

When this student returns home during the Christmas vacation, he quickly notices numerous errors in the English that his kinsfolk use. Grandpa says,

"Lemme see them eggs, Mom. Where'd yuh get 'em?"

"Bought 'em off'n the huckster, Pa. I knowd they're the weakest one excuse for eggs I ever heerd in my life," Grandma says. The student feels in these colloquial expressions a familiar atmosphere to which he has been accustomed all his life. But having been in contact with many other levels of English, he realizes the language's limitations in its diverse aspects.

One would not use formal English in the college snack bar any more than he would appear there in formal evening attire. A level of English, like a type of clothing, is used in the situation where it is most useful. For example, formal English is used where clarity is necessary. Since it is the most standard level of English, it is used in radio, television, and for the greater body of our literature where information must be understood by many people in different regions. It is important to remember that no one level of English is correct for all occasions.

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## Opinion Is Important

James Hilton

**T**RUE opinion is becoming extinct in our civilization. Nearly every day we hear someone say, "In my opinion. . . ." The speaker then proceeds to expound on a theory which is not his opinion at all but rather that of an ancient philosopher, a well-meaning friend, or an unwise blow-hard. If the opinion is expressed in a political speech, the speaker of the words and the author of them may know each other only from a business standpoint. With the pace of life quickening daily, we tune our television sets to news commentators who give their opinions as well as the objective facts. In addition to these objective facts, we want their views as to the determinants and the consequences of the major news events. In this way we do not have to spend such a great amount of time deciphering all the aspects of the news events in order to have intelligent opinions of the world at large and "the whole problem."

Our civilization, the American ingredient especially, is suffering from a malady known colloquially as "spectatoritis." The victims of this malady are those who want the advantages of an experience without paying the price for it. There are many different kinds of "spectatoritis." If a particular type is diagnosed as that of the athletic variety, the first symptoms are pudginess of body and shortness of breath. If the victim is plagued with the ethics species, one will notice signs of hypocrisy. Should it be of the reasoning group,

a noticeable aversion to individualism is observed. Our patient has become a follower. "Spectatoritis" is a time-saver, but does it destroy the virtues we need? When a muscle is unused for many years, it becomes weaker and weaker until it is completely useless. With the press, radio, and television pounding their views into a man's head, he gradually acquits himself of the burden of logical investigations. He becomes a mirror for the opinions of others. He is easy prey for propaganda. When he falls into these tendencies he should look to the examples of a few nations which surrendered their true use of opinion. Germany became the biggest sucker of our age by listening unquestioningly to the promises of a Berlin wall-paper man. Russia has stated her case in the statement of one of her leaders: "The human being is an animal differing from other animals only in that he has a slightly higher mental capacity."

The only way we will remain a truly free nation is not by the use of dogmatic prejudices nor weak impressions, but by the use of careful and unprejudiced reasoning.

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## Crisis

William Klein

THE hot breath of the desert was whipping dust devils across the boiling hot apron as Mike Fremont walked out of the offices of Southwest Airlines. He appeared to be a walking reincarnation of a department store mannequin, except the mannequin would probably have more personality. His most striking features were his chin and mouth. His chin had traces of strength, but his mouth was indecisive, almost as if he were constantly pouting. His face in combining the two features added up to an absolute nothing. Weariness oozed out of him like maple syrup out of a jug. It wasn't the kind of weariness that sleep could cure. Only a psychiatrist could cure the weariness that plagued him. He was tired of his work, his associates—in fact, his whole everyday existence with one exception, his family. The insecurity that afflicts all humanity had affected Mike in a strange way. He had become a conformist as many people do. But, unlike many people, conformity had become an obsession with him; all his natural endowments had been concentrated in this one direction. He had smothered the individuality he had been born with, and had become nothing but a stuffed shirt.

"Mr. Fremont" is what everyone called him to his face, but to his back they called him the highest paid yes-man in Phoenix. "Maybe it's true," he thought as he walked to his car. "But I won't worry about that now; right now all I want is to see my wife and daughter and to have a nice cold highball while I wait for supper."

He stepped into his car and drove home as he had done many times in the last five years. Leaving the car in front of the garage,