



MAPLE RIDGE  
MUSEUM

& COMMUNITY ARCHIVES



# History Analysis

**Stevenson Memoir**

# LESSON PLAN: SUBJECT

Author: Maple Ridge Museum

Subject (socials etc) and Grade Level: History

Grades 7 - 12, best for Grade 10 local history

Objectives: To learn about the daily life and experiences of people in the past in our community. To relate those experiences to our lives today.

Materials:

This document,  
pen/pencil or  
computer

Other resources:

Maple Ridge Museum  
website for background  
information

Additional Notes:

Additional background  
information can be  
found on our website

## REQUIRED PRIOR KNOWLEDGE:

Some knowledge of the layout of the neighborhoods of Maple Ridge BC is helpful. An understanding that Maple Ridge was first settled in the 1870's and the historic areas of town are still there but quite changed from how they look today.

## PROCEDURE/STEPS:

First you will read the memoir below then answer the questions after. Questions 1- 6 ask you to consider the text, its meaning, importance, and use it as a comparison tool with an historic map. You will then expand your mind with question 7, which is a thought experiment. There is no right answer, you simply need to consider history in the context of what is past and our own time which will one day be...history. When you think about looking back on our time as history, consider how life, culture, the environment, society will be different. You can write as much as you would like for this question but you must write at least a page.

There are photos at the end of the PDF for visual learners to picture life when the memoirs are taking place.

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION:

The museum has collections of memoirs, or oral histories, from time periods stretching back to the mid 1800's, this memoir is one collected by the museum for a first hand account of what life and the area was like in its earliest years.

Grace Stevenson was an early settler in Maple Ridge as a young woman. She gave her memoir in 1923 and it was published in a local paper under the title "Haney, Thirty Years Ago" At the time she was the president of the local Women's institute.

## HANEY, THIRTY YEARS AGO

Part of the text of paper given by Mrs. Grace Stevenson  
at the Haney Women's Institute meeting on February 20th, 1923 and  
published in the "Hammond, Haney and Coquitlam Weekly Gazette," Thursday, Feb. 22, 1923.

### Coming To Haney

The west-bound train on the Canadian Pacific Railway on the evening of December 29th, 1892, was not on time. Instead of reaching Vancouver at 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, it could not be there before midnight. The passengers had settled down to make the best of what they could not help [sic] Those intending to have changed at the Mission, going on to Vancouver and coming back next morning. But a man and a woman in the tourist car had made up their minds that late or not, they were going to get off at Port Haney. After objecting a time the conductor agreed "Well, have your baggage all ready near the door, and we'll drop you off." So ready they were. The nearing of their journey's end had a totally different effect on these two people. The man was plainly getting home again, he laughed and whistled as he walked up and down the car talking to the other passengers; but with the woman it was totally different.

In a very few minutes she would be at the end of a long 6-day journey from the old Ontario home, to this new and unknown land, that she had come to to make or rather help to make a new and permanent home. "Here we are at Whonnock!" She looked out, not a

light shone in the darkness, when presently, "Here is Kanaka Creek", as the train thundered over a bridge. In a few minutes we began to slow down and the man called out "Here is Beckett's brickyard". How glad he was to be getting home. We were in the vestibule with our hand baggage. The train had stopped and we hurried down the steps. The conductor called "all right Billy?" and waved his lantern and the train slid gently on, leaving those two people standing in the darkness - and a gentle rain. The woman

stared after that red rear light, but the swinging of the Conductor's lantern had severed the tie that held the old life - the old life had passed. The new life had begun - right here. I had landed in Port Haney. Two lights glimmered in the darkness, one near, the other far up in the blackness. So we picked our baggage from the little freight platform, as that was all Port Haney could boast of in those days, and made our way across to the nearest light, but Mrs. Docksteader's boarding house, standing where the Webber & Co's office now stands, was too full to take us in. There had been a mud slide on the railroad and the working gang was quartered there. So with many apologies

from Mr. Docksteader we went to the second light. This shone from Mrs. Armstrong's house (what we now know as the Fry house) and here Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong took us in.

So my first night in Port Haney was spent in the front room upstairs facing the Fraser. The next morning when on our way to take the train to New Westminster we met Mr. James Best, who kindly asked us to come to their house on our return from New Westminster. We went to the Royal City Mills where we bought lumber for our home and I bought my first housekeeping supplies at T.S. Armandale's store. Coming back to Haney we went to Mr. Best's and stayed there over Sunday. So the first hospitality I enjoyed at Haney was with those kind neighbours.

On Monday, January 2nd. 1893 the little house on the farm having been put in readiness,  
I moved in, being inducted into my new home by Mrs. Best.

