

Historical Happenings

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Casterton and District Historical Society Inc.

The Albion Revisited

The Casterton and District Historical Society held a dinner at the Grant's Albion Hotel on Saturday 19th May 2007 to mark the 100th Anniversary of the rebuilding of the hotel in 1907 after the floods of 1906. The dinner was well attended with 65 persons sitting down to eat and be entertained. Several members of the Grant family attended, travelling from far and wide to be here.



The old windows from the front bar on display at the dinner.

Guests of honour were Councillor Gilbert Wilson, Mayor of Glenelg District Council, Mayoress Hilary Thorpe, Jeff Arnall, President of the R.S.L. Casterton sub-branch and Mrs. Phyllis Arnall. Guest speakers were David Grant, (descendant of the Grant family, original owners of the hotel), and Roly Cooper, member of the Casterton and District Historical Society. Alistair Boyle was the M.C.

After dinner, David Grant gave an interesting talk on the early days of the Grant's and the hotel. David read from the original hotel ledger which showed that the cost of building the present hotel came to a princely £7,000.00. He also read out some unpaid debts from the ledger. No descendants came forward to settle the accounts!

Roly Cooper then entertained us all with his stories

of his teenage and slightly later years and his involvement with the Albion (and other) hotels. This talk was much appreciated by the older members of the Grant family who remembered many of the names and events that Roly recounted.

Darcy Wright then gave a short talk, which was well received, about his 20 years as licensee of the hotel.

Jeff Arnall, representing the R.S.L., then presented the Crimean War Medal that had been awarded to Robert Grant, back to the Grant family. The medal had been mounted and encased by the Historical Society. This was unexpected by the family and they were deeply moved by this gesture.

Also unexpected was the presentation of a CD of the hotel ledger to the Society by the Grant family. This is a generous and very useful addition to the archives.

Peter Gorman then thanked the Society for its efforts in arranging the evening and asked for volunteers to attend a working bee and BBQ at the Casterton New Cemetery on Sunday 10th June with a view to forming a "Friends Of" group.

Jan Lier, President of the Historical Society, then thanked all those involved and presentations were made to the guest speakers and Michelle Hutchesson, present licensee of the hotel.



Members and Guests at the dinner.

Alistair Boyle thanked Vern McCallum for his efforts in providing large photographs of Grant's Albion Hotel and some scenes of Sandford, which were put on display for the evening.

The raffle was drawn by Mayor Gilbert Wilson. Winner of a DVD player was Ann Pekin.

Feedback suggests that a fun time was had by all and that the Grant family were very pleased with the whole event.

The windows that used to adorn the front bar, were donated to the Historical Society some years ago on the basis that they remain in safe keeping at the hotel. The windows were put on display and back-lit for the evening. Efforts will be made to raise the funds to enable the windows to be put back in their rightful place. Much restoration work will be needed and when and if the windows are replaced, they will need to be protected on both sides against malicious or accidental damage. Watch this space - or indeed - the front of the hotel! We will keep you updated as progress is made.

Thanks go to the Grant family for attending the dinner and to all those involved - which includes all those who attended - in making the evening a great success.

Henty Twenty-Twenty

We are grateful to Jack Davis, now of Bentleigh East, Victoria, for submitting the following article to the Historical Society and for giving us permission to reproduce it in the newsletter. It is an article about his memories of times at Henty State School in the early 1930s. Jack was born at the Casterton Hospital in July 1925. His parents lived at a property called, "Rosebank" in Sandford. Later, the family moved to Henty so that Jack could attend school. In 1934 the family bought a property, "Kantara" about five miles from Casterton on the Coleraine Road and Jack attended Wando Vale School until he went to boarding school in Melbourne.

"Over on the other side of the world where history comes from, a man called Hitler was throwing his weight about and causing my father to make predictions about, "another flaming shooting match". Nearer home, in Sydney, the capital of N.S.W., they had built a bridge that was supposed to be one of the greatest engineering achievements of

all time.

But this was quite remote from the centre of the world.

The centre of the world in 1933 was the Henty State School No. 2020. It was a typical one room, one teacher, country school of thirty-two pupils from grade one through to grade eight. The teacher was a Mr. Womersley. To us kids he was old Womersley because he must have been at least thirty years of age. Old Womersley was a fair and just disciplinarian and a dead shot with a piece of chalk. He could be writing something on the blackboard and a split second later hurling chalk with alarming accuracy at some villain in the fifth grade. That chalk I remember, used to sting like the very devil, but by the time we reached third grade most of us had learned to duck.

