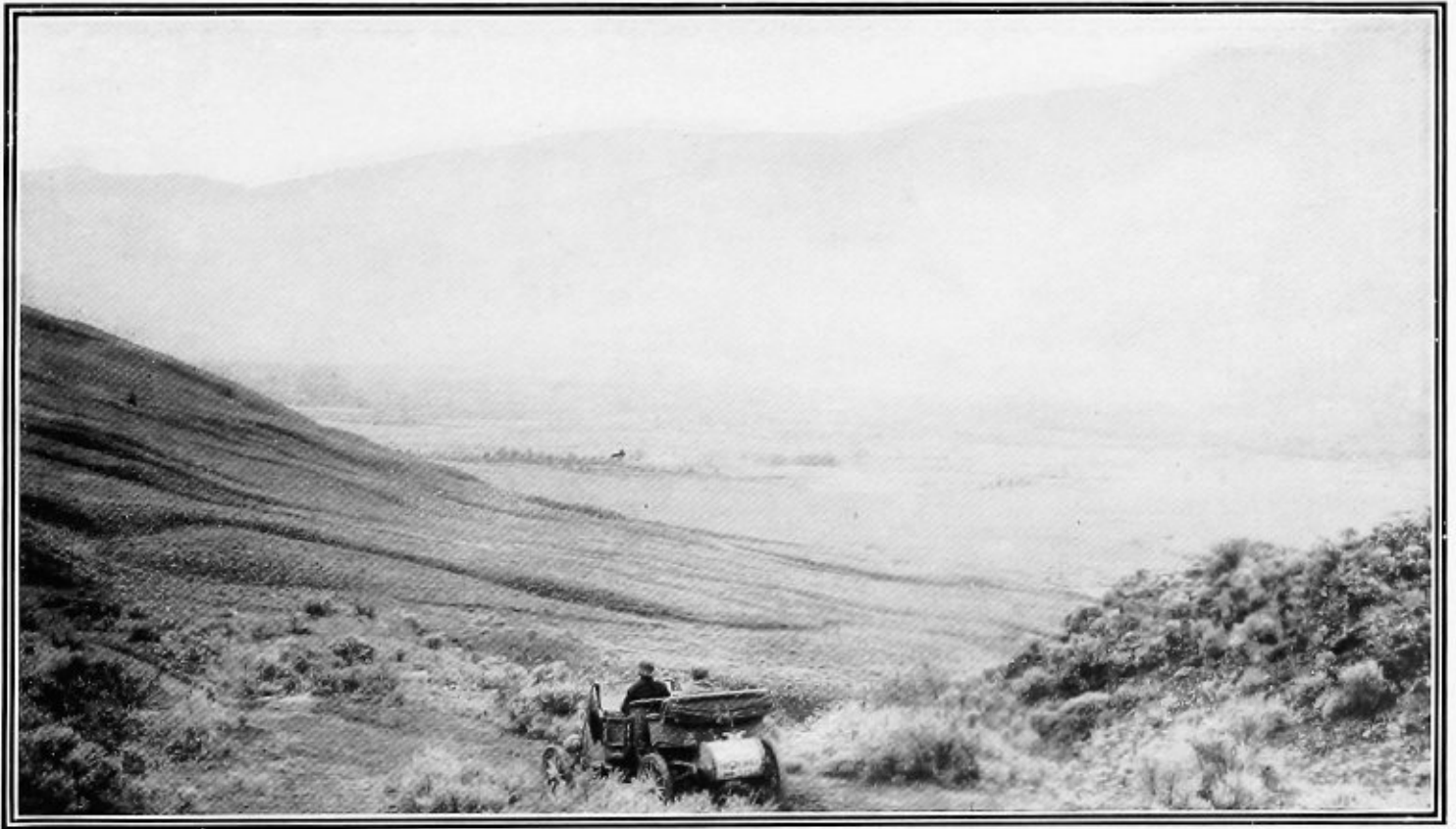
Custom House of the United States Government at Oroville, Wash., where the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" crossed the border into British Columbia

like every other source of information we have had, he said he did not see how we are going to get through."

The next day's run took the car into the famous Snoqualmie Pass. "Crossing the hump" the natives call the process of negotiating this rugged and mountainous trail. Two other cars had tried it within a year and both had turned back. Reports truthfully told that the trail was in the worst shape in years.

"After the first two or three rises we began to take notice," logged Mr. Sands. "Of course, I knew the Pass was bad but it was much worse than I had imagined and a faint heart should never tackle it. We used up two hours taking photographs, one for lunch and arrived at the summit, Laconia, 28 miles from our starting point, in the evening.

"Everyone we met was certain that we would never get through and laughed at us as fools, when we went on. It was simply amazing the way the car behaved. I don't see how there is a gear left in her. But she is running as smooth as velvet



British Columbia's scenery was one of the most impressive features of the entire trip of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

and there is nothing broken or even bent." For one day Mr. Sands and his party busied themselves building four miles of road out of Laconia. Creeks had to be bridged, while the men worked in icy water up to their armpits. Rocks had to be pried from the trail and fallen trees removed. The party returned to Laconia for the night but proceeded the next day. At Lake Ketchilas the road came to an abrupt end in a lake, formed by a big government dam which has raised the water all about. A boat was secured and the car and her passengers ferried across.

Across the pass, in comparatively level territory, Mr. Sands turned the wheel over to Mr. Batchellor and left for a day in Seattle. Progress was made steadily during his absence, and the car picked Mr. Sands up at Ellensburg, well along the trail. I quote from the log: "We had a lively time from the start, out of Ellensburg. Went by way of Colocium Pass and Dead Man's Hill. We climbed a mile in three miles of going and, when we started down from the top, it seemed just like dropping off. The little car performed wonderfully—not a miss all the way."