In the year of 1893, Queen Victoria of the British Throne; Lord Aberdeen, Gov.-Gen. Of Canada; Theodore Davie, Premier of British Columbia; Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada; Sir Matthew Begbie, Chief Justice; Mr. Corbold, Member in Federal Parliament; Mr. Sword, Member in Local Maple Ridge Municipality; A. L. Lazenby, Alex. McDonald, J. Hinch, T. Bosemworth, and Evans, Councillors of the Municipality; Wellington Harris and John Laity, Justices of the Peace; Adam Irving, Hector Ferguson and Robert Blake, Fence Viewers.

Of what did the village of Port Haney consist? I will begin at the river bank. [NOTE: the "corner" referred to below is where Ontario Street meets River Road on the map].

Sinclair and Carr's store, the main business in Haney stood on the wharf, Mr. and Mrs. Carr residing over the store. This and the building known as the "freezer" were all there was on the south side of the track. A small freight station built in the fall of 1892 stood somewhere near where the C.P.R. station now stands.

Daniel Docksteader's store and Post Office where the Pacific Berry Growers store now is and his residence where the Webster Lumber Co. office stands and the company plants. The one and only industry in Port Haney was Nelson Carter's brick kiln and stood where the Haney Hotel is now, part of the hotel foundation being a corner of the old brick kiln. There were no buildings on the River road farther west until you crossed the town line road. Mr. Nelson Carter's brickyard was in those lots lying behind the hotel and his residence was the house now occupied by Mr. Leggatt.

This brickyard was only operated in summer, the material for the brick ground in a small mill and an engine being the motive power. The bricks cut by a wire cutting machine and dried out of doors, under light shelters, and burned in the kilns. Cordwood bought from the farmers being the fuel.

Going back to the corner and the Post Office, that same building has been moved farther up the hill and is now the Pacific Berry Growers boarding house. Farther up the hill was Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's house and their family with Bertie and Randolph Tate, their grandchildren.

A house stood where the school children now play ball near the clump of evergreens belonging to Mrs. Bennet but long ago burned down. The Presbyterian church and Emil Derdinger's house and little blacksmith shop where Mr. E. W. Beckett's house now stands and Haney Hall were the buildings west of Ontario Street.

We will get back to the east corner at the bottom of the hill. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Beckett living in the corner house, this house with St. Patrick's church were all the buildings except perhaps some sheds in the Beckett brickyard until you came to Mr. John Hinch's house, now Mr. Adair's.

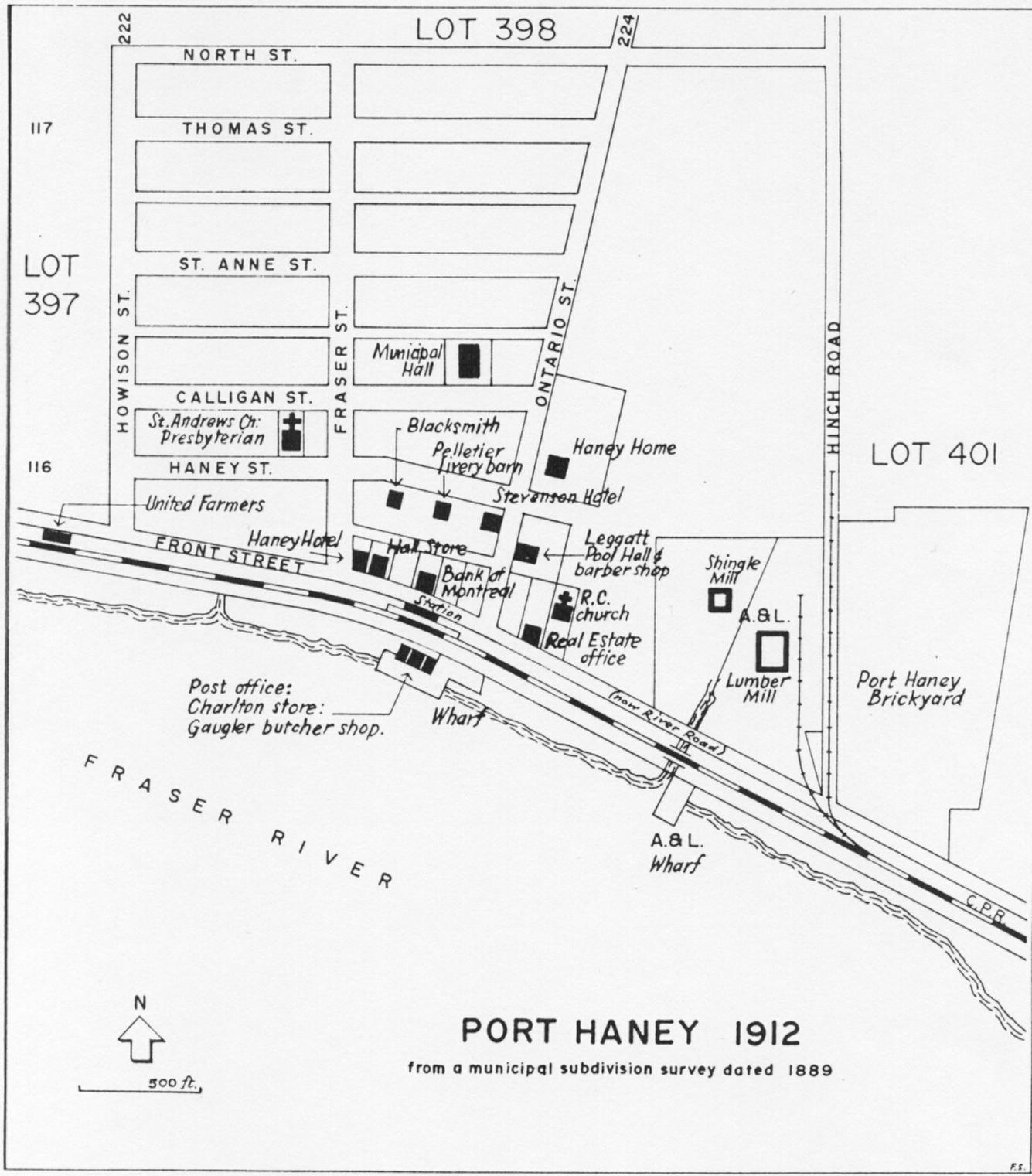
Now going up the hill next to E. W. Beckett's was Mr. Henry Beckett's, now Mrs. Henry's home and next Mr. Haney's. These two houses and their surroundings having changed very little in the last 30 years. From the Bennett house on the west side of the road and Mr. Haney's on the opposite, there was nothing more only the brush and a field until you came to Dewdney road, and to Mr. Jas. Best's residence, where Mr. McArthur now lives. Summed up, Port Haney consisted of two churches, two stores with a Post Office, freight station, blacksmith shop, brickyard and hall, with a few residences.

