

Sharpshooters Need Mastery of 3 C's

By ED CARPENTER

One of the problems of a large varsity sports program is that one or more of the minor sports may be pushed to the background. And due to a lack of interest, misconceptions concerning these sports sometimes arise.

Such is the case of the Penn State rifle team.

Many people think that the sharpshooters merely stand at the firing line, take aim at the target and pull the trigger. This is true except that they must not only fire while standing, but also while in a prone and kneeling position.

The shooters are given 36 minutes in which they must fire 30 shots, 10 in each position. Although it is not a steadfast rule, the usual order of the positions are prone, kneeling and then off-hand or standing.

THE PRONE SHOT, which many feel is the easiest, is shot while on the stomach. The 13-pound, .22 rifle, is then placed against the shoulder. After getting a comfortable position and taking aim at the target, the shooter is then ready to carefully squeeze the trigger.

A score of 99 or a perfect 100 is what most good shooters attain in this position.

The kneeling position, many rifle coaches will advise, should be shot while the rifleman is sitting on the inside of his right foot and ankle. He then must lean forward placing his left arm over his left knee, holding the left knee straight and placing the left foot flat on the ground.

A shooter can usually tell when he has found an acceptable kneeling position if he can shoot a score of three or four points below his prone score.

The final position, standing or off-hand, is the one that many rifleman would like to forget, for it is considered to be the most difficult. In this position the

shooter must stand with his weight balanced on both feet and the heels approximately 10 inches apart.

THE STOCK usually rests in the shooter's right hand with the rifle pulled back into the shoulder. The left arm, being held against the side of the chest, acts as extra support. The 13-pound rifle gets quite heavy after holding for about 30 minutes so the support of the left hand is very important.

In this position a coach usually likes to see a score of 92 or better. By adding a 99 in the prone, a 95 in the kneeling and a 92 in the off-hand, the rifleman come up with a score of 286. Anything above this and you'll probably find both a happy shooter and a happy coach.

However, perfection of these three positions will not insure a winning performance. There are three intangibles that must go hand and hand with shooting perfection. These are concentration, coordination, and confidence.

Robinson Nixes Quitting Rumors; Inks Record Pact

CINCINNATI (AP) — It now is official that Frank Robinson, the Cincinnati Reds' slugging outfielder, isn't quitting baseball. He signed yesterday to play another long season.

Robinson, who made a strong bid for the National League batting championship in 1962 with a .342 average, announced at the close of the season he was quitting the game.

Admittedly Robinson will be the highest paid Cincinnati player in the club history. The best guess was at about \$60,000.

When asked whether he meant it when he said he would retire, Robinson said, "Yes, but with this kind of a contract I changed my mind."

ROBBY apparently had made up his mind before yesterday, however. At a Cincinnati Baseball Writers Association banquet on Jan. 12 he told of his plans for spring training.

Robinson's fancy batting average in 1962 came after a slow April start during which he hit less than .200. He went on, however, to club 39 home runs and bat in 136 tallies. He was the National League slugging champion with an average of .624.

Tennis Call Issued

Tennis coach Sherm Fogg yesterday urged all freshman and varsity tennis players and anyone else interested in trying out to contact his immediately at Room 234, Rec Hall.

Clay Now No. 2 Contender

NEW YORK (AP)—Ambitious, young Cassius Clay has been promoted to No. 2 heavyweight contender in the latest monthly ratings of Ring Magazine.

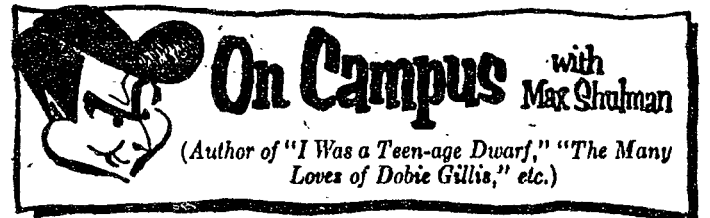
The 21-year-old, undefeated Louisville slugger was raised from fifth in the ratings released yesterday. Eddie Machen, the perennial top contender from Portland, Ore., temporarily was dropped from the top ten because of illness.

Floyd Patterson, the former heavyweight champion, was raised from second to first con-

tender. Doug Jones of New York, who meets Clay in New York March 13, moved up from fourth to third.

Sweden's Ingemar Johansson, another former champion, was lifted from sixth to fourth. Zora Folley of Chandler, Ariz., who was knocked out by Jones, was demoted from third to sixth.

