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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1946

### Regional Designation

A movement to designate this region Southeastern North Carolina and not the Wilmington area by all who make any mention of it is highly in order.

This was brought out at a meeting of the Southeastern North Carolina Beach association Friday night. Two speakers made several references to the region as "the Wilmington area." An alert gentleman from Southport took exception, and rightfully so. He brought out that development of the territory's resorts as a whole is the aim of the association and should not be de-emphasized through over prominence of any one community above all others.

Because of its size, Wilmington is the logical capital of Southeastern North Carolina. Yet, its prosperity depends to a marked degree on the well-being of the surrounding country. As Brunswick, Columbus, Bladen, Duplin, Pender and Onslow and other Southeastern counties grow, so will this city benefit. But we have no right whatsoever to claim any of these benefits unless we cooperate and assist the nearby communities in their endeavors.

The term "Wilmington area" is a bit too possessive. It does not go well with the other towns. They too, are just as intensely interested in themselves as we are in our city. Yet, all together, they make up a section of the state that is on the eve of greater industrial, agricultural and recreational development. The success attained along these lines will depend greatly on the unity and ability of the various communities to work together. They can do it best if they will often lay aside their individual identities and merge their efforts into a great one to make Southeastern North Carolina one of the state's richest and best regions.

### Byrnes' Program

Secretary of State Byrnes has offered the German people a clear and essentially fair program for speedy establishment of a democratic provisional government to unify the defeated nation.

His Stuttgart address was the gesture the world has been waiting for.

What will be the immediate effect? It could well be the beginning of a real movement to restore Germany to her rightful place in a balanced Europe. The idea that a defeated nation must be eliminated from the face of the earth is medieval, impossible to attain. Germany must suffer, and suffer deeply for her sins, but for the future a peace must be neither hard or soft. Secretary Byrnes' policy is strictly middle ground. It is not benevolent but it is protective. He is against making Germany a "pawn or partner" in a military power struggle between the East and West.

In rejecting any proposal that Germany's eastern borders were permanently fixed on the Oder river, Secretary Byrnes made a definite bid for the country's friendship. It is a move to push the famous "Iron Curtain" eastward. The Russian reaction will be most interesting to watch. His talk was an expression of the new teamwork between the United States and Great Britain to protect themselves from Communism. Both sides have been hoping to win Germany's friendship if there is another war.

The Soviet answer to Secretary Byrnes may be "we said it first." If this is the response, it will be clearer than ever that the occupying powers are working for the good will of the German people. The Germans have played the Allies well against each other with the result that no one will want to face the charge of being too harsh. Too lenient peace terms may result from such tactics.

The fact remains, above all other issues, that Germany must be restored to the family of nations. The quality of reconstruction will depend on two major points: First, the amount and quality of help and supervision given by the Allies. Second, her ability to work in harmony with her inner parties and forces.

On the second point, it will be necessary for occupation forces to remain within her borders. Their responsibility will be to maintain order but not to select her new leaders. That will not be

an easy task; it will call for the highest type of diplomacy.

Secretary Byrnes has set the course to rehabilitate a people led to ruin by a political doctrine that the remainder of the world, for its own protection, was forced to crush. Whether it will be followed depends not only upon the German people but upon the victorious Allies. The sailing will not be easy and the voyage will be one of years. Yet, there is hope for all. Certainly the spirit of the United States is clear but whether the situation remains that way depends on Russia more than any other power.

His Stuttgart remarks offer the opportunity of either better or worse cooperation with Moscow in seeking to restore some order in Europe. The next step should be by Russia and we await it with considerable interest. It will be a big factor in deciding Germany's future.

### Along Broadway

By WALTER WINCHELL  
NEW YORK HEARTBEAT

Silhouettes: Garbo, back from the Old Country, taking long strides along Park Avenue. CBS' Jack Smith (on the same artery) airing his two prize-winning South American poodles that kept yapping at lovely Maria Montez. . . Wouldn't you? . . . Patti Clayton, the canary, cuddling a fudge-like Broadway soda-stand. . . Actress Marsina Hunt (who portrays a scrub-woman in the new "Carnegie Hall" flicker) being taught how to scrub the floors there by one of the charwomen. . . Morton Downey: America's Sweatharp.

