



What's happening in...

DEEP COVE HERITAGE SOCIETY

Spring 2006

A home in the Cove for fifty-three years Gwynn & Audrey Jenkins



The Jenkins' big white house on Burns Ave. circa 1950.

by Audrey Jenkins

Picture a sunny day in June 1947. The old motor boat *Scenic* was acting as a tour boat that day. On board were three young women from Eastern Canada. Two of us had just arrived a week earlier to join our friend who had been in Vancouver for a year. She decided we had to take a trip up Burrard Inlet to Wigwam Inn.

About halfway there, we rounded a curve and saw a sheltered cove. The tour guide said "To your left is the quaint little village of Deep Cove."

We all looked and saw a few houses on the beach, the house in the picture, being one of them. Little did I know that day what fate had in store for me! By the summer of 1950, I was living in that house and remained there for 53 years.

One of my Navy buddies was working in the office of Hayes

Manufacturing. The company was planning a Charter Bus Trip to Mount Baker to go skiing and she asked me to join them. I was happy to do so and on the bus, I met Gwynn Jenkins who, along with his dad had built his house on the beach in Deep Cove in the early forties. To make a long story short, we were married in 1950 in Montreal and drove out west to make our home in the Cove.

Gwynn's mother found it lonely in the Cove and wanted to move back to Burnaby, where she had ended up when she first came to Canada from England, as a war bride, in 1919. We were very happy to take over the house in the Cove.

The mountains, salt water, tides etc. were all new to me. I loved it, even digging clams in front of the house on the beach and eating them. It was a wonderful place to live.

In those days you knew nearly everyone on Burns Avenue, now Panorama. The houses had names like Dun Roaming and Laugh-a-Lot and there were two Mitchell families, known as the Welsh Mitchells' and the Scottish ones who live in Fernie Bank.

We climbed up the hill every morning to drive into Vancouver for work. There was no garage then, just a platform that jutted out over the creek which ran down near our next door neighbour's house. I was nervous at first—it was a long way down when Gwynn backed on to it. There was just a log at the end to stop him; I eventually got used to it. I did have friends who insisted on getting out of the car before he backed on to the platform. In time he did build, first a log cabin-looking, small garage and later a larger, two-car one with cement supports and a room underneath for storage.

Our house saw many changes through the years: it was built for three people and when our family had grown to five with a fourth baby on the way, more room was needed. Gwynn took his holidays to start digging foundations once again. It was hard going with mostly conglomerate rock to deal with. He had a great helper in Neale Alway, who was only in his teens, but very strong and a kindred soul for Gwynn. Eventually to ease it a bit

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Calendar

Throughout the summer the archives are open and you are encouraged to drop in and browse on Thursdays & Sundays from 1pm to 4:30pm or on Fridays from 9:30am–4:30pm

May 28 Spring in the Garden 2–4pm

Aug 27 Deep Cove Daze all day

Sept 15–17 N.S. Heritage Weekend

Nov 15 Theatre Fund-Raiser

Dec 2** Christmas in the Cove

Writing Workshops are planned for the fall; dates not confirmed. Give us a call for info.

* Check with us after mid-August for details of our plans for North Shore Heritage Weekend

** Date not confirmed

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- We are open Thursdays & Sundays 1–4:30pm
& Fridays 9:30am–4:30pm
- We gratefully acknowledge the financial support of: City of North Vancouver, District of North Vancouver, First Impressions Theatre, the Province of British Columbia, North Shore Community Foundation, Van Tel / Safeway Credit Union Foundation and the Arts and Culture Commission of North Vancouver
- Registered charity #89734 3513 RR0001

Shelley moves on ~ leaving rich legacy



(l to r) Shelley Harrison Rae, Janet Pavlik, Mary Johnson, Marilyn Myers & Misha Wilson

Shelley Harrison Rae, our exceptional co-ordinator, is moving to the Sunshine Coast. Shelley worked hard to make our tiny space more a museum than an office. As well as all the usual office work, she, with the pro help of her husband Graham, regularly changed our lobby display. To

say she will be missed is an understatement; but the good news is she promised to come back to us to conduct her popular writing workshops. Everyone wishes her and her family all the best. We are thrilled to announce that Misha Wilson has now taken the position of co-ordinator.

The Jenkin's...continued from front page

Gwynn, designed and built a compressor. People came to see not how the addition was coming along, but rather to see the compressor.

