



Packing sulphur dioxide-treated strawberries into barrels for shipment to England.

## Port Haney's Jam Factory

*In his booklet "Memories" Lloyd Baynes recalls working at the jam factory at the foot of Ontario Street:*

Haney's "front door" in 1920 was the CPR station, and the little wharf nearby, where sternwheelers like the old *Beaver* and *Skeena* made regular calls. Road access was by way of the River Road from Hammond. Dewdney Trunk Road existed but it had attracted practically no development in the Haney area. "Downtown," in 1920, was a cluster of buildings flanking the CPR tracks, eastward from the foot of "Slide Hill." There was the jam factory, Buckerfield's Feeds, an ice-making and cold storage plant, and a packing-shed for berries being shipped in crates to Prairie destinations. There was also a small plant that made those crates. On the other side of the road was a three-storey house labelled Haney Hotel (I had an attic room there for four summers). A Mrs. Johnson ran it and its dining room was regarded as one of town's chief assets. Nearby, still on the high side of the road, was a decrepit one-storey building that was divided, inside, by a crude partition. On one side, a freshly graduated lawyer was starting his practice. On the other, one of the chartered banks had a branch with two employees. I used to shudder when I could see no evidence of a vault or

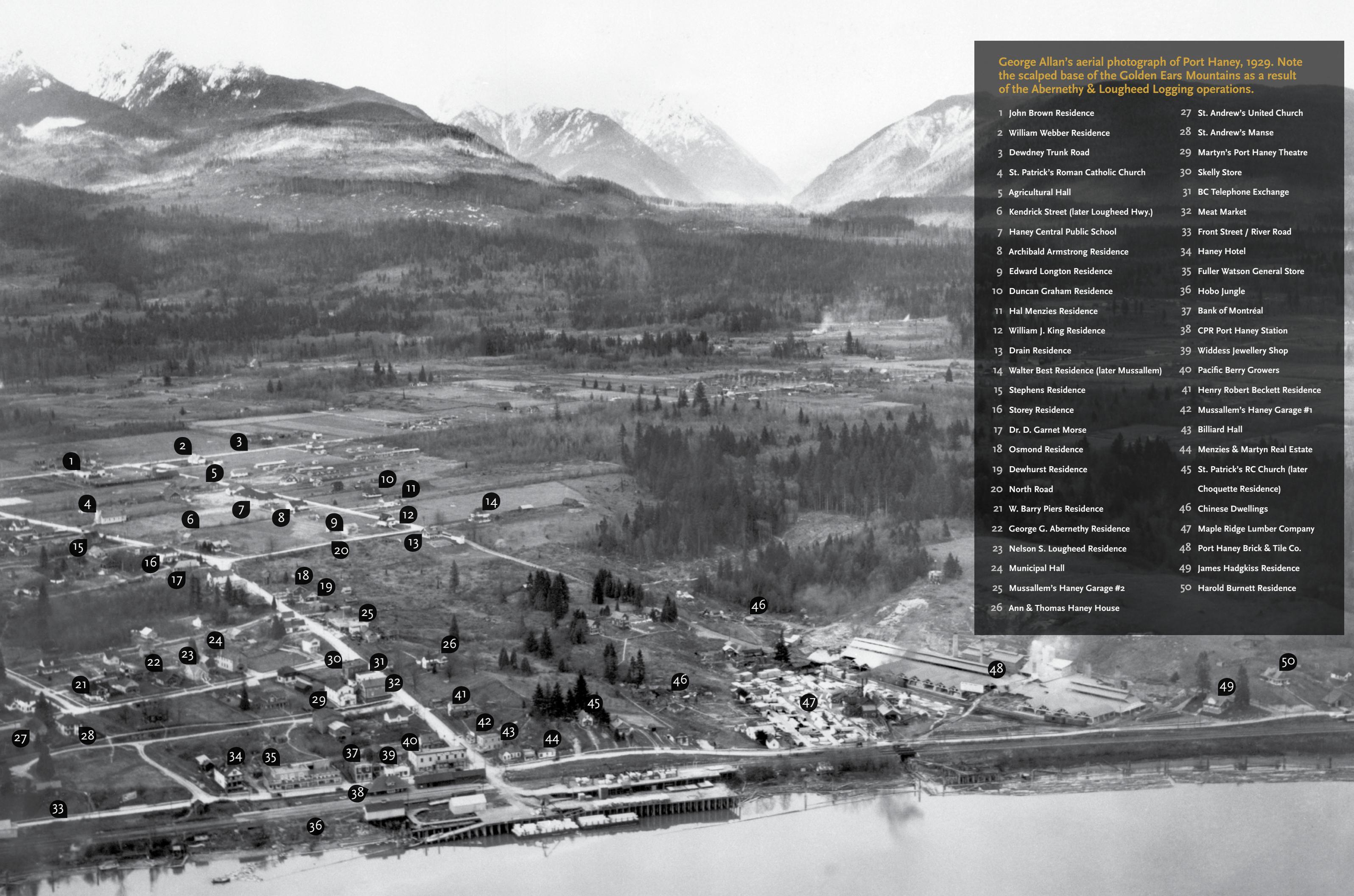
### Opposite

Front Street looking east from Fraser Street featuring the Haney Hotel and John H. Nightingale's Meat Market.