Sallies in Our Alley: Milton Berle, the \$10,000 per week comedian, was "on" at the Carnival. The act is often a 2-hour routine. . . "He's a big ham all right," someone remarked, "but there's a little bit of ham in everyone." . . "In Berle's case," said Art Franklin, "there's a little bit of everyone in that ham!" . . . Jackie Elinson saw a hotel announcement of its current attraction, to wit: A bandleader, his trombone, his orchestra and his picket sign!

Vignette: Laura LaPlante, the movie star, who is still a looker, tells it herself. . . She drove up to a gas station recently where the attendant did a double-take and said: "Say, did anybody ever tell you that you look like Laura LaPlante?" . . . A bit cagily, Laura replied: "Why, yes. As a matter of fact several people have." . . To which he hastily added: "Oh, don't get me wrong, lady. I don't mean the way she looks NOW!"

Memos of a Midnighter: Paul Haakon, the ballet dancer star, got his final decree in Fla. He will next merge with showgirl Dean Myles. . . A petition is being circulated by chorines not to go out with striking musicians. . . They are giving out dishes in some local movie theatres again. . . Bill Jaffe says he isn't reconciling with his ex-wife. . . The Blue Angel resumes Friday night. . . There's hatcheck gal at Howie's, a college grad, marking time while waiting orders to serve the gov't in Germany. She also does surgery at a midtown hosp. . . This is worth money tip: The new line of darlings for the Riviera will all be unmarried. . . A drama critic's wife is rumored in Mexico arranging a divorce. . . Radio editor Harriet VanHorne has finally tuned in Station LOVE. He's a Conn. editor.

New York Novelties: Not too long ago a pretty newcomer chorine phoned a newspaperman she knows. . . She said she had a weighty problem for him to help solve. She said her chief ambition was to wed a millionaire, but she didn't know any. . . Could he introduce her to some? . . . Nothing came of it. . . A few weeks ago that girl married a multi-millionaire, who settled nine million dollars on his ex-wife for the divorce. The newswriter is still honeymooning. . . She is Mariamne O'Brien. . . He is the Camel ciggie heir, R. J. Reynolds.

Broadway Torch Song: (By Don Wahn): The mob is back—the nights take on a tang. . . New shows, new gals, new blood is in the veins. . . Yet I remember all the songs we sang. . . When wine was king and glamour held the reins. . . That was an Autumn tintured with delight. . . When life was lush and all the chips were down. . . And we would wait like culprits for the night. . . To steal the gold that drifted on the town. . . But we were ripe for all the pranks of Fate. . . And so we came to terms with discontent. . . And suddenly we found the hour was late. . . The wine was low—the gold was strangely spent. . . I turned to you as solace for a Fool. . . But you and Autumn both turned very cool!

Curtain-Calls: The Dunhills, an exciting act at the Strand. . . Betty Reilly's DeLuxe disc, "Tierra Va Tembla". . . Bing's platter: "The Pessimistic Kerriker with the Crabapple Face," a corking lyric. . . Carmen Cavallaro's version of "Caricoa." Magnifico! . . . Sergio Oria's torrid revue at Havana-Madrid. . . V. Peters Sisters at the Zanzibar. . . Lew Parker and Arnold Moss in the revived newspaper comedy, "The Front Page". . . The "Blue Skies" score (36 Berlinspirations) due soon.

On the Small-Time: Paul Small, the artist's representative, who weighs about an eighth of a ton, was even heavier when he ran away from home 15 years ago to go on the stage. . . His father was so infuriated about it, said Paul last night, "that he used to beat me up every time he ran into me". . . He told him he was a disgrace to the family, too. . . Shortly after, Paul was booked to appear at the Audubon Theatre, the neighborhood 4-a-day house. . . The Old Gentleman was seated in the balcony when Paul came on. . . A chap in the adjacent pew didn't appreciate Paul's talent. . . "Ho, ho!" he heckled, "get a load of that big horse trying to sing!" . . . Small, Sr., was furious. . . Elbowing the stranger hard, papa proudly exclaimed: "Shaddup! Dot's my son!"

