

Ancestors came in 1880.

Husband was to have 100 acres, wife to have 100 acres and any boy over 16 was to have 100 acres. (Note from B. - this wrong.) 10 acres had to be cleared in 10 years, and then a grant was given. I have models of my grandfather's house down in my basement. My father had the biggest team there and he was the first to work for Camp Petawawa. There were square timber camps in between the Barron and Petawawa Rivers, owned by Booth. It was yellow pine, the best in the world; it was dragged by oxen to these rivers and then went to the Ottawa River. The sizes would be 18" to 36" square and these would be placed side by side to make a flat surface; the cook's house would be on the raft itself. They took the raft apart at Ottawa because of the rapids, and put it together afterwards. The timber went to Quebec and to Britain where it was used to furnish Nelson's fleet with masts.

The log drive started May 1st on the Petawawa River, and it would only get as far as Pembroke the first year, because the logs get caught up on shorelines.

Dad got the farm from his father. He used to go to the lumber camps in winter; they were owned by Peter White originally, later becoming the Pembroke Lumber Company.

There was no crossing of the Petawawa River, except near the mouth where Kramer's cottage is. No fresh meat in wintertime, only salt pork, and no fresh greens.

Men used to portage to Lake Dumoine, with horses and sleighs, taking the Berndt (Burnt?) Road, Petawawa; it took four days to reach the keepover with the horses, drawing hay and oats, and you took your own food for seven days (4 days up and 3 days back). There was a stopping-place at Deep River, log buildings are there still; Dad always used to stop there. Now it is King's place and has been restored by A.E.C.L. (Note from B. It has not been restored, only maintained.) There would be stables for horses, big rooms with 2 stoves, and you would be charged 25 cents for stabling and make your own tea on the stove.

Even when I was 13, in 1919, I went to the lumbercamp; I was paid \$95 a month, my brothers were paid \$120 a month. As soon as the first frost came, all five brothers were "raring to go" and stayed there until the middle of March.

In 1920 the wages were lower, \$1.00 a day. We looked for work in Pembroke; we travelled to Mattawa, then to Lake Temiskaming spending 12 hours in a rowboat and then a 28 miles walk to a lumber camp in 1922. In 1920 wages were cut to \$1.00 a day.

Selkirks had the post office in Petawawa then. There was nothing much here except four lumbering companies - Booth, McLaughlin, Colonial, - and four hotels. After a winter of no drink, lots of fights break out! Where the Anglican church is now, that was McLaughlin's farm. Nothing else until the C.P.R. came through.

Lard came in wooden pails, 8 to 9 quarts; we used to empty them out and use them to carry blueberries. Got 25 cents a pail for them. Dad got married, Woitos got married etc, etc,etc, others moved in such as Blech and Prange. Soon there was enough children for a school - 17 kids. The school was built of logs. I still have the account book to show what it cost. The lime was 25 cents. The labor was donated. The first teacher was a Miss Barker; we have her picture here because we boarded her. She could not understand German. The kids could not understand English.

She tried to tell them to go home at the end of the school day and the kids could not understand her. She took them to the road and pointed. Miss Barker stayed here from September to March and never went home in that time. She did not meet any English people in that time, though one day my grandmother took her on a 16-mile trip to Pembroke; when they got home again Miss Barker lay down and my grandmother said "You see, home is best!"

My grandad died in 1916.

We talked German at home and at school and at catechism.

Our daughter, Marie, born in 1942, when she went to school she could not speak English at all.

In Pembroke there was one store owned by E.A. Dunlop, which had a clerk, Gus Schraeder, who could speak German. (Here Mr. Gust tells a story about a bill being sent to a John Clence or Klenz who was puzzled by the spelling of the word "Eine butterflos"??? It was actually a butter churn which had been purchased partly for money and partly for credit. In Canada the word used for fork in eating is "garbo" ? in German...and so on...)

In 1919 we were bought out (by the govt.) and we moved to another farm. There were 5 boys; we worked at Camp Petawawa and in the bush. While we were away Grandma and mother looked after the farm. Brother Bill started at age 12 as a water-boy. We all worked together. We had moved to a Presbyterian settlement - there were maybe two Catholics there - but all were striving to get ahead. There was no prejudice. There was no doctor - we had our own remedies and we used weeds to help upset stomachs.

I did not get to Pembroke until I was 10. There was no money in those days Grandma spun and wove clothes. Mother sewed. We had our own meat and butter. We only needed money for a few things like shoes.

People helped each other in those days. Teske was burned out, he had 9 or 10 children and he lost everything; the only thing he saved was his straw hat. Frank Hoelke said "Fetch John Teske's family and we will dress them". Everyone helped in the early days, but once money became freely used things changed.

In 1956 we had a threshing-mill; four of us worked together. It might take 15 hours to thresh at our farm, a big farm. Then the hired man and myself would go to his farm (meaning a neighbour's I think. B.) It would be \$1 an hour for me, and for man and for mill and for truck. We might work 7 hours at one farm, at another's we might work 9 hours or 2 hours. I would end up still owing money because we had the biggest farm.

I took sick in 1956. I went to Kingston and one neighbour thought that I owed \$9.00. My wife kept the books while I was gone. He (the neighbour) sent a registered letter which said "for services rendered", \$9.00 was missing!. (Mr. Gust was obviously disgusted at such un-neighbourly behaviour.) One man complained that the hired man did not work right on his hay. Rest of neighbours sided with Mr. Gust and the man moved out. Said Mr. Gust, "People want to buy our house because this is a family neighbourhood" Told stories about examples of neighbour's kindness.

"We still have our Free Grant", remarked Mr. Gust.

Until 1927 this family of Gusts may have been the only one in the county. Then there was another Gust family who immigrated to the west of Canada and they got a Free Grant too, alleges Adolph.

(A story from him here probably has no bearing on the Petawawa history. He told his interviewer about the time that 200-250 women were sent out from France, at the urging of the priests, to help build up the country. Imagine what those girls went through! No doctors, no outhouse even - they had to 'go' in the bush. They had to eat pork and beans, but they got married and raised families. At that time it wasn't what the govt. could do for you, it was what you could do for the government.

Anecdote. There was a time, mid-March, when neighbours had no feed for their cattle. They could not pay Dad at the time, but when that neighbour came home from the drive (log drive), he would pay for it. "At that time a man's word was as good as his bond".

My daughter..... travelled to Egypt, California, Texas, Israel, etc. "but there isn't any place to beat Pembroke.

My sister-in-law, who lives in Detroit, has to have 4 locks on her door.

We had 3 girls, 6 years apart; all had boy friends at the same time. Mr. Gust then gives details of family relationships..... one is married to a farmer and they have.....they have 116 cattle at Osceola....have 3 boys and a hired girl....."