By Glenn Brownstein

Ask MIT varsity soccer coach William Morrison what he thinks is the biggest difference between his 1973 and '74 squads, and he'll reply, "attitude."

This was the year of a highly-rated and experienced team (15 returners), a year that should be the one to end MIT's twelve-year drought of winning soccer seasons.

Enthusiasm alone makes MIT Sports Insight

Cross country takes to the hills

By Dave Dobos

(Dave Dobos is a member of the MIT Cross Country team and a Tech sports writer covering that sport. The team traveled to Vermont a few weeks ago, and this is his account of the journey.)

I'd never been to Vermont before, but I'm not so sure that I'll be as anxious to return—at least not for the same reason.

Since last spring, when Coach Cose first mentioned the idea of a pre-season training trip to the White Mountains, I'd been looking forward to it with great enthusiasm. Much of the training I'd done over the summer was with the intent of being in semi-peak shape for the journey.

My teammates were also waiting expectantly to make the trip. So, when the van set off in a rented van on the Wednesday after an otherwise-relaxing Rash Week, we were hoping for a few days of recuperation before the term started. That we did not get.

Our first encounter with the hills of Vermont, was that afternoon's pleasant little eight-mile run in which one mighty swoop let us know in a graphic sort of way that these hills were our masters and that any summer training we had done was going to do us a bit of good here. Anything we had ever put before paled into insignificance at the sight of those huge monstrosities. By the end of Tuesday's morning run of five miles and the afternoon's addition of eleven more, we had muscles hurting us where we never knew they even existed. Many of us were hobbling around as if we were 80 years old instead of 20.

Only after the final run on Saturday morning did we start to recover. After spacing over 40 miles of hills and some of the steepest terrain available in New England, we were certainly happy to come back to Boston—although, not necessarily, to MIT. The shining Chips sign was a welcome relief to a bunch of weary travelers.

However, there were a few redeeming features of the journey. Although we tortured ourselves (any MIT student's got mustachio tendencies) during the workouts, we enjoyed the newfound novelty of a rural restaurant, a native habitat, anything but experienced, and attempted the attempts of a fellow. And, the beautiful weather for once cooked breakfast for anyone anymore than himself.

While pleasant freshening moments when a workout was into a 10° from water lake and then there was the scaling of a half a hour after training, a breathtaking view of the countryside almost made the whole thing worthwhile.

The results of our journey were many new and renewed friendships and a score of sore muscles. I wonder how anxious we'll be to return next year. At least next week we'd know what to expect.

Rounding out Nye's offensive line will be Earl Umisl '75 and Lampone Falsi '77, both starters last year.

The Engineer schedule this year is the hardest in 1973, but certainly the most interesting. The gap between MIT and its opponents (Colby and Bowdoin) is expected to be filled with anything but an even competition. The combination of players that his Engineers will definitely be competitive with, all of them Greater League foes (BU, BC, Tufts, Bowdoin) and conference opponents, will win it all this year with the right combination of play and good fortune.

The feeling of optimism that has pervaded the pre-season period of morning practices and scrimmages carried over into today's morning game at Harvard field. MIT's coach has not yet tested the potentially-tough Crimson in over a decade, but the Engineers are primed to try to upset their Cambridge archrivals.

Come time for the season opener is 3:30pm.