Manhattan Murals: The night porter at Peck & Peck's on 7th near 53rd, who labors until dawn in only a pair of swim-trunks. . . The traffic cop at 40th and 7th—a double for the Mayor. . . The swanky cream-colored machine which waits every evening at 52nd St. and 6th. A blonde at the wheel waiting for a tooter whom she drives to Harlem. . . The cop frisking a lad in the Harlem sector at 4 ayem and finding a knife. "Td rather," he said, "be caught by a cop with a knife on me than by a mugger without one."

### TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN



### Stories Of The Old Plantations, Cape Fear River Region

From Manuscript by  
DR. JOHN HAMPDEN HILL

Presented to the Honorable George Davis by Dr. Hill, in 1845. Original in possession of Thomas W. Davis, in the handwriting of Dr. Hill's daughter. Reproduced here through the courtesy of Mr. Davis.

Turning East from Castle Hayne and crossing the county road, we come to the Hermitage, the residence of the Burgwin family. The founder of this family was a Mr. John Burgwin, an English gentleman, in olden times an opulent merchant, and between Wilmington and Bristol in England, he carried on an extensive commerce. He must have had fine taste, as displayed by the manner in which the grounds around the Hermitage were laid off and improved. Its fine avenues and handsomely arranged pleasure grounds, surpassed everything in the whole country round. Mr. George Burgwin, who occupied the Hermitage after his father's death was also a gentleman of good taste and devoted much attention to the decoration of the place, and kept it up in a handsome condition. Mr. George Burgwin reared a numerous and highly respectable family. His oldest son, Capt. John Burgwin of the United States Army was killed in battle in the Mexican war, and his grandson George B. Anderson, died of a wound received at the battle of Antietam. (This place has also passed out of the family, and there is little left of it to tell of its former attractiveness.

We will turn now Westward, and recrossing the county road, at a short distance come to Rocky Run, where lived Dr. Nathaniel Hill. In earlier times this place was the residence of Mr. Maurice Jones, whose daughter Dr. Hill married. Of the history of this gentleman the writer never heard much but a tradition worth relating will illustrate his firmness and self-possession and presence of mind. He was a great woodsman, and in the habit of still hunting. On one occasion he was creeping to snoot a deer, which was feeding at a dogwood tree, (the berries of which deer are very fond,) when feeling that something was dragging at one his legs he turned his head and saw that it was a large rattlesnake, which had struck and fastened its fangs in the buckskin leggings which all huntsmen wore at that day. He deliberately crawled on dragging the snake as he went, getting within proper range he fired and killed the deer, then turning killed the snake. Dr. Nathaniel Hill was sent to Scotland when he was quite young, where he was placed with an apothecary. Having completed a full term of this business he entered the medical college at Edinburgh, where he remained until he had completed his medical course. Returning home before he was quite of age, he entered actively in the practice of his profession at Wilmington. Full of energy and earnestness, with remarkable sagacity and decision, he very soon acquired the confidence of the community. His reputation was established and not surpassed in the whole Cape Fear region. After a laborious and lucrative practice of twenty-five years Dr. Hill retired with an independent estate at Rocky Run, where he had built a commodious and comfortable house. Here before the prime of life was over, and in the full vigor of manhood, he took up his abode, and for many years dispensed a

liberal hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives. On the first day of January of each year, being Dr. Hill's birthday, a numerous party of friends and relatives always assembled at Rocky Run to celebrate the event "with feasting and good cheer." And then it was that these free deer hunts came off, which were so skillfully conducted, that they were invariably successful. The standers were judiciously placed, and the bringing down the game depended on their skill as marksmen. In the management of these hunts, the guests whether old or young were invariably placed at the best stands, the doctor taking the chances as they might arise for himself. He always carried flint and steel, a single barrel, silver mounted gun, and it was not often that he failed to bring down the deer coming fairly by him, within one hundred yards. Many a day of sport has the writer enjoyed with this noble old gentleman, at his fine old seat. Most systematic and punctual in his habits, invariably as we arose from the breakfast table (eight o'clock in winter) the driver was waiting with horses and dogs eager for the drive, and as punctually we returned by two o'clock, the dinner hour, as the family were never kept waiting.

