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# THE JONES COUNTY JOURNAL

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## Polly Larkin's Husband Named Dean East Carolina School of Business

East Carolina University, announced today the appointment of Dr. James H. Bearden as dean of its School of Business.

Dr. Bearden, assistant dean for administration and development since last October, will assume his new position Sept. 1 as Dr. Elmer R. Browning, the outgoing dean, takes a new post at Marshall University.

ECU President Leo W. Jenkins, commenting on Dr. Bearden's appointment, said: "I am very enthusiastic about Dr. Bearden's potential in this capacity. He is very close to the business community and also very knowledgeable in the academic world of business and business theory."

Dr. Bearden joined the business faculty in 1959 and has directed the school's Bureau of Business Research since 1964. He is the author of a college textbook on personal selling, published in 1967 and adopted for use at ECU. He is 34.

The new dean, a native of Mario, Alabama, holds a BS degree from Centenary College of Shreveport, La., an MA from East Carolina and a PhD in marketing and economics from the University of Alabama.

Dr. Bearden is married to the former Pauline Larkins of Trenton, daughter of District Court Judge and Mrs. John D. Larkins of Trenton. The Beardens have two children and make their home in Greenville at 106 Crown Point Road.

## William Lowery Receives Masters



Wilson Lowery, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lowery of Trenton, N. C., was among the forty-one University of North Carolina graduates receiving Masters degrees in Business Administration. Mr. Lowery was a 1962 graduate of Jones Central High School, and he received his Bachelor's degree from the University of North Carolina in 1966.

As an undergraduate, Mr. Lowery was initiated in Phi Beta Kappa and Beta Gamma Sigma honor societies. He was also recognized as being one of the top five men in his graduate school class. Mr. Lowery is planning to pursue a business career with the International Business Machines Corporation.

**MITCHELL IN VIET NAM**  
Private First Class Albert A. Mitchell Jr., whose parents live on Route 2, Trenton, was assigned May 22 to the 1st Cavalry Division in Vietnam.

### DIVORCED

Lillie Bill Cox was granted a divorce from Floyd Cox on the grounds of one year of separation.

## Postal Workers Wade Through Mail

The Trenton postal workers have diligently worked to supply the citizens of their area with a fast and efficient postal service.

Mrs. James W. Collier, the acting postmaster, states that the volume of mail handled in the Trenton office is the largest in the county mainly because Trenton is the county seat. Also having the federal offices adds many more letters to the volume of mail handled by the Trenton postal clerks. Mrs. Collier was appointed acting postmaster following the death of Postmaster Marvin W. Thomas in November.



Mrs. James Collier tends to the business of running the post office.



Mrs. Elridge Sumrell, experienced postal worker, greets everyone with a friendly smile and fast service.

Following the death of Postmaster Marvin W. Thomas in November.

The two clerks, Mrs. Elridge Sumrell and Mrs. Agnes Huggins, handle an estimated 3,000 pieces of outgoing mail per month. The second class post office moved into the new Federal Building about a year ago.

Mrs. Elridge Sumrell and Mrs. Agnes Huggins have had years of experience in the postal service. Mrs. Sumrell has been working with the Trenton Post Office since 1941, while Mrs.

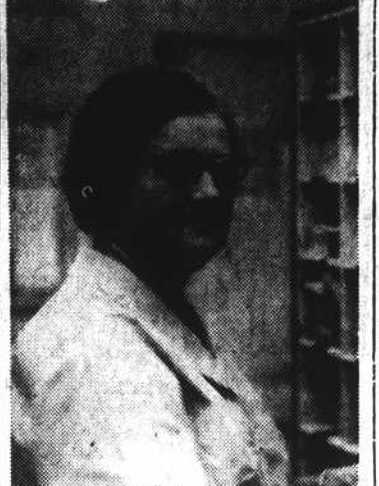
## Few Arrest in Jones During Week

Johnny Taylor Jr. of Maysville was arrested during the past week for being publicly drunk.

Harvey Allen Gaitier and Archie Roland Gray, both of Kinston were arrested for driving under the influence.

Huggins now makes plans for retirement after 32 years of service as a postal worker.

The JONES JOURNAL would like to extend its congratulations to the hard working postal staff.



Mrs. Agnes Huggins, with 32 years of experience, is an expert at posting mail.

## Vietnam Veteran Recalls Experiences

# Hell is Not Strong Enough Word for Vietnamese War Pittard Says

**Editor's Note:** The following article by Frank Pittard represents about as close to a first-hand account of the Vietnamese War as one can get. Pittard left Vietnam June 10 after serving in combat zones for 12 months. He returned to his job with this paper this week, and we asked him to put down in his own words some of his impressions and observations. We commend it seriously to the thoughtful reader because it includes much that all of us should be giving our most careful attention to in this election year.

