

Casterton and District
Historical Society Inc
Newsletter

AUGUST 2011

Historical Happenings



Casterton Community Museum

Items in our newsletter:

The Grocer Shops of Casterton
by Jim Kent
Fetherstonhaugh story: continues

The Grocer Shops of Casterton by Jim Kent

NEXT MEETING DATE and LUNCH

***We will meet next on Wednesday,
17th August at 2 pm for the AGM at
the Albion Hotel***

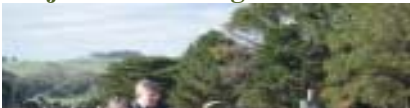
Lunch first from 12.30pm

***Please advise Albion Hotel by
Wednesday 11th August if you will
attend the lunch.***

Please note the new email address
for Jan Lier is jl3@activ8.net.au



**Casterton New Cemetery Mapping
Project: continuing**



Starting from the bridge end of Henty Street, where our town began with Alexander McKinlay, who built on the western bank of the river in 1846, naturally shops offering goods and services other than grog and accommodation grew up around McKinlay's Inn.

George Chaffey had a general store in Tyers Street adjacent to the Inn and it was from here that he offered vitals for sale. Possibly George Chaffey was the first grocer or merchant in Casterton. He sold this store to Sprigg brother w who moved up Henty Street to the corner of Clarke Street where they built a bigger and better store or grocery shop. They in turn sold to Gillespie who in time sold to Spendlove, who sold to Stan Stooke, then to Nolan and Perry and now the site is occupied by Foodworks supermarket.

It has not been all plain sailing – the shops having been burnt down on a number of occasions until today a massive new all-purpose supermarket occupies this corner. In Stan Stooke's time it was a departmental premises trading in all manner of goods from tractors, motor fuels, hardware, clothing and of course, groceries. Like the Glenelg Shire which after having three buildings on its site, the last one built in 1906, had a double fronted shop attached facing Henty street. In my lifetime Bill Peart occupied one of these shops selling groceries and he was succeeded by Harry Coulson who traded in same. The next grocers who had this shop were Eion Coulson and Mervyn Ayres and this shop was demolished to make way for some motel units in the 1960s.

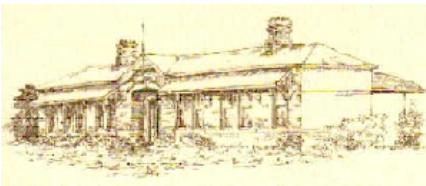
As we move west, further up the street we find another store, this time under the ownership and management of a chain store group trading as Moran and Cato. Numerous Casterton youths started their working career in this shop riding bikes about the streets collecting grocery orders from housewives and then delivering by bicycle to these households. After numerous owners this store now trades as Milly's, offering a variety of clothing for sale.

A few doors further on Albert Oliver Coulson conducted a grocer's shop, first commencing business in what was known as the "white" shop, on the corner of McPherson and Henty Street, where the NSW bank built their two storied premises and which is now Browns Financial Consulting. A O Couson then moved down the street to where the nursery is situated today, along with several adjacent buildings. This grocer's shop was burnt down. Prior to this Hugh Cushing traded in groceries from the A O Coulson shop.



Merino Downs in 1920

Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh
1837-1925



On the south side of Henty Street a Russian Jew built a large store and traded in grocery items. Rapkin was to sell to Harriet and Goodman Harris who built up an immense business as a departmental store, groceries being one of the prominent lines on sale. H and G Harris were to sell to Osborne and Johnstone who traded as Universal Providers, this partnership being sold to R S Donald and Co who continued to trade as a departmental store before selling to Murray Goulburn Co-op. Several other ownerships followed before becoming vacant for a period of time and it is now partly occupied as a bookshop and specialty furniture retailing shop.

Naturally this small item of Henty Street and Casterton history does not elaborate nor describe all the shops that at one time traded as grocery shops. The dictionary describes *grocer* as one who deals in tea, spices, and domestic stores, or a variety of foodstuffs. Other names connected to stores in Casterton are Cochranes who had quite a large shop in Jackson Street which stocked and sold numerous items including groceries. Down near the Glenelg Inn people by the name of Rowan had a huge brick building where a variety of goods were offered for sale. In today's climate Casterton, like almost all other towns, is dominated by one or more supermarkets, in other words a more modern departmental store specialising in groceries.

Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh's account of his time at Muntham station

continues/... Robert George Macpherson, who had had some experience with Mr. Rutherford on the Murray. MacPherson was a fine fellow, and very good-looking.

