

# Perspectives Page

## EDITORIAL

### How Ya Doin'

Hey, How ya doin? Oh, uh, not bad, how 'bout you? Uh, I'm doin' pretty good, yeah pretty good. Well that's good to hear. Yeah, that's good to hear, well, nice talkin to ya. I'll uh, see ya later. OK, take it easy.

This conversation, if you can call it that, must take place so many times each day, in this campus, one could not even begin to estimate its many occurrences.

Of course, though, there are variations such as: How's it goin? What's cookin', How ya been?, What are you up to these days?; there are probably as many variations as there are occurrences of this whatever you want to call it.

The next time someone asks you, How ya doin?, consider if that person actually wants to know how you're doin. He or she (must give equal time here) has probably just seen you the day before, and for that reason must assume that you're well enough to be here. What do or can you say to such a question? Well, my dog died, my car blew up, there was a fire in my house and I lost everything I owned, my wife left me, I think I'm coming down with swine flu, I was fired from my job, and I flunked the mid-term, but uh, other than that, I'm doin just fine.

You wouldn't want to get into such detail as this so the stock answer then becomes, I'm fine, How are you? From there if the other party so desires, the conversation either continues, you stop, sit down, it could go on and on, or you have another; A asks B, B answers, asks A, A replies, says good-bye, it's over.

You must consider this short dialogue better, as far as conversations go, than you're saying, Hey, how ya doin?, and the person to whom you directed the question doesn't even acknowledge your existence. What then, you wonder and think to yourself, that was English I used there wasn't it, I mean, my two years of French didn't suddenly come to the surface of my consciousness so as to make the question uncomprehensible. No it couldn't have, well why didn't he/she (equal time) say anything. Hmmm. Must be deep in thought, or maybe I didn't speak loud enough, next time, I'll yell HOW ARE YOU DOING?

By now you're probably noticed I haven't had a whole hell of a lot to say in this editorial. And some of you out there might not even deem this exercise worthy of the title editorial, but since I happen to hold this position and this is what I'm thinking on this Wednesday morn, here's this week's editorial. That about wraps it up I guess, I've got nothing else to say except, well, uh, How ya doin'?

## Notable Quotes

"Why should man pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, is cursed and polluted. A perpetual war is kindled amongst all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety,

terror agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress attend each stage of that life, and it is, at last, finished in agony and horror."

Demea- Hume's Dialogues

Capitol Campus Reader  
of the Pennsylvania State University  
The Capitol Campus  
RTE. 230, Middletown, Pa., 17057  
Office W-129-131  
Phone (717) 944-4970

Editor-in-Chief.....William M. Kane  
Assistant Editor.....Tim Adams  
Associate Editor.....Deborah K. Young  
Copy Editor.....Robert L. Fisher Jr.  
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## End Of Farnsworth Part III

This time I knew I had something that would impress the Inspector. For he had been thinking all along that Farnsworth was the murderer.

"Well inspector," I gloated, "what does this do to your theory."

"Listen," he replied, "don't go gettin' cute, you haven't been ruled out as a suspect yet."

"Now Flanahan," I said, "don't let that police imagination take you on another flight from reality. Besides I continued, "You weren't altogether wrong, Farnsworth had something to do with all of this otherwise he wouldn't be dead."

When the police left I went to my study. I still had lots of questions. The main one being, why?

I was missing something. There was a clue, but what was it.

Things looked like this; Maria was murdered, Matilda was frightened by someone, Farnsworth was murdered 2 days later. Farnsworth and Maria fit together but why had they been killed?

I decided to go with the theory that they had been killed for the same reason. I studied the other incident, the man Matilda had seen.

The house had not been broken into. That left only two conclusions, either it had been someone in the household or someone who had gotten access to a key, a past employee perhaps.

It had to be someone who was known because no one had been alarmed by a scream and even Chaucer had not been aroused by any strange noises.

What was it the man was searching for in the attic?

I figured I'd get a good nights sleep and then search the attic the next day.

The chest was still open. The attic had not been tampered with since the other evening. Had the intruder found what he was looking for or had his search been aborted by Matilda's screaming.

I rummaged through the chest. I could find nothing of significance. I went through some other trunks. It was the same, nothing.

