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, ladles, 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.

James Hadgkiss Remembers

James Hadgkiss.

James Hadgkiss, a brickyard manager for several years, in 1982 wrote about his joining the company in 1930:

In the spring of 1930, I found myself at the age of 25, struggling through the final exams at the University of British Columbia prior to being graduated as a chemical engineer. [I had] no real prospects of a job and this was the beginning of the great depression followed by the stock market flop of October 1929. Many of my classmates had signed up during the session to join the engineering training programs of General Electric, Westinghouse and others, but I had not been interested as these would have required maybe several years in Eastern Canada. I had worked at Britannia Mines between terms at UBC and could have continued there but wanted to avoid the limitations that go with isolated company towns.

And then I received a message from a family friend that a Mr. E.G. Baynes, a very well-known and highly respected Vancouver businessman, might be interested in hiring a young engineering graduate to learn about the brick business. Mr. Baynes, among other interests, was President of the Port Haney Brick Company, with a factory located at Port Haney, as the town was then known, some 25 miles east of Vancouver.

A phone call set up an interview, and I met Mr. Baynes in his office in the Grosvenor Hotel, which he also owned. I found that he was looking for someone who would be willing to go to work in the brickyard and learn the business from the ground up. It was arranged that he would take me out to the plant on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Baynes was driving a 1928 Franklin that in that era was a big comfortable car with an air-cooled engine. During the ride to Port Haney, he kept up an interesting commentary on the construction of buildings in the city area, pointing out many that he had built, as well as others that he was familiar with together with detail as to the design, problems with the plumber or the bricklayer or the building inspector, and many other bits that I found extremely interesting.

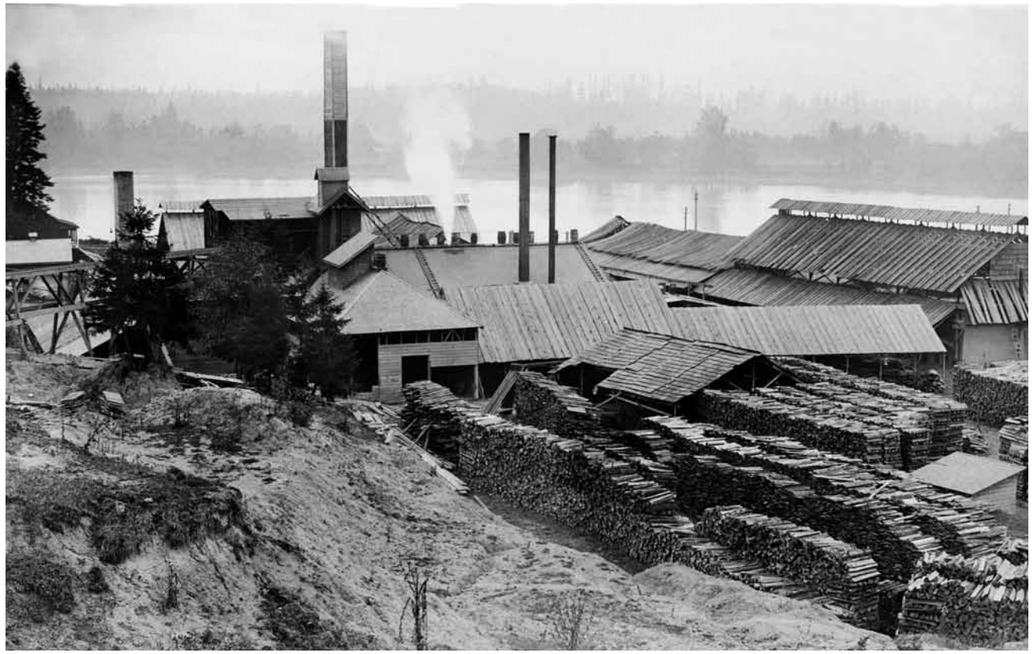
I knew nothing about Port Haney although I had been through it on the CPR train and had driven through a couple of years before on a trip to the Ruskin power house. What had intrigued me most on that trip was the number of cute little black-haired, dark-eyed children, as Port Haney at that time was second only to Steveston in the concentration of Japanese in Canada.

