



THE COBALT LODGE

Newsletter of the Cobalt Historical Society

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Volume 27 No 3; August 2018

The History of the Fountain in the Park

Compiled by Doug MacLeod

The iron fountain that previously sat in the town park where the Nipissing Block once stood, holds many memories for the older people of Cobalt and area. Many visitors who once lived here looked for it when they returned.

The fountain is made of cast iron, known as grey iron. It was cast in three parts: basin, stem, and base. This was told to me by Edward M. Houghton, a pattern maker from Wiggam, England who came to Cobalt in 1912. Ted, or Eddie as he was known, made the pattern in 1913-14 at the Cobalt Foundry which was located just north of the Larose Bridge. The Foundry burned in 1972.

When inspecting the pattern before casting, the manager Joe Evans noticed that there was no provision for the dogs to drink, as the primary purpose of the fountain was to water the many horses that were then used in Cobalt. Joe asked Eddie to correct the oversight; if you look near the base, you will find a cup-shape in the casting. When the water, which flowed continuously, ran over, it collected in the cup, allowing the dogs to drink.



The fountain stood in The Square, about where the ramp in front of #2 Argentite ends. As the need for widening The Square became apparent, due to the change from horses to trucks and cars, parking space had to be created.

The fountain was relegated to the scrap heap in the late 1930's. Fortunately, Kenneth McKay, a tailor who came to Cobalt around 1905 and who was a great source of Cobalt history and folklore, had the foresight to convince the powers that be in Cobalt, to give it to him. It was intended, along with the 18-pound cannon that stood on the original cenotaph, to go to the scrap yard to help the WWII war effort. (The cenotaph stood directly across the street from the present Cobalt Library on Lang Street.)

Thanks to Ken McKay, the fountain can still be seen as an artifact of Cobalt's earlier days. There can never be another fountain like it since upon orders from the management of Can-Ron Iron and Steel Ltd., I destroyed the patterns around 1965.

[CHS is presently looking into a new home for the fountain.]



Irvine Berry Memoir

In the Cobalt Library's collection of memorabilia is a copy of a memoir written by Irvine Berry circa 1950 - not long before he died. He was at Marsh Bay at the time. He records the 1900 trip from Haliburton County to Dawson Point.

From the author's son, Bud Berry

This was written in the fall of 1952. He was extremely ill at the time and in Feb of 1953 he passed away after a long and painful battle with cancer. My Dad was a rather amazing man. The son of Irish immigrants they moved to the Haliburton, Ontario where they farmed and lumbered until they decided to move north. The only schooling he had was to grade three. He taught himself to read. As his spelling left a bit to be desired he managed to write to my two brothers while they were overseas during the war. My oldest brother Ivan, saved a lot of Dad's letters. I have read many of them and have always enjoyed them as most were light-hearted as he didn't want them to worry about things back home. I also want to thank you for thinking of me when you came across the letter. I remember when dad was typing it on an old Underwood typewriter we had. As I never took typing in school he passed along the skill of two-finger hunt and peck typing. Darned slow and a lot of mistakes. Maggie, thank you so much for getting this to me. It brought back so many memories of the greatest man I have ever known. He was not only my dad, but also my best friend.

On October 10th in the year 1900, my father and Uncle, Alick & Dave Berry and myself, me being just 14 years of age decided to come to Northern Ontario. We were living in Haliburton County at the time.

Father had five head of horses at the time and no work for them to do. We decided to come north and job for J.R. Booth.

We built a cover on our wagon, packed our belongings and started to drive as far as Gordon Creek at the foot of Lake Temiskamingue as it was called at the time. We would drive along like the Gypsy do, camping wherever night overtook us, then make camp by simply tying a horse to the four wagon wheels, and one to the tail board of the wagon, right where I slept. I got so I could not sleep unless I could hear

Old Pete, as we called him, chewing away on his supper. That seemed to last all night.

We all slept in the covered wagon. I remember one night, it was some place between Gravenhurst and Bracebridge. The sky clouded up and looked as if we were going to have a bad storm. Father went in and asked a farmer if we could stay in his barn that night. As the canvas on our wagon was only 6-ounce duck and would not turn much of a storm.

The farmer plainly told us, "No."

We drove on, not wishing him any too good luck. As it happened, it was lucky for us that we did so as the barn was struck by lightning that night and burned to the ground.

On down the road about a quarter mile we came to an old vacant house that the sheep used to lay in on hot days to get out of the sun. Father said it was better than nothing.

We pulled in on the lee side, tied and fed the horses. We spread our blankets on the floor. It was not the sweetest smelling place I ever slept in, but it kept us dry. We got nicely settled down when the daddy of all storms blew up.

After driving for seven more days we arrived at Mattawa. Being told that the trail to Gordon Creek was blocked with windfalls, we decided to take the train to the foot of Lake Temiskamingue. We just had one hour to load our stuff on the train. We were given a box car that already had a team of horses in it. Sam Read was shipping a team north, too. It was raining to beat the band. We were all wet and cold, so we just climbed in the box car with the horses. And away we went on the 'old moccasin line' as it was called then.

When we arrived at Gordon Creek (that is called South Temiskaming now) we were told that the boat had run aground at the head of the lake and we would have to wait for the *Meteor*.

At last we got loaded. Capt. Redman was the Captain and Amel Johnston, First Mate.

