

# Perspectives Page

## EDITORIAL

### Tell The Truth

In any argument or form of conversation there are basic assumptions that each party recognizes beforehand as given. We'll call these assumptions truths.

When a person comes to an institution of higher learning his basic principles, what he has long held as solid arguments, the foundation of an entire philosophy, are challenged and oftentimes succumb to the constant bombardment of the academic wrecking ball. Truths are no longer true, or maybe they're partially true. They can't be absolutely true, for there is no truth.

For someone to claim that his is the only acceptable truth is, indeed, not only incorrect but dangerous as well. But to go so far as to say there is no truth, well...

How can there be no truth?

Your perceptions differ from mine. The influences and experiences for each individual (a much sought after attribute these days) differ due to time and place and circumstance and a multitude of other causes from the environment to heredity.

You can't see things the same as I. No two people are exactly alike. For each new person heard from we get a new point of view, therefore, a new truth. They all can't be correct, but who's to say which is wrong and which is not. In fact, who's to say, where is where? When is when? What is what? Societies ever important who is who? And we can't forget... Why? These questions can never be resolved if there is no truth.

If I can get an "A" by saying white is black, big is small, long is short, day is night I'll say it. I'll tell you just what you want to hear, or if you don't want to hear what you want to hear, I'll tell you what you don't want to hear. Oh, but, then in effect, I'll be telling you what you do want to hear by telling you what you don't want to hear. So what should I tell you. How about the truth?

I know you're out there somewhere truth. You've got to be. What can we all do if you're not. What'll happen to the five w's or all those other questions that need to be answered.

Maybe upon that glorious day in June when the class of 76-77 graduates, and are armed with diplomas to face the slings and arrows of the work-a-day world, maybe then we'll have a better notion of how to qualify, analyze, understand, appreciate, incorporate, and know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help...

#### Notable Quotes

How could sincerity be a condition of friendship? A liking for truth at any cost is a passion that spares nothing and that nothing resists. It's a vice, at times a comfort, or a selfishness. Therefore, if you

are in that situation, don't hesitate: promise to tell the truth and then lie as best you can. You will satisfy their hidden desire and doubly prove your affection.

Camus' "The Fall"

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## Murder By Extortion

NOTE- In an effort to increase readership the C.C. Reader offers this murder mystery in three or four parts. This is the first installment.

By Vladimir Hebebosky ■

It has been six years since Farnsworth's disappearance. In all that time his room has not been touched. For all I know nobody has ever been inside, so the furniture, his personal effects and all other furnishings are as they were six years ago.

Farnsworth's name only now emerges because of a conversation I had the other evening with Inspector Flanagan.

"Farnsworth was a peculiar bird wasn't he," the inspector said. "What in hell ever made you mention Farnsworth?" I retorted. "I haven't seen the man for six years and as far as I know neither has anyone else around here."

"What about the pantry maid Elsa, didn't she used to be sweet on old Farnsworth," the inspector queried. "Inspector," I said, "don't you find it amusing that whenever the police are confused, they stretch their imaginations to ridiculous limits."

"Well All I know is I have the body of a young girl and not the slightest clue of whose hands broke her neck."

Perhaps some further explanation is warranted. My name is Laphmore, Reginald Chesterton Laphmore, the dead girl that the inspector described was in my employ as a maid for a very short time before her death. Until ten years ago I was married to the wealthiest heiress in our city, Catherine Wainwright. She died, leaving me sole beneficiary of the Wainwright estate. I now have the time to dabble in my hobby, criminology.

The inspector doesn't like to admit it but, I am quite good at what I do and over the years have solved the most baffling crimes. I let the inspector take credit. My compensation is knowing that the police force, including the inspector, might very well be on welfare were it not for my assistance.

However, since the girl was found on my property perhaps I should describe the house and grounds, also the other people in my employ.

