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All That Jazz Dance Studio  
126 NW D Street  
Grants Pass, OR 97526

Dear Dancers,

I love dancing! I have ever since I was a young boy. It seems so long ago now. Maybe that's because I haven't danced for an audience since before the war. I am an old man and I hope you will grant me the indulgence to reminisce a bit.

Me and my childhood buddy, Henry Jamison, used to really cut the rug when we got down to business. Henry was in the flooring business with his father, and they gave me a job laying carpet as a young lad when my Pappy lost all our money betting on the 1919 World Series.

Back in those days, after work, Henry and I would hitch a ride to the seedy side of town where all the action took place in the nightclubs. We sang and danced with all the famous folks who came to town. We were regulars at one particular speakeasy that Mike Longford owned, and the highlight every night was when Henry and I did our duet shadow dance, where Henry would glide across the dance floor and I would mimic all of Henry's graceful steps right behind. But while Henry became locally famous, I was always in his shadow. I was rather clumsy and wasn't nearly as talented of a dancer as Henry. There were nightly cheers of "Go Henry!", but never once did anyone cheer for me. Mike eventually changed the name of his club to the "Go Henry Bar," and Henry ultimately dropped me from his act. He went on to local fame and fortune and I went on to tacking carpets and laying tile. Needless to say, I was devastated.

I was jealous of Henry and we lost touch. I left town and moved to Ohio, and I never heard from Henry again. Just last year, I went back to my old home town and was shocked to read in the newspaper that they were commemorating the 60th anniversary of Capt. Henry Jamison's death! It turns out that Henry got drafted into the service after Pearl Harbor and he was shot down somewhere over the Pacific in 1944. Needless to say, I was devastated! He was credited with shooting down a Japanese Kamikaze pilot before it hit a ship of American sailors and was declared a hero.

Then I read something that made me really sad. It turns out that Henry had a little girl before he went off to war. She recalled stories that her daddy used to tell her about his old dance partner.

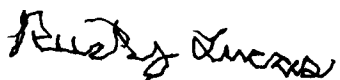
She said that he always wished he hadn't kicked me out of his dance act. She said that his plan was to track me down and try to get back together with me after the war to revive our shadow dance. But Henry never told her my name, and nobody there knew who Captain Henry Jamison's old dance partner really was since I was never the main draw at Mike Longford's club.

I was young and foolish back then. Henry hurt my pride and I was too stubborn to make amends to our friendship. But now I know what I have to do. I need to come forward and reveal myself as the long lost dance partner of Captain Henry Jamison. I need to organize and perform a dance recital in honor of Henry. I believe that I still have some dancing talent, but I never took any formal lessons as a child. Actually, I never had the opportunity since I was forced to start working in the flooring shop at such a young age to help support my parents and 22 siblings after the 1919 World Series.

I am now well into my 90's, but I am still as flexible and limber as I was in the Roaring 20's (my teenage years). I've watched the young girl dancers in the neighborhood practicing their aerials and back hand springs and I know that I am able to do that sort of thing, but at my age, I don't want to pull anything -- whether I still have a use for it or not -- because those muscle pulls just don't heal as quickly as they used to.

Since Henry died as a fighter pilot, I want to honor his memory by incorporating aerials in my dance act. I want to make sure that I have the proper technique before I attempt any back hand springs or aerials. Do I need to try out for a spot in your dance studio, or do you accept all comers? I am free on Thursday afternoons after my treatments at the clinic.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Rusty Lucas". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Rusty Lucas

p.s. My Pappy always liked baseball caps and I took a liking to them myself because of that old goat's fondness for them. He was a big fan of Shoeless Joe Jackson and the White Sox. He always thought they got a raw deal and that Arnold Rothstein was a snake. I am trying to pass that ballcap fancy along to all the young boys and girls in the neighborhood. Do you have any baseball caps with your studio information printed on them? Can you re-stitch one with the words: "Go Henry" printed on the back? I would love to have a complementary cap if you have one to spare.