BOARD OF EDUCATION.

North Pekin, March, April 25, 1878.

Mr. J. W. Currie,
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

While at your council several years ago
I received with no particular sentiments on
further and finally because of that acquaintance.

I therefore address you personally.

I enclose a clipping from the 'Minneapolis Star'
Review, April 20th, which I would not
presume to submit to you, had I not read
its contents with great interest.

Yours truly,

W. M. Heiney,

Lockport, N.Y.
GEOLLOGICAL SURVEY
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.
WASHINGTON, May 11, 1893

Respectfully referred to Prof.
O.C. Marsh for rework

By order of Director:

[Signature]
Chief Clerk

Enclosed, with remark, clipping of a reptilian marine mosasaur.
Offers services to work in this region Reg. annual reports

To Prof. Marsh

(over)
A MONSTER WATER SNAKE

Its Home Is in Beautiful Rock Lake, in Whitman County.

SEEN TWICE IN THE LAST YEAR

Colfax Gazette.

A frightful monster of the deep inhabitants Rock Lake, a beautiful inland sea nine miles long and 30 miles northwest of Colfax. A hideous serpent, estimated to be fully 100 feet in length, is known to make its home in the depths of the limpid waters. More than once this terrific wonder has been seen writhing its awful length about the lake and lashing the usually calm surface of the waters into foam with its tremendous contortions. Twice within a year this ugly creature has been seen. Its known history dates back nearly half a century, the Indians of the plains giving the first account of its appearance. The last view of this hideous deep water devil was had on Friday morning last by Ernest Jones, a well-known merchant of Palouse City.

Two weeks ago Mr. Jones, accompanied by J. C. Cady, Ed Doering and J. R. Cunningham, went from Palouse to the lake on an outing after geese, ducks and fish, remaining a week. Saturday afternoon the party passed through Colfax on their way home. To a representative of the Gazette Mr. Jones related the story of the sight he had seen. It was an adventure calculated to make the flesh creep and the hair of the head stand straight.

"Talk about great snakes," said Mr. Jones, "I've seen all I want of 'em at close range. I left camp alone on Friday morning with gun and tackle for a quiet forenoon's sport, promising to return at noon, when we were to start for home. About 10 o'clock, while leisurely trolling from the bank with a spoon hook, I observed a slight commotion in the waters of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from shore, and at a point two or three miles above the mouth of the lake. I thought it no more than a ruffling breeze, and soon withdrew my attention and confined it to my line. But I'll tell you, my friend, my gaze was soon brought back to that commotion, in a mighty forcible manner. I have hardly recovered enough yet from my terrible fright to tell the story. A thundering thrashing of the water made me look quickly up. Not more than 50 yards distant was the most appalling sight of a lifetime. A monster sea serpent, the like of which I never dreamed existed except in mythology and the tales of sea-goers, had raised its terrible head fully 20 feet above the surface. With its great green eyes, nearly as big as my fist, and fixed upon me, the awful creature had suddenly stopped its swift and silent approach and was beating the water into foam with the gigantic contortions of its slimy length for several rods behind. Between its wide open jaws a long reptile-like tongue, green in color, tipped with red, darted like lightning in and out. Its whitened fangs glistened in the sun and appeared to me as long as the tongs of a pitchfork. The 20 feet or more of the hideous monster which I could plainly see above the water was as large around as a big man, and was covered with scales, somewhat resembling an alligator, except of a greenish hue. For fully half a minute I looked with a horrible fascination upon the great creature. Each second it became more excited and I more firmly rooted to the spot. With each contortion the serpent moved nearer me. I have no doubt that in another half minute I would have been snapped up in its terrible jaws and swallowed like a tad had not I suddenly recovered the use of my legs and left for high hills. As I ran the monster darted for its escaping prey, and its thrashings at the water's edge were even more terrific than before. Unlike Lug's wife, I never looked behind me for several miles."

Mr. Jones is not the only reputable person who declares to have had a plain view of this inland wonder. About a year ago Mrs. Cable, a lady who then resided near Rock Lake, but who now lives at Spokane, was fishing from the banks. With her were her two children. The lady has often told that a huge serpent, which looked to her at least a hundred feet long, came quite near them and acted in much the same manner that Mr. Jones has described. Workmen on the big irrigation dam now building at the mouth of the lake tell of hearing great and mysterious noises on the water at night, which they can attribute to no animal or fowl they are familiar with.

It is a well-known fact among those about Rock Lake that no Indian, however brave, will venture in his canoe upon the bosom of the lake. The reason they assign is that nearly 50 years ago the powerful tribe of the Yakimas, under their historic old Kamiahkun reigned, were camped on the beach during the annual fishing season. A 12-year-old boy was sculling about in a canoe, when a big snake, in full view of the entire camp, snapped the youth from the boat and swallowed him at a gulp. To this day the Indians dare not embark upon the placid hiding place of the terrible serpent.