In those days at the Henty school the girls outnumbered the boys quite considerably so football or cricket was restricted to shooting for goals between two crooked sticks or pretending to be Don Bradman in front of some stumps crudely painted on the shelter-shed wall. The most popular game at playtime was rounders in which the girls and boys integrated fairly well. When any major conflict occurred the sexes quickly segregated into factions at either end of the school yard, the girls shrieking insults at the boys, and the boys hurling horse dung at the girls. After one of these encounters the boys would usually retire into a fiercely masculine coterie under the spreading branches of an old pine tree down by the road. There we would mutter and swear and watch the world go by.

Henty in the 1930s consisted of only three public buildings; a school, a church and a railway station spread along about half a mile of red gravel road. In those depression days motor cars were rare so the boys knew who owned every car that went past, not to mention the make, model, number of cylinders and how much it cost to buy. So whenever a car came chugging by one of the boys would nod at it and say, "There goes so-and-so," and there might be some discussion about how many cylinders it had and how it compared with an Essex or a Chev or an Oakland, and from gossip gleaned from the tea table at home, whether so-and-so could afford it.

But it was the trucks that stirred the imagination of the Henty boys in those days of the early thirties. The ubiquitous semi-trailer was the latest thing in transport technology and everyone's favourite was Ral Edgerton's Leyland. Whenever the Leyland's familiar growl was heard the boys would peer out of the school windows to get a glimpse of the magnificent juggernaut roaring past in a swirl of red

dust with Ral Edgerton, god like, at the wheel. It was every boy's ambition to drive a Leyland truck like Ral Edgerton's. While Mr. Hitler was preparing his young men to goose step across Europe, the boys at Henty School were walking backwards towards the shelter shed wall and making blurring noises with their mouths. They were all being Ral Edgerton backing the Leyland up to a wool shed door to take on a load of wool. Ironically, most of those boys didn't realize their ambition to drive a truck like Ral Edgerton's Leyland before they joined up to fight against the goose stepping Nazis.

Another favourite truck was Jack Lane's six wheeled Vulcan. The Vulcan was an old vehicle, very noisy and with a tendency to backfire. When Jack Lane decelerated to take the curve about a hundred yards past the school the old Vulcan would let off a report like a shot gun fired inside a thousand gallon tank. All the girls would jump in their seats and squeal, the boys would all laugh and old Womersley would direct a salvo of chalk at every face with a grin on it. Sadly, in the bush fires of 1934 Jack Lane's old Vulcan had to be abandoned with its load of red gum posts. A week later, my father and I, riding through the blackened scrub up behind our place, saw it there beside the track. The stink of its burnt tyres still hovered around it – a charred hulk, forever silent, destroyed by the fiery god whose name it bore.

Apart from the odd bush fire the scrub was a friendly place and one of the events in the school curriculum we all enjoyed was 'nature study'. On these days the whole school would set off along the edge of the creek, under the railway bridge, across the swamp where we'd look for plovers' nests and deep into the surrounding bush. Every now and then Mr. Womersley would stop and point out some bird or other and we'd have to note the sighting in our nature books. It was on one of these excursions that another kid and I went exploring in the silent depths of a fern fringed gully. There we came upon three little fourth grade girls squatting very privately in the bracken. To me, the only child of conservative parents, this sighting was the sort of natural phenomenon that might appropriately have been recorded in my nature book. It was more pertinent to my essential education than the pollination of the golden wattle or the evolution of tadpoles and frogs.

Another event viewed less happily than nature study was the visit of the school inspector. We were warned of the visit a week beforehand by Mr. Womersley who made the announcement in a high pitched, aggressive voice as if it was all our fault. The school then burst into action. Desk tops were scrubbed, work books were collected and marked harshly, the garden was weeded and raked, Mr. Womersley hurled chalk more

frequently but with noticeably less accuracy.

In the shelter shed at playtime the eighth grade boys told us little kids that Mr. Richards, the inspector – old Itchy-Ritchy they called him – had a rotten temper and was the strictest man you could ever imagine. He usually started off, they said, by belting some of the little kids. Someone said he'd killed a kid once. Yes, they all agreed, some kid had died once after being belted by old Itchy-Ritchy so us kids were in for it.