Thailand's Pone Kingpetch was named "Fighter of the Month" for his title victory over Japan's Fighting Harada. Pone became the first flyweight champion ever to regain the 112-pound crown.



THE CURSE OF THE CAMPUS: NO. 1

Hate me if you will, but I must speak. We college types are far too complacent. Sure, we've got plenty to be proud of. We've got atom smashers, we've got graduate schools, we've got new peaks in scholarship, new highs in academic honors. And yet, in the midst of these triumphs, we have failed dismally to make any progress in solving the oldest and most horrendous of all campus problems: we've still got roommates.

To be sure, all roommates are not bad. There is the well-documented case of Hilquit Glebe, a student at the Manhattan College of Agriculture, majoring in curds and whey, who admitted publicly that he actually liked his roommate—an odd admission when you consider that this roommate, Mervis Trunz by name, was frankly not too winsome a fellow. He practiced his tympani in his room, he kept an alligator, and he collected airplane tires.

But, on the other hand, Mervis bought two packs of Marlboro Cigarettes every day and gave one of them to Hilquit and—I ask you—who can stay mad at a man who gives you Marlboro Cigarettes? Who, upon tasting that flavorful blend of Marlboro tobaccos, upon drawing through that pure white Marlboro filter, upon exulting in this best of all possible cigarettes, Marlboro—who, I say, can harden his heart against his neighbor? Certainly not Hilquit. Certainly not I. Certainly not you, as you will find when you scurry to your nearest tobacconist and buy a supply. Marlboros come in soft pack or Flip-Top Box. Tobacconists come in small, medium, and large.



Today Molly is paying off her debt...

But I digress. Roommates, I say, are still with us and I fear they always will be, so we better learn how to get along with them. It can be done, you know. Take, for instance, the classic case of Dolly Pitcher and Molly Madison.

Dolly and Molly, roommates at a prominent Midwestern girls' school (Vassar) had a problem that seemed insoluble. Dolly could only study late at night, and Molly could not stay awake past nine o'clock. If Dolly kept the lights on, the room was too bright for Molly to sleep. If Molly turned the lights off, the room was too dark for Dolly to study. What to do?

Well sir, those two intelligent American kids found an answer. They got a miner's cap for Dolly! Thus, she had enough light to study by, and still the room was dark enough for Molly to sleep.

It must be admitted, however, that this solution, ingenious as it was, had some unexpected sequelae. Dolly got so enchanted with her miner's cap that she switched her major from 18th Century poetry to mining and metallurgy. Shortly after graduation she had what appeared to be a great stroke of luck: while out prospecting, she discovered what is without question the world's largest feldspar mine. This might have made Dolly very rich except that nobody, alas, has yet discovered a use for feldspar. Today Dolly, a broken woman, squeezes out a meagre living making echoes for tourists in Mammoth Cave.

Nor has Molly fared conspicuously better. Once Dolly got the miner's hat, Molly was able to catch up on her long-lost sleep. She woke after eight days, refreshed and vigorous—more vigorous, alas, than she realized. It was the afternoon of the annual Dean's tea. Molly stood in line with her classmates, waiting to shake the Dean's hand. At last her turn came, and Molly, full of strength and health, gave the Dean a firm hand-shake—so firm, indeed, that all five of the Dean's knuckles were permanently fused.

The Dean sued for a million dollars, and, of course, won. Today Molly, a broken woman, is paying off her debt by walking the Dean's cat every afternoon for ten cents an hour.

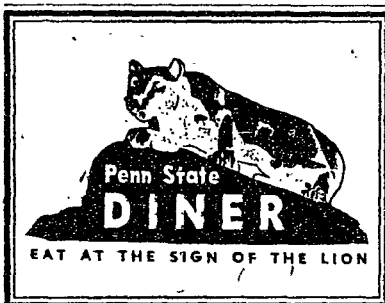
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Lv. State College	3:20 P.M.	4:20 P.M.	11:15 A.M.	6:55 P.M.
Ar. Lewistown	4:30 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	12:25 P.M.	8:05 P.M.
Lv. Lewistown	6:25 P.M.	6:25 P.M.	12:40 P.M.	9:00 P.M.
Ar. State College	7:35 P.M.	7:35 P.M.	1:50 P.M.	10:10 P.M.
MAKE CONNECTIONS WITH EAST-BOUND TRAINS:				
	4:46 P.M.	5:46 P.M.*	1:22 P.M.*	8:15 P.M.*
MAKE CONNECTIONS WITH WEST-BOUND TRAINS:				
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