I crossed the floor. One of the boards creaked loudly. I continued my hunt. I still could not find a clue. I crossed to the chest again--this time the board

moved. I got down on my knees and pried the board loose.

There was a dusty book of some sort wedged between the floor.

I pulled the book out and blew the dust off of it. It was a ledger.

This is what I was searching for. I was reading every page, fascinated at the detail. I now knew who the murderer was.

I replaced the board and put the ledger in the roll top desk. I went downstairs and called the inspector. "We have our man Flanahan. Get over here right away," I said quietly.

When the inspector arrived I told him we should wait until he caught him looking for the ledger.

"He may never go back up there again," the inspector said.

"Sure he will," I answered.

"Look he has gotten rid of everyone that knows about him--all he has to do is find that damn ledger, destroy it and, he's sitting pretty."

"Well, who is it," he said.

"I want to be sure before I say," I replied.

That evening we were set. I told all the employees I was going out.

I met Flanahan at the end of the driveway. The inspector, two of his men and myself returned to the back of the house. We climbed the back staircase on to the third floor.

The inspector's two men situated themselves in the attic and the inspector and I waited downstairs until we heard someone go up the stairs.

It was 10 p.m. when we heard the attic door being opened. We waited several long seconds before we followed.

It didn't take much time for our suspect to get to the desk and find his booty. The light went on, the man went for his gun, the two officers shot first. On the floor in front of me lay my most trusted employee, Cedric Tompkins, my valet.

I didn't want to believe that this man, who had been so diplomatic in many awkward situations, a man who had saved old man Wainwright and me embarrassment during our drunken revelries, was a murderer.

I took Flanahan to my study. The inspector wanted to read

the ledger.

"Well," I said, "it comes down to this, before Tomkins came here he was a gambler, forger involved with organized crime and unsavory characters of all descriptions.

It seems that one day he had been indicted for a number of crimes not the least of which was embezzlement of 3 million dollars from a now defunct corporation.

Rather than go to jail he left town and came here. he changed his name and took care of old man Wainwright.

He had his salary, but more importantly he had the 3 million dollars.

Farnsworth became privy to this information and decided to do a little blackmailing--it wasn't much, just enough to supplement his income.

When Farnsworth left he took up residence with a wealthy old matron so he no longer needed the measly stipend he got from Tompkins. However his family did.

Farnsworth told Maria about Tompkins and she decided to blackmail him too.

Meantime, Farnsworth lost his meal ticket when the old lady died and left her estate to her cat.

Farnsworth returned and decided to use Tompkins again.

Well, Tompkins was much older now and the 3 million dollars had dwindled. If he killed both of them and found the ledger, he was safe. He did just that.

"Phew," the inspector sighed, "But how did you find the ledger."

"By mistake actually," I answered. "You see Tompkins had moved the chest, which had been sitting right on top of that loose board."

"Well," the inspector said, "it was certainly a strange one. I thought for sure it was old Farnsworth."

"Perhaps I should tell the papers that I cracked this one, Flanahan," I said.

"They'd never believe you," he answered.

"Yes, but you haven't even found out who stole the mayor's car yet," I said, "do you think that gives you anymore credibility?"

I showed the inspector out. It had been a very remarkable day. This place was too dreary. I decided to sell it and move in town to get away from it all.

the end

## You Get What You Pay For

By Tim Adams

Now that the election is over, I wonder how much money exchanged hands on election eve.

I knew my bookie, Sammy Undertable, would have all the figures on the situation.

"Well Sam," I said, "how'd you make out this year."

"Tim," he answered, "these were the best two candidates we've had in a long time."

"Are you kidding," I replied, "the news media and the people I talked to couldn't make up their minds between the lesser of two evils."

"That's what made it so good," Sammy said, "nobody knew what the hell was going on. They threw their money at us."

"Well," I said, "you guys weren't very good prognosticators this time. When I laid my bet, 3 months ago, Carter was a

shoo-in. Then the odds dropped like the '29 stock prices, until last Monday night when some of your cronies made Ford the 6-5 favorite."

"Tim," Sam interrupted, "the trouble with you is you don't know how these things work. First of all the oddsmakers gave Carter his early lead. They didn't think he'd win by 33%, that was just to drum up interest. Even Carter people