On the dreaded day we arrived like gladiators to the arena. The inspector's little brown Vauxhall sedan was pulled up outside the school. Inside, old Itchy-Ritchy was seated at Mr. Womersley's desk. He was a rather stout, immaculate, bald headed little man in a neat navy blue suit. He didn't look as if he indulged in the wholesale slaughter of infants. The day in fact turned out much better than expected. Old Itchy-Ritchy roared at the eighth grade kids about their grammar and long division and, apart from smiling kindly at us a couple of times, ignored us little kids entirely. Mr. Womersley meanwhile was creeping nervously around the room and smiling a thin, trembling sort of smile. Every now and then the inspector would call him over and Mr. Womersley would explain something in a quiet voice, smiling all the time as if he was thrilled to bits to have old Itchy-Ritchy there sitting at his desk and inspecting his school.

At a quarter to three old Itchy-Ritchy finally got into his brown Vauxhall sedan and went chugging away along the red gravel road. Mr. Womersley said we could all go home. So much for the visit of the school inspector – no floggings – no one died.

When we knew the inspector was coming or that an arithmetic test was on there was always the temptation to wag it from school. The time honoured strategy for wagging school was to set off from home at the usual time in the morning and when you were out of sight of the house, double back along the creek and spend the day catching tadpoles or having shots at magpies with a shanghai. The one time I tried it on the whole exercise ended in disaster. I used to ride to school on a Shetland pony called "Rat" - well named as I found out to my sorrow. While I was absorbed in my nefarious pleasures down by the creek, the treacherous Rat slipped silently away and trotted off home to present himself, rider-less, to my mother at the back door. Mum had several nervous breakdowns in quick succession and summoned my father and a couple of neighbours to scour the district in search of the body. I was soon found alive and well and attacking the wild life with my

shang-hai. I got belted at home and at school as well.

But there was one day in the year when the black plague wouldn't have kept me away from that school. It was the first Saturday in May – the day of the school fete and dance.

On the Friday afternoon the big kids moved all the desks out and stacked them up one end of the shelter shed and we little kids raked the paths and picked up all the rubbish. Then the parents arrived to decorate the walls of the school with streamers and to hang hurricane lamps from the ceiling and sprinkle candle grease on the floor. The fathers erected trestle tables and a drum of sawdust was brought along for the lucky dip and a red gum sleeper for the nail driving competition.

Saturday dawned on a scene of glittering splendour. First of all there was a lolly stall under the pine tree with real 'bought' lollies – chocolate frogs, jubes, all-day suckers and licorice all-sorts done up in cellophane. There was raspberry vinegar on the drinks stall and Jimmy Rhodes's father presided over the ice cream which he scooped out of a big green canvas vat. At lunchtime we were all dragged off to have buns and sandwiches and other 'sensible' food. And then some of us nicked down to the creek until old Womersley spotted us and hunted us back again for the egg and spoon race and the hop, step and jump.

But it was the dance at night that carved a permanent niche in my memory. There was a blood tingling unreality about the school, cleared of its desks, decorated with streamers and bathed in the soft yellow light of the hurricane lamps. And the adults – our parents – doing something as un-parent like as dancing to Mrs. Kielor's piano-accordion. To us kids, the whole scene had a dreamlike aura about it. To me, the most bizarre unreality was the sight of old Whacker Womersley dancing around the school room floor with my own mother.

And then I saw Helen Rhodes.

She was Jimmy Rhodes's older sister and she had long black hair hanging half way down her back, and she was wearing lipstick and a pretty dress with red flowers on it. As she was being twirled about in the Lancers her long black hair swung out behind her and the dress with the red flowers on it flared out from her waist. In spite of her great age (she was fifteen) I knew she was the most beautiful creature I had ever set eyes on in eight long years of life on this earth.

From that moment and for the next few weeks I was besotted. Helen Rhodes invaded every dreamed of

situation. I would rescue her from bush fires and rush to comfort her when she was hit by straying fragments of old Womersley's chalk. With my own body I would shield her from horse dung pelted at her by eighth grade louts. She would accompany me on all my imagined journeys – sitting beside me in the cab as I drove a truck like Ral Edgerton's Leyland across the length and breadth of Australia. She would be my adoring partner when, as the greatest cricketer since Don Bradman, I attended a dance given in my honour at the Henty School. And then I would go off and dance the Lancers with her, watched with envy by the rest of the school as her dark hair swung out and the pretty dress with the flowers on it flared out from her waist.

In fact I only saw Helen Rhodes on that one occasion. I didn't ever get to speak one word to her. I think she went to a girl's boarding school in Geelong and I don't suppose she even knew I existed.