By Frank Pittard

You have to live through a year in hell — Viet Nam — to know what it's like, but even then, when you get home, safe and sound, it all seems like a distant, unreal dream. And the words never come that say just what war, "1968 style," is like. You have to see a buddy with his insides ripped out, and feel the closeness of death, before war and its hell sinks into you and it's a feeling that can never be totally recalled; maybe that's for the best.

One year of misery. A year spent in mud, rain and about anything else nature can send your way. Imagine you are awake in a shallow hole; you are wet, it's raining and the wind is blowing, and there is someone out there who is going to kill you if you get careless. That's a GI for 365 of the most miserable days on earth.

Whoever said war is hell needs to come up with a quote a little worse for Viet Nam. If "Charlie" doesn't get you, the mosquitos, scorpions or snakes will! If you take your Malaria pills, you usually won't catch malaria, but GIs being as they

are, at least one third never bother. If a scorpion bites you; all anyone can do is watch you suffer, but it usually isn't fatal — you just think you'll die.

And you can't forget the dogs — most units have one. We had one, he came down with rabies and several of us guys had to suffer through those painful rabies shots.

But Charlie's your no. I headache — he's a thorough little soldier. He'll kill you a dozen different ways; but usually he's after your guts in just a few ways; with a mortar, booby traps or a rocket. He doesn't like to fight close in, and he won't let you see him often. But he's there — and, especially up around the DMZ, he has lots of buddies.

Being with the 1st Air Cavalry, I was involved in most of the big operations — Khe Sahn, Hue, A-Shau Valley, Quang Tri, and where ever we ran into him, I was always impressed by two facts: (1) How Tough he was, and (2) How tough and vicious a GI is after he's been shot at for a while, harassed, and lived with hell. He's blood thirsty, and the best soldier on earth. Never forget that.

But Charlie is good at his sneaky war. And he's supported by 99 per cent of the people, have no doubt about that. Remember he's Vietnamese just like all the natives and we're the outsiders. So he can hit us at night — and be a farmer, knee-deep in his rice paddy by day. He can never win the war that way. But a lot of good guys won't come home and we'll never win either. Just no way — unless we kill every man, woman and child there and we are per-

fectly capable of doing that.

So he puts out his traps by night and we look for him by day and send out our killer teams and ambush squads at night. He's not as smart all the time as he should be — like the night he mortared us but made the mistake of setting up his mortars where we could see them — we gathered up the remains of their bodies at day-break.

But sometimes he's ingenious — like timing a mortar and rocket attack to go at exactly the moment satchel charges placed in our ammo dump by infiltrators exploded. The infiltrators were killed — but so were a couple fine American boys.

He's tough — you can shoot him full of holes and he'll live and never even bleed. We are killing a lot of his pals, at least 10 for our one. Our fire power gives him no chance.

Combat, Viet Nam style is crue in so many ways. Sgt. Gary Fry, a real good friend in my unit from Southern Pines, was killed by a booby trap with only 2 days left in the field — or a corporal in a bunker, with not a scratch on him, but dead from a concussion — or many other great guys dead. I should be — but someone, somewhere wanted me to live.

But so much for the combat side of the 365 days. Words can never do it justice.

Just who are we suppose to be defending? Certainly not the South Vietnamese; they could care less for us. They look at Americans as "money machines." \$1.00 and you get a Coke or beer. \$10.00 and you have a fifth of whisky. And dope, or pot as it's called, is an

everyday item for sale anywhere. Mama-Son's (women) sell for any price the GI wishes.

These people in many regions are so primitive, a soft-state-side American cannot imagine. All the people, except for the rich few, live in straw, jungle-type huts with the pigs and filth that accumulates. These are people whose value on life is nil, who exist on a day to day basis and want no other life. The children are beggars — all they know in English is "gimmie." They want our money; and us out. A country where every village has a "sin city," and VD is high.

There are exceptions — I once saw a mother carry her child, whose stomach had been blown open, 5 miles to a GI outpost for medical treatment.

But that's the exception. These people seem to care for nothing. We never could figure out what we were doing there — unless our only reason was to establish a U. S. military base in that area of the world.

So much for a people who all put together are not worth one GI.

The soldier has everything that money can possibly get to him. For the guys in the field, all the cigarets he needs are given him. We had 4 men who smoked in our section and they were given 10 cartons a week — needless to say, many were thrown or given away. Candy, shaving gear, all given to him; with at least 25 per cent thrown away.

And I'll bet there has never been a war where you shot at Charlie at night and had charcoaled steaks next day. Flown to

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