Five Nights at a Hansen Hall Dance

One Woman's Story

Straightforward Boys

PARTY GIRLS
AT CCNY

Ninth Floor After Dark

Margie Lavender one of the "hostesses" at the
City College School of Business and Civic Adminis-
tration.
Ninth Floor After Dark
Scantily Clad Hostesses 'Entertain'

By SID E. TUCKER

It was ten o'clock. The school was slowly emptying. My assignment was to cover the night life and, if possible, to find out why girls feel necessary to leave school to get married.

I got that stop when — an checker hame. That is the check and checker house by day — a play-room by night. As I entered the door

I felt a thing, or rather a dull knock, and I heard a loud yell. "Some one..." Students were playing behind the door and I had inadvertently completed the first move.

"Sitting a hostess in a shady spot corner (I know she was a hostess because of the uniform she was almost wearing) I asked her if she could to play a game of chess.

"Anything for the students," she purred, "but I just finished my straight and I'm a little weary."

Noticing a long table outside the Lexicon Office I inquired of the first fellow if he was waiting to get his.

"Yes, I'm waiting to get mine."

They were members of the class of '38. The yearbook had finally been completed.

As I poked my way into the darkened reading room I noticed two Peanuts sisters, interviewing one of the hostesses on the cut. One of the fellows was taking notes while his buddy provided the material. Seeing that everybody had their hands full, and being unable to find a way of gathering first hand data, I kept-fringed out.

On my way to Lounge C I passed a Lounge hostess necking with a member of the faculty. Anatomy, I believe.

It seemed like things were looking up in "C." The room was filling with smoke and the dancer looked as if they didn't have any heads. Within half a hour you couldn't see feet ahead of you and the only way you could tell a girl and fellow apart was by the curve of the bonnet. Even through, whatever the happen... and often did...

The first person I bumped into was Denise, a shy, young school girl of 22 or there abouts. She was wearing a white shawl nearly to her feet and a blouse with a neckline nearly the same length. "Did the students say something, good-looking," were her first words. It sounded as impersonal as Mae West asking you to come some place.

"Can we see your picture," she purred.

I knew right away she was trying to con me because the only person who ever called me handsome was my mother, and the always shamed when doing so.

We maneuvered through a maze of overwrought bodies, made our way to a group sitting on red upholstered couches. One of the men seemed to be lying across something.

"I was Bebe," Denise said. "She always seems to get cold, so Mitzy is getting her circulation back."

SC (Student Council) was sponsoring a dance lesson in Lounge D. Years after that dancing? The girls had trouble standing on their feet. The boys kept trying to knock them down.

Hearing that the Messa-Virga Club was holding its first orgy in the Memorial Lounge, I slithered over. By this time I was in no condition to walk upright.

I was met at the door by a hostess clad in green black hair, red nail polish, diamonds and a pearl necklace. Other bits of clothing little lift, any two insurer want to mention other than that they were like barbed wire. They protected the property without obscuring the view.

"Which class would you care to expend in? — Novice or advanced? We'll be glad to let you in."

Thinking it would make a good story, I entered.

A sultry redhead who looked as if she had been poured into her clothing and someone forgot to say when, was present. As the evening progressed I discovered that the party was also a good parlor talker.

By the time the meeting adjourned I was not only a member, I was first Vice-President.

City is more than a school — it is an institution. As one graduate so aptly phrased it, "The school — it's the dough. This does not mean that some City girls aren't a little forward, nor does it mean that they aren't well-reared also.

My first contact with City boys was at a first-year class. The Journalism student who was with me and added to my fear of the "C" student who was with me added to my fear of the "C." The student who was with me added to my fear of the "C." The student who was with me added to my fear of the "C."

The Journalism student who was with me... The Econ student who was with me... The Music student who was with me... The Accounting student who was with me... The Pre-Med student who was with me...

"Well, I'll give you the "C."

I'm a real job," says hostess Hot Cauldron.

CCNY's Straightforward Boys

Female Correspondent at Large

The following are observations of City made while passing thru — or what they feed City boys.

Please accept this article in the spirit in which it was written — that of malice and contempt. All future correspondence to the writer should be addressed to her at Hunter College.

City boys are a little forward. City girls are a little behind. But the boys are gentlemen. They're college-bred, a four year loaf on the old man's dough. This does not mean that some City girls aren't a little forward, nor does it mean that they aren't well-reared also.

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