The house is an old Victorian mausoleum on the outskirts of the city. It rests on top of a hill overlooking the Wainwright industries. Upon entering the front gate one winds up a driveway to the pillared entrance. There is a foyer that leads into a hallway. The first floor consists of a sitting room, a library and a drawing room. A large living room, which I have converted into a study, is my domain completely. Behind this in the rear of the house is a kitchen with a connecting pantry and the stairs to the basement. Besides the main entrance there are four other doors to the inside. There is a back staircase to the second floor and the main balustrade is off the hallway.

The east wing of the second floor is made up of my bedroom and bath, a sitting room, a room for my valet and a room for the chambermaid, Elsa. (She earned this room for surviving 30 years with the Wainwrights and now me.) The west wing has been unused since my wife's death. It includes Farnsworth's room.

The third floor is made up of the rest of the employees' rooms, the cook, two other maids and the handyman's room. There is a small staircase to the attic which houses all of the Wainwright's memorabilia.

Farnsworth was the handyman. That position is now occupied by Quintas, an odd little man of uncertain origin. My valet is Tompkins, a rigid precise gentleman who knows all and keeps it to himself.

The house is situated on a 12 acre property with woods to the north. There is a flagstone walkway to the garage and poolhouse. All of this is surrounded by gardens. To the south is a huge lawn that is dotted with trees and bushes. Behind the house is the swimming pool, tennis and basketball courts. Behind that

more woods. The girl's body was found between the pool-house and the tree line.

The inspector and I concluded our discussion. After I had shown Flanagan out I retired to my study. I began to read a novel and soon discovered that I had read the same page three times. My thoughts wandered to the death of Maria, the young maid, and to the inspector's inquiry about Farnsworth. Had he just been fishing or did he really think there could be some connection between the two? If there was I couldn't grasp it. I knew that I had not seen Farnsworth for six years. Was it possible that he was still around or had he actually gone away and returned?

I grappled with these thoughts as I got into bed.

I banged my head on the bedboard, the screaming continued. It seemed to be just overhead. I noticed the clock on my nightstand; it was 2 a.m. My brains were not quite scattered from the knock on the skull and the unholy hour. I started for the third floor. At the top of the stairs stood my cook, Matilda, shivering and screaming. I reached her and got her to settle down. She pointed to the attic. The door was ajar and there was a light on. I armed myself with a vase and headed for the attic. Besides the light, a window was broken but there were no other signs of vandalism. A quick search of the attic showed that nothing had been moved, save a chest that contained some of old man Wainwright's belongings. I started to turn the light out. At my feet, just behind an old roll top desk was a shiny object. I picked it up and returned downstairs, securing the attic door behind me. By this time the entire household was assembled and none too easy over the night's events.

I assured all of them that it was nothing, that the wind had tipped over an old picture, and they should go back to bed.

Elsa, the chambermaid, was  
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## Letters: Toying With Our Future

As November 2 draws close, you should begin to ask yourself the following questions: Who do I vote for? Why should I vote for him/her? Should I vote at all? Perhaps the last question is the most important. Well, should you vote at all?

I submit that this fundamental right that certain individuals cherish every four years is more important and more significant than any test, paper, or lecture you will receive this or any year.

What makes your vote even more vital, is because your vote is a sign of how students feel. The student vote can be the biggest block of constituents a

politician could imagine. And yet, what happened. In the 1974 elections, (granted an off year, but we did elect a governor and a U.S. Senator) less than 15% of the 18 to 21 year olds voted! Less than 15%! Pennsylvania has had an excellent voter registration on college campuses this year, and we students must use this newly found political clout to our advantage.

So I say yes, do vote Nov. 2nd. Even if you can't make up your mind about Jimmy, Jerry, Gene, Lester, Roger, or even Gus, try to make up your mind on the Hockendonner's, the Gekas's and the others that our

student vote will have a tremendous effect upon. Analyze them, question them. See which of the hundreds of candidates for state office will help the student population. This should be a normal occurrence for student voters. After all, these people will be toying with our future. These people will decide whether we have a more realistic drinking law. These people will decide if Penn State's tuition goes up. These people will be the ones we call on the carpet come the next election! Think about that. Thanks.

Cliff Eshbach