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The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

Looking backward

Republican Sen. Orrin G. Hatch of Utah showed remarkable insight Friday when he declared that practices which "show preference of one race over another" are wrong and should be wiped out.

The same kind of insight moved Congress to pass the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the 1972 Education Amendments and other legislation aimed at eliminating racism that has been built into the American political system during the last century and a half.

But Hatch is not talking about continuing efforts to end discrimination based on sex, race, national origin or physical limitation. Instead, the Utah senator, who is slated to be the next chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, plans to push for a constitutional amendment to outlaw the very programs created to do away with inequality of opportunity.

It is easy to advocate equal opportunity for all. It is almost as easy for private employers to claim they offer the same chance to every applicant. The much harder task undertaken by the federal government—locating the sources and subtle manifestations of discrimination—has just begun to produce results.

If Hatch uses his Labor Committee standing and his powerful influence as chairman of the Senate Judiciary subcommittee on the Constitution, as he has said he will, the steps taken in the last two decades toward overcoming past discrimination will be wiped out before they've had time to reshape attitudes and produce long-term positive change.

More disturbing than Hatch's narrow view of the federal government's responsibility of ensuring equality is his desire to prevent any future reforms once his proposals get through Congress. "If we don't go the constitutional amendment route, the Democrats would be back in control in a couple of years, and we would be right back where we are now in giving preference to blacks over Chicanos or preference to blacks, Chicanos and Asians over whites," the senator said.

"Affirmative action" is a catch-phrase for the hundreds of programs and government provisions designed to help overcome nearly 200 years of discrimination favoring white, Protestant, male Americans. Even advocates of the programs admit that dual government goals—fairness and increased minority participation in government and education—sometimes conflict, and that problems have arisen in carrying out affirmative action concepts.

Hatch, however, would negate in one amendment the progress that has been made in the past 16 years. Further, he would make sure no future Congress could reverse or amend the 1980 Republican-backed legislation. To use the senator's own words, that "just isn't right."

Action of the kind planned by Hatch and other social conservatives in Congress should be met with active, vocal opposition by those who recognize the potential danger of these proposals. Lobby groups advocating civil rights and others representing minority groups should use every avenue to block Hatch's constitutional amendment and to keep intact reforms protecting the potential victims of discrimination. We find the contention that 16 years of affirmative action has produced an equitable society almost as ridiculous as Hatch's proposal.

Darkness and reality

It's been two weeks since we went off make-believe time and started setting our watches with the sun. But after giving reality two weeks to grow on us, we still don't like it. It gets dark earlier. It seems like 8 p.m. when it's really 6. And when you wake up in the morning it seems like 10 when it's only 8. That's bad because you're thinking about how unfortunate it was to sleep through your class only to find out you didn't. Talk about depressing.

There are a lot of other problems with real time (as opposed to Daylight Savings Time). We miss the extra hour at night because we do, in fact, sleep through the one in the morning. Particularly disturbing is the fact that bars close an hour earlier now than they used to.

We've noticed that the libraries suddenly are full of studious people rifling through the periodical listings and photocopying entire bound volumes of *Nation* and *Scientific America*. It's gotten colder, too, which certainly is partly winter and partly the shattering of pleasant dreams. And remember that it was only after we switched to real time that the football team got beat.

We know all about the importance of letting the little kids get to school safely. And we don't mean to scoff at this important consideration either. It just doesn't seem fair that they should be able to go on believing in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny while we have to deal with all the realities of time based on the earth's rotation. It just doesn't seem fair...this thing called reality.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Election night Some gloat, some cry; Stookey's still driving

By MELANIE SILL

WASHINGTON—The glare of television lights and the blare of swing music bounce off the walls of the Capitol Room in the Hyatt Regency-Washington. About 20 supporters of John Anderson cluster around a big-screen TV, listening to Walter Cronkite announce early presidential returns. Their candidate stands at 4 percent.

"It's too early, still too early," says Bruce Post, Anderson's administrative assistant in Congress. Post, who has spent 3½ of his seven years on Capitol Hill with the Illinois congressman, looks a little worried. He takes a big gulp of his gin and tonic and runs one hand across his balding head. "We'll get the 5 percent (needed for Anderson to get federal campaign funds). We've got to." The band starts up again, and Post heads for the door.

Photographers crowd the door of Anderson's 10th-floor hotel suite. Abury Secret Service man blocks the doorway with one arm and moves aside to let five photographers through.

"Oh, wow, there he is," marvels a young woman as she spots John Anderson from the door. Her press credentials say she's from the University of Maryland. A United Press International photographer rolls his eyes and lights a cigarette. Keke and John Anderson ham it up for the cameras with Patrick and Jean Lucey. "Like this?" the independent candidate asks, putting a hand on his running mate's shoulder. An Anderson aide rushes into the room. "Ambassador (George) Bush is on the phone," he says. Anderson and Lucey bolt for the telephone. "For you, Governor Lucey," the aide says, pushing Anderson back gently. Anderson laughs. The photographers laugh. Cameras flash.

