

Students Support Rape Victims

by Lisa Phelps

During the weeks of April 2-6 and April 9-13, a table will be set up in the Refectory. It won't be a table where you can buy a t-shirt, a cup, or pictures from the last mixer. It will, however, ask you for five minutes of your time and \$5 from your wallet. This table will contain a signature ad to be printed (hopefully) in the *Winston-Salem Journal*, on May 10th, calling for the *Journal* to change its policy of printing the names of rape victims. You see, the *Journal* is the only major daily newspaper in North Carolina that still prints the names of rape victims. (*The Associated Press* and the *New York Times* abandoned the practice years ago.)

Just consider for a moment the implications of printing the names and areas of residence of rape victims. With the printing of their names and areas of residence the rape victim may be exposed to further harassment, obscene phone

calls and physical intimidation. If the alleged rapist has not been apprehended the rape victim's safety is put in further jeopardy by the printing of their names and areas of residence. Aside from the actual physical results of this policy, the rape victim also suffers from a tremendous loss of privacy.

There are many rape victims who do not report rapes because they fear the reactions of their families, friends, neighbors and employers should their name appear in the *Journal*. You see, unfortunately rape is a crime that still carries with it a great deal of stigma, not for the perpetrator but for the victim. However, the argument put forth by the *Journal* that their policy helps to reduce this stigma does not hold water. The only result of their policy is the further victimization of these victims of rape.

So when you go to lunch in the next two weeks, take \$5 with you and sign the signature ad. Or, cut out the copy printed here and mail it in. Make a statement of your own conscience.



photo by Patricia Earnhardt
The Klu Klux Klan marched in High Point on March 18 in an attempt to recruit new members. Most of the attention, however, came from Klan opponenets. About 60 Klan members, including a few children, were flanked by High Point police wearing bullet proof vests and riot gear. Many words were said between supporters and the opposition, but no violence occurred and no arrests were made.

Students Join Community For Common Goal

by Siri Wilkins

Last Saturday as Mathilde Dumond and I drove around in search of the house that matched the address we were given, I wondered, who would be there, if it would be fun and if we were dressed right? We were not going to babysit...or to a med school party...or to an off campus fraternity house. As for my attire, I was wearing old blue jeans with holes in them and an old tattered sweatshirt. And yes - I was dressed appropriately for the occasion because we were headed for the corner of Broad and Washington Streets where Home Moravian Church is building a Habitat for Humanity House.

When we arrived at nine o'clock on Saturday morning it was rainy, muddy, and cold; the sawdust made me sneeze, my fingers soon turned to ice, and I began to regret this decision. All I was doing was painting a few two by fours white! I had done that two years ago for shelves in my dorm room! However, I was soon promoted to sanding window panes. I had to stretch on tiptoe to reach the highest part of the frame, and, since I had to see what I was doing,

all the dust found its way straight into my eyes and contacts.

Around lunchtime things improved. We stood in a circle - eight of us, young and old, said the Moravian Blessing, and dug into turkey sandwiches and brownies prepared for us by women in the church. It seems that food tastes best when you're cold and hungry, and conversation was a welcomed change from the sound of drills and saws. After we ate, the sun came out, the rain stopped, and the soon-to-be home owners arrived on the scene, equipped with a jam box, to put in their hours of work into the building. As I squatted in the dirt, painting primer on shutters, I found that it was hard to leave knowing so much work was left to be done. I had seen the sweat that had gone into the house, and, in a mere five hours, this house had become a home.

Daniel Webster has this to say about the word "home" - "It is a place where one lives or likes to be; a restful or congenial place." Habitat for Humanity strives to make their buildings not just a house for the purpose of sheltering, but also a home for the purpose of nurturing. The name reflects this effort as Webster defined habitat

as "a place or site where an animal naturally lives and grows." Habitat does not want to just build shelters but families as well as an increased understanding of the homeless within the community. The way that Habitat increases the value on the relationship between home and owner is to require carefully screened and selected families "to invest sweat equity hours into the construction of their home." Habitat uses only donated money and materials and volunteer labor to increase community involvement.

I want to take this opportunity to tell you more about this grass roots organization. Habitat for Humanity was founded in 1976 by Millard Fuller and his wife with a commitment to "eliminate poverty housing from the world and to make decent shelter a matter of conscience and action." But the recipients of the program participate in a joint venture. They are obligated to work on their own homes as well as help prospective homeowners build their homes. Houses are sold to partner families for no profit and with no-interest mortgages. Owners make small monthly mortgage payments to Habitat over an average period of

twenty years. The money is deposited into a revolving "Fund for Humanity," which supports the construction of more houses. Habitat does not accept government support but does welcome governments support in the form of land grants, street pavement, and sewer hook-ups.

Habitat for Humanity is an international organization spanning 26 different countries. Here in Winston-Salem there are three other houses besides Broad St. under construction. (And by the way, we need help painting this weekend).

So this Saturday when I rise before eight and make my way to the little gray house with colonial red shutters - I will not wonder who will be there because it really doesn't matter since we will all work together in a common spirit towards a common goal. I won't wonder if it will be fun because I know the real value of what I am doing cannot be measured arbitrarily. And I will not wonder what to wear because I know the only place it would really be appropriate to wear what I have on is to the Habitat for Humanity home on the corner of Broad and Washington.