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# Intermountain Motorist



*"You Don't Dare Hit Me!" — Forrest Crissey*  
**Red Hot Coulees**

SEPTEMBER 1928



Twenty Cents



# Intermountain Motorist

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"Believe it or not," 40 persons in an automobile caravan of 15 cars toured the Grand Coulee from end to end on that day when the mercury reached its height. "Red Hot Coulees" is the title of a few impressions of that trip written by one of the party who swears he consumed ten gallons of various kinds and temperatures of liquids that day.

+

Forrest Crissey, noted Post writer, gives the parents something to think about in his second of four articles for this magazine. His "You Don't Dare Hit Me" is rather caustic in its truthfulness.

+

Association officials have made a careful study of the automobile accidents in Spokane for the first six months of this year. A few of their deductions on the causes of these accidents will interest you whether you drive in the city or on the highways.

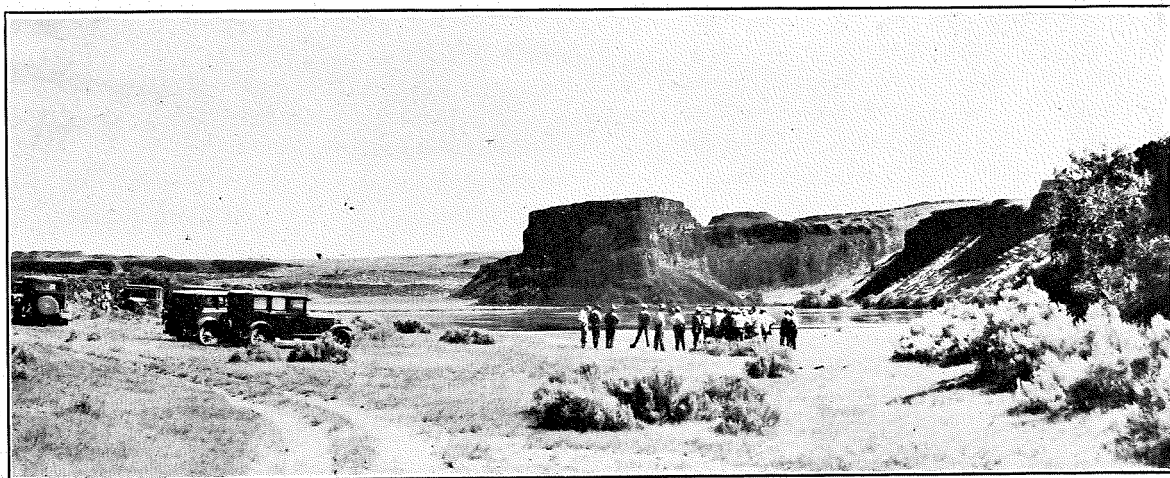
+

What other of the automobile clubs are doing toward housing their ever-growing activities is told in pictures and a short article this month.

+

Then be sure to read what the National Better Business Bureau has to say of "gyp" automobile clubs. There's been some activity in this region recently.

D. C. G.



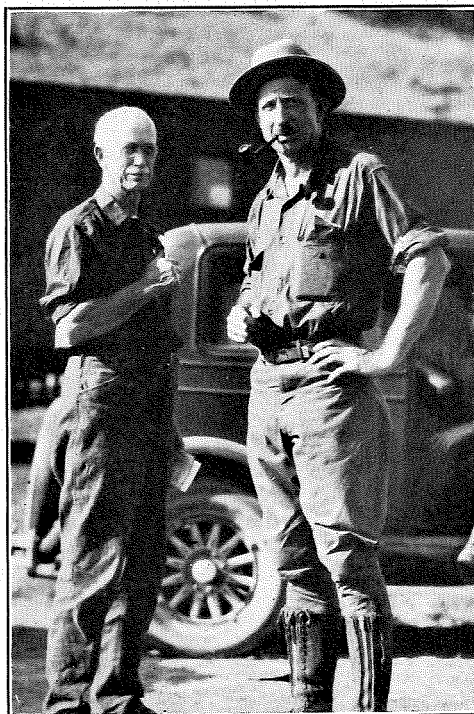
*The Princeton party inspecting part of the Grand Coulee, the great gorge in central Washington cut by the Columbia river*

## Red Hot Coulees

A Few Impressions on the Princeton Coulee  
Trip by One of the Party

THINK back to July 25, that day when the weather man took the top hatch off Hades and mercury came close to its boiling point. Come with me to Ephrata. It was 4:30 a. m., and thermometers had just begun to simmer quietly. I was asleep. Then came a giant pounding on the door—time to get up to meet the third annual excursion of the geological department of Princeton University.