I also knew almost nothing about the brick business although we had touched ceramics very lightly in a couple of [university] courses. First impressions of the brickyard were mixed. In size and outlay it was more than was expected with its eight 28- and 30-foot diameter beehive kilns and seemingly endless open shed filled with carefully stacked piles of red brick and structural tile. Even though it was Saturday afternoon, it was operating at full swing as in those days the six-day week was still common. There appeared to be as many as sixty dust-covered men, about half of them Chinese, most with wheelbarrows, who were continually moving fresh wet tile to the dryers, dry tile to the kilns, burned tile to the stock piles, and from the piles to the railroad box cars.

Behind the plant there was a small power shovel digging clay out of the hillside that was being hauled in by two 1929 Model A Ford trucks. A huge single-cylinder steam engine with an 8-foot diameter flywheel drove a long line-shaft, which through various pulleys, clutches and belts drove machinery, elevators and conveyers throughout the plant. Dust was everywhere. A couple of sleepy horses were hitched to big two-wheeled carts hauling wood fuel to the kilns and boiler.

I met Harold Burnet, the plant manager, a short, stocky man of about fifty, with a loud voice touched with the south of England, almost no hair, and seemingly endless energy. I met his brother Percy, a machinist who looked after the mechanical equipment, and I met Andy Dewar, the bookkeeper.

On Monday morning I went back to Mr. Baynes's office and met his partner, Mr. William M. Horie. The firm of Baynes and Horie had been responsible for many of the larger building projects in Vancouver and had really become involved in the brickyard to help provide their supply of materials. Within the next few days it was arranged with Messrs. Baynes, Horie and Burnet that I would go on the payroll as of the beginning of June and work at whatever job Harold Burnet recommended so that I would get a grounding in the details of the work. A boarding place was arranged, and I turned up with boots and overalls on Monday morning.



Opposite

Cords and cords of firewood stockpiled at the brickyard to be used to fire the kilns.

The first assignment was helping a small crew adding an extension to the main dryer building. William Greenwell, a local carpenter, was in charge of the job, Bert Bokstrom and Henri Des Fosses, regular employees, were carpenter helpers, and I spent my first three weeks carrying 2x4s and bigger [planks] up flights of stairs for these fellows to nail into place. The 2x4s were select edge grain fir to stand the wear of the wheelbarrows and cost $16 per thousand board feet.

After this structure was completed I went on the setting gang. The setters place the unburned ware into the kilns ready for burning. There is quite a technique in this as regular spacing must be provided for the fire draft to penetrate and tiers had to be planned to provide stability during the firing and unloading. Arthur Kindlan, a bricklayer and first war veteran from Hartlepool, England, was foreman of this crew and quite an amazing character. He only had one good eye but nevertheless held the provincial championship in horseshoe pitching for two years during the '20s, and was a very able and fast worker. The kilns were like huge round caves with a small entry port on each side. My job was to grasp a loaded wheelbarrow at the foot of an elevator and manoeuvre it for from 50 to 100 years and into the kiln through one of the side ports. There I would either help the setter stack the tile in the lower setting or stand on the barrow handles and toss the pieces up to the setter who was working on top of a 5-foot bench of the setting. Then I'd take the empty barrow back to the elevator and exchange it for a full one that had been loaded by another crew member upstairs in the dryer.

The barrows were an unusual type with a 30-inch diameter steel tired wheel that came right up between the two halves of the load. With a little speed they could be balanced quite easily like a bicycle, but to slow down and try and get it into a particular spot could result in embarrassing disaster. This was hard work as the setters kept up a demanding pace and the only hope of getting a nose-blowing break was if there was a delay at the elevator. In those days smoking in the plant was completely forbidden and nobody ever thought of such a luxury as a coffee break. After several weeks of monotonously trudging back and forth with those never-ending wheelbarrows I eventually got to work inside the kiln and later got to work as a setter alongside Art Kindlan.

I gradually worked through all the working jobs including stock piling, which involved sorting and grading for size and color, and shipping, which meant using the old wheelbarrows to move ware from the kiln or shed into CPR box cars. Up until 1931 all shipping had been by rail or scow or wagon, and I helped load the first truck load of drain tile to leave the plant. It was six-inch tile loaded on a flat deck Fageol truck with solid rubber tires and chain drive. It was going to a farm in Chilliwack.