The Flanders "20" traversed 17 miles of this road, hewn out of the side of Lake Nicola's bank, on the "First to Hazelton" trip

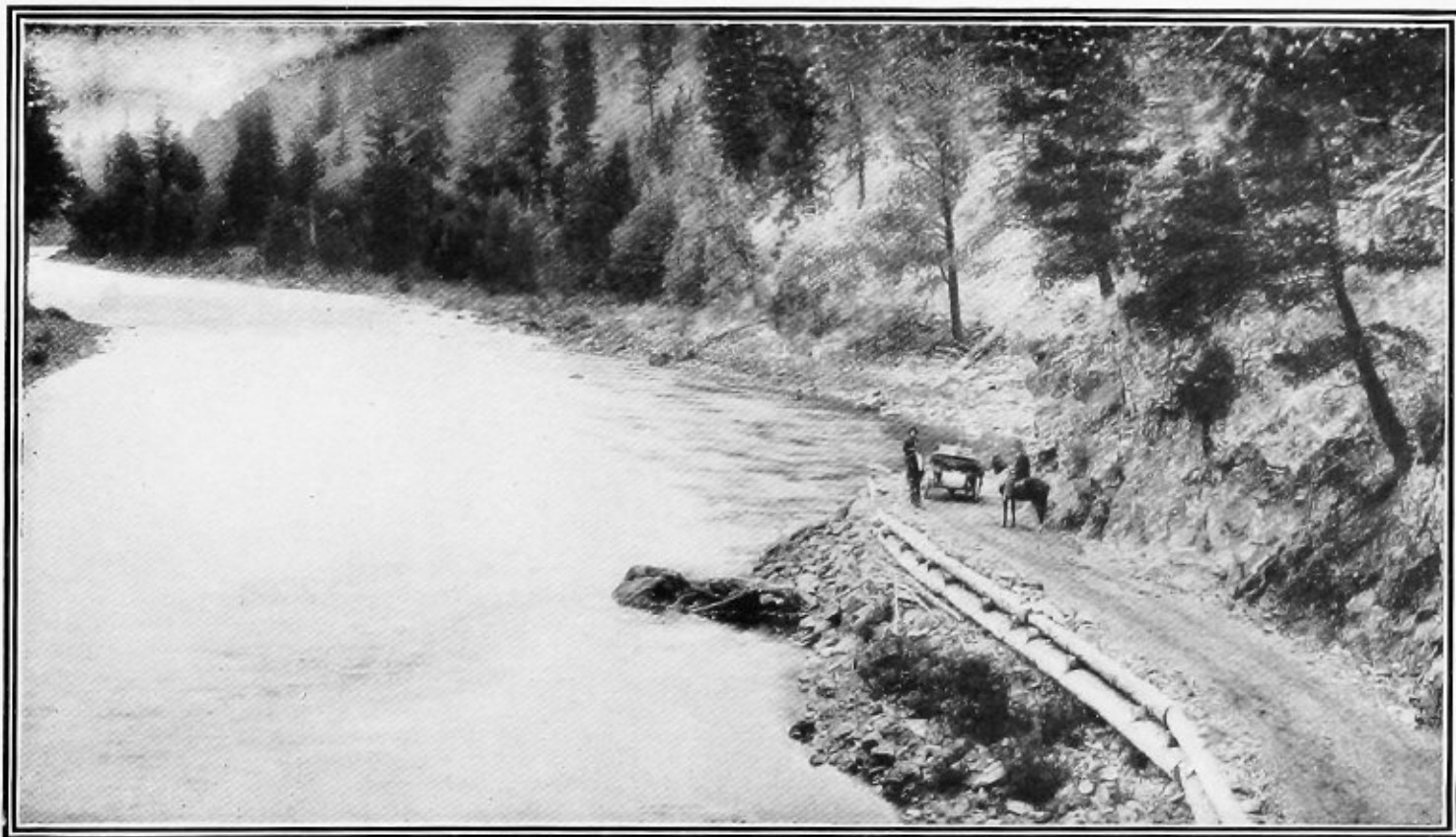
On through Oregon's northeast corner, Sands piloted the car to Oroville. For three days it had rained almost without cessation. At one night stop, more than 50 pounds of mud was washed from the car and its interior, the absence of fenders being sorely felt.

All along the way the car was welcomed and escorted by civic bodies from the little cities springing up in this "new country."

At Oroville, a United States customs officer escorted Sands and his party to the border, where a dubious representative of the Canadian government issued a passport only after Sands had assured him that the members of the party who might survive would surely ship the Flanders "20" back to the United States.

The high grades of Boundary Pass gave the car no pause and the party slept at Princeton, well inside the border.

"The car is working better every day," Sands wrote that night in his log. "A regular little devil."



The "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" between Keremlos and Princeton, B. C.

Out of Princeton, up a canyon, along a new railroad bed and into a forest of stumps, led the road, and some smart axe work was necessary in several places to widen out the passage. But then followed a stretch of good highway though "a little hilly," commented Mr. Sands, "the climb being 5,390 feet in nine miles." Seventy miles were logged that day. Passable roads were met on the day following, the car traversing 17 miles of highway, hewn out of the solid rock along the shore of Lake Nicola, rich in scenic beauty.

"Then," quoting again from the log, "the road was up and down, through canyons and for 20 miles along the top of a hill. The little car went a-whooping along" to Kamloops, where the whole town turned out to do honor to the intrepid travelers while the newspaper men begged for stories, which they admitted were "cracking good."

