

They Live in a Street That is Not on Any Map

IN this age of mass production with individualistic action something that happens very rarely, the determination of a group of New Plymouth residents to retain a street name not recognised by the city authorities, is delightfully heart-warming. They are the people who live on one side of the short section of street between Cameron and Elliot Streets. Maps show it as part of Pendarves Street, but to the families concerned it has always been and will always be York Terrace.

The pride of these York Terrace residents is completely understandable, for this short length of street has a prime, old-fashioned air about it with its five matching houses, its weathered backwater atmosphere and its old English trees set in typically English gardens.

If the man who named this section of street could see it now, he would be proud about those perky wooden labels advising passers-by that they are looking at No. 1 and No. 3 York Terrace.

It was Thomas Hurst, who came to New Plymouth in 1823 and built the famous Round House, sent in prefabricated form from England and erected in Devon Street for its owner. Later it was shifted to Courtyard Street and, when it was demolished to make way for new buildings some years ago, New Plymouth lost one of its few historic landmarks.

Later, Mr. Hurst moved to Willowfield House, behind York Terrace, and, when his daughters lost their homes during the second world war, their benevolent father decided to provide them with new residences in the comparative safety of the township of New Plymouth.

Then it was unusual to have homes designed by an architect but the ones built for Thomas Hurst were planned by one and erected on quarter-acre sections under his eagle-eyed supervision. Because he came from Yorkshire, Thomas Hurst called the street on to which they fronted York Terrace.

It was to this haven about 1860—no one is quite sure of the date—that his four daughters, Madames Marshall, Devcich, Hamerton and Fookes, and his son, Mr. James Hurst, came to live.

It was at No. 1 York Terrace that Mrs. E. G. Stephenson, now living in Mangorei Road, and Miss Frances Hamerton were born. The latter, after 40 years in England, came back to New Plymouth to buy her mother's home and, during her present absence overseas, it is being carefully looked over by Mr. and Mrs. N. F. White.

Mrs. Stephenson, now a vigorous and alert 87, recalled this week her happy childhood in this row of family houses, told of her admiration for her grandfather in his mag black coat and top hat and of how he collected 2000 for the earthquake fund that made possible the erection of St. Mary's Church.

In her home is some of her grandfather's lovely mahogany furniture as

a pleasant reminder of those serene years in York Terrace. She told, too, of how, after her grandfather's death, her grandmother bought one of the York Terrace homes from her son, Mr. James Hurst and moved from Willowfield to live in the centre of York Terrace with her children and grandchildren on either side of her.

Today, more than 90 years after the homes were built, the Hurst family is still represented in the residents of these white, cream and black and white homes, some still with their distinctive slate roofs. She is Mrs. Mortimer-Jones who, before her marriage, was Miss Matthews. Her mother was Mrs. Marshall's daughter. And until recently there was another personal link with the Hurst family living in the terrace—Miss Irene Skinner, a great-grand-daughter of Thomas Hurst.

It is interesting that, though York Terrace cannot be found on a street map of New Plymouth and the houses in it are officially numbered as being in Pendarves Street, that letters addressed to York Terrace residents are still delivered by an understanding Post Office. Perhaps the officials of this Government department, like many of New Plymouth's residents, recognise the charm and the refreshing individuality of this stretch of street with such a fascinating history.

DEATH RITE THEORY

An American scientist claims to have discovered why Australian aborigines die after an enemy "points the bone."

Dr. Curt Richter told the National Academy of Science in Washington: "All voodoo death rites hinge on frustration. And frustration can kill a man just about as surely as a bullet."

Dr. Richter, a psychologist at John Hopkins University, said the previous theory had been that a voodoo victim's fear and rage over-stimulated his adrenal glands and raised his heart and blood pressure to the lethal point.

"The real cause is just the opposite," he claimed. "The primitive native victim feels not rage, but utter hopelessness."

This affected the vagus or brain nerve, which controlled most of the body's involuntary reactions, such as digestion and heart rate.

He said he had killed rats in laboratory tests by using "basically the same technique" as a native witch doctor.



WITH BLACK AND WHITE vertical weatherboarding and a slate roof this York Terrace house is typical of a short stretch of New Plymouth street that has retained an atmosphere of 90 years ago.

