

The Daily Tar Heel

91st year of editorial freedom

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Investigation applauded

Critics of the FBI's probe into corruption in southeastern North Carolina have labeled the investigation "unfounded." The two biggest fish — Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green and state Rep. R.C. Soles — got away, they claim, and therefore the operation was a waste of taxpayers' time and money. Those complaints, however, are exaggerated and lack conviction and substance. The so-called Colcor probe, despite the complaints and several failures, was not altogether a wasted effort.

Thirty-six indictments have been handed down since July 1982, when agents began making arrests. From those indictments, 29 people have been convicted in federal court. They include a district court judge, a police chief and a county commissioner. All this, according to critics, was groundwork laid by the government to provide a string of convictions leading to the coup de grace on Colcor — Soles and Green.

David L. Long, who helped with Soles' defense, said the prosecutions were only to confirm what an FBI special agent had said earlier — that there was corruption in state government. And if there was, Long said, the agents looked in the wrong place.

Long's claims, however, fall short of justifying how 29 people could be convicted if the FBI was looking in the wrong places, or if there wasn't any corruption in state government. The majority of the Colcor defendants pleaded guilty without a trial, several agreeing to testify against Soles and Green. Apparently, the FBI had done its homework; charges that specific people were targeted simply ignored the gradual progression of information. As agents investigating the lieutenant governor argued, "Green's name came up too many times not to do something. At that point you could have charged us with dereliction of duty if we didn't."

While North Carolinians should welcome a look into the dealings and goings-on of their elected representatives, they have a right to question also the methodology in determining illegal and inappropriate behavior. The biggest worry is whether Abscam-type tactics were used in the investigations. Tactics such as secretly recording meetings, which most people seem willing to accept, must be policed regularly. Even more elusive is the question of entrapment and how to define it. Do FBI agents approach their subjects in the right manner?

Agent Robert Pence said the FBI thought Colcor was so worthwhile that it was planning more, similar operations for the state. He said that Colcor had resulted in "a steady stream of similar-type calls, leads and tips" that would lead to more probes in southeastern North Carolina, as well as in other sections of the state.

Pence's words send a message to North Carolinians that the FBI is willing to move wherever the allegations lead it. The investigation has uncovered corruption in the state and awakened many citizens to a problem heretofore believed to be nonexistent. While we must always beware of illegal procedures and entrapment, all N.C. citizens should applaud efforts that serve to clean up any dirty dealings.

No business like it

By KATHY HOPPER

Elsie Sutton sits at a tall multi-colored podium waving her deeply tanned arm and hoping to attract likely customers. She is framed by huge, billowing banners with cartoon-like sketches proclaiming such acts as "The Prince of Pain," "The Human Pin Cushion," "The Rubber Girl" and "Otis the Frog Boy." With a tight turtleneck sweater, platinum blonde hair and black horn-rimmed glasses, Elsie looks like she could have just stepped off the set of an old Alfred Hitchcock movie.

A voice over the loudspeaker beckons the N.C. State Fair crowd to enter the carnival tents and see the "human oddities" featured in The Great Sutton Side Show. Children with faces stained by candy apple coax parents into paying the \$1 admission fee. Teens clad in jean jackets and boots enter, along with middle-aged men wearing plaid pants. The show has 10 acts and runs whenever there are enough people to make it profitable. This can mean doing 20 shows a day for larger events such as the N.C. State Fair.

The side show, like most other fair establishments, is family-owned and -operated. Elsie Sutton, a veteran of 47 years of carnival life, had to adjust to the Bedouin lifestyle when she married into the business. She believes "a lot of people can adjust to the lifestyle and a lot can't." Ask her about retirement and she'll laugh and say, "There's nothing to retire on. Besides, I don't know what else I'd do." Her husband is dead, but her son Tommy carries on the family tradition.

Tommy has spent almost all his 24 years in the business.

"I enjoy it because I like entertaining people." Tommy, known as the Human Pin Cushion, lies on a bed of nails in the show. "I went out to Hollywood and tried to be an actor, but I failed, so I came back home."

His wife, Rita, wanders through the maze of travel trailers and carefully steps through a forest of ropes that secure the large tent. She's busy watering her ferns. Before she met Tommy, she worked in the



bingo business; now she is known as the Rubber Girl and handles snakes on the side.