For several days rain had held off but such luck was too good to last. It began to pour as the explorers left Kamloops and, to add to the discomfort, Sands



At this cabin, near Mud River, the crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" purchased four eggs for a half-dollar and enjoyed a real treat

lost his way, coming to a blind end of the trail on top of a mountain, up which the car had labored, foot by foot. Darkness fell and it was necessary to work back down the precipitous trail. There were no farmhouses but Sands finally discovered an Indian who gave him the right directions and the party continued by the light of their lamps 20 miles to Ashcroft, after covering 158 miles on the day's run.

Up to this point, the explorers had been fairly well in touch with civilization. Ashcroft, however, marked the border of the wild lands through which the remainder of the trip was to lead. It was the only point at which supplies could be secured for more than 200 miles and, for all that Sands could find out, the only place of this kind on the remainder of his trip. Accordingly he stopped for a day and secured 50 gallons of gasoline and 12 gallons of lubricating oil, loading the car to its utmost capacity. From Ashcroft stretched the Caribou trail, famed in the romance of years gone by when it was the only method of communication with one of the richest gold-mining districts in the world. Millions of dollars' worth



Crude ferry which carried the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" across the Nechoco River

of dust came out of this region and Ashcroft now retains only the memory of the days when it was the gateway to many mining camps.

The golden crop was harvested long ago and the mines are now deserted. There remains but one real monument—the Caribou trail, along whose winding way there still passes an occasional stage or packtrain, bound for the interior.

The Caribou trail was built to stay. Though it has been left in the state of almost total abandonment, it was so cleverly laid out by the engineers of the days gone by, that its gravel bed has escaped washouts and remains in some places. "One of the finest roads I ever saw," according to Mr. Sands.

Over 150 miles of it the Flanders "20" hummed merrily one day, despite her cruel load. Several farmers were met enroute. Wrote Sands:

"We still receive the same encouraging advice from the natives that we cannot make it at all and might as well turn back. The first few days it worried us some; now we only laugh."



Ashcroft, B. C., where the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" bade farewell to all railroad communication with civilization

The northern latitude began to make itself felt and, at 150-Mile House, Sands drew the water out of the radiator for the night, to prevent freezing.

At 141-Mile House the explorers were surprised to meet a hunting party of some of Great Britain's most famous citizens. Among them were Lord Desborough, the Duke of Sutherland, and Lord Charles Beresford, High Admiral of the British Navy. Sands found them a democratic trio. Lord Desborough showed him a picture of his home in England. "Some house," commented Sands in the log that night. The Admiral was a jolly soul, and Sands admits laughing at some of his stories. They all took great interest in the trip and graciously consented to pose for a photograph, with the car in the center.

After this interruption, the tourists continued on their way, reaching the end of the Caribou trail at Quesnel that night. Men and women flocked about to view the novel vehicle—the first motor car many of them had ever seen.

That night, Sept. 12, Sands wrote in his log:

