



From left, Sonia Goring, Rene Minus, Jackie Landry and Arlene Smith of the Chantels in 1957 in New York City *PHOTO: MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES*

**On Aug 7, 2016, at 11:09 PM, Robert Zakhar**  
<[bobzakhar@yahoo.com](mailto:bobzakhar@yahoo.com)> wrote:

Joe, great catch and rekindled memories that may require a confession for impure thoughts (do they count if they're just memories?).

**Disclaimer. Following is a work of pure fiction. Any resemblances to actual persons are purely coincidental.**

Some of us made the rounds of the CYO dances most weekends in early high school - St Al, Fri ( academy girls!), Downtown Sat (St. Michael, Holy...), Mt. Carmel Sunday afternoon (sometimes with a live "Special Guest" - Knockouts came and did "Darling Lorraine"). And of course the PREP dances.

All had one thing in common - Gave us time to scout the room, maybe venture a soft slow dance early, come back to tell the buds, "she'll dance pretty close".

At PREP, close to closing time we stole glances up toward the gym balcony where either Joe Contreras or Al Sammartino were in charge. They were PREP men, they knew the drill.

The piano opening was like our reveille bugle call - "MAYBE". That was the song to make the move. Under 3 minutes. Please Mr. DJ...one more really slow. Platters: pick a song. ...No, not "Great Pretender", what about "Only You"? Three minutes left then the lights go up "Goodnight Sweetheart", the Spaniels croon. Total: Nine minutes of close slow dance. Lights up, light enough to get a jotted phone number. I toe tap my way to the bus to the Square to share tall tales at the back room at Liss, trying to keep time in my step as I hum the tune playing in my head: Louis Jordan and the Tympany Five, "Is you is or is you ain't my baby"?

Maybe

Bob