The old Rocky Run mansion was destroyed by fire many years since and the place has shared the fate of all the others on the North East, and fallen into strange hands. The next two places below on the river were Rose Hill, the residence of the Quince family, and Rock Hill, of the Davises, two rather inconsiderable and inferior plantations. The Quinces were among the earliest of the gentry settlers on the Cape Fear. I have heard an old story related about a Mr. Parker Quince, somewhat characteristic, I presume, of himself and his times. It seems he was a merchant and quite a trafficker. In sending an order for goods on one occasion to Long (from whence most all importations were made), a dozen cheeses were included, and several gross of black tacks. Instead the cheeses were sent a dozen English chaises and for the tacks there was sent an immense number of black jacks as they were called, a kind of small Japanese tin drinking mug. His correspondent apologizing for not completing the order as to the cups as he had bought all that could be found in either the shops of London. Mr. Quince either spelled very badly or wrote illegibly, probably a little of both. There was one of the Quinces who for some family reason or other, adopted the name of Hazell, which was not esteemed and the intimate friend of many gentlemen of his day. When party politics ran high, Republicans, he edited a paper called the Minerva, advocating the principles of the Federal party, and was well sustained and carried by his friends. He must have been a man of fine literary taste, judging from the number of old volumes of the best English literature, with his name and coat of arms inscribed in them, which

I have come across in the old libraries. Rock Hill was handsomely located on a bluff, commanding a fine view of the river. It was in old times the residence of Mr. John Davis, and more lately of Mr. Thos. J. Davis, his son. The name of Davis both in early and later times on the Cape Fear, has always been associated with all that was highly respectable, and honorable, and it has been most eminently sustained in the person of Hon. George Davis of Wilmington, and the late Bishop Davis of South Carolina. Proceeding further down, but not immediately on the river, was once a place known as Nesces Creek, on a creek of that name, which before the Revolution was the residence of Arthur Mabson, Esq., a gentleman noted for his great energy and industry, by which he had accumulated a considerable estate but died the first year of the war. This place was long abandoned, and I don't suppose there is a vestige of its improvements left.

Crossing Nesces Creek and going on a mile or so farther, we come to where once stood Fairfield, also gone totally to ruin. Here lived Mr. John Hill, a gentleman of note in his day, frequently representing the county in the legislature. He had been a soldier in the Revolution. Entered the army while quite young and served with Gen. Green in his Southern campaign.

Passing on we come to Sans Sowell. Of the early history of this place the writer knows nothing. For many years past it has been the residence of the late Mr. Arthur Hill. Crossing Smith's creek we come to Hilton, the place named for the first adventurer who explored the river, Capt. Hilton. This was the residence of Corneilus Harnett, Esq., and the old mansion created by him is still standing, the only one left of all the old places on the river. It is not surprising that this point should have attracted the admiration of those who first beheld it, and gave it its name. A fine bluff near the junction of Smith's creek with the river, it has a commanding and extensive view up and down the stream. Although much out of repair, the grounds mutilated by the deep cut of a railroad passing through them, it is still the most attractive spot near the city of Wilmington.