Occasionally I would be called on to make a drawing for a machine part to be ordered or to help with a stock count, but generally for the first couple of years I was just one of the workers. During one winter, when business was slow, and the crew had been cut down, Harold asked me to fill in on the brick machine until he could find another man. I stayed there for three months working alongside Hugh Howe, Percy's mechanic helper, who had been switched there on the same terms. Hugh and I had our little joke about looking for another man as long as he lived. The job involved picking the soft, wet clay bricks off the conveyor as they came from the cutter and hacking them in a criss-cross pattern on dryer cars that were pushed along behind us. A completely mindless and monotonous job but in a way relaxing and even enjoyable. Hugh and I later remodelled the brick cutter into a more efficient machine.

During the early '30s it was realized that the market for farm drainage tile should be encouraged. I became involved in this promotion and spent a lot of time driving around the Fraser Valley visiting farmers and discussing their drainage problems. An upshot of this was the purchase of an old Buckeye Traction Ditcher from the Matson farm in Saanich and we were in the contracting business. This meant surveying the farm, laying out the drainage pattern, and installing the drain tile. During the period up to 1945 the old Buckeye, with many repairs and some remodelling was responsible for putting in over 60 miles of farm drain from Sumas to Ladner. This was a boost to the brickyard at a time that the construction business was slowed down by depression and war. After the war, the upswing in construction provided lots of work for the plant, and other operators took over the farm contracting.

To give some background on the brick and tile business of the times and the Haney yard in particular it should be explained that before the First World War, good, plain, ordinary, red common brick was the standard material for building warehouses, schools, stores and the larger houses. Reinforced concrete was in its infancy and like other cement products was comparatively expensive. Many of the products now common in the building industry had not yet been invented. So common brick and its light weight cousin, hollow clay tiles, were in great demand. Brick could be made wherever clay, wood and water could be found in sufficient quantity. The brick works at Port Haney developed because there were huge deposits of clay, much wood for fuel, and plenty of fresh water all close together, and adjacent to the tide water for shipping to the growing market.

E.G. Baynes was a pioneer building contractor in Vancouver in the early 1900s. He and his partner W.M. Horie needed an assured supply of brick for large school buildings, and in 1907 they joined with Harold Burnet to acquire the Port Haney property that had been an intermittent producer of brick for some twenty years. After years of struggle the plant was built into an efficient operation and entered into a period of prosperity making not only brick but hollow tile, which from 1920 to 1940 was almost universally used for the larger fire-proof buildings. Wise management ploughed back a lot of income into permanent improvements such as buildings, kilns and machinery so that the business was able to weather the depression of the '30s and emerge as a competent although only marginally profitable operation for many years. At its busiest time in the days of hand labour and wheelbarrows there were as many as 90 people employed.

Clay is the first requirement for making brick, and this was provided at Port Haney by a massive sedimentary deposit that stood 100 feet high on the bank of the Fraser River. Its height gave good natural drainage and it was quite free from stones

Chinese and East Indian labourers working at the Port Haney Brick & Tile Company.

Laying Port Haney drain tile.

and gravel. A very plastic clay with a high iron content, a high shrinkage and a dominant red color in all its products.

Fresh water was the next requirement, and for many years this was pumped from the Fraser. There were problems with this as the Fraser sometimes carries a lot of silt that would damage valves and boiler tubes. Sometimes the bottom of the river would shift and bury the intake and there would be desperate measures to salvage and relocate it. A huge wood stave tank sat on top of the clay bank to provide storage and fire protection. In the '40s the municipality installed a 12-inch main pipe to take water from the Greater Vancouver system and the company was able to put an 8-inch branch line to supply the brickyard, thus eliminating many problems.

Great quantities of heat are needed to make brick. Thus the supply of fuel has always been of major importance. In the early days of the brickyard fuel was supplied in the form of cordwood, provided by settlers cutting down trees to make way for farm crops. An important factor in the settlement of an area was thus provided by the market for a cash crop at the local kilns. As land clearing was phased out, the place of cordwood was taken over by slabs and edgings and other waste products from the sawmills that had become established in the area. A lot of hand work was involved in hauling and stacking for drying and again hauling and stoking the fires, but wood remained the basic fuel for the industry until the late '40s. Carloads of coal were brought in from Nanaimo or Alberta at times to help out the wood supply, requiring changes to the burning equipment and a different firing skill. Firing brick kilns with coal was probably the most unpleasant job connected with the business. The exposure to heat and fumes and dust while struggling with red hot clinkers was a good test for stamina and loyalty.