other means of keeping my hard-earned money out of the hands of rogues and rascals. On the corner, at what we called Station Road, was the general store, and there was a lumberyard, and a brick-making operation as River Road headed for Kanaka Creek. As we started uphill on Station Road, most of the development was on the west side. The east side, as I remember it, had only a pool-room and barber-shop, until you neared the top of the hill, and found Mussallem's Garage in a building that may have started as a blacksmith shop. The west side of the street boasted a hall that was used for showing movies perhaps once a week, and it was used for dances at irregular intervals. Halfway up the hill was a building where a magistrate heard court cases and I think I remember a fledgling department store (minus a food floor) in that area. Before Fuller Watson's that was about it, until we discovered the fairgrounds and agricultural hall south of the Dewdney Road plateau.

I crave your indulgence while I recall a few highlights of my four summers at the jam factory. I was the low man on the totem pole when I first saw the plant and it was still in the construction stage. For about a week I helped mix concrete by hand. The second week was also a loser. The smokestack that was to be fitted to the coal-fired steam boiler arrived in two sections. They were to be riveted together, and I was appointed to crawl into the pipe, push a cold rivet into place, and use a ten-pound "hold on" while someone outside pounded the rivet so that it was properly secure. The noise, and the jolts to my arms and shoulders, made me wish I had taken that other job, sailing once a week from New Westminster "for Tahiti" with Captain Swanson. He may have been "King of the Rum-Runners," but he always had proper papers to meet Canadian inspection. His relationship with American officers was something else.





George Allan's aerial photograph of Port Haney, 1929. Note the scalped base of the Golden Ears Mountains as a result of the Abernethy & Lougheed Logging operations.

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| 1 John Brown Residence                     | 27 St. Andrew's United Church                          |
| 2 William Webber Residence                 | 28 St. Andrew's Manse                                  |
| 3 Dewdney Trunk Road                       | 29 Martyn's Port Haney Theatre                         |
| 4 St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church      | 30 Skelly Store  |
| 5 Agricultural Hall                        | 31 BC Telephone Exchange                               |
| 6 Kendrick Street (later Lougheed Hwy.)    | 32 Meat Market   |
| 7 Haney Central Public School              | 33 Front Street / River Road                           |
| 8 Archibald Armstrong Residence            | 34 Haney Hotel   |
| 9 Edward Longton Residence                 | 35 Fuller Watson General Store                         |
| 10 Duncan Graham Residence                 | 36 Hobo Jungle   |
| 11 Hal Menzies Residence                   | 37 Bank of Montréal                                    |
| 12 William J. King Residence               | 38 CPR Port Haney Station                              |
| 13 Drain Residence                         | 39 Widdess Jewellery Shop                              |
| 14 Walter Best Residence (later Mussallem) | 40 Pacific Berry Growers                               |
| 15 Stephens Residence                      | 41 Henry Robert Beckett Residence                      |
| 16 Storey Residence                        | 42 Mussallem's Haney Garage #1                         |
| 17 Dr. D. Garnet Morse                     | 43 Billiard Hall                                       |
| 18 Osmond Residence                        | 44 Menzies & Martyn Real Estate                        |
| 19 Dewhurst Residence                      | 45 St. Patrick's RC Church (later Choquette Residence) |
| 20 North Road                              | 46 Chinese Dwellings                                   |
| 21 W. Barry Piers Residence                | 47 Maple Ridge Lumber Company                          |
| 22 George G. Abernethy Residence           | 48 Port Haney Brick & Tile Co.                         |
| 23 Nelson S. Lougheed Residence            | 49 James Hadgkiss Residence                            |
| 24 Municipal Hall                          | 50 Harold Burnett Residence                            |
| 25 Mussallem's Haney Garage #2             |  |
| 26 Ann & Thomas Haney House                |  |

Luckily, I was promoted about the end of my third week. I became "Receiving-Agent," evidently a title that meant they did not have to pay me more money. I checked into the plant everything that we used there. Berries and other fruits were weighed on large platform scales and credited to the growers. Cans came by rail from the American Can Company, sugar arrived, usually thirty tons (600 sacks) in a box-car, pectin from the Okanagan was sometimes in order, and farm butter was used at times to control splash from our giant copper kettles with their steam jackets. There were dollies and push-carts, brooms and mops and brushes, soap, ladies, dippers, pitchers, knives, coveralls, aprons, tools of many kinds, and the pre-cut pieces that were assembled to make the boxes in which our product left the factory. (It seemed that heavy cardboard cartons had not yet taken hold.)