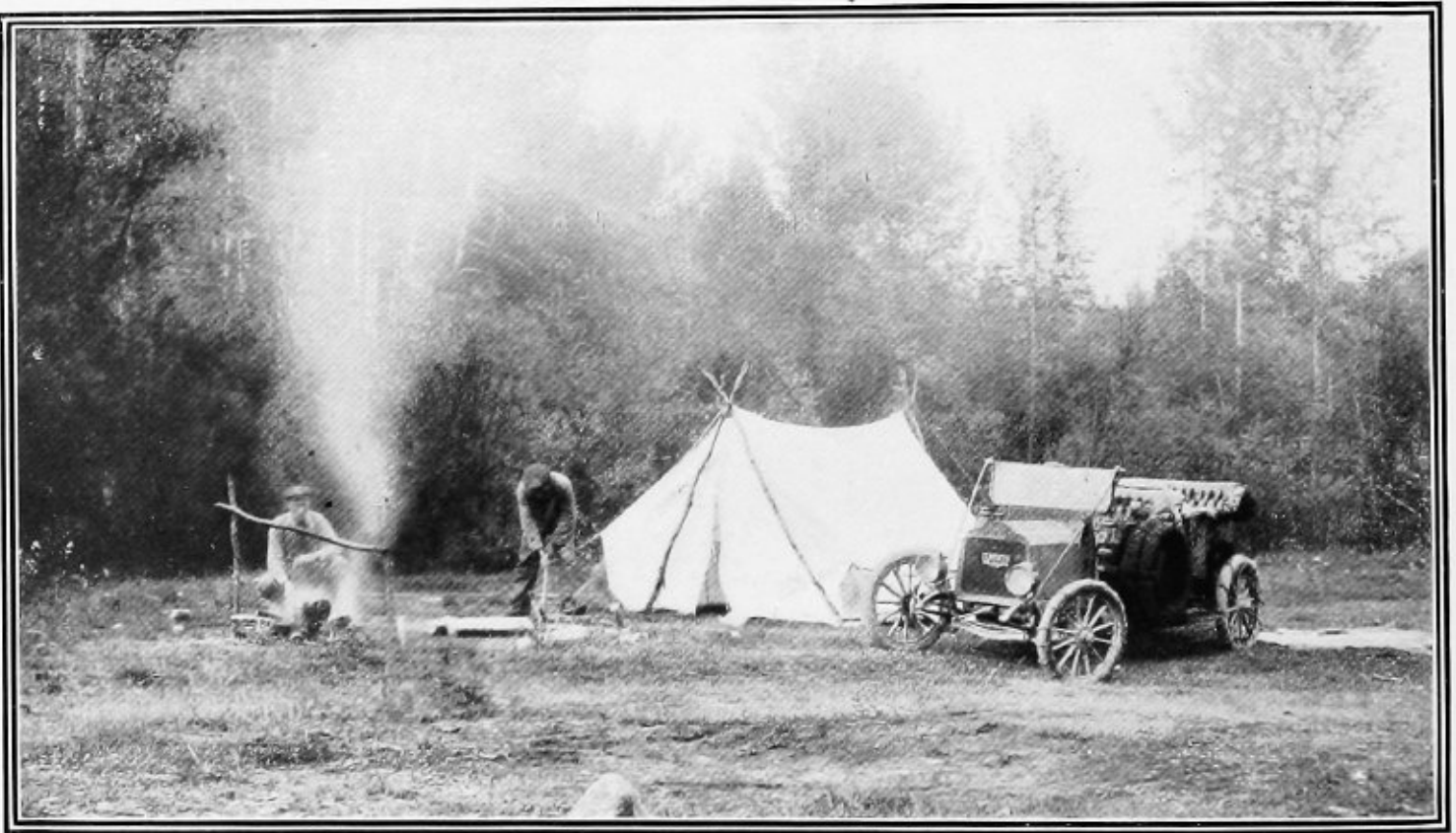


Studebaker wagon, met by the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" on the Caribou trail. Its owner was on his way to Quesnel, 175 miles away, for supplies

"I find that Hazelton is 400 miles from here, and our hardest work is ahead of us. It is all camp life from now on. If it does not rain, it will be all right but it is raining now and the prospect for tomorrow does not look propitious."

Raining it was the next morning but it cleared before noon and, after lunch, Sands turned the Flanders "20" northward again.

"First shot out of the box we came near losing the little car," writes Sands. "The boys tell me that, when I started off the primitive ferry, the pull of the car yanked the boat away from the shore. I set her off with a run, as there was a sharp climb ahead. That was all that saved us, for the car simply jumped a gap of open water. Had she failed, she would have gone out of sight and been lost, as the river is very swift and deep. I knew nothing of the danger until it was over. All I felt was a bump when the car struck the bank. The boys were frightened and pale." Across the ferry the roads reminded Sands of nothing so much as paperhanger's paste, and the grades were terrible.



The first night camp, made in British Columbia's wilds by the crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

"The way the car pulled them," wrote Sands, "was simply wonderful."

On the flat, the going improved and camp was made 12 miles from Quesnel in a spot favored by fine water.

"Curtis is off trying to shoot a grouse," concludes the log for the day, "and Batch. is giving the car her nightly oil. There are now five hundred billion little flies about. They do not bite—only crawl and buzz."

The next day the explorers added 49 miles more to their total, over roads which Sands said reminded him more of Snoqualmie Pass than anything encountered since that famous hump was hurdled. Work was almost entirely on low gear.

"The hill coming down into Blackwater is absolutely the worst I ever saw," runs Sands' chronicle. "On one of the curves our car simply ran into the bank, striking not the end, but broadside. Mr. Blackwater, the government telegraph operator, tells me that people whom he would not name are sending messages along the line, asking friends to give us what help they can."



Lakes, their banks thickly wooded, and with mountains rising high in the background, made many a beautiful landscape along the route of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

"The country is getting wilder and wilder all the time."

For two days out of Blackwater the car struggled along the wilderness trail, two Indian villages being the only habitations of man. Game was everywhere plentiful. Grouse, unaccustomed to the sight of man, stood in the trail and allowed themselves to fall easy victims to the little rifle carried by the party. At night a trapper's hut or the stars sheltered the dauntless crew. The car proved an object of great curiosity to the Indians and, at one village scared all the horses into the woods, the dauntless Sands being compelled to face the wrath of the chief.

On Sunday, Sept. 9, the car reached Fraser Lake and was ferried across in a boat which looked like a chopping tray, and the approach to which Sands characterized as "a pippin." On the shore of the lake Sands found a settlement.

"It all seems like a dream," he wrote—"like a story I've read—Hudson Bay Company, the Indians, the salmon jumping in the river, the vast country with its few log cabins 25 or 30 miles apart. It is surely the last great West."



No traction here. Much to the obvious regret of Mr. Sands, it was necessary to jack the car up and attach tire chains before the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" could push her way out of the slimy mud

Of the trip to Hazelton, 220 miles still remained, with rumors of a wagon road covering several miles at the remote end. But, from Fraser Lake to Bulkley, none had ever traveled, save on foot.

In Sands' log for that day I find these entries:

