Dear Hal,

What a surprise to get your enlargements back so very soon. Understand that I wasn't worried about the negatives and you are welcome to any others that I have.

The picture of the heisler pushing the flat downgrade is taken at Alder Creek near where loop creek runs into it - not more than a mile or so north of Headquarters. You can see the upper grade of the railroad in the background. In going to Headquarters (the other way from this train) they climbed up and to the left, made a 180° curve and came back on the upper line, then over a low pass into the Reeds Cr. drainage where Headquarters was located. There was a dirt road crossing not far behind me and I think he is whistling for the crossing - though in those days of 1929 I seldom saw any cars or trucks on that road.

In those days and until the middle 30's I never saw any engines running on this logging RR. except Heislers. They did have gasoline powered speeders.

I do not have any number on that steam loader. It and the Heisler #71 were taken right in Headquarters. The engines are headed in such a direction that they were set for the "main line" of the logging operation.

I would be glad to look at those Xerox copies to see if I could identify any of them. Just last week I discovered two friends of mine who worked on the Camas Prairie (in the 60's & 70's) who I might ring in to help. One is a conductor on the BN. and had bid in on jobs out of Lewiston. He was on the Grangeville line as well as Headquarters. (I think he was surprised that I knew the Headquarters country at all.) The other friend had been on a B & B gang working on some bridge abutments up on the Headquarters line. It might take a bit more than a week turn around time as both still work and I'd have to catch them between jobs, or runs. Both would be interested I'm sure. So, if I can help a bit on that, please feel free.

Please understand that I'm not hurt at all about the quality of the photos I took. I know I could do better now but These were among the very first I ever took and long before I was a "RR nut". The fever was just sort of beginning.

I road in the cab of a heisler around the yards a couple of times, but once I rode from that Alder creek crossing up to Headquarters. It was evening and so I hurried with my camp job and stood with my back to the engine as it was coming upgrade. Just as soon as the headlight came past I turned around and grabbed the ladder. It was dusk and the headlight would have blinded a guy for just too long to make the catch. Well, here was the engineer just sitting back with his feet up on the throttle (as I remember it) and holding a conversation with someone - not paying that "eagle eye attention" that I had supposed all engineers ALWAYS maintained. However the engine steered itself and so finally we picked up speed and went rocketing down into Headquarters. I had the choice of jumping off or riding to the upper yards and walking back half as far as I had ridden. So I was advised to jump off and be running as soon as my feet hit the ground or I would go flat on my face. I could see enough to know there were no switch stands but the engine seemed to be going at a terrific rate. Well, I hit the ground running allright and almost outran the locomotive. I had been completely fooled by the high speed exhaust as to the actual speed over the ground.

By the way, the road bed in those days was in good shape. I know that logging RR's..have a bad reputation for disaster but I never heard of one during the time I was around. I also thought

the Heisler was pretty darn smooth riding.

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Well, enough. Thank you for the enlargements.

Sincerely,

In thinking about the name loop creek down in Clearwater county I just wonder whether it is wise to even mention that.

Most railroad nuts will immediately jump to the Milwaukee Loop Cr. as it is so well known. Alder Cr. is a decent sized creek but this loop creek is just a small tributary -- a branch of Alder Creek would be appropriate I think.

Monday and a friend sitting across the table was blessing you and your Kettle Valley book. (I just got my copy out to show my wife who it was that I was writing to.) He had driven up the line from Hope until, on a narrow bridge, it slipped off the thing and became incapacitated. He left the old thing there and deeded it to the Canadian Police, got a ride back to Hope and came home. Said it was about ready to die anyway, but he was VERY HIGH in praise for your descriptions. (I had thought that a guy would probably have to hike along most of the stretches of the coquihalla valley but he said that a pipe line had been put in and that you could get a car through as far as he went.) I hope to do this before too long.

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