Due to changes in logging and lumber manufacturing the wood supply gradually dwindled away, but in the mean time fuel oil came on the scene. This meant a major installation of equipment for storing, heating, pumping, and piping the sticky black stuff to the kiln burners. Oil eliminated the labour of stoking and shovelling, but the need to continuously monitor the burners to keep one section from overheating and flaring up while another slowed down and cooled off was almost as demanding. A power failure was a disaster, as the oil would cool and gel in the pipes. In the late '50s natural gas became available, and although this meant another costly installation gas proved to be a luxury fuel compared to the others. At last we could set the burners and walk away and leave them. The industry did not hang on long enough to try nuclear fuel.

Power was needed for making brick, and the heart of the old time brickyard was the steam engine. Here we had what was known as a "Dutch oven" furnace into which wagon loads of fuel were poured to heat the main steam boiler. The boiler made steam for the engine and also through miles of piping provided heat for the drying floors. In the early days electricity was considered an unnecessary expense, so the steam engine drove all the machinery, even elevators, hoists, and fans. At times a clutch or belt would need adjusting, so the engine would have to be stopped, shutting down all the machinery except the wheelbarrows. Sometimes the engine would stop on dead centre and after the repair had been made would not start by itself so the call would go out "All Men Turn'em Engine," and 8 or 10 men would converge on the engine room and by pulling and shoving on the belt and pulley would move the whole system far enough ahead for the steam to take hold. Then "Toot Toot," and everything would roll again. As unit electric drives became more practical the steam plant was completely phased out in the late '50s and with it a lot of problems and memories.

In the early days, horses were basic equipment around the brick plant. These were fairly heavy animals and were usually hitched between the shafts of wooden wheeled dump carts. The rig would be driven, by a Chinese driver, to a spot in the sawmill yard next to the brickyard where waste wood was being produced and would stand still for 2 or 3 hours while a load was accumulated and piled on. The horse would then slowly drag the cart about 200 yards and again stand still while the load was dumped or piled. The only interruption to this effortless existence came at meal times, and it was a very welcome sound to us workers in the kilns to hear the jingle of the harness as the horses almost jogged to the stables. It meant that in 15 minutes the whistle would blow and we could stop work and have our lunch. The last horse was replaced by motor truck about 1932.

A vivid memory of the old brickyard was the all pervading dust. The floors were just levelled off clay, and in dry weather the steel wheels of the barrows chewed it into inches of impalpably fine dust. The grinding equipment and elevators added to the problem, and it seemed that the air was just full of dust. On clear days the sun would shine through openings in the roof and create beams of brightly lighted particles, and I can recall holding my breath when passing through a sun beam, not realizing that only the visibility was different. The dust seemed to have no harmful effect on the workmen, probably because it was so absolutely fine and contained no sharp or gritty particles. In later years paved floors, rubber tires, covered equipment and exhaust fans reduced the problem to a more civilized level.

The old round beehive kilns were a distinctive feature of the brickyard; eight of them in a straight line. In full operation there would usually be two of these being fired, two cooling, two being emptied and two being refilled. Their construction was interesting in that there was no elaborate system of tunnels and flues under and between them to

One of the eight beehive kilns used at the Port Haney Brick & Tile Company.

take the smoke to the chimney stacks and heated air to the dryers. Building the crown was a fascinating art as it was self supporting all the way up. Each ring of brick was a mixture of straights and wedges to give the right curve and was wedged and keyed when completed to lock itself into position. When building the upper rings, where the bricks were nearly vertical, two bricklayers would start at one side and maintain side pressure against each other until they met at the other side and drove in the key. If one of them sneezed, the whole ring could drop out and have to be picked up and started over. The beehive kilns were phased out in 1964 by the shuttle kiln. With this one the floor of the kiln rode on a wheeled structure and was pulled out of the shell between firings. This brought the setting and unloading out into the daylight and fresh air, reduced the firing time from days to hours, and improved the quality of the ware. The shuttle kiln probably gave the brickyard at least another ten years of operation.