Cornelius Harnett was about the most noted and conspicuous personage of his day in the whole Cape Fear region. No man more entirely commanded the confidence and admiration of the community in which he lived. Notwithstanding that Hilton was not within the corporate limits of the town of Wilmington, yet in such high estimation was Mr. Harnett held that by a special ordinance he was invested with all the rights and privileges of a resident and entitled to vote in their municipal and borough elections. Either on account of feeble health or advanced life, Mr. Harnett was not an active participant as a soldier in the war of the Revolution. Both heart and means were nevertheless enlisted in the cause, and after Wilmington was occupied by the British, he was ousted from a sick bed, and confined in their

### Interpreting The News

BY DEWITT MACKENZIE  
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

One of the most important points of Secretary of State Byrnes' Stuttgart speech on American policy regarding Germany strikes me as resting in this basic truth: "Germany must be given a chance to export goods in order to import enough to make her economy self-sustaining. Germany is part of Europe, and particularly in the adjoining states, will be slow indeed if Germany, with her great resources of iron and coal, is turned into a poor-house." That is indisputable, and it interlocks with all other vital issues. These include the punishment and reform of the Reich, France's claims to the Rhineland and the Ruhr (which Mr. Byrnes rejected), and the boundary between Poland and Germany (which the Secretary says America doesn't consider settled).

Common Sense  
It's just a matter of everyday horse-sense. Germany long had been the keystone of continental economy, and if you rip the keystone out of a structure there will be a collapse. The division of Germany into four zones for purposes of Allied occupation was in accordance with the Potsdam agreement among the Big Three. But it also was agreed that those zones should be unified for economic purposes so that there might be an exchange of foodstuffs, raw materials, manufactures and other essentials. Neither Russia nor France has been willing to implement the Potsdam pact regarding unification. On the urgent invitation of the United States, England has agreed to weld the two zones economically, and this will help considerably. But rich eastern Rhineland has no desire to see Germany's great industries in the Ruhr revived.

Unhappy Situation  
So Germany has become a symbol of growing dissension between Russia and the Anglo-American allies. Mr. Byrnes points this unhappy situation up when he says: "It is not in the interest of the German people nor in the interest of world peace that Germany should become a pawn or partner in military struggle for power between the east and the west." But Byrnes didn't stop with the advocacy of economic unity. He declared that "the American people want to return the government of Germany to the German people." He outlined a broad plan for eventual unification of the Germans under federal government. He said the American government took the stand that the "German people throughout Germany, under proper safeguards, should now be given the primary responsibility for the running of their own affairs."

He made it clear, however, that the United States has no intention of foregoing any of its obligations in the reform of the Reich. As things stand it may be a long cold day before the occupation is ended. Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov has indicated that it will be years before the Allies can entrust Germany with any real political power. We can be sure, I believe, that so long as any Red soldiers remain in eastern Germany, just as long will American, British and French troops stay in their zones of occupation.

### Mrs. Evelyn Farrell Named To City Post

Mrs. Evelyn L. Farrell, 114 South Monroe street, who has been secretary to P. F. Halsey, vice president and general manager for the North Carolina Shipbuilding company, tomorrow will assume her duties as secretary to Gilbert F. Morton, city purchasing agent and building inspector.

Mrs. Farrell had been serving as secretary to Halsey at the shipyard from June, 1941, until his present.

She has had considerable experience in the purchasing department of the North Carolina Shipbuilding company, and was in some time previously connected with the New York and Newport News offices of the Newport News Shipbuilding company.

### Precision Drawn Fine SCHEDULETADY, N. Y.—AP—

Recently developed equipment makes it possible to measure vacuum pressure as low as 1-100th of a pound per square inch, to measure thickness down to 1-100th of an inch, and to record weights to within 100,000ths of an ounce. Southern Arkansas has a reserve of 400,000,000 barrels of petroleum, according to estimates. A prisoner, who he died in consequence of their harsh and brutal treatment. Mr. Harnett, I believe left no descendants, and in after times Hilton became the property and residence of Mr. William H. Hill, Esq. This gentleman was said to have possessed fine qualities of both head and heart. Gentle in temper and fond of conviviality, he attracted many friends around him and was always the life of his company. He was a leading spirit among the gentlemen of the Federal party when politics ran high, and represented the Wilmington district in Congress during the administration of the elder Adams. (The End)