Headline counts; still short

By Guy Lanz

Professor Assistant Coach Martin Benjamin retired today after twenty-three years as head coach of the varsity hockey and intramural teams. Although his intramural teams were generally successful, the hockey teams have yet, what must be an invisible modern record: twenty-three years without a win.

Upon accepting a gold watch and a pair of double runner skates, Benjamin coughed. "Well, my name finally have a chance to learn how to use these things." Of course, he was kidding in his inimitable fashion; as everyone knows, he already knows how to tell time.

Benjamin then went into a short three-hour monologue about his favorite moments of coaching at MIT, punctuating his comments with an occasional hiccup. He then disclosed plans for a forthcoming book, to be called, "Hit 'em At the Blue Line," or, alternately, "Coach, I Tried." Receipts will be used to finance several lawsuits still pending from the unfortunate accident of the 1970 season, in which three players suffered facial burns resulting from an explosion which allegedly occurred when Coach Benjamin lit a cigarette in a confined area, and the fumes ignited.

In recent years, the quality of MIT sports, and hockey in particular, has decreased notably. A decade ago, MIT was scheduling teams like Harvard and BU; only two weeks ago, the varsity lost a 9-0 decision to the Connecticut School for the Blind. Apparently, the lack of vision helped the blind pucksters as half of their passes went to the intended receiver and half went to the opposing Beaver wings. All of MIT's passes found their way directly onto the sticks of the other team.

Coach Benjamin has been drilling the team on basics like not checking teammates, shooting the puck past the other goal, skating with the stick in one's hands instead of wedged into one's other part of one's anatomy, and tying skate laces. These efforts have borne fruit as was evidenced during recent games.

Against Nickels Academy, the team allowed only one goal in the process of changing on the bench, but they, a New York, City policeman was able to prevent the pollution of a Central Park reservoir by a swarming darter with just one shot from his superquasar-equipped M-18 service machine pistol.

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