Here, at the beginning of a new century, I am standing in the dusty red gravel beside the bitumen road. Over there through the barbed wire fence there's an old pine tree with spreading branches and beyond it there are a few stumps and some blackened bricks set in the shape of a fireplace. If I close my eyes and let the magic come I can hear the distant growl of a Leyland and the zipp of chalk bouncing off a wooden desk and the rhythmic wheeze of a piano accordion.

On the other side of the world the man called Hitler has been fused into history, and the bridge across Sydney Harbour stands dwarfed by the engineering marvels of later decades.

And here in the centre of the world the dreams are stirring in the wind.

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Henty School - a brief History



Henty School in 1880

Henty (Dwyer's Creek) State School 2020 formerly known as 'Gum Creek' - 6 miles North-West of Merino, Victoria, Australia.

The local Board of Advice recommended that a new school be built after the school known as Gum Creek was blown down in November 1876. Gum Creek was about 1 mile west of the later school site. For a time, a residence was used as a school. The Dwyer's Creek School, situated 6 miles north west of Merino, where Dwyer's Creek crosses the Merino-Casterton Road, was opened on the 1st of January 1878. It was on land purchased from F. Henty, about 1 mile from the historic "Merino Downs" homestead. The school, measuring 36 ft x 18 ft, had four rooms attached as a residence. The first head teacher was Robert Wallis (1st of January 1878 - 18th of September 1883). The school was controlled by the Board of Advice for South Riding for the Shire of Glenelg, officials being: President - James Andison, Correspondent - Ford.

The name Henty was given to the railway station, which opened in 1882. For some years the Board of Advice opposed a change of name for the school, and it was not until 3rd of May 1894 that the name Henty was accepted. The school was part-time with Tahara West between 1912-16. Still marking Henty school site is a memorial to Major Mitchell, erected by scholars and head teacher J. Sexton, and unveiled by Sir Alexander Peacock, Minister of Education, in August 1927. The Henty school was included in the consolidation scheme at Merino. The last Henty teacher was Keith McAlpine. The school closed on 6th of September 1949.

The existing pupils then attended Sandford and Muntham schools until the Henty bus from Merino Consolidated School began its service on 19th of September 1952.

The school room was moved to become the kitchen at Merino Consolidated School; the residence also placed in the Merino Consolidated School grounds, and after additions and repairs, became a residence. The school site, still supporting trees planted by early pupils, is owned by the Department and leased to E. Sims.

Source: "Vision & Realisation", Vol 2, Education Department of Victoria.

Sandford Times

Once again, we are lucky to have another article to reproduce, this time sent to us by Carol McKinnon-Ward. From pre-war Henty, we now move to wartime Sandford.

"Living in Sandford, as children brought up in wartime, we knew austerity but accepted it, as children do. No lollies, chocolates, or soft drinks ever available then as they were sent to the defence forces' canteens. We made our own lollies, providing we had enough coupons to buy sugar. Rationing covered tea, sugar, butter and clothing. The adults swapped coupons when they had an abundance of a certain item.

My grandparents had a small dairy, and we grew veggies and had fruit trees which produced beautiful fruits, so we were never hungry or malnourished.

Power didn't come to Sandford until the late 60s. We had kerosene lights and "Mrs. Potts" irons which were heated on top of the wood stove. Messy things they were, often dropping black grit on the clean clothes.

At one stage we had a light which ran on shellite, I think. One night Dad was pumping it furiously and the screw lid flew off, spreading shellite all over the table where it caught fire, as did the curtains and anything else nearby. We managed to hurl all the burning goods out into the backyard and save the kitchen. I don't think that light was ever used again. I can't remember what happened to it. We also had a light for a while that had a mantle which glowed. But the mantles were fragile, so we stayed with the kero lights.

Prior to the war the streetlights were huge. They were called Lux lights and they threw a vast light over half of the town, and were very effective. Once war came they had to be dismantled, as they were

so bright they could have been seen by the pilots in enemy planes. The lights never returned. Lanterns were lit in the street until the electricity arrived. During the "blackout" we had to cover our windows. The hall windows were painted over.

When the electricity arrived it was a time of great joy; bringing electric blankets, lights, televisions and washing machines. It opened up a whole new world; no more coppers, hot water bottles, kero lights and all the hard yacka that was attached to them.

My father laid the water pipes when the water, another great asset, came to Sandford in the seventies, I think. The majority of residents welcomed it with open arms, as they already had the power on. Amazingly one resident actually said he didn't want it! With the advent of mains water, toilets came inside.