No union organizer had appeared to lead us into the Promised Land. Men were paid fifty cents an hour. I think the girls got a little less. It was the preposterous number of hours that made us think that we were on the road to becoming millionaires. For most of the season, it was seven days a week, and we averaged sixteen hours a day. Berries do not react kindly to any delays in processing and there were numerous occasions when we kept the plant in full career for a 24-hour shift. There was one advantage in this busy schedule. We simply had no time to spend any money on non-essentials.

The Governor-General's visit was a memorable event. It came after the plant had been enlarged, so that jam was not our only product. We canned peas, peaches, and tomatoes, and I suppose some of our new machinery was quite sophisticated. We had about twenty-four hours notice of the impending visit. The pear season was over, and the atmosphere at the plant was not as frantic as usual. Some special preparations were taken. Cement floors were hosed down, wooden floors were swept, windows in the manager's small office were cleaned, and everything was made as presentable as possible. When we came to work on the big day, we were issued spotless white coveralls and aprons, and each employee's head was adorned with something like a chef's hat. When Vancouver's

Mayor Tisdall led their excellencies into the plant about mid-morning, those personages gave every sign of being properly impressed before the regal party withdrew. His Excellency made a short speech to the employees. He conveyed the impression that, in all the British Empire, there were no employees that could surpass us. We could be proud of ourselves.

That is not quite the end of the story. The plant manager had said that normal plant operation would resume at 1:00 P.M. If I hurried, I could have lunch at the hotel. I lost no time in getting there, and hastened to the washroom on the second floor. When I found it locked, I applied the technique that most of the Hotel's residents used. I pounded on the door with my fists, and shouted about the necessity of immediate admittance. When the door opened, Her Excellency swept by me with unseeing eyes. I had become the Invisible Man. A few minutes later, I peeked into the dining room. Its front portion seemed to have been reserved for the special guests. I went back to the plant and lunched on a can of tomatoes.

Those yellow jackets were special, too. Attracted by the abundance of sugar, they had built a huge nest just under the eaves at one end of the plant. It grew bigger every day, and we all talked about destroying it on some dark night. (I guess it is still true that the road to hell is paved with good intentions.) One day, above the considerable normal noises of the factory, came loud screams of pain and terror, and they were repeated for some minutes. It seems the five-year-old son of the plant manager had climbed atop many tons of sacked sugar, found an open air-vent and poked the wasps' nest a few times with a mop handle. He was taken to Dr. Morse for medical attention, but was back home next day, even though from the neck up he looked more like a hubbard squash than anything human. Immediately after his sad experience, three or four of our plant staff who were willing to accept a few stings in exchange for admiring glances from the female employees destroyed the hornets' nest.

## Port Haney Brick & Tile Company

ALTHOUGH THOMAS HANEY had started the first brickyard in the town named after him, it was Harold Burnet who started the Port Haney Brick & Tile Co. Ltd. The earliest recorded brick production at Haney was about 1886 when there were three operations within half a mile of each other. Thomas Haney was one of these entrepreneurs, and his operation was located immediately to the east of his home. It had all the requirements for a successful operation: excellent clay deposits free of rock, adequate cordwood from nearby farmers, cheap Chinese labour and access to both boat and rail travel. These first operations were seasonal soft mud works with simple stove kilns. Brick was made and dried in the summer, burned in the fall, and shipped by scow during the winter to markets in Vancouver to be stockpiled for the spring's builders.

In 1907 twenty-three-year-old Harold Burnet was operating a brickyard that had been started by his father near Vancouver's Trout Lake. When the clay ran out, Burnet joined forces with Edward G. Baynes and William M. Horie, contractors in Vancouver, to form the Port Haney Brick Company. Burnet became the manager, while Baynes and Horie looked after the sales. The new business obtained slab wood to fire the kilns from the nearby water-powered one-machine shingle mill in Port Haney owned by brothers Robert and John Tyner.

By 1913 two round down-draft kilns and a tunnel dryer had been built, and the company ventured into partition tile and drain tile as well as an improved grade of face brick. A sawmill close to the plant, cutting heavy fir logs of the district, provided a practically unlimited supply of slab wood for fuel.

A very busy period followed the First World War, and by 1930 there were eight down-draft kilns, a 15-track waste heat dryer, a four-storey steam-heated dryer building, and a payroll of 75 employees.



Edward G. Baynes, President of Port Haney Brick & Tile Company Ltd.