The whole hotel was astir with the drivers of the cars which were to carry the 23 geology professors and students from England, Canada and the United States through the Grand Coulee that Dr. J. Harlen Bretz of Chicago University could prove something or other to do with "loessial hills," "erratics" and "glaciation."



*L. K. Armstrong, Spokane (left) who was responsible for the coming of the Princeton party, with Dr. J. Harlen Bretz, of Chicago University, the noted geologist who directed the tour of the Grand Coulee*

Across the street, we found the cafe which promised breakfast at five o'clock would not be ready until 5:15 so we joined the group in the street. Some tried to knock the remains of sleep with cigarettes. Others paced up and down trying to talk as if they got up every morning at that hour. Some were backing their cars out of the garage.

"NO GROUCHES"

Then L. K. Armstrong, chief arranger of the delegation which represented Spokane (most all laymen), Pullman, Ellensburg, and Walla Walla (99 per cent geologists), came up with the announcement that the train (due at 5:40) was four hours late—and surprisingly nobody complained. They were a group of good

sports—numerous geologists, a well-known pianist and composer, three highway patrolmen, a hotel man, two newspaper men, representatives of the A. A. A., an electrical engineer and his Boy Scout son, a city official of Spokane—anyway it was a varied group.

Then breakfast of infinite variety, prunes or apple sauce, oat meal, corn flakes, bran flakes, bacon, eggs and incessantly the cry for water. The extra waitress who had been added to the staff for the occasion found no time to help serve, she simply poured glass after glass of water.

Dr. Bretz, a student who was with him and Thomas Large of Spokane arrived after having slept in their bed rolls on the court house lawn.

A conference was held and plans carefully made were remade because part of the highway to be run over had to be oiled that morning at eight.

Great Northern officials were consulted and the late train was finally ordered to stop at Stratford.

The caravan formed and roared out onto the highway after the motorcycle officers. Each car kept close to his neighbor for the completed oiling held the dust. Then we came to a freshly oiled portion and the speed was cut to a minimum. Oil splattered the cars and Stratford appeared.

#### DRINK ANYTHING WET

We stopped. How hot it was nobody knew. Surely the less said of this the better. In one movement the one source of water in the town was besieged. The

store and service station had a few bottles of pop and near beer on ice. Before 7:30 this had disappeared and the crowd was drinking luke warm beverages.

Long distance telephone conversation with Great Northern officials brought word that the train was another hour behind schedule. At this point with two hours to wait, Dr. Bretz called us all together and suggested that we drive to a high point overlooking part of the Coulee so the fifteen cars wallowed off across the sage brush in the dust and in the early morning light we looked for miles across the scablands with their towering cliffs shrouded in the blue summer haze.

All the cameras in the party came out for pictures and while the last were being snapped, a train whistled in the distance and there was a rush for the cars, everyone feeling that, perhaps, the train had made up time and arrived. But after a hurried and dusty trip back to Stratford there was another wait for almost an hour before the limited roared to a stop and the Princeton party unloaded.

#### PRINCETONITES IN OVERALLS

They were a motley crew. Here and there a "prof" in the khaki hiking clothes and wide hats strode among the students, some of whom were dressed in overalls and blue denim shirts. Others wore tan shirts and golf knickers. Every one carried a camera, a note book and a hand pick. They quickly climbed into the cars to

*(Please turn to Page 17)*



*Dr. Bretz telling them*

## Red Hot Coulees

(Continued from page 6)

which they had been assigned and we were finally off on the run to Coulee City.

At the high spot of the road, the caravan stopped and the argument started. That is, Dr. Bretz began his talks to the students on the formation of the Coulee and Dr. O. C. Jones of the Canadian Geological Service did not entirely agree.

We pulled into the grounds laid out for the dedication of Dry Falls State park a little before noon. A tent had been erected on the edge of the great chasm of the fossil water fall three miles southwest of Coulee City.