Deep Cove was a great place to raise kids. They had the beach, and the creek was a never-ending source of things to do. They built forts in the bushes towards the road and tall grasses near the beach. It was a great place to swim, sail, row boats and play.

I remember the speed boat races in the fifties in the Cove. They came from all over to race here. In those days there was a door on the bedroom on the second floor that led out to the roof over the lower part of the house and we would go out and sit on that roof to watch the races. The only name I can remember was *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Many of the boats were sponsored by different companies. The Cove grew and the races got pretty noisy. I also remember going out, by boat, into the inlet to watch two very

fast boats called *Slow Mo* and *Slow Mo 2* that came up from Seattle to race.

The other event I remember enjoying was Indian Days. They raced their canoes across Deep Cove and dug pits on the beach for steaming clams. There were fires on the beach and barbecued salmon. It was so good! They would put up a wooden platform about where the parking lot is now for Panorama Park. We enjoyed watching them dance on the platform.

There was always something to watch in Deep Cove. Quite often we'd see seals in the water and many ducks. I loved the Harlequin Ducks in the early years, and later the Canada Geese and their little yellow balls of fluff, when the eggs hatched. The Stellars Jays grew very tame and even came into the house at times.

In the more recent years there had been concerts in Panorama Park and, of course, Deep Cove Daze.

I wasn't able to have a garden

A boy's eye view

January 18 heritage fans crowded into the Parkgate Multipurpose room to listen to recollections by long-time Deep Cove resident and naturalist Terry Tobin. He spoke of his experience growing up in the Cove during the 1940s and 50s. Many of the people in the room could relate to his memories of that time.

Terry told how he remembers

moving to a rented cottage on Summerside Lane for his early school days, in the 40s, at the original Yacht Club. He and his family lived, worked and shared a history with The Cove ever since.

Deep Cove Heritage plans to have more speakers who can inform and remind us of the Cove and surrounding area in the good old days.



Photo from Deep Cove Heritage Archives ~ Second Street during the 1950s ~ Photo #018

for quite a while because of the railroad tracks down one side of the hill. Gwynn had put railway tracks in so a little box could be built to carry all supplies for building the house. Later on, when our extension was being built, the tracks and car were used once again. Gwynn sometimes let our two youngest children ride up the hill in the cart but not down in case it broke loose and headed for the inlet. Do I still miss The Cove?

Yes and I always will but—we were lucky that a nice young couple bought our house when problems with health made it necessary to move to where there were no stairs to climb to get to the road. We were so very happy to hear just recently that there will be a little baby once again in our old home where we were so happy to raise our four children and watch our eleven grandchildren in turn, play on the beach.



Gwynn & Audrey Jenkins in the summer of 2000 at their former home in Deep Cove.

Come by and visit the Deep Cove Heritage garden or look at our photo archives! Buy an heritage brick or a copy of "Echoes Across the Inlet," pick up our new Walking Tour brochure or just say "hello."

Story Contest 2005 Winning Essays by Tristan Ley & Hannah Baxter Dubois

My Family in Deep Cove by Hannah Baxter Dubois

My Grandma, Ingrid Baxter/Ovesen, moved to Deep Cove in 1980, to a basement suite on Rockcliff Road. She wanted a boat to go out on the water and heard that the Watson Boat Rentals was for sale. She bought the canoe rental business in 1981 and had 16 canoes, five paddle boats and three row boats. The log cabin by the boat rental became available if she would clean Myrtle Park. The log cabin was the last of the log cabin motel which was a famous holiday spot in Deep Cove. She moved in and lived there many years as she ran the canoe business. Later, she added kayaks, which now are very popular.

When they were living in the cabin my Grandpa, Merv Ovesen, started the Penguin Plunge on New Year's Day, 1983. The first year there was only four people, my Grandpa Merv, my uncle Tor, Bill Neff and my parents' friend Russ and Bill's dog. They went into the water at about 2:00 in the afternoon. Grandpa Merv's idea was to go in to the water and get out as quickly as you can so no one would get hypothermia. Now, the Penguin Plunge brings hundreds of people into the water and more on the

beach watching. It is a great day in the Cove. Last Penguin Plunge, my family and friends did a raffle for the Red Cross to raise money for the tsunami.

Grandpa Merv and Grandma Ingrid moved to 2007 Rockcliff Road in 1988. This house was two old cottages put together with a shared bathroom. The basement was used as a meeting place and the house was called Deep Waters Lodge. Grandpa Merv died on the tennis courts in Myrtle Park in August of 1997. A drinking fountain was put in Myrtle Park as a memorial to my Grandpa. His greeting, "Hi, how are ya?" is there for people to see.

