

June 12, 1944

Dear Mr. Epson,

I'm taking you up on that promise you made - I get a week's worth of headlining if I bring home a tin of German soil.

I can't wait to slam that can on your desk. It's going to be the best decision in your life to put me on top. Think it out. Ivy is a wonderful singer and she's a looker too. The fellas that come to the joint want to see her. But you and I both know that the nights get a little worse for wears when we have more fellas than dames.

This is where I come in. The dames love me. They all stand up right along the stage and swoon. The problem is that I'm on stage too early. They're all still back at home getting ready to go out when I'm singing! You put me on at ten o'clock and you'll have more dames than fellas every night. Play it out a little further too. Think about it. Fellas always want dates. If there are more dames, then you'll get more fellas. And what do they do when they want a dame? They buy her a drink. More dames equal more fellas, which equals more drinks purchased and more money in your pocket.

Ivy is beautiful. She sings well. But she's a dame. Don't tell her I wrote this, but dames only last for so long. They get old and lose some of their beauty. Guys get better with age. Putting me as headliner is a better long term investment. It is a better business decision.

What else can I write to convince you?

Expect a can of German soil when I return.

Sincerely,

Lafe