### CROWD DESPITE SUN

Hundreds of people were on hand for the ceremonies in spite of the blistering sun. The arrangements for the dedication had been made by Harry A. Young, state superintendent of parks, through the leaders of the communities in the district. Well did we appreciate the lunch and more, the ice water, lemonade and tea which the women provided.

M. E. Field of Chelan arose to begin the ceremonies as soon as we started lunch as we had to be on our way at one o'clock. Rufus Woods of Wenatchee talked on the state's development then Dr. Bretz on the Coulee formation and finally Frank McCann of Coulee City.

The Methow Valley girls, a group of high school students, with their booster song, "There Ain't No Flies On The Methow," delighted the geological students from every part of the globe. Before the completion of the program, the caravan again went its way into the great rock walled canyon. The cars strung out for several miles each one leaving behind a long plume of dust.

At the upper end of the Coulee, we stopped. Dr. Bretz and Dr. Jones resumed their argument and went off toward the banks of the Columbia river in search of evidence. The cars were hot. It was impossible to touch them without burning. What drinking water was left was dumped into the radiators to prepare for the climb to the Almira rim.

At last all of the cars came up and the start up grade was made. The hill is one of the steepest roads I've seen. The cars seemed to hang suspended above one another as they struggled upward. Two or three dropped out to make minor repairs. Half way up we halted for the view of the Coulee on one side and the sweeping bend of the blue Columbia on the other.

(Please turn to page 18)

### Taking Your Vacation by Car?

If you are, be sure you have the machine fully insured; yourself insured and that you are protected against liability of all sorts.

You may not be, but some *are*, reckless drivers. Summer time is motor time and the roads are congested.

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## Red Hot Coulees

(Continued from page 17)

Groups gathered to compare notes on the performance of cars on the grade. All of the cars, large and small stood belching steam from the radiators. The more ardent geologists gathered to hear Dr. Bretz talk while the drivers tinkered with their cars. Clean handkerchiefs were used to handle oil gauges which were so hot that some got bad finger burns trying to check on the oil.

Again we started up. At the top a searing wind swept the party. My steering wheel got so hot that I had to hold it first with one hand and then the other.

We came onto the gravel highway and for several miles braved the scorching wind. There was no water and cars were gasping. Finally a big farm house came in sight and the whole caravan swept into the front yard. A hydrant poured out a welcome stream of cold water. Thirty men tried to drink at once. To one who was not as hot and thirsty as we were, it must have appeared that we had been without water for days.

### TO THE ALMIRA RIM

All the water bottles, the thermos jugs and canteens were filled. Then all the steaming cars got their share before the start for the Coulee rim. For five miles across the scabland we ran. The road was but a trail over the rocks, up one ledge and down another. Dust rose in choking quantities but we finally arrived for a breathtaking view of the Coulee spread out before us, the bulk of Steamboat rock rising in the center.

It was five o'clock. We were more than a hundred miles from Spokane when we started back. At Almira, more water, gasoline and oil—and a snack of food to keep us until we could get in.

After the experience of stopping in the Cascade tunnel with its sheets of ice water pouring from the

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rocks and spending the day in one of the hottest places in the State of Washington on one of the hottest days, the Princeton party will have the opinion that we have a state of great variety, at least, in climate.

As I left the young Englishman who had ridden with me all day, he thanked me for the delightful trip and with a sigh of real relief said he was going to Glacier park where he would "melt a couple of glaciers getting cooled off."

## Ask Court to Enjoin

(Continued from page 15)

business within the plaintiff's territory save the address of General Delivery, Spokane, Washington;"

### ASKS RESTRAINING ORDER

The complaint asks the court to issue a restraining order enjoining the North American Automobile Association from using the trademark of the American Automobile Association or marks in imitation or from representing to the public that it or its agents are in any way connected with the American Automobile Association; from distributing literature bearing the trademark or emblem or its imitation and for judgement against the North American club for the sum of \$5000 damages and costs.

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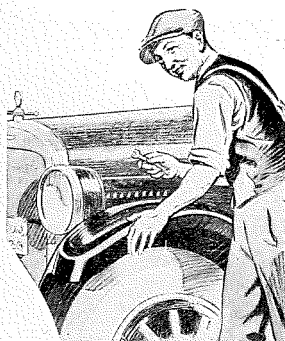
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