A narrow board sidewalk ran from Docksteader's corner up the hill as far as Mrs. Armstrong's house and from the store across from the boarding house. Another bit was in front of E. W. Beckett's house and that was all. There was no visible gravel on the road, the deepest holes were mended with brush and broken brick.

We had neither butcher nor baker, nor barber - a man cut his own hair if he was afraid to trust his head to his wife's scissors. And if we ran out of bread, we borrowed a loaf from a neighbour, but that was not convenient, so we kept a supply up. As for the butcher - well, fresh meat had to be brought from town or perhaps from Hammond.

Sometimes a farmer killed a beef. The first butcher shop in Port Haney was when A. J. Charlton had a quarter of beef shipped twice a week from New Westminster and later a shop was opened in connection with the store with Jack Brown in charge. The householder depended on wells for a water supply, and these often ran dry in a drought, but there was always the spring in the slide.

We built our house in 1893, but found ourselves short of a few scantlings, so as there was no other mill nearer than New Westminster, we borrowed Mr. Haney's row boat one Indian summer day and rowed to Harry West's sawmill at Langley and brought home our scantling. The first sawmill in Haney was built by Tyner Bros. in 1905, and the first shingle mill by Mr. Olmstead a short time before.



This attached map is dated 1912. Mrs. Stevenson arrived in Maple Ridge in 1892, 20 years earlier, and her talk was given a further 10 years after that. While there were not that many new buildings over that time, the existing ones changed hands and names frequently. It was an entrepreneurial time when new opportunities were opening up all over the province so men and families went to where they thought they would do best.

# Questions:

1. How many of the buildings named in the story can you find on the map? Remember some buildings had different names with different owners but their location stayed the same.
  
  
  
  
  
  
2. What sort of job is “fence viewer”?
  
  
  
  
  
  
3. Sinclair & Carr’s store was on the wharf – what was the name of the store on the wharf in 1912?
  
  
  
  
  
  
4. What is a “scantling”?
  
  
  
  
  
  
5. Using the 1912 map as a base, draw in the houses and other structures that Grace describes.
  
  
  
  
  
  
6. On the map above, draw through where the Haney Bypass goes through today. Three of the buildings on the map below are still standing today.

# Thought Experiment:

If someone was passing Port Haney on a boat on the Fraser River in 1893, how would they describe it? If someone was passing the same spot in 2093, how would they describe it?



Port Haney as Gloria Stevenson would have seen it in the 1890s.



Port Haney in 1912.