



The Star Wars Dive

by Charles Kline

Mr. Reagan has proposed a Strategic Defense Initiative, commonly referred to as Star Wars, which would in theory provide an umbrella of protection over the whole of the United States. He is unconvinced that this is not practical in the foreseeable future and has a prohibitive price tag. Mr. Reagan seems willing to accelerate the arms race into this new and expensive stage.

Why spend the estimated 100 billion to 1 trillion it would cost for a fully deployed system to militarize space instead of banning all weapons from space now? In fact an agreement was

demanding by Soviet leaders to avoid the arming of outer space; the recent arms talks in Geneva were the end result.

To say that an umbrella could be created to shield the entire US from nuclear attack, as Mr. Reagan proposes, is a fiction according to just about every expert in the field. This being the case, why sink money into research when we could eliminate the problem of weapons in space and the need for extravagant research?

Now would be the time to put forth a greater negotiating effort. The Soviets have historically feared a technological advantage on our part; but while they have made clear their desire to banish

forever all weapons from space it should be kept in mind that what they propose has to be capable of full verification by both sides.

Mr. Reagan and many of his associates have regularly derided arms agreements as unverifiable. In the Star Wars case, however, it would be simple enough, because any attempt at deployment would be painfully obvious. Rockets blasting into space are indeed hard to hide, as NASA found in its most recent shuttle launch.

To go into arms talks under the delusion that such a project is feasible and should be pursued only lengthens the time it will take to disarm the great nuclear danger that faces us.



Letters

Cheap Shots

Dear People of Guilford:

We, the Craft Center, have attempted, and partially succeeded, to run for YOUR benefit an area for you to learn and practice a variety of crafts and activities. We have had some difficulties in attaining this end, yet we have succeeded in attaining most of our goals: 1) space for the center, 2) equipment (some of which is very expensive), and 3) volunteered (100%) human time and effort to make your opportunities here at Guilford more broad. We know we are an active and appreciated part of Guilford life by the response we have received for workshops, shows, demonstrations, and use by Guilfordians of our space for creating and learning.

WE ARE GUILFORD STUDENTS! We have found our efforts repaid by vandalism, theft and gross, obscene and inconsiderate gestures. Since the summer of 1984, we have lost, through theft, at least \$150 worth of equipment. Our keys have miraculously disappeared from the Information Desk at Founders, and no one seems to know who has them. In the two weeks since they have disappeared, we have lost more

equipment and supplies, have been subjected to vandalism and have found that some highly-inconsiderate people have used this valuable workspace for depositing their excrement.

These occurrences do not do much to prove that Guilford students are truly the mature and considerate members of the college community they belong to, as they are thought to be.

These problems don't do much for the morale of the hard-working volunteers of the Craft Center. These problems need to be carefully examined and solved, as soon as possible.

Tamara K. Manker, President
Jennifer Roberts, Secretary
The Craft Center

Appreciation

Dear Editor:

To the faculty, staff, the dorms, and the Guilford College Community—words cannot express my appreciation for all the kindness shown to me and my family in the after math after the tragic loss of our home. I am very grateful. Thank you.

Frank, Sallie, Donnie, and Timothy Moore

Velvin's View

Signing Out

by Iris B. Velvin

Signs are so much a part of our environment that they can become virtually invisible. After an initial recognition, we often tune out billboards, posters, nameplates, and even traffic signs. If you were asked after a drive around town to describe the signs you had passed, you would probably recall few if any.

On campus, too, signs fade into anonymity. Posters advertising events are briefly noted and then ignored. Classroom numberplates are actively seen only the first few days of each semester. Even "No Parking" signs seem invisible after a week or two, until you get a very visible parking ticket. (Frequent tickets can also become commonplace and unseen, unless accompanied by a tow truck. But even then, most people wouldn't remember the name on the tow truck's sign.)

Having tuned out hundred of campus signs over the past four years, I might not have noticed the new nameplates in Founders Hall in late January if I hadn't been thirsty after climbing the stairs to the second floor. I walked to the water fountain, squirted myself in the eye (I have a drinking problem) and looked up. There on the wall above was a black sign reading "Water Fountain" in white letters. I thought, I knew that, and turned right to go through the door. On the door was a sign like the first saying

"Door." When I returned to go back down the stairs, I noticed a sign with an arrow pointing up reading "Ceiling."

What is this? I thought. Maybe it's to help the Interlink students learn English. Or it could be a philosophy class project on Aristotelian concepts and realities. Or maybe literacy rates in American high schools have sunk so low that incoming freshmen need all the help they can get.

Then, downstairs I saw another nameplate, similar to the others but smaller and laminated in plastic, reading "Stair." It seemed as ridiculous as the others, but I knew I had seen this sign before. Then I recalled seeing new signs last semester pointing the way and identifying the lounges, offices and lavatories in Founders hall. I hadn't noticed the signs after the first glance, but someone apparently had and felt inspired to add their own satire of stating the obvious. It was a joke -- at least, I think it was -- but it made me more aware. I walked across campus seeing signs I might have otherwise ignored.

Unfortunately, my new awareness didn't last long enough, deserting me on my drive home. As I told the arresting officer, I thought the speed limit on that stretch of road was still 45. I just didn't notice the sign saying "Reduce Speed Ahead."