Perhaps one of the greatest allures for the MIT student enrolled at Wellesley is the ability to exchange the sterile, vertically rising concrete of the Institute and its urban environment for the serenity and understated splendor of the Wellesley campus. In a sense, the ride to Wellesley is an escape: an escape from the frantic pace engendered by MIT's fierce intensity; an escape from a largely impersonal world to a smaller, more comprehensible one; an escape to a relaxed haven.

One is reminded of an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel after first seeing the school: Neo-gothic architecture; lecture halls guarded by gargoyles; a lake crossed by crew teams and lovers' glances. Wellesley legends maintain that if a boy walks a girl around Lake Waban three times without proposing marriage to her, she may throw him into the lake. Very few prospective suitors appear to have been immersed over the years; perhaps the natural beauty of the campus and the blandishments of Wellesley's sirens have fatally weakened many a bachelor's resistance. But, then again, they haven't dragged the lake lately.