The front of Shepard Hall provides an imposing appearance to the entrance to the College. Here girls of all classes live, sleep, work.

In New Hampshire is a big mountain. On that mountain is Colby Junior College. It is all alone and lonely.

For months in advance the girls anticipate their Winter Carnival. Even months before, room reservations are difficult to obtain. When you, someone's dream man or his second fiddle, arrive, you must either come by car, which is useful later, or by train to Potter Place, eight miles away from Colby.

You first change to more appropriate clothes. From there on you're in her hands. Naturally, she will first take you around the campus. You'll notice that the girls seem to spend much of their time in the "rec" rooms, where they smoke, play cards, do a great deal of talking, and perpetuate their cliques in a pall of smoke. Soon you'll be in the drugstore, enjoying your usual lunch of a hamburger, and trying to dance in ski boots to the constantly grinding juke box. Tiring of that the girls will suggest that you drive them down to their very popular lodge by the shores of the lake. There you will see a log ceiling, two stories above you and a huge roaring fire ringed with couches. You feel very much like curling up to sleep in front of the hearth. But your date soon gets a

Like the struggling Greenwich Village artists, Colby girls do their art work in a garret under the roof on the fourth floor of Colgate Hall.