At the start all the old brickyards made nothing but common brick. There was a market for over-burns and under-burns and everything in between as long as it was strong enough to carry a reasonable load. At Port Haney a bit of drain tile was made before 1920, and then during the '20s the hollow structural tile business became very important. Hollow tile dies were very critical, so it was necessary to add equipment to improve the preparation of the clay. This included the 80-foot rotary dryer that really marked the change from an old brickyard to a modern factory. Intricate shapes could now be made and one, the Dennison Interlocking Tile, a patented design that was internationally promoted, became very popular. Hundreds of carloads of these units were shipped to the Vancouver area to build dry-kilns, warehouses, apartments and even a few houses. The market for this particular shape soon waned, but the regular hollow tile was used in huge quantities for such as the Marine Building, Vancouver Hotel, UBC, many hospitals and apartments. Another shape, the Curoval Tile, was developed to be used as a filler in reinforced concrete floor slabs, and this proved very popular over a period of about 20 years. At the request of the Fire Marshall, dies were developed to make chimney flue lining, and this added a bit of tonnage and helped with brick sales. In the '50s a small plant in Vancouver making flower pots was purchased and moved to Haney, and this developed into an interesting side line. Agricultural drain tile, as mentioned before, got a big boost in the '30s and eventually accounted for almost 85 % of the business.

Through the years competition developed in all these fields. Reinforced concrete and concrete block displaced the wall tile and common brick. Steel struts and sheet materials took the place of the partition tile. Light weight plastics beat out the

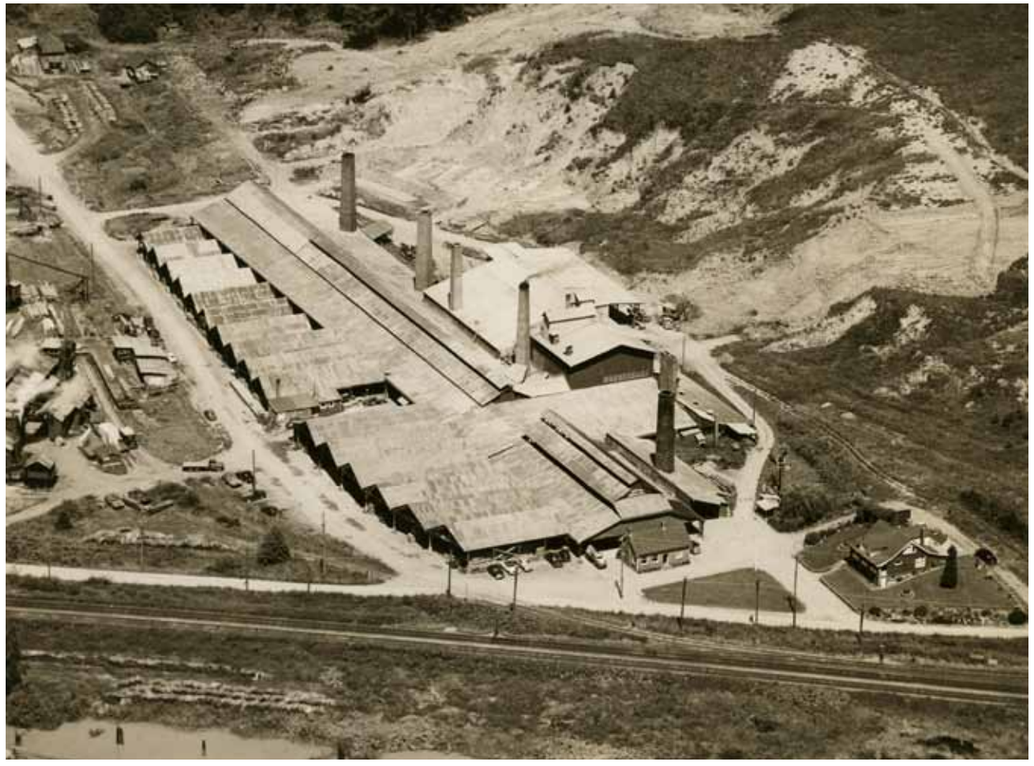
Bricks and tiles stacked on the Port Haney wharf ready for transportation by scow to Vancouver.

flower pots. The face brick market had become very critical for size and colour, and the Haney clay with its prominent red and excessive shrinkage could not compete. The final blow came when the "Big O" plastic tubing cut deeply into the drain tile business. Wisely it was decided in 1977 to phase out the operation while it was still far enough ahead to cover its commitments and tidy up the property for its future use.