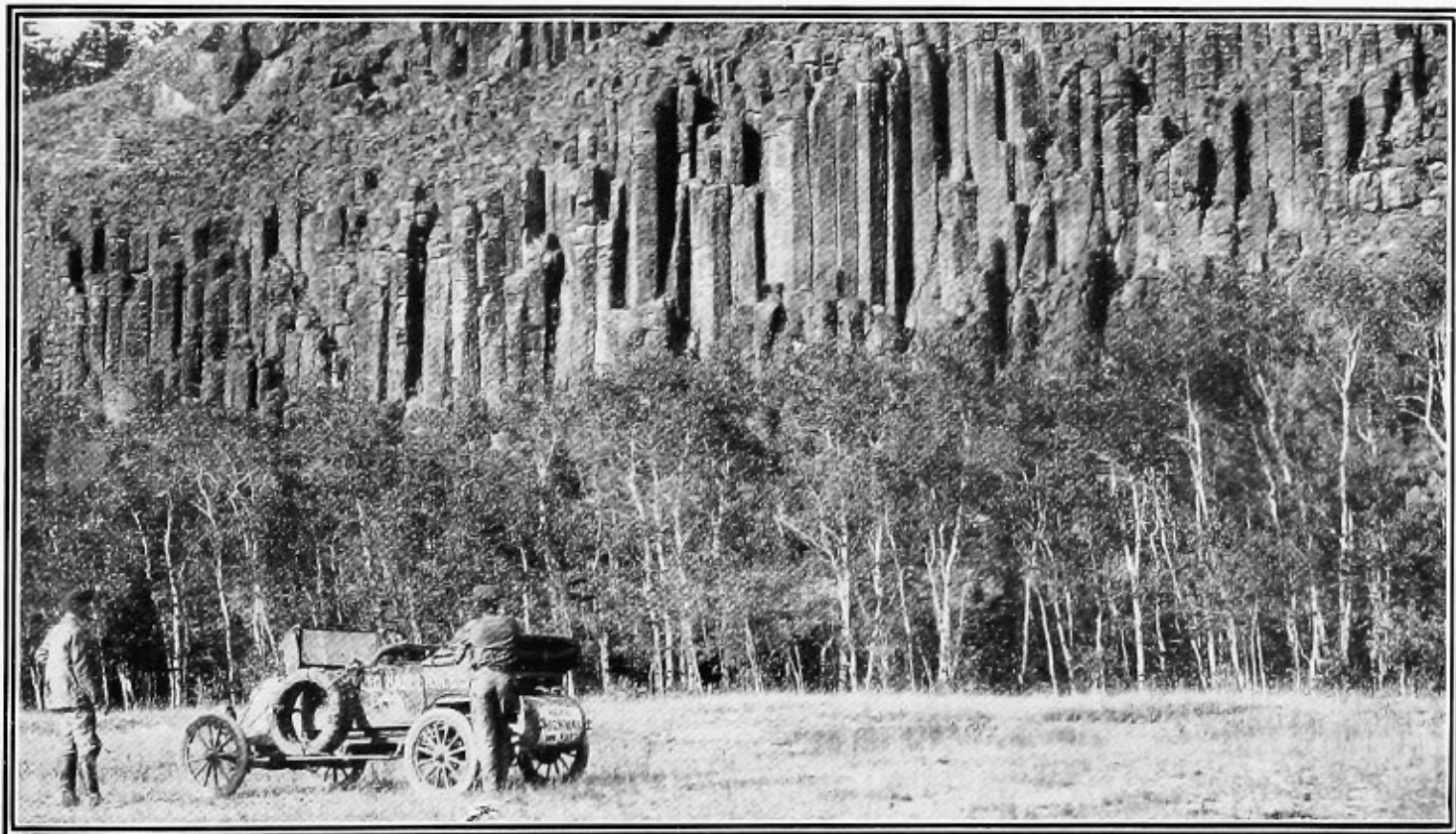
"Sleeping in cabin of Ole Larson on the floor tonight.

"We have only 17 gallons of gasoline left and I am wiring Aldemere to have 10 gallons packed down to us at Burns Lake.

"Mashed my hand yesterday. Thought at first I had broken a bone but only bruised and skinned it. Swelled up to twice normal.

"When we mention the trail to the natives, they tender us sympathy but no encouragement.

"We were greatly honored today by Mrs. Bunting, wife of the Hudson Bay agent, who had a baby girl, just to please us. Tried to get Mr. Bunting to name her Flanders or Flanderina but he is a canny Scot and could not see it.



"The Pillars," passed by the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20,"
20 miles out of Quesnel, B. C.

"A letter would not reach Seattle from here under a month.

"This part of our trip is going to be a corker. It is worse than Snoqualmie Pass. But our courage is good, we know our car and we will make it with the ordinary amount of good luck."

Before leaving Fraser Lake, Mr. Sands engaged a Siwash Indian guide, two axemen and a pack team to carry the supplies of the party and to work out his directions in preparing a road through the wilderness.

"A corker" Sands had predicted, and so it proved. For 12 days the Flanders "20" and its crew were engaged in a battle, the like of which no motor car had ever fought before. Trees were hewn aside; block and tackle were necessary time and again in places where soft muck prevented the car's wheels from securing traction. On the first day's run the only feasible route led time and again along the sides of hills where the car was compelled to run at such an angle that the gasoline slopped out of the vent-hole in the top of the tank.



A night camp in the trackless wilderness north of Quesnel. Flashlight photograph of the crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