Downstairs, Jimmy Carter is on the



Businessman C. Michael Mullin celebrates... Reagan win was good news for executive

big screen. The groups watching each of the three screens in the Capitol Room have grown to about 100. About 1,000 others mill around the room. It's 9:30 p.m., and Carter is making his concession speech. "Four years ago, I promised you that I would never lie," says the president, whose face shows the strain and sorrow of a defeated incumbent. The watchers at Anderson's party laugh. A few hiss. Others hiss when Carter mentions his victorious opponent, Ronald Reagan. Many faces in the Anderson crowd show shock, some sadness, others nervousness. Carter finishes his speech, and the Hyatt viewers break into grudging applause. A few are crying.

The security guards at the Washington Hilton's International Ballroom, site of Reagan's victory party, aren't letting anyone in. Too many—an estimated 7,000—are downstairs already. A rumor buzzing through the mob says one of the guests is actor Robert Redford. The ballroom has been declared a fire hazard because of overcrowding.

In the ballroom, the Republicans are reveling in the aftermath of Reagan's surprisingly easy victory. An all-black group is playing big band music for the crowd, which is overwhelmingly white. Few Reagan staffers are at the bash, which is being thrown by the Republican National Committee. Most of the presidential campaign workers are with the victor in California.

There's only one big screen at the Reagan party, and several hundred guests crowd in front of it to watch their man's acceptance speech. Reagan's words are barely audible above the din of the celebration.

After the speech, John Eskridge, 23, hugs his companion, Sandy Werner. "Now we can get married," he shouts. Eskridge explains that the North Dakota couple didn't expect to be "financially able" to marry had Carter been re-elected.



Former Wisconsin Gov. Patrick Lucey (center) ... Running mate, supporters greet Anderson

On the other side of the ballroom, two women are singing "We love you, Ronnie," with a dozen or so other happy Republicans. Their bright red shirts, worn with navy blue skirts, are emblazoned with the words, "Ronnie's Angels." On their heads are plastic hats with red, white and blue bands. The same kind of hat was worn by the Nixon Youth cheering section at the 1972 Republican National Convention in Miami. One of the angels, Mrs. (she stresses the prefix) Natalie Everett, has been stumping for Reagan for several months. "I'm glad it's over," she says, hugging Gordon (Mr.) Everett. "He wants to be No. 1 again." Gordon grins. Natalie blushes.

C. Michael Mullin, president of International Technical Services, rushes around the International Ballroom waving a bumper sticker that reads: "Hello Ronnie, Goodbye Jimmy." He pulls out a business card to help a reporter spell his name. Mullin disappears in the crowd, then returns with two rather tipsy businessmen in tow. One wears a plastic mask of Jimmy Carter. The other is a West German visitor who doesn't care much about American politics. "I always enjoy a good party," he explains in a serious voice. He and the mask produce business cards.

In the Hilton lobby, Jimmy Warlick of Asheville is selling colorful buttons to Republicans. He's a Democrat. It's been a great night for Warlick and his partner, who have taken in \$1,000 already at the Democratic and Republican celebrations. "The Carter buttons went fast, because this is his last campaign," says Warlick, who quit a job with N.C. Rep. Lamar Gudger to go into the button business. "The Republicans are drunker, though."

Back at the Hyatt, John Anderson's supporters have something to celebrate. The Illinois congressman's take of the popular vote is up to 6 percent. Bruce Post, now flushed with excitement and more than a little alcohol, is beginning to babble. He loosens his tie and tries to straighten his hair, which now is swept in several different directions. With Anderson's margin assured, Post muses about his own future. "My friends say it's time for me to leave the Hill," he says. He pauses, and his forehead creases. "But can I do anything else?"

The Washington Post reporter is ready to call it a night. He sits back in

the taxicab and yawns. Sure, the Reagan landslide was a surprise, he says. "Reagan doesn't really believe in anything; he just wants to work 9 to 5 and go home to supper with Mommy (Nancy Reagan)," the Post writer says. "It's the guys who work from 6 p.m. on that I worry about." The reporter, who's from New York, says he's spent some time in Chapel Hill and talks about North Carolina. "They're going to let that madman senator of yours loose soon," he says. He's talking about Republican Jesse Helms. "He's going to be up there in the State Department." He yawns again, then shrugs. The cab pulls up to the Post building.

The snarl of traffic has eased a little, and the cab driver maneuvers his way across town. His name is Stookey, he says. "Just Stookey now—I lost the rest somewhere."

Stookey is from Tarboro, though he left his family's N.C. farm in 1945. "I was going to California, but I got here and waited for my buddy. Then I met the woman I married. I never did get to California."

The driver, a black man of about 60, says he's never voted. "I remember back in the hard times—the Depression, you know—when, uh, old Herbert Hoover got in there.

"Now we got hard times again. And now we got Reagan. It's just a rich white man's world. That's all it is. Folks like us, we just keep drivin' and workin'." No Jimmy Carter can't help us, none of them politician men can. They just don't know."