It was sad to see the living, dusty, noisy old plant shut down. Old machinery that had been nursed and patched and maintained for years was broken up for scrap. The kilns and buildings were demolished. Most of the sheet metal salvaged from the four acres of roof went to the Peace River country to be used for hay shelters. Some of the fine old heavy timbers from the early structure were saved and sold to boat builders. Some of the dryer cars and rails were made into marine railways for coastal boat owners. Many thousands of bricks were recovered from the kilns and flues, and these found new life in chimneys and fireplaces. The office and the Manager's house, "The Brick House," have been saved to become heritage buildings. They, with the two acres of land they occupy, have been given to the Parks and Recreation Department of the municipality to be maintained for public use as park or playground. These two buildings were moved back some 60 feet to make way for the Haney Bypass so it is difficult to tell where any of the original equipment was located.

The Port Haney Brick Company enjoyed 70 years of successful operation. During that time it produced huge quantities of useful building products out of otherwise useless clay. It provided gainful employment for hundreds of people and played

Haney Brick & Tile Ltd. 1947.



Built as a home for the Port Haney Brick & Tile Manager, this building has been used for the Maple Ridge Museum & Archives since 1974.

an important role in the early development of the community. Its influence will be felt in the future as the large block of property will provide the opportunity for a worthwhile and very attractive residential area. There should be no regrets.

To return to my own involvement with the company, I can recall many interesting times. During the Second World War a lot of our more able employees joined the forces or went to the shipyards. To keep the plant going we brought in some old fellows who had not worked for years as well as some youngsters. At that time we still had five or six of the old Chinese who were as dependable as ever. There were blackouts and rationing and shortages, but things kept on going. After the war things were soon back to normal and the plant was very busy. In 1948 there was a famous flood when the Fraser came up so high that it threatened to flood the flue system under the kilns. Rather than risk blowing up a hot kiln we had to shut everything down, and most of the crew went to work on the dikes. Other than mud [that had come] up to the plant there was no damage.

About 1947 the name of the company was changed to Haney Brick and Tile Limited after the town officially dropped the Port from its name. By this time the river traffic that had been the reason for the original name had completely disappeared.

In 1952 disaster struck in the form of a heavy snow fall followed by a drenching rain. Several stock shed roofs collapsed damaging the tile under them. Fortunately it happened after hours so there were no workmen there or it could have been a tragedy.

Later that year Harold Burnet retired and I was named managing director, the position I held until 1970, when I retired and Allan Findlay took my place.

Also about this time there was a fire in the main dryer building and this triggered a basic change in drying methods. New dryers were built to take advantage of lift trucks and pallets and to eliminate a lot of the man time in the old system. Eventually lift trucks took over the place of the lovely old wheelbarrow.

Port Haney looking north, 1947.

1 Dewdney Trunk Road
2 Maple Ridge High School
3 Agricultural Hall
4 Haney Central School
5 Pool Hall and Bowling Alley
6 St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church
7 Home Oil and United Farmers
8 Brackmann & Ker Milling Co. (later Buckerfield's Feed & Seed)
9 Prince David Masonic Lodge
10 Lougheed Highway
11 Future Mussallem's Haney Garage
12 Fraser Street (223rd Street)
13 Dewhurst Meat Market
14 Mussallem's Modern Motors
15 Fuller Watson General Store
16 Bank of Montreal #2
17 Hal Menzie's Building
18 Odeon Theatre
19 International Order of Odd Fellow's Hall
20 Ontario Street (224th Street)
21 Municipal Hall
22 Eaton's Paint Shop
23 Mussallem's Haney Garage #1
24 9th Avenue (previously Hinch Road)
25 St. Andrew's United Church
26 Chief Constable McDonald's Residence
27 Haney House
28 Bank of Montreal #1
29 Menzies & Martyn Real Estate Office
30 Poultry Plant
31 Maple Ridge Co-op Exchange
32 Maple Ridge Lumber Company
33 Port Haney Brick & Tile

Maple Ridge, 1955.

Maple Ridge, 2005.