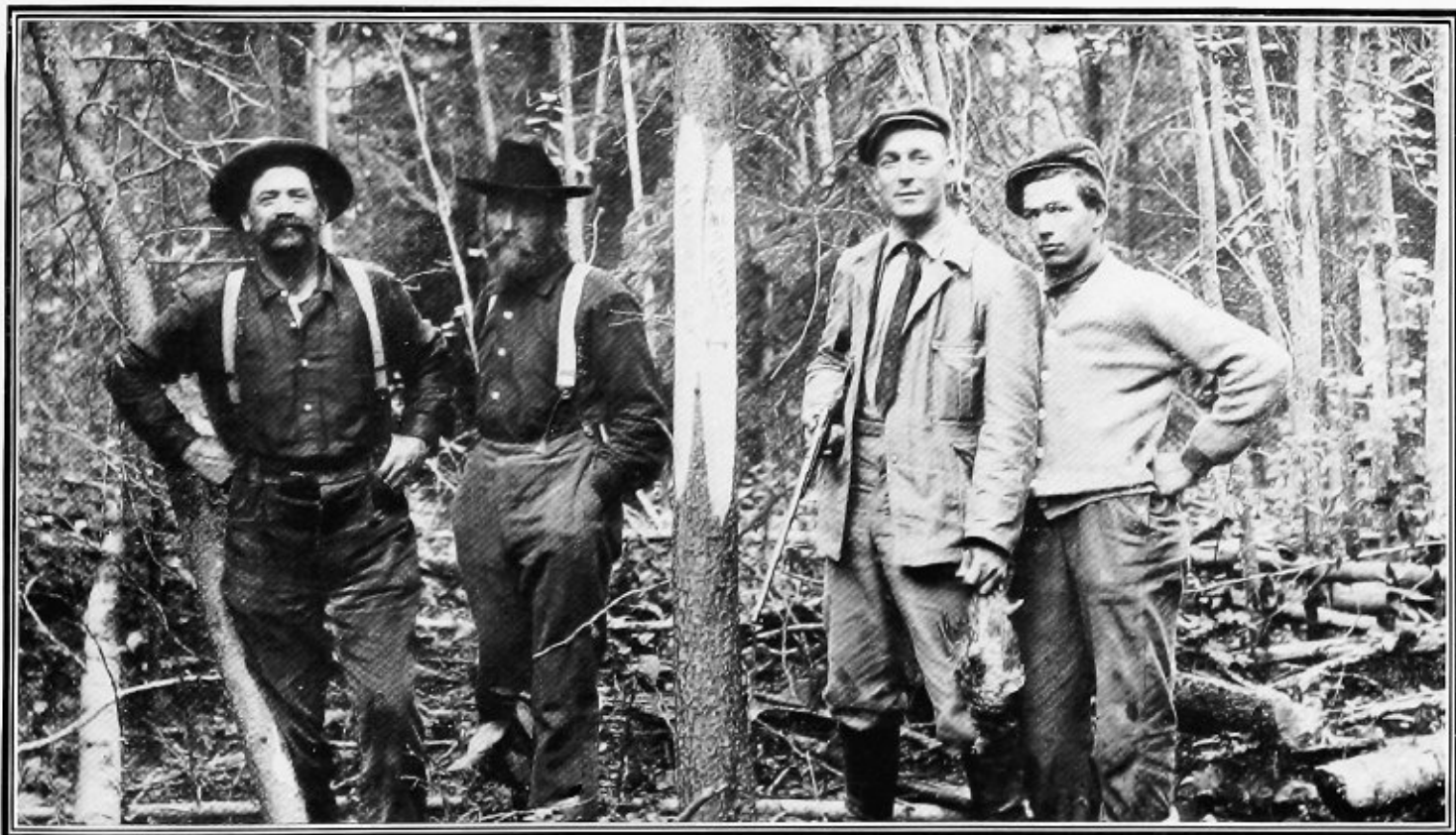
At night the party would make camp wherever darkness overtook them. The trained woodsmen divided the task of cooking and camp-making between them in a systematic way, greatly enhancing the comfort of the tired motorists. At night ice always formed, despite the fact that autumn was barely approaching.

Wrote Mr. Sands on the evening of Sept. 21:

"Arrived at a place or spot up here called Shovel Creek. I do not know why. No shovel, no creek, no house.

"I could write a volume about the impossible places we have been over today but I would only repeat myself. I can't refrain though, from taking time to give the car credit for the way it stands up in spite of the outrageous way we have to treat it.

"We work entirely on low gear. In going up a hill we go as far as we can, until stopped by rocks, trees or holes. Then the men come up and smooth out the roadway. We speed the engine up and some of the boys get behind to push.



"Blazing the way." The crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" had just inscribed on this tree, "990 miles to Seattle"

I let the clutch in with a sudden yank and perhaps we get to the top. Why there is still a gear or pinion left in her I do not know. I always thought the E-M-F '30' was the best car in the world but, with me, that car's nose is out of joint now. I don't believe there is any other car built that will stand handling like that we are giving the Flanders '20.'"

And so ran the story of that gallant fight, day by day. There was no day of rest. From daylight till dark the duel was waged steadily. Every day was a traveling day. And the car itself—the backbone of the expedition—was always ready for the start and strongest at the finish of each terrible trip.

Apparently, in all this period of straining toil, it never occurred to Sands that some essential mechanism might break. I find no mention of any fear of that sort. So thoroughly confident in the endurance of the car had he become that his one problem was ever that of the path—never that of the vehicle which he was compelled to so shamefully abuse.



Going, typical of the wilderness of British Columbia, through which the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" had to push its way

Had one little bolt, one insignificant fastening, given way under the strain, the expedition would have terminated then and there. Miles from any human habitation, two months from help or repair of any sort, the only possible result of such misfortune would have been the abandonment of the car and a labored return on foot, over the route which had been traversed, to the point where railroad communication, hundreds of miles away, could be reached.

But the car did not break. Every iota of its mechanism held faithful to the trust. Overloaded, thrown into a wilderness, performing a task never before asked of a wheeled vehicle of any sort, it was justifying the confidence of its owner and driver, and making good the conscientious work of the great factory, which had tempered its steels and the master minds which had designed it.

On Sept. 23, Sands wrote:

"The work we did today went ahead of anything we had done before. The trail was not only steep; we had to hold the car to the sidehills with ropes in many



Clearing the way for the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20." Often it was necessary to fell trees and dig out stumps to give the car room to pass

places. At one place the car started to slide and, before we could stop her, she turned over on top of me and I thought we had finished our trip. Jack, one of our men, seeing me pinned under the car, went after the car's body with an axe, which grieved me sorely. He must have been in a railroad wreck at some time, and he sure can swing an axe some.

"But we righted the car, cranked her once, and found out that she wasn't hurt, except for the broken body. Aside from a bruise on my leg, some lost skin and another bruise on my sore hand, I was all right.

"The car is still the same little bull."

The camping spots along the line are quaintly alluded to by Mr. Sands.

"Camped," he wrote Sept. 25, "at what is known as Booz's Flats, so called for an old Indian named Booz. Did not see Booz but saw his castle—a large, one room structure about 6 by 7."

And again:



A group of the Siwash Indians who make up the settlement of Stony Creek, B. C., through which passed the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20"

"Camped at a settler's cabin. Don't know his name. He was away when we broke in. We haven't met more than three people, including Indians, since we left Fraser Lake. The only thing that shows the marks of man is the government telegraph line, that extends from Ashcroft to Dawson, and is maintained at great loss.