Depending on tanks till then was always a big problem in summer. One long spell of dry weather saw us down to the last few rungs. I washed in the river, and was grateful it was there, although there wasn't much flow to it, it was refreshing. We seemed to have a lot of dry spells then, and floods every two or three winters. Usually the town was cut off from Casterton when the Wannan broke its banks. We could hear it swirling around at night, deep and dangerous. It was an eerie sound.

The railway line was one way of getting to Casterton in flood times. When my uncle came home from Darwin on leave and found the town flooded, he decided that as he'd got as far as Casterton, he was going to get home to Sandford. He walked the railway line at midnight in the pitch black. He found the water was lapping under the deck of the railway bridge over the river. I suppose he had a torch. Anyway, he made it.

Phones were another commodity we lacked. Only the Post Office business ran by the Perry's, Ral and Nell Egerton's shop, and the pub had phones in town. These shopkeepers were the backbone of the community, especially during wartime. When Ral had enlisted, Nell Egerton, with help from her mother and brother, ran the busy shop, served petrol, took phone messages and delivered them. They drove a bus to Casterton several times a week. All this was done with never ending energy and patience. Unsung heroes, gems, whatever you like to call them, they were the stable people in the community in the unstable time of war. They probably never knew their true value.

Another such person was Alex Layley, better known as "Bun-Dong". In any emergency, the call went out, "Get Bun-Dong". Alex would know

exactly what to do and calmed the situation with his efficiency and unflappable nature and strength.

During the war, card nights were held at Sandford House, I think to raise money for the war effort. While the adults played cards, we kids played in the garden, around the servant's quarters, and all over the lovely property. If only the Soldiers Settlement Commission hadn't torn it down. As a home of one of the Henty's, what historical interest it would have had today. One wall became dangerous, but it was nothing that could not have been rectified. "It shouldn't go. They are pulling down history", protested my grandfather, in all his wisdom. Unfortunately his was a lone voice.

There were farewell dances and presentations to the soldiers leaving for war.

The supper room at the Sandford Hall was used by volunteers making camouflage nets. After the war there were wonderful balls and dances held in the hall. And, of course, going to the pictures on a Saturday night was a must. Thanks to Nell Egerton and her bus we never missed them as kids.

Considering we depended on open fires for warmth, there was only one major fire in the town, but it was a serious loss. One of the classrooms of the school was burnt down when a log rolled out of the fire. A lot of the aboriginal tools and artifacts, found in the area, were lost. Bob Layley saved a lot of the old records. There were only two classrooms holding three classes each. To lose this attractive, solid old red brick building was a blow to the town.

When the races started again in Casterton, we would walk across to the hill overlooking the course. We didn't have a clue what horses were winning but we could see them racing. On the way home we amused ourselves by throwing cow dung at each other. Dry stuff fortunately.

Another way to amuse ourselves was to take it in turns to slide down a hill on a piece of tin. A fence at the bottom stopped us. It came to an end eventually when one of the boys badly cut his behind and had to have many stitches in it.

"Mulga Fred", a well-known full-blooded aborigine, visited Sandford now and again. I remember following him down the footpath one evening, after he'd left the pub. Weaving along, he was heading to Bun Dong's house, his friend who always welcomed him, but his coal blackness frightened the little kids and they ran off screaming, not having seen anyone as black before. But he was a harmless soul. He often carved wooden knives and artifacts, and sold them at the shows.

A memorable day was that when we were hit by a freak hailstorm. It went through the two towns in a distinct band, and cut down every leaf in its path. The red gums around the Wannan River were left completely bare. The worst part about it was the frightening noise. The noise started with one or two hailstones hitting the tin roof. Dad and I thought someone was stoning the roof and we went out to have a look. It had been a muggy, still day, and felt as if a storm was coming. When the deluge of hailstones, as big a golf balls hit, every window on the west side popped. The noise was tremendous. I remember rescuing the dog on the verandah when it was doing its best to dodge the hailstones. As the windows broke, Dad and I pushed the kitchen table against the window to protect us from flying glass. Water poured in through the kitchen, down the passage and turned into the bedroom where it pooled under my bed. We were quite busy. When the storm finally stopped as abruptly as it had started we could not believe the devastation or the icy cold air. Casterton Post Office carried the pockmarks for decades.