We arrived in Haileybury about nine o'clock on the 19th of October and tied up at the pier about a quarter mile out in the lake. We had not had supper on the boat. I borrowed one of the pointers that they towed behind the boat from Amel and rowed ashore to see if I could scare up something to eat.

After wandering around for a time in the dark, as they had no street lights at that time and every body went to bed with the hens, I was lucky enough to bump

into the late Paul A. Cobble. [sic] He used to have a store and supply the tourist trade at that time. There was quite a large tourist trade, even then. The Americans used to come up from the States for the moose hunting.

Paul opened up the store and I bought some soda biscuits and cheese.

When I got back on the boat, we climbed up on the hatch over the boiler to keep warm and had the best meal I ever remember eating.

The next morning, we pulled out for Dawson Point, it being the only place we could get near enough to the shore to unload the horses. We could get within one hundred yards of the shore at that point.

The way they unloaded the horses was to open the door of the boat and everybody got behind the horses to push them out into the drink. Amel and one of the deckhands was in the pointer to guide them ashore. One of the horses did not like the looks of the water and decided to try the pointer. The result was a dunking for Amel. I don't think he ever forgave me for laughing at him.

We took our horses up to the George Bateson Farm. He had a small clearance on the point at that time. We borrowed a pointer from him and started to row our gear across the bay to New Liskeard, about

four miles. I don't remember how many trips it took to get it all over there, but it was plenty for me.

We stayed at the old Canada House. It was run by big Pete Farrah. He had not got it finished at that time.

Dave and I got work on the government road, building the North road from Liskeard to the White River.

Father started to look around for a cut of timber. He got one on the fifth concession of Harley.

We cut a road into it and started to build the camps. It was getting late in the fall by this time. The roads from Liskeard had just been graded that summer and was up to the horses' knees with soft goeey mud.

We run out of chuck. Father, the only cook in the bunch, took the team and went to town to get some. There came a heavy frost and froze the mud just hard enough that he could not get back. We nearly starved. We had lots of rice. I went out in the bush and shot a partridge. Dave said we could cook some rice and make partridge soup. He took about two pounds of rice and put it in the kettle, threw in the bird, and started it to boil. Before we were done, we had everything in the camp full of rice and still getting more and I don't know whatever did become of the partridge. I never saw it again. It was simply lost in the rice.



CHS Member's Meetings

CHS Member's Meetings were proposed to encourage more public and member participation in the Society. First ones scheduled: Thursday Oct 18th, 2018, November 15th, January 17, 2019 all at the Paul Penna Library at 7:00pm

Thursday Oct 18th, 2018, Reiner Mielke will be talking about the history of the post office in Cobalt. He encourages people with any memorabilia related to the post office to bring with them to show.

After the talk the floor will be open to anyone who would like to talk about their past experiences with the post office. Free coffee and snacks will be provided.

The topic for the meeting Thursday November 15th is to be announced.



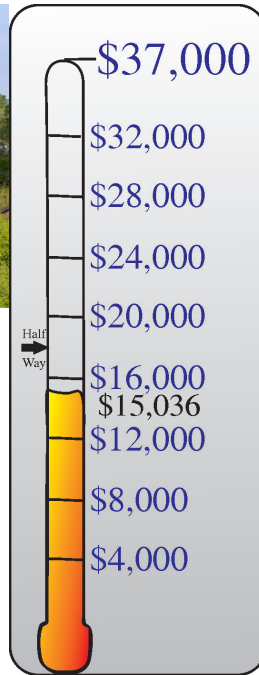
1905 Picture of the first Post Office in Cobalt



Fund Raising Update

GREAT news regarding our fundraiser to fix the roof on the Right-of-Way Mine! We're keep growing closer to our goal with \$15,036 in donations. If you wish to send us an Interac e-transfer from your bank, please use our email chs@heritagesilvertrail.ca

Together is the way it works. Thank you.



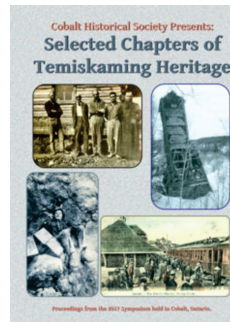
Cobalt High School Reunion 2018

The 2018 Cobalt High School Reunion that took place Friday, August 3 to Sunday, August 5 saw 175 registrants and looked to be a huge success. Their FaceBook page: <https://www.facebook.com/Cobalt-High-School-Reunion-2018-465481773814193/>

Selected Chapters of Temiskaming Heritage Chapter 2 in 2019

We have booked the Golden Age Club, 22 Argentite Street, Cobalt for our upcoming Symposium on June 1st, 2019.

Save the date.



The proceedings from the 2017 symposium are available at the book store, 50 Silver Street, Cobalt, online, or by cheque order to the Cobalt Historical Society.

Submissions for the Newsletter are most welcome. So if you have some piece of history to share please let us know.

The Work on The Trail Goes On

On Thursday, July 19, a team of Junior Rangers helped clear vegetation growing on the Nipissing lookout at the low grade Mill.

Leader Alex Shillinglaw contacted CHS trail Manager Reiner Mielke and volunteered the services of the MNRF Stewardship Youth Ranger Team. The group is based out of Finlayson Point Provincial Park, in Temagami. Shillinglaw said, "The goal of the summer work program is to inform and provide work experience for the rangers in a variety of fields related to natural resource management, recreation, and environmental stewardship." They work on projects within the local community.



Left to right: Alex Shillinglaw, Rhane Daly Stevens, Dayton McNeil, Levi Weber, and Alana Kirkland.