'Our Lives, Our Fortunes, And Our Sacred Honor'

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towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-Citizens, taken captive on the high Seas, to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms; Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our Britain brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiese in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, Therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, selemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as Free Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.



ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE YEARS AGO, 56 BRAVE MEN SIGNED THIS DECLARATION AND PLEDGED TO SUPPORT IT WITH THEIR LIVES, THEIR FORTUNES AND THEIR SACRED HONOR.



THAT VALIANT BAND NOT ONLY FOUNDED A NEW NATION, BUT BEQUEATHED TO US THE INDOMITABLE WILL, THE FEARLESS SPIRIT OF FREEDOM, THAT BURNED IN THEIR HEARTS AND THOSE OF THEIR COMPATRIOTS.

OUR NATION LIVES BECAUSE THE SPIRIT OF THE SIGNERS LIVES. "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE"SHOULD BE A DAY OF REDEDICATION TO THEIR IDEALS.

Others' Opinions

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under mental and physical pressure to reach their target, complete their mission and then run into trouble and into the unfriendly arms of the Pacific.

Then there was a fellow named Carey from way out in North Dakota who we talked to many times about the things we were going to do when the war was over. We remember how he planned to go back home and set up his own corner drug store, but we also recall this same 22-year-old youngster the day he drove his burning plane into a Jap headquarters

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building and gave everything that he owned to help preserve a thing we call "our way of life".

There must be such fellows in Korea today. American youngsters who are willing to die, to give all they've got, to destroy those things that would rise up and slap Old Glory from her staff. Yes, there must be some more Careys in Korea.

And then we unconsciously found ourselves laughing because of a joke we remembered a Philadelphia Negro telling us in a hospital ward in New Guinea. To us he was about the best medicine we had while in the Pacific, and after he died we felt a real obligation toward him because he had kept our spirits up during one of those rough periods.

We recalled that he was in the middle of one of his yarns when his heart gave way as the results of the typhus bug. He died with a smile on his black face and hid his pain and sorrow right up to the end.

There must be fellows in Korea today who find a lot of fun left in life, right up to the final minute.

Then our car raced up to the traffic light at the intersection of Academy and Main. We stopped to let a half dozen people pass across the street, and our mind went back to the Liberty Ship that brought us home from the dirty mess in the Pacific. And we recalled the helpless feeling we had when we walked through the hospital ward and found .80 GI' lying in straight jackets, staring up at the steel beams and mumbling incoherent words to themselves. Eighty Americans whose minds didn't stand up under the pressure—fellows who were being b ought home to spend probably the rest of their lives caged behind bars, useless to themselves and to the word.

Hundreds of such soldiers must now be making that long, hot trip back to America from Korea. Coming home without e.en realizing what is happening. Casualty numbers, every one of them, but to some people they are nice, line, clean-cut American boys.

And then we drove down Ahoskie's Main Street where only a few American flags were flying—where practically nothing in the way of tribute was being paid to men who are gambling everything in order that we might be able to stay out of the dirty mess.

How ashamed we should have all felt. How little we were to be so busy with our petty problems to ignore those who offer so much that we might have the right to the best on earth. Ahoskie wasn't the only town that forgot, there were many others that found a dozen or more petty excuses to skip over Memorial Day for a fishing trip or a picnic.

The fear that we may have forgotten too soon was freshened in our mind Satu day as we watched an honor guard bear away the body of Pvt. Henry Congleton, who gave his all on a lonely Korean battlefield.

Many more will come home the same way . . . just like they did after World War II.

And you are worried about the cost of eggs, bacon and beef . . . Why, friend you never had it so good.

-Hertford County Herald. Phone 69 Franklin, N. C.



WE wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the farmers of Macon County for their wonderful cooperation which has made the

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