

From a Peace Corps Volunteer

Glimpses of the Philippines

—by herb probasco

EDITOR NOTE: Herb Probasco, a 1962 graduate of the University and a past editor of the DAILY NEBRASKAN, is now serving as a Peace Corps Volunteer in the Philippines. His observations will appear periodically on the editorial page of the Nebraskan.

On November 19, 1962, a group of fifty men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 30, and including six married couples, landed at Manila International Airport. They represented the seventh group of Peace Corps volunteers assigned to the Philippines as educational aides in the elementary schools.

(Actually they represented the eighth group of volunteers, but group five is assigned in the secondary schools. An additional 23 who arrived in November, were assigned as rural development workers.)

BY DECEMBER 1, the homes of these new volunteers for the coming 20 months would be the rural areas of the Philippines. Their mission would be basically two fold: to foster good will at a grass roots level and to contribute what they could to the improvement of education in the schools where they would be assigned.

We have now been here more than three months, and a need is felt to try to explain to the people of the United States our impressions and reactions to this unique experience. (Since it is virtually impossible, in view of the restrictions on time, to write all our friends personal letters, many of us are trying to do the possible and write for an audience that might have particular interest in the Peace Corps. I have chosen to write for a college audience, because this seems to be where interest in the Peace Corps is concentrated in greatest numbers. Not all of the volunteers come from the ranks of students; in fact, a 70 year old woman recently arrived as a vol-

unteer. Most of the volunteers come from the campus, however, and those of you who may be considering application to the Peace Corps may be interested in the comments of a volunteer already in the field.

We spent eight weeks in a vigorous and thorough training program in Hilo, Hawaii, which is 250 miles and a far cry from Waikiki Beach. From early morning until well past sundown, we studied the Ilocano dialect, world af-



airs and Philippine life, and had a rigorous physical training program and strong backgrounding in public health. At the conclusion of training, following final selection, the group totaled about 73 per cent of those who had started training.

(Those considering application should not be deterred by what seems to be a relatively high disqualification rate during training. The Peace Corps has good reasons for dismissing any from the program. The most common reasons are inconclusive demonstration of an ability to adjust in a foreign culture and the using of the Peace Corps experience as an escape from an emotional problem at home. The wisdom

of careful selection during training is shown by the fact that the resignation of volunteers in active service is the lowest of the foreign community abroad — approximately three per cent.)

Ours was the first Philippines project to train at the Hawaii site. The excellence of the location is attested to by the fact that nearly all of us have found adjustment here quite easy. We attribute this to the fact that we trained in a community that is 80 per cent non-Caucasian, has a large Filipino-American population and a climate as close to that of the Philippines as any part of the United States. Our dialect instructors were all native speakers, our evening meal was Filipino food, prepared by a Filipino, and the director of the Philippine studies program is a professor at the University of the Philippines.

We spent two days in Manila, and that was long enough for most of us. It is an extremely dirty city, and the air is polluted with smoke and fumes from the numerous small buses and trucks that belch filthy exhaust constantly. (A clean-up campaign is finally underway.)

OUR TIME in Manila was reserved for briefings at the embassy and a reception at the ambassador's home, where we also met some junketing congressmen, one of whom indicated by his comments that he hardly knew there was such a thing as the Peace Corps.

We flew from Manila via Philippine Air Lines to Laog, the largest city north of Manila, almost at the northernmost part of the islands.

Our eight days of training in Laog was our first extended experience with Filipino hospitality, and to do it justice I'll recount our activities there in the next column.



Stamp Out 'Coed Clumps'

Beware all male students of a new danger lurking around the U of N. This "danger" which I speak of is the "coed clumps" that exist on the sidewalks of this campus.

Recognizing a coed clump is no problem. They are composed of 2 to 15 heads (covered with foliage of various colors), 12 to 60 shapely limbs, and they have an odor like a perfume counter with every bottle open. You can see them on any class day moving down the sidewalks in pulsating masses which trample everything they meet, and leave mutilated bodies in their wakes.

If you realize that a "clump" is coming towards you, escape is possible. However, the male often times becomes so engrossed in studying some of the limbs of the oncoming "clump" that he fails to react in time to save himself. The result is another victim stamped into the sidewalk. Keep your heads up fellows!

When you see a coed clump approaching, you should:

- 1) Immediately seek cover behind a convenient

tree (fire hydrants and trash cans will suffice in an emergency, or

- 2) Move off the sidewalk 14-17 feet and wait for it to pass.

