

Bill and Ann

06-11-2012 by Harry Zirkelbach

**I met Bill several years after WWII through a mutual friend
who had known Bill as a fellow New Yorker. Almost immediately,
I felt we had been friends forever. He was an Irishman,
tended to be overweight, wore a Pork Pie hat,
had the famous Irish swarthy complexion, the face of an angelic swashbuckler,
quick mind, and engaging personality for all.**

He never met anyone who didn't like him, immediately.

**Bill had a Masters from Columbia University in Writing,
though he did irritate their faculty by criticizing Newspaper Editorial writers as
humorless, insisting serious material should be presented to leave the audience
smiling if not laughing. He was good enough at his craft,
to be graduated with honors anyway.**

**Earlier, an undergraduate studies at St John's University in Brooklyn, his home he
had edited the school newspaper covering all activities for the paper.**

Bill was well known there, all four years.

Bill tended to be a workaholic, as reporter and in study. He never dated those years.

Suddenly one year, he decided to go to that Senior prom.

**Not only did Bill know most on campus, but Brooklyn friends of youth
were still buddies. One was involved in burlesque.**

**They chatted, and Bill asked for his help. Bill wanted a beautiful girl to accompany
him to this dinner dance, and his eye was set on Minsky's Strip Tease dancer
Ann Corio. It happened that she was available the night of the ceremonies,
eager to do something different.**

**Bill arranged for transportation, tickets, suitable dress for himself,
and asked Ann the color of the dress she chose.**

**Ann Corio had dark hair, blue eyes, both shared by Bill. The yellow rose Bill
presented, not oversize, was attractive on her white, wide skirt dress.**

**It was thought that few at the Catholic Saint John's University knew Ann Corio by
name or face. However within ten minutes of their arrival, all couples and faculty**

came to be introduced to Bill's stunning girl friend. Men drooled. Ann, worldly wise, befriended all the other girls. None resented her, understood for this night she as Bill's date, off limits to their beau of the night.

By the time dinner ended, and the dance was to begin, Ann had filled her dance card, the first and final dance with Bill. All was serene those next three hours for Ann, trained in dance and ballet.

She enchanted Bill's classmates. Further, there was the faculty to charm, older men, sophisticated, some ordained Priests. Each was a boy again, enjoying those fleeting steps with the Princess Bill had brought for this night and their education.

Bill said he giggled inwardly in their enjoyment of his night.

Ann Corio never spoke as a strip-tease dancer. This night she seemed an educated chatterbox, at dinner, on the dance floor, and in the return home with Bill. She told Bill she had enjoyed the dignified attention and admiration, the courteous conversations, complements with nothing expected in return. In walking her from the car, Bill had to accept more thanks for that evening, was given a kiss on the cheek, generous hug, before her Manager opened their door, also to thank Bill.

Bill was pleased with the evening. While he never saw Ann Corio again, he had to invent stories for the upperclass men who hoped to meet Bill and Ann again, perhaps ask her for a date.

What joy to fool them more than once.

Ann



Corio