FREE SPEECH ROUND-UP

THE rulers in the Kremlin have shown no willingness to revise the methods by which they held their own people in thrall, exploit and silence their satellites, and point huge armies at the West.

—NEWS CHRONICLE.

ANY normal healthy boy will want to join a gang. It is the parents' duty to see that he joins a good one and not a bad one.

—High Court Judge SIR DONALD FINNEMORE.

IF we must wait for "comprehensive disarmament," we might wait until Doomsday. And that seems just about the right word.

—DAILY MAIL.

THERE'S no limit to a senator's endurance. A racehorse may quit, but a senator never.

—Representative U. L. BURDICK.

BY the time a man starts thinking of his wife as "the little woman," she usually isn't.

—Hair stylist NORMA MATTHEWS.

THERE are no crazy dogs. It's people who are crazy.

—Dog psychologist CLARENCE HARRISON.

HAD Jesus been born in 1922 He would have wept over Australia on Palm Sunday 1955, as He did over Jerusalem in 29 A.D.

—Sydney Congregationalist REV. H. E. ROWLAND.

IN the long run, our problems in Asia will all boil down to this simple question—why do Asians follow Asian leaders that the West says are no good?

—Melbourne columnist PETER RUSSO.

IT is the average Australian's belief that it is far better to fight our battles in someone else's country rather than in our own.

—PERTH SUNDAY TIMES.

BACK-STAGE by CLIO

New Plymouth, it seems, is parochially minded when it comes to patronage of stage entertainments, supporting local productions far more encouragingly than those given by visiting artists.

This has been shown this week when there has been something doing in the theatre world every night except Monday. For the two nights of the high schools' music festival there were excellent houses and, in spite of saturating rain, more than 70 persons went to Aubrey Street on Wednesday night for the first production in the Little Theatre Society's new home. There were even better-sized audiences on Thursday night and again last night.

Bookings for the three nights of the extended season of the Choral Society's "The Milkado" next week are flowing into the booking office with satisfying speed.

But for the only entertainment by a visiting group this week—the Pascal Quartet—there was only a half-filled theatre. Admittedly the type of music presented had only a restricted appeal, but the poor support of this C.A.S. sponsored entertainment was certainly no compliment to such a famous combination.

It is natural, I agree, for New Plymouth people to support productions by local societies, but this trend could mean the elimination of the city in itineraries of overseas artists touring the Dominion.

It is to be hoped that New Plymouth and its surrounding districts will provide a capacity house for Julius Katchen, the 30-year-old pianist, when he plays in New Plymouth on the 27th of this month. He deserves a big audience, for the super-critical Time magazine has described him as "one of the best pianists living today."

From this paper this week the Little Theatre Society received a very sharp rap over the knuckles for its choice of plays for its first production of 1955. The criticism inevitably caused a certain amount of aggrieved comment from the

society's members, but they should remember that frank consideration of their efforts, instead of the dishing out of undeserved fulsome praise, is a compliment to their standing in the community of the arts.

If the society's players and its committee can learn to take constructive criticism without feeling hurt or badly treated, they will benefit from it when it comes to future productions. They should realise that the entertainments they present to the public is reviewed by responsible journalists whose published opinions are given only after balanced consideration and much thought.

Here is some up-to-date news of what's going on in the world of entertainment in Britain:—

● Finding the limelight rather tedious, and complaining that acting bores her and startling interviewers with her poise and assurance is a new West End star, Carol Wolveridge. Her sophistication may not seem unusual in a lady of the theatre but it must be remembered that she is only a schoolgirl, playing the part of an eight-year-old in "The Bad Seed."



A GATE WITH TWO NUMBERS.—While the letter box carries a Pendarves Street number the gate proudly bears its unofficial York Terrace numbering.

TARANAKI HERALD CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- ACROSS
- 1—It's the sign of the man who wants a fight (8, 4)
 - 7—This is NOT a stock exchange dance (8)
 - 8—Sounds like gail (5)
 - 9—The remarks are sometimes not intended to be heard (6)
 - 12—Glutton (5)
 - 13—If you know a — or two, you're pretty shrewd (5)
 - 14—Built dreamily in Spain (6)
 - 17—Respectful address in the East (5)
 - 18—The headlines try to find one each day (3, 5)
 - 19—Added strains (anag.) (12)