On Sept. 29:

"Camped at South Bulkley. This is shown on the map by a small circle but failed to find anything here—not even the circle."

The character of the country changed but little and the difficulties encountered were ever the same. Some of the entries in the log sum up only the mileage gained and the location of the camp with the laconic travel-resume of "Same old thing."

But every day added something to the party's progress and the time eventually came when Mr. Sands triumphantly wrote:

"Camped at the end of a sort of wagon road, 44 miles from Aldemere, the nearest settlement. We are over the worst and, while the road is not a real one, we will



All brakes set. The "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" descending a grade in the British Columbia wilderness

be able to get into intermediate gear once in a while, I hope. Did more chopping today than on any run of the trip; fallen timber the cause. Timber small but progress slow. Made six miles. Off for Aldemere tomorrow and Hazelton next day, we hope. Hazelton is 56 miles from Aldemere."

On Oct. 3, Sands and the Flanders "20" once more met civilization. The road improved as the car neared the hamlet and, at 6:30 in the evening, the explorers entered the one street of Aldemere. Wrote Sands:

"We had a fine reception—chicken, steak, champagne and a bed to sleep in. They had expected us yesterday and had a function planned. Sent out and brought in the five women in this part of the country for a dance, but we didn't show up. They had their dance and celebrated just the same. Judging from the appearance of things, I am glad that we were a day late.

"We are treated fine and cannot spend any of our money save for gasoline and oil. Ten gallons of gasoline and three gallons of oil cost us \$28."

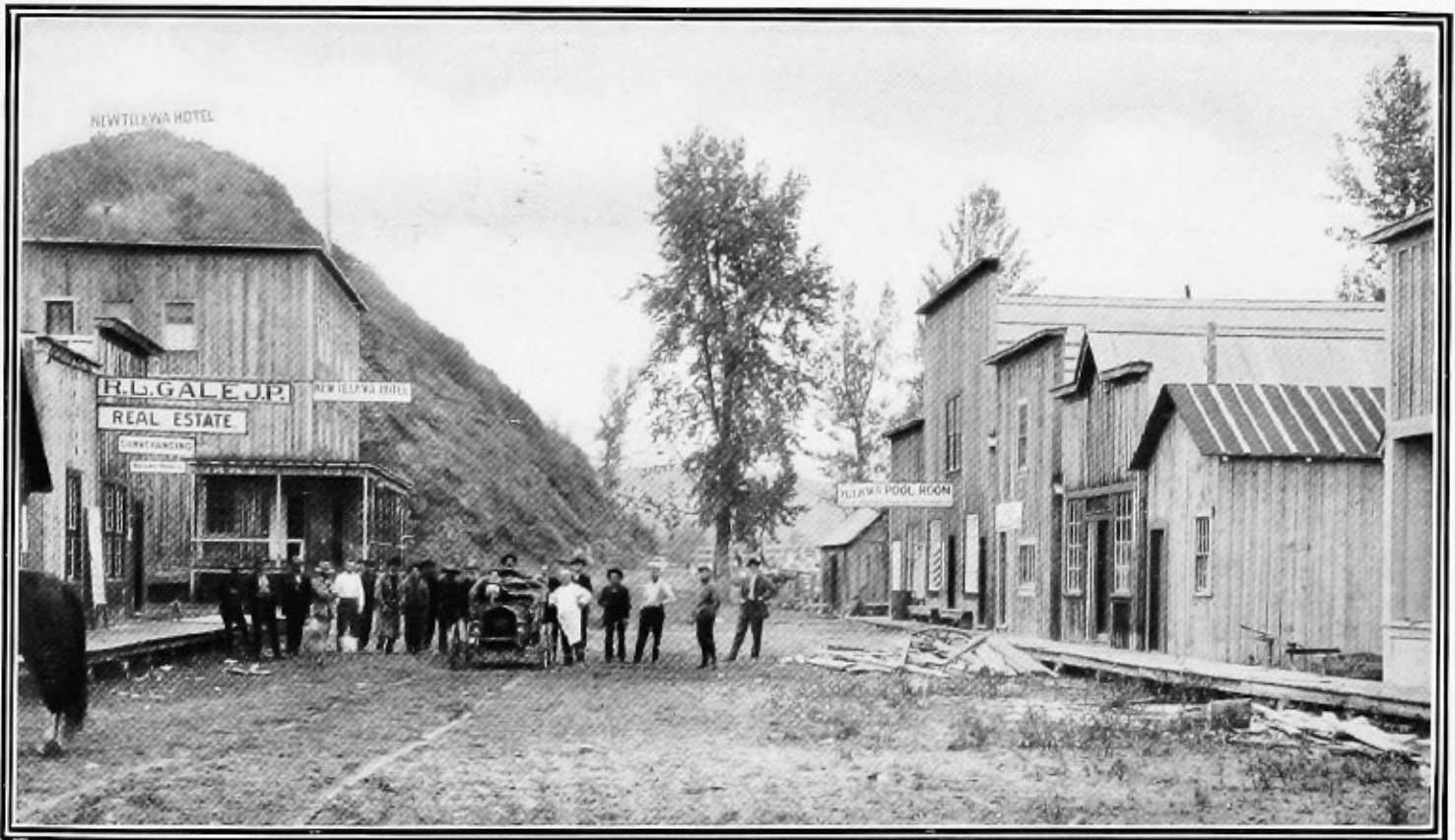


Getting back again on high ground. The "First to Hazelton"
Flanders "20" emerging from a swamp

For the final day of the long run, the party was handicapped by a late start and found the road cut up to a depth of several feet by the Grand Trunk Pacific's freight wagons, engaged in construction work. Darkness overtook the car 20 miles out of Hazelton but Sands pushed on by the light of the lamps, arriving at the end of his journey at 9:40 in the evening.