Like Tommy, Wade Wayne wanted to be an actor. Known as the Prince of Pain, he swallows swords and eats fire. "It's a living," he coyly tells audiences. "It beats getting up at 6 o'clock and going into make-up." He's the stereotypical boy who ran away with the circus and left his Kansas home for a glamorous life in the limelight. "The pay's not bad considering the hours," he says, lighting a cigarette.

The master of ceremonies is Burt Burkhart, the Anatomical Wonder. They say he has been in the business "four years longer than God." He has been invited to perform on *That's Incredible* and *Late Night with David Letterman*.

"I am a freak and I don't mind if people call me one. I make my living the same as anyone else. I have unbelievable muscle control that amazes doctors."

Burkhart has been working for the show since the mid-50s and enjoys seeing the people he entertained as children bring their children to see him. He reclines in his make-shift bedroom in the back of a delivery truck. His wife of 45 years hurriedly straightens their home.

"Everything must be done with a sense of humor," he says. "There are different jokes that work for different crowds." Burkhart breaks up the monotony by working each crowd differently.

But there is one part of the show that can only be tragically humorous at best. Burkhart introduces Otis the Frog Boy by saying, "He doesn't want your pity, only your understanding."

Otis was nicknamed the Frog Boy in his youth because he has deformed legs and hands. His claim to fame is his ability to roll, light and smoke a cigarette using only his lips.

It is an amazing act — because his feat is so unusual and because people pay to see it. How can his dignity let him debase himself in front of hostile crowds? Why do people pay to see the act and encourage him to be another "elephant man"?

"I do it to show people that I can do it. There's nothing like watching their faces when I tell them what I'm going to do. They don't believe I could possibly do it. Then when they see me do it, they're all shocked," Otis says with a smile.

He's been with the show since 1963 and sees his brother and sister in Georgia when he's not on the road. Darlene, his pet chihuahua, follows him around the tent area as he prepares to go on.

Otis has chosen a way of life that he believes makes him more useful. He doesn't want to be on welfare or in an institution. This is his way of supporting himself. Otis, like the other members of the side show, has found his niche in this world.

Wayne sums up the performers when he says, "They may not conform, but that doesn't mean they're less human."

Kathy Hopper, a sophomore English and journalism major from Greensboro, is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Print what CARP has to say

To the editor:

Most interesting about the Grenada incident were the protests by the media against the limitations placed upon them by the U.S. government and military in reporting the issue. It is my hope that through this, Americans will be educated as to the real power the media have in affecting our foreign policy. Public pressure is a strong determining factor in the way our government thinks, but it is the media that determine how the public will think. Irresponsible media coverage can result in irresponsible foreign policy. The important thing to understand is that although reporters often try to appear to be experts, they are, in most cases, not experts at all. Our experience in Vietnam is a good example of how biased and irresponsible

American reporters were able to convince the public that our presence there was evil. After large protests, the United States finally pulled out. But today the tyranny that has been established there and the thousands of boat people who risk their lives to get away from it testify to the terrible mistakes we made. Instead of demanding reform and assisting the Vietnamese in the building of a true free democracy, America ran away, leaving literally millions to perish under the tyranny of communism. There are those who would question America's ability to help nations develop into free democracies. The system we can offer is not perfect, but it is most certainly better than any other system this world has ever seen, and it has the potential to improve. Most of the people in the

world long to live at the standard that democratic governments have achieved. How do we see flocking into Eastern Europe in search of "the good life?"

Instead of ousting President Anastasio Somoza or even forcing him to reform, the United States has left Nicaragua in the hands of the Sandinistas, who are conducting the systematic genocide of the Miskito Indians, who have dared to retaliate to regain the land that was once their own. The media have us believing that running away from Nicaragua was the best thing to do. And today, the media are trying to convince Americans that we should pull out of Lebanon and that we never should have invaded Grenada, and many Americans are buying it.

