

# OUR LETTER BOX

Seattle, Washington,  
September 4, 1931

Lyon County Reporter:  
Dear Editor:

I bin thinkin about tellin yew sum of my trubbles since I quit loafin in Rock Rapids in 1901.

Yew see, I teached in Dale township in 1897 an I figger that the bord of edukashun down there hired a female woman to take my job after I was there getting \$27 per munth for all of four munths. Am told that Edith Regenberg lives in your city an kan tell how she suffered in that skule. Vell, I nearly got some Dutch words into mine cranium by the time I kollected \$30 per munth for four munths of torture near George the next winter. Then I tryed weavin carpet in your city but the rags were too thick to behave, so I tryed shorthand in a skule in Des Moines. Your old men no that I erved \$5 per munth in the office of C. J. Miller an then went out to get sum more shorthand. When I got off the train to rest in Montana a bow-legged feller wearin

sum cowhide skins over his pantz inspected me an told me he'd give me \$50 per munth to teeche his skule. So I ate kold hot cakes and teeched there all winter. In the spring, I went out with the snow and kame to Washington. Since then, the tender-hearted skule bords have kept me busy going from one place to another until this summer when I added all the skule time and diskivered I had three and six-tenths more months than I needed. All teeched an pade for but I didn't have all the cash saved. I new a feller kant always teeche unsuccessfully, so I swore on paper an signed my name to retire myself. Then I sent the paper an sum life insurance mune to the state capital. Those fellers hurried a paper to me and let me take a penshun of \$40 per munth until that feller called Gabriel blows on his trumpet for me to quit. Vell now, that shorthand needs sum practice an I must retire to fix up sum trap to catch a yob that has no moonshine kick in it.

I am alone in this retirement an no female women kare to bother me cause they no I kant suck a cigaret, or go down on the beach naked to get fleas. Last winter, I saw the stock market fall down an I rushed in an grabbed Montgomery Ward when he was very low down. Now, I want you to help me put a Democrat into the white house so I kan retire from holding on to Montgomery Ward. Yew, no he must not be a moist Democrat—just one of them kickin fellers like Alfalfa Bill in Oklahoma.

I'll rite again sum nite an tell how I got lost in Rattlesnake canyon.

Yours truly,  
Chas. H. Griggs.

1627 Summit Ave.

Lyon County Reporter  
September 10, 1931