

## **DON**

*(Stepping forward)* My real name is Don Kerr. Ah – Kansas City, Kansas. October 20, 1949. The summer I turned fifteen, I lied about my age so I could join AGVA – you know, the night club union, 'cause I could make sixty dollars a week working these strip joints outside of Kansas City. I worked this one club for about eight weeks straight and I really became friendly with this stripper. Her name was Lola Latores and her dynamic, twin forty-fours. Well, she really took to me. I mean, we did share the only dressing room, and she did a lot of dressing ... Anyway, she used to come and pick me up and drive me to work nights. Well, the neighbors would all be hanging outside their windows, and she'd drive up in her big pink Cadillac convertible and smile. And I'd come tripping out of the house in my little tuxedo and my tap shoes in my hand and we'd drive off down the block with her long, flaming red hair just blowing in the wind. Well, when the guys on the block saw Lola, they all wanted to know what the story was, and I told them about this big hot romance we were having, but actually she was going with this other guy.