that appeared in *The Daily Tar Heel* Thursday ("Chapel Hill native was follower of Rev. Moon") and "Unification Church seeks student members; other churches concerned," *DTH*, Oct. 27), which many UNC students will undoubtedly accept as universal "truth." Joel Katzenstein and Kathy Norcross don't even try to be objective — the former even less than the latter. Thanks to them, many UNC students will continue to believe that Moonies are brainwashed, evil, deceptive, misguided, perverted cultists. I am absolutely certain that an article that contained the answers to all those allegations would never be given front page coverage, as Katzenstein received. Although very legitimate answers exist for any and all of the accusations that are made against the Unification movement and Rev. Moon, the public is kept unaware of this by sensationalist, biased reporters who say they stand for editorial freedom. Real experts — trained sociologists, psychologists and theologians, not "journalist experts" — have completely refuted those opposed to the movement as slanderous, misinformed and bigoted. I challenge the *Daily Tar Heel*: Prove us wrong. If you really stand for editorial freedom, you will print what CARP has to say on the front page.

But there are those who know that the real experts on foreign policy are not reporters at all. Belated permission to U.S. journalists to report on the Grenada issue makes it clear to me that the U.S. government is sick and tired of having its actions interpreted by biased and emotional journalists who impose their own version of "truth" on the public, as if it were universal fact. We cannot deny that even if the press were to outright lie about a certain issue, most people would believe the press before they would believe the government.

In this same context, I would like to comment on the two anti-Moonie articles

Peter Reiner
CARP member

Bench press to success

To the editor:
The deaths of 241 Americans in the Middle East are proof that Lebanon is in dangerous, chaotic turmoil and proof that the United States is needed to maintain peace and stability throughout the world, even when the costs are high. The United States should uphold its moral condemnation of communism and set the example in its fight against terrorism.
I feel proud, secure and confident knowing that once again the United States is fulfilling its proper role in world affairs.

Let's stop being afraid of the Soviet Union and continue to be assertive, just as we have been in Grenada and in the decision to deploy U.S. missiles in Europe. Likewise, if we are intent on being a world leader, we should pursue a more aggressive policy in Lebanon.
We have the manpower and the nuclear capabilities to fear no one. If you have the muscles, flex them.

William G. Walker
E. Rosemary St.

RONALD REAGAN MUST REALLY LOVE THE POOR...



... HE MADE SO MANY OF THEM.



Letters?

The *Daily Tar Heel* welcomes letters to the editor and contributions to columns for the editorial page.
Such contributions should be typed, triple spaced, on a 60-space line, and adhere to editing. Contributions

must be submitted by noon the day before publication.
Column writers should include their majors and hometown; each letter should include the writer's name, address and telephone number.

An 'exciting' day

By MICKEY WEAVER

It was 6:55 a.m. (Sunday, Oct. 23) when the phone started ringing.

I knew something was wrong. Early-morning phone calls always seem to be the bearers of bad news and usually send me into a panic.

As I lay there in bed, I began to imagine the worst: Had my grandfather died? Was my sister in a car wreck? Mumbblings from the upstairs phone filtered down to me, and when I heard the familiar thump on the upstairs floor as someone hopped out of bed, I knew I was in for an early awakening.

Dad bounded down the stairs on his way to the coffee pot, but before the plug made it to the outlet, the phone rang again.

This time the mumbblings were clearer, and as mom walked by my door toward the television, I heard dad say something to the caller about "62 dead."

The voices from the TV told me the rest of the story. "... A truck packed with a ton of high explosives crashed into Marine headquarters in Beirut earlier this morning..."

"...President Reagan, voicing outrage over the 'despicable' act, has rushed back from Georgia for emergency strategy meetings..."

So it wasn't my sister or grandfather after all. The television screen greeted me with pictures of the destruction and the faces of nameless Marines.

Names and numbers were to play a big role in this day's activities, of that I was already certain. The phone rang again.

Dad bounded down the stairs again, this time dressed in the olive-drab trousers and khaki shirt of his uniform. Somehow, amid all the confusion, he had managed to

dress for what was sure to be his busiest day in a long time.

The gold cross on his left collar stood out a little more today than usual. I thought at the time. On the other collar shone his silver eagle, and on this day he would make the fullest use of both duties of his job.

A Navy chaplain, he would soon be knocking on the doors of the slain Marines' homes, confirming the news that families had feared so much. It was a delicate, unenviable job. He grabbed a cup of coffee and left for the base. We weren't sure when he'd be back. Neither was he.

News moves fast in a military town; however, on this Sunday Jacksonville was unusually quiet, cautious — as if the entire community of more than 100,000 was holding its breath.