Tom was a bit too independent for Uncle Edward, and elected to leave and go on his own, and then I, to my delight, in 1859, got charge of the cattle and horses, and "Old Mae" and I worked together without the semblance of a hitch till he, too, left to go on his own at Fernihurst with Allfrey. He was succeeded by Charles Macarthur King, son of Admiral King. Shortly after King's advent, I, too, went on my own, and "trekked" to the far north of Queensland in 1862. Charles Macarthur King was for many years in charge of Muntham, and afterwards was police magistrate at Bourke. He was always a favourite, and died about 1903 from blood poisoning.

Tom Henty went either to Walla Walla or Round Hill, in New South Wales, and from there moved to Pakenham Park, Westernport (formerly the property of that fine old colonist and breeder, Dr. Bathe), and became a member of the Upper House in Victoria.

Fortunately for Mr. Edward Henty's pocket and the pockets of his heirs, he did not pursue with his cattle the suicidal course followed with the sheep.

The cattle on Muntham in 1856 consisted of a beautiful herd of well-bred Shorthorns, or Durhams, as we used to term them-soft, well-grown, and easily fattened, and for the most part roans. The bullocks were allowed to get age on them before being mar-keted; the spaying knife kept the herd well up to the mark, and up to the time I left there were few herds in Victoria to compare with that of Muntham. But even in my time deterioration must have commenced, as " ballys " (Herefords) were introduced, and although the first cross left little to be desired, yet cattle form no exception to the rule in crossing, Liz., the average a thousand



Island Park Lagoon

We're on the Web -
visit us at:

[www.ballaratgenealogy.org.
au/casterton/historical
society](http://www.ballaratgenealogy.org.au/casterton/historical_society)

To contribute to this newsletter,
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weight-a nice little lot to have had at Homebush or Flemington in 1915, when prime bullocks were making £40 and over.

We sent one bullock to Melbourne; he walked down, and he went 1560lbs. without his inside fat, and that went 1301lbs. He fetched £40, and was, I heard, as tough as old boots, and no wonder, for he was ten years old. We tried many a time to get him away, without success; he always charged shortly after we left the yards, and would not be stopped. The fact was he was too fat, and if he had not fallen off a good deal we would never have got him away. He was a perfect animal, and ought to have been kept for a sire. I took a fine mob of Muntham bullocks to Errata when the diggings first broke out there, but only got £8 per head for them.

At Muntham the cattle were always yarded for branding calves and for fats, and so forth; it would have been much easier on the cattle to have cut them out on camp, as was, and is, the practice in the present colony, but "Teddy" was very conservative, and the old groove had to be run in. At odd times, and when only a few cattle were required, we used to "cut them out" on the quiet, and, like Brer Fox, "lie low." Jackson, the head stockman, had graduated in New South Wales, and he and I would have loved to have broken the cattle in properly to camp, and have had some good camp work for ourselves and our horses. We used to bring the cattle in five or six miles from the Den Hills and other parts, then take them into a paddock below the homestead and right past the stockyards, about a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, then through into another paddock, and then back again for the yards; by this time, as they were headed for There they had come from, they used to yard all right. But what a knocking about the cattle got, which might all have been saved! Inter on we erected yards on top of the hill, back to the homestead, and this saved a great deal of knocking about.

I had some close shaves myself at Muntham. A bullock pinned me against the yard fence one day with a horn on each side of me, and no damage done, and one day an old "skiverer" of a cow charged too quickly for my horse out of a mob and sent a horn each side of my leg and into my horse; one horn pierced his heart, and he fell dead in a few yards. Another day my stock pony Pannikin stopped an old cow beautifully; she had broken, and I was trying to get her back to the mob when she charged us so sharply that I thought Pannikin must be gored. But in a second he landed home on the cow with both hind feet, and she was so astonished she turned and joined her mob.

Through not camping the cattle and "culling out" those we wanted, I did not have such good cattle experience there as I ought to have had. It is lovely to work a well-broken-in herd of cattle with good men and good horses, and splendid to watch the work. You walk your horse into the mob quietly and pick your beast, and work him quietly to the edge of the mob; most times, if a fat beast, he will go out quite quietly if not hustled and join those already "drafted," but with other classes you have often to go for all you are worth, and it is beautiful to see an old stock-horse at the game. George Green (landra), when on the Upper Murray, had an old horse, such an adept at "drafting" that he often (to show what the old horse could do) would take the bridle off, and the old fellow would cut out all an afternoon "on his own." I still have happy reminiscences of the old days when the number of cracks of a stockwhip was the signal for a hut-keeper as we were approaching to know not only that we were "handy," but the number of mouths to expect. *end*