When caught by surprise, you should turn tail and run back far enough to allow yourself time for accomplishing one of the two alternative escape plans.

I do not feel that mere "avoidance" of the clumps is the answer to our problem. We are men, and as such, we must stand up for equal sidewalk rights. The best plan for regaining complete use of the sidewalks is to eliminate the trouble. There are already plans being formulated for placing pits at strategic spots around campus with bamboo stakes jutting up from their depths. This should eradicate the problem in short order. Until the time that these pits are completed, I would suggest purchasing a steam roller for transportation from class to class.

Be of stout hearts, gentlemen, for we will be back in control of the sidewalks soon!

M. F.

Problem Of The Week

By Pi Mu Epsilon
PROBLEM: A horse is tethered at the corner of a barn which is 20 feet by 60 feet. The rope is 100 feet long. What is the area the horse can graze?

Bring or send answers to this week's problem to 210 Burnett. The solution will be printed next week along with another problem.

SOLUTION: The solution to last week's problem: 301 is the required integer.

The following people submitted the correct answer to last week's problem: Val Policky, Shari Colson, Elvin Siebert, Carol McKinley, Goren Sailors, Richard Wiegand, Robert McMaster, John A. Musil, Larry Asman, Diane Riggert, Norma Luckert, Roger Thornton.

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Brando—A Remarkable Magician

—by phil boroff

THE REMARKABLE Brando! In his own way, the actor and star Marlon Brando is a master magician. Within 14 years and 14 released motion pictures, Brando has established a film image of such varying characterizations that each new appearance seems an act of magic. Two of his finest, "Viva Zapata!" (20th Century-Fox, 1952) and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1956), will be shown tomorrow evening at 7:30 at the Union Auditorium in a gala Film Committee "Marlon Brando Night."

The 39, soon 40, year old Brando is also of special interest to Nebraskans since he was born in Omaha. As a young performer, he appeared on Broadway in several plays, including "I Remember Mama," and finally enacted his most successful and best known "A Streetcar Named Desire." Brando's recognition in this role lead to Hollywood offers, and he has not returned to Broadway since lured away in 1950.

IN HIS FIRST film, "The Men," Brando played a G.I. struck with paraplegia in the Korean War. Other roles have included: The French Emperor Napoleon in "Desiree," The Manhattan gambler Sky Masterson in the musical "Guys and Dolls," guitarist Val Xavier in Tennessee Williams' "The Fugitive Kind," the rebel motorcyclist in "The Wild One," the Okinawan Sakini in "The Teahouse of the August Moon," the foppish Fletcher Christian in the current "Mutiny on the Bounty," and a bandit in a film he also directed, the western "One-Eyed Jacks."

WITH SUCH a variety of parts, it seems Brando cannot be categorized. Each individual performance is a different individual creation. But in re-

gard to a style or school of acting, Brando is usually considered the first of the "Method" actors to gain fame in motion pictures. (Also called the "Torn T-Shirt" school of acting because of Brando's interpretation of Kowalski, and certainly differing from the original Stanislavsky "Method" school.) The actor identifies himself with the part he is playing; he "lives the part," so to speak. The "Torn T-Shirt" actor is characterized as moody, rebellious, wild, glassy-eyed, and can be likened to England's angry young men (Richard Burton, Laurence Harvey) and the Lost Generation of the 1930's (John Garfield) schools of acting. But whatever generalizations we may make about this particular school of acting, Brando and his contemporaries (Montgomery Clift, Paul Newman, James Dean) usually bring to each specific part individual qualities and understandings that

are both appropriate and correct. "Viva Zapata" and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" show two distinctly different interpretations by Brando. In the first, a drama, he had his nose flared out with plastic bands and his eyelids glued together, used a moustache and a Spanish accent to better physically portray the

Mexican revolutionist Zapata. In the second, a color comedy, Brando used more suggestive makeup, slight skin coloring, slanted eyes, and a Japanese accent. AND BENEATH these two strikingly different physical exteriors, Brando supports each with keen intellectual understanding and sensitive emotional feeling.



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Models shown clockwise: Corvette Sting Ray Convertible, Corvair Monza Spyder Convertible, Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Convertible, Chevy II Nova 400 Super Sport Convertible. Center: Soap Box Derby Racer, built by All-American boys.

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