Sunday's rainfall seemed to be speaking for us. For now, most of us were speaking in quiet, scared whispers — either to our families or friends or to our God.

I was numbed. But this had happened too many times before for me to be devastatingly saddened. I remembered waking up one morning three years ago to find out eight servicemen had died on a rescue attempt in the Iranian desert. Eight or 62, the numbers didn't really seem to matter.

And on this day, the numbers kept rising. From 62 to 147 by Sunday afternoon. It would climb as high as 225 Americans dead later in the week.

Mom and I left for church, where I was anxious for a little prayerful support, and yet curious as to how the morning's news would be handled there.

The pastor, like the town itself, was tight-lipped. He mentioned the Beirut tragedy at the opening of the service and spoke of it again in the prayer. Then we struggled through the final hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which I found difficult to finish.

We walked through the rain to the car and drove home.

After loading the Chevette, I said goodbye and picked up Mike and Robert. The three of us headed west on U.S. 70 toward Raleigh.

Mike's morning had closely paralleled my own. His father, a Marine lieutenant colonel, had left early for the base as one of the 300 Marines on "air alert."

The current cease-fire in Lebanon had canceled his father's earlier orders to Beirut, Mike said.

No one talked much about Jacksonville or Beirut during the three-hour drive to Chapel Hill. The Top 40 seemed to be better therapy for the updated casualty figures on the radio than intense discussions of foreign policy.

About an hour into our trip, one of those news broadcasts brought us more than casualty figures. It reported that Reagan planned to send another 400 Marines to Lebanon to bolster the Marines already there.

To most Americans, that news report might have been nothing more than numbers. But it meant more than that to the passenger sitting on my right.

"That means my dad," I heard Mike mumble in a monotone.

We made it back all right, through a violent rainstorm. Unpacking that night, I heard Frank Gifford describing the televised football game. "Exciting," he said.

The word intrigued me. "To move to strong emotion, stir to passion; to stir up to eager tumultuous feeling, whether pleasurable or painful."

I thought about my Sunday that was now coming to its end. "It's been an 'exciting' day," I said aloud.

Excitement, it seemed, moved all around us this day... hand in hand with sorrow.

I thought about Marines and their families. For them, the excitement was just beginning.

Mickey Weaver is a senior journalism major from Jacksonville.

THE Daily Crossword by Peter Swift

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|---------------|----------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1 Team | 1 Agitate |
| 6 Engrave | 2 Walk in |
| 10 Garment | 3 Encourage |
| 14 Forbidden | 4 Bellow |
| 15 Masculine | 5 Burrow |
| 16 Author | 6 Ham it up |
| 17 Perfect | 7 It — (ob- |
| 18 Approve | 8 Observation |
| 19 Torn | 9 Attention- |
| 20 Drew back | 10 Jeweler's |
| 22 Peeling | 11 On the |
| 23 — Moines | 12 Discussion |
| 24 Pretty — | 13 — nous |
| 25 Impair | 14 Fruit drink |
| 30 Stumble | 22 Vivacity |
| 32 Obliterate | 24 Oven |
| 33 Military | 25 Adroit |
| truant | 26 Singer |
| | 27 Guthrie |
| | 28 Baseballer |
| | Willie |
| | 31 Jason's |
| | vessel |
| | 32 Used car |
| | sale sign |
| | 29 Army man: |
| | abbr. |
| | 30 Pitcher |
| | 31 Schoolboy — |
| | 32 Cain's |
| | father |
| | 34 Israeli |
| | dance |
| | 35 Sandarac |
| | tree |
| | 36 Drop one's |
| | lover |
| | 37 Young |
| | kangaroo |
| | 39 Got bigger |
| | 40 Seaver |
| | or Jones |
| | 44 Blamish |
| | 45 Health |
| | resort |
| | 46 Drive back |
| | 47 Furious |
| | 48 Operate a |
| | press |
| | 49 Fountain |
| | offerings |
| | 51 Irk |
| | 53 Sandburg |
| | the poet |
| | 54 River |
| | barriers |
| | 55 Iraq's |
| | neighbor |
| | 56 Recurrent |
| | chill |
| | 57 Bare |
| | 58 Vaticanator |
| | 60 Chart |