All Hazelton was up and waiting. The local newspapers had been in touch with the car at every telegraph station along the route. During the long intermission that occurred while Sands and his crew were fighting in the wilderness, men had laid wagers on the result of the attempt.

Out in the outskirts of the town, a big crowd stood, listening for the first sign of the approaching tourists. When the muffled beat of the busy little motor made itself heard, a cheer went up which showed the travelers that their task had ended and their hardships had been appreciated. Escorted by cheering men and women, dogs barking and the whole village in violent eruption, the Flanders "20" made



The "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" entering the frontier settlement of Telkwa, B. C.
Only woman in town at the wheel

her way to the hotel where, across the portal, stretched a great canvas sign inscribed "Bravo." The long journey was over.

For two days the hardy pioneers of the extreme Northwest's farthest outpost outdid themselves in doing honor to Sands and his car. On the day following the arrival, Sands officially delivered the letter of Mayor Dilling of Seattle to Government Agent Allison. That night Hazelton staged the biggest social event in its history—a banquet to Sands and his crew. With characteristic attention to detail, Sands chronicled in his log the fact that 60 persons were present who consumed 73 bottles of champagne, as well as other liquid refreshment, and then adjourned to the bar of the hotel. By special request, Sands and his crew attended in the ragged clothes they had worn on the trip.

On Oct. 6, Sands wrote:

"Spent day recovering from banquet. So did everyone else in Hazelton. Some haven't recovered yet.



The "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" at its destination. Photograph by flashlight

"Ladies of town want to get in on the good time, so have invited us to a dance tonight.

"Water in the river so low that no boat has been in for two weeks. It is rising some now, however. If we can't get a steamer, will take the car apart and bring down the river in canoes."

But this resort proved unnecessary. The next day the Skeena's banks were full and the water rising from the effects of a heavy rain further up in the mountains. A boat was reported as already on the way. It arrived in due time and, after a farewell to the hospitable hosts of Hazelton, the car rolled onto the steamer's deck, and the return trip was begun, over a route whose beauties of rock, mountain and canyon made the trip to the railroad a pleasant outing for the travelers.

By rail to Prince Rupert and by boat back to Seattle was the method of the return trip, and at Prince Rupert it was merely luck that the party did not take passage on the ill-fated steamer Princess Beatrice, choosing instead the Prince



The banquet tendered the crew of the "First to Hazelton" Flanders "20" by the citizens of Hazelton, B. C.

Rupert, and avoiding a wreck which might have meant the loss of the car and of their lives as well.

On Oct. 15, Sands made the final entry in his remarkable log:

"Arrived Seattle at 3 p. m.; met by quite a crowd, including Judge Ronald, Frank Fretwell and other officials of the Pacific Highway Association. Had parade through town. Had our pictures taken, took car to garage and wound up our trip, for which we praise God."

The return of the party was really the occasion for a huge testimonial of esteem by Seattle motorists, even though Mr. Sands dismisses that feature with a characteristically modest "Had parade."

As the Prince Rupert approached the dock, the tooting of horns and the cheers of the people drowned all other noises. A supply of gasoline and oil was ready for the Flanders "20," and was speedily installed. Sands climbed back to the place at the wheel where he had sat throughout the "First to Hazelton" battle. Batchellor

stepped to the crank and nonchalantly turned over the motor. As if the car itself knew that there were those on the shore who had predicted the Flanders "20" would come home a wreck, the motor was galvanized at once into life.

Battle scarred, it was true, and with a rough-and-ready air to replace the natty finish worn at the start of the trip, but with every mechanical part doing its designed duty as quietly and as efficiently as on the day of the start, the Flanders "20" bore her crew back to the very spot from which, 49 days before, she had started to establish the farthest north mark on the Pacific Coast. Her progress was an ovation. Women and children, grizzled prospectors, sailors, business men and laborers all joined to do honor to car and crew.

The formal end of the trip was postponed until Thursday evening, Nov. 7, when, at the Hotel Washington Annex, the Automobile Club of Seattle tendered, in honor of Mr. Sands, a banquet at which he was presented with the Challoner & Mitchell trophy.

And so ended an expedition which must be conceded the greatest motoring achievement of an era—an expedition whose success was attained only by intelligent foresight, unquenchable courage, dogged persistence, and the application of the most advanced ideas in metallurgy and engineering.

Until such a time as the human mind can conceive—and execute—a task more difficult, more exacting, more perilous, more conclusive than the "First to Hazelton" expedition, history will recall the feat of P. E. Sands and the Flanders "20" as the greatest to the credit of that resourceful combination, a man and a motor car.

BRIEF FACTS ABOUT THE "FIRST TO HAZELTON" TRIP

Distance covered by trip, 1281 miles.

Traveled in high gear, 350 miles; in intermediate, 381 miles; in low gear, 550 miles.

Hazelton is, so far as known, the northernmost point in America to which a car has ever been driven under its own power. All cars ever driven in Alaska have been shipped there.

More than 400 miles of this trip the car traveled where no automobile had ever preceded.

More than 200 miles were traveled over a country where no wheeled vehicle had ever been.

The trip was preceded by newspaper and magazine articles written by men familiar with the country to be traversed. Every article predicted failure for Sands and the Flanders "20."

The replacements on the car consisted of tires, brake-shoes and two bearings, the latter worn out by the insufficient lubricating value of the oil purchased in the far North.

Promised result of the trip, a government highway through British Columbia to Hazelton, following the line of Sands' trip which demonstrated the project as feasible. A sum of \$5,000,000 has since been appropriated by the government for this purpose.

The entire expedition in charge of a man who had driven a motor car but two years and who was in no respect a skilled mechanic.

Crippling mishaps to Flanders "20," none.

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FLANDERS

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