He reaches over to turn down the volume on his radio, which has been pushing the sounds of gospel music and sermons into the night air. The light of neon signs illuminates the Christian literature on his dashboard and the green and white "Jesus is Lord" sticker on the glove compartment panel. "White folks just keep electing presidents, and black folks just keep havin' their hard time."

Stookey shakes his head and pulls the cab up to the curb. It's about 3 a.m., Wednesday, Nov. 5. The first edition of the *Washington Post* is being loaded into delivery trucks headed for the suburbs of the city. Another presidential election is over; too soon for some, too late for others. Stookey doesn't mind. "I'll have a good night tonight," he says. He collects his fare and drives off, headed toward the Hilton, where the Reagan party still is going strong.

Melanie Sill, a senior journalism major from Waipahu, Hawaii, covered the presidential election for The Daily Tar Heel.

State's Republicans throw grand old party

By FRANK WELLS

RALEIGH—The Republicans' victory celebration here Nov. 4 was a study in contrasts. Members of the Moral Majority danced with drunken fraternity men to the blare of a middle-aged beach music band in the main party room. But behind the scenes, young staff workers, many of them political novices, struggled to maintain control of the celebration while older, more established Republicans quietly sought to align themselves with the quickly improving fortunes of John East.

Early in the evening, smiling young staff workers wearing "New Team" buttons, seemed anxious to keep the celebration running smoothly. But though most were careful to maintain a facade of cooperation, some staffers admitted tension was building between the staffs of individual candidates.

"The staffs are really at each others' throats tonight," one said. When Jimmy Carter appeared on television to concede, the fairly quiet gathering erupted into a confetti-slinging, champagne-spraying mob. In one corner, a man of about 22, wearing a "Christians for Reagan" button, was gulping from a bottle of Southern Comfort.

A cheer of "Pack it up Rosalyn, pack it up," arose from one cluster of supporters, nearly all of whom were under 35. Many older Republicans headed for the lobby. "I'll be back when this place calms down," one woman said.

The man with the "Christians" button arrived in the hallway to offer his comments. "The reason we won," he said, slurring his words badly, "is the people in this country are tired of longhairs. Now that we're in charge, there's going to be some changes."

He stumbled off to crowd behind a television reporter. "Thank God for Ronald Reagan!" he screamed into the mike.

Neither senatorial candidate John East, gubernatorial candidate I. Beverly Lake nor lieutenant gubernatorial candidate Bill Cobey appeared in the banquet room immediately following Reagan's win. The staffers explained that the men needed time alone with their families and staff, and offered to help certain reporters gain admittance to the upper floors.

"There's real competition to get favorable people up here to talk with different candidates," a member of Cobey's staff said. As the night dragged on, there were fewer and fewer trips upstairs.

Lake, who was defeated soundly by Gov. Jim Hunt, was the first to concede. An hour later Lake, who had been hounded by reporters and enveloped by aides and friends earlier, was able to walk through the banquet room without being approached by either newsmen or supporters.

Cobey, who made a surprisingly good showing in his bid to unseat Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green, refused to concede. Most of his staff stayed with him upstairs, but reporters' access to Cobey declined considerably as his share of the vote grew.

Where were all the Republican party officials? They had abandoned Lake early, and had never associated themselves with the Cobey campaign; by midnight, as vote totals showed East racing closely behind incumbent Sen. Robert Morgan, most of the officials joined East's entourage in his sixth floor suite, aligning themselves with the big winner of the night. Congressional Club chief Tom Ellis and several Republican party leaders were in East's suite. David Flaherty, candidate for governor in 1976 and a loser to Thad Eure in this year's race for secretary of state,

was there too, as were Lake and his father, I. Beverly Lake Sr.

Flaherty emerged from the room ahead of the group. His race wasn't important; the only real hope they ever had was with John East, he said.

"The problem when you get within a couple of thousand votes," he said, swaying forward and spilling some of his drink, "is keeping the ballots safe."

A friend interrupted Flaherty as he was saying something about stolen ballot boxes. "Don't let 'em steal those damned ballots," Flaherty yelled as he was pushed into an elevator.

Back downstairs, a Republican party official, who asked not to be identified but said he had been active in North Carolina politics for 30 years, confessed that Republicans were concerned that Democrats might resort to dirty tricks.

"Older Republicans like a party, too, but you won't see too many here tonight. They're out working the polls, trying to protect the ballots," he said.

In the hall outside, a woman wearing a "Pro-lifers for Reagan" button said she had prayed for a Reagan victory.

In the men's room, the man with the Christians for Reagan button was on his hands and knees, praying, perhaps, to a different god.

As the crowd began to thin and candidates made their final appearances, reporters clustered in the lobby. A reporter from the Associated Press said, "God, this has been a long night."

A colleague from the *Charlotte Observer* smiled grimly. "If you think this was long," he said, "the next four years are going to be an eternity."

Frank Wells, a junior journalism major from Benson, covered state elections for The Daily Tar Heel.