The shops have closed their doors long ago... and who would believe the pub would ever close? The school also closed long ago. In June, this year, St. Mary's Church – the last one – will be up for sale. Despite losing all these services, the town is in no risk of dying. Young families and new arrivals, attracted by cheaper housing and the peace of the town, contribute to keeping the town alive. The Chinese have a saying –“May you live in interesting times”. We certainly did, as kids, growing up in Sandford.

Carol McKinnon-Ward

Annual General Meeting

Casterton and District Historical Society Inc. will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Monday 16th July at 2.00 pm at the R.S.L. meeting hall, Henty Street, Casterton.

Our guest speaker will be Warren Hanstead who is an archivist with 20 years experience at R.M.I.T., Hamilton. Initially he worked at the Public Records Office, National Archives.

Calendar of Events

July 16th - AGM, RSL Rooms, Casterton, 2 pm
Guest speaker TBC

August 20th - General Meeting 2 pm Merino Hotel
- Guest speaker from Merino Progress Association.

August 25th and 26th - Vern McCallum Historic Photographic Exhibition at Digby.

September 23rd - Field trip to Henty, Wurt Wurt Koort, Merino Downs, Glenorchy and Merino - Identification of former State School sites project.

October 21st - Field trip to Grassdale, Paschendale and Tahara - Identification of former State School sites project.

November - Saturday 10th - Casterton Pastoral and Agricultural Society. Vern McCallum Photographic Exhibition and “Best Photograph of an Historic Building in Casterton and District” entry in the indoor section of the P&A schedule.

November 21st - End of year dinner - Venue to be confirmed - 7 pm - Guest Speaker TBC

Sayings from the 1500s

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, “Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old”.

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man “ could bring home the bacon”. They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and “chew the fat”.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach on to the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

***Society Meeting Times and Dates,
With Guest Speakers for 2007:***

(guest speakers have not yet been finalised)

Meetings held at the R.S.L. Rooms
Henty Street, Casterton.*

Monday 18th June 2007 at 2.00 pm

Monday 16th July 2007 at 2.00 pm (AGM)

Monday 20th August 2007 at 2.00 pm
(* at the Merino Hotel *)

Guest Speaker from the Merino Progress Assoc

Wednesday 19th September at 7.00 pm

Wednesday 17th October at 7.00 pm

Wednesday 21st November at 7.00 pm

December 2007 - No Meeting

January 2008 - No Meeting

Wednesday 20th February 2008 at 7.00 pm

Wednesday 19th March 2008 at 7.00 pm

Wednesday 16th April 2008 at 7.00 pm

Wednesday 21st May 2008 at 7.00 pm

Reminder

Meetings in June, July and August are at 2.00 pm on Monday.

President: Jan Lier

Publicity Officer: Basil Stafford

Secretary: Cheryl Elmes

Treasurer: Patricia Pitkin

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Cheryl Elmes and Jim Kent

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Any material for inclusion can be left at
P.O. Box 48 or passed to Basil Stafford or Jan Lier.
Any ideas or comments always welcome
at P.O. Box 186

You can email Jan and Cheryl
via the Ballarat Genealogy Web site.

Publications for Sale

Casterton Historical Street Walk

“From Flour Mill to Glenelg Inn - \$10.00

Extracts from the Casterton and District Historical
Society Inc. 1966-1996 - \$10.00

Corndale State School Honour Board Booklet \$7.00

Casterton Cenotaph WWI soldiers - \$20.00

Casterton Cenotaph WWII soldiers - \$10.00

Major Norman McDonald

Photograph Album CD - \$20.00

History in the Depths – Gallipoli – DVD - \$20.00

Vern McCallum Photographs CDs

Casterton High School - \$20.00

Vintage Tools of Trade - \$10.00

Newsletters of the Casterton and District Historical
Society 2005 Booklet – Indexed \$10.00

Extracts from Gleanings – \$1.00

Contact Jan (03) 5581 - 2743 (note change of
number)

Did you know....?

Try to read this:

I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrđ
waht I was rdgnieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the
hmuan mnid aoccdrnig to rscheearch at Cmabrigde
Uinervtisy, it deosn't mittaer in waht oredr the ltteers
in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the
frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can
be a taotl mses and you can stlll raed it wouthit a
porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not
raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe.

So now you know...but note that it doesn't seem to
work with words of less than four letters.

The first couple to be shown in bed together on
prime time T.V. was Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

Every day more money is printed for Monopoly
than the U.S. Treasury.

Men can read smaller print than women can; women
can hear better.

Coca-Cola was originally green.

It is impossible to lick your elbow.