My mom, Erian Baxter and dad, Kevin Dubois, bought the white house at 2595 Panorama Drive. It was built by a rich man from California. He picked a great place in the Cove, with a creek and great view. We lived there for five years. We now live in a cottage close to the Deep Cove Canoe & Kayak shop where my mom works. My mom started the "women on water program" in 2002 and it is a very popular program for women of all ages. We have had a mother and daughter paddle including Grandmas in their 70s, daughters in their 40s and granddaughters as young as 5.

So far, that's the history of my family in Deep Cove.

Memoirs of John Moore by Tristan Ley Introduction

During the early 1900s, with communities just starting to spring up all over British Columbia, there were hundreds of fascinating stories of survival, heartbreak, happiness and sorrow. In the now buzzing municipality of Deep Cove, there was a small logging town known as Deep Water. One of the earliest settling families, the Moore's, started their lives from scratch when they decided to move from busy Vancouver to desolate Deep Water. The family, John, Rhoda

and their five children, (with more on the way), began clearing the land in 1919 for the two lots they had bought. Once the Moore's had successfully constructed two shacks that were of considerable size, plans for a large, fourteen room homestead were made.

John Moore ran a corner store out of the house in the late 1900s, but the Moore's lost the house due to a high mortgage. It was later named the Deep Cove Lodge, which was run as a lodge, store and bus terminal. The Moore's beloved homestead-turned-lodge burned to the



(l to r) Eric Morter, Tom Kirk, Hanna Baxter Dubois, Tristan Ley, Shelley Harrison Rae, Mary Johnson

ground in the late 1950s. The entire town watched in awe: it was winter and all the water pipes had frozen. The fire department was helpless.

The 79 year old Mr. Moore was heartbroken, but he was a strong man and had started over many times in his life. Before he moved to Vancouver, John Moore was worth \$250,000 in the Kootenay Valley, but gave it all up to earn 25 cents an hour in Vancouver. This latest problem was a minor set back for Mr. Moore. Seven more lots were paid for and the Moore's began their "second homestead."

The following are John Moore's memories. July 18, 1919

While clearing the land for our home-to-be, I am reminded of the twenty years I spent in the North. In the midst of the gold rush, I was there making a living for myself. The back-breaking work and the self reliance are qualities I have built on over the years, and have made me who I am today. This past month, my father and I have been here in Deep Water, living off the land and sleeping in a tent. Within two days, we will start to construct the two shacks my family and I will live in. I have not told anyone else of my plans for the future: a large, fourteen room

house, with a corner store running out of the first floor. But before these ideas can take shape, must finish the task at hand, and think about the immediate future. Once the shacks are built, we will make some money and move forward with our newly designed lives and see what the future has to offer. Hopefully my wife's latest pregnancy is a success. This will be our sixth child. Maybe I should make these shacks a little bigger.

Christmas Eve, 1923

With the wonderful aroma of the cooking goose filling the room, all nine of us decorated our tree to its maximum capacity. Popcorn and toffee strings line the branches and presents that are waiting to be opened are piled under the tree. The children's faces light up the room. John Jr. just started his work at the Dollar Mill for 25 cents an hour a few weeks ago and his help with the money is much appreciated. Rhoda is still selling ice cream for the Arctic Ice Cream Company, and I am providing clams for BC Packers, but money is still tight. Our new home is still under construction and is eating up most of the income my wife and I provide, so Christmas is a struggle this year. Hopefully when the new house is complete, the store I dream of will appear. It

Story Contest 2005 Winning Essay by Tristan Ley cont'd...

will take some work, but will provide for us all in time.

September 21, 1927

We finally opened the store today with twenty dollars worth of groceries. Many people came, not only for the food, but to see the long-awaited opening of the store. The new house has been under construction for the past few years and today has been the most joyous of my life. My dreams are all coming true here in Deep Water. Moving here has been the best decision I have ever made. My wife and children all seem very happy here and more people are moving to town. There were at least six families at the opening of the store today, many who were buying groceries and plenty who were attracted by all the commotion. I told stories of the time I spend in the gold rush period: about how men go crazy for some gold and how every decision in the wilderness could be your last. Everyone was against everyone else in those days, but here, the whole town is just like a big family. Although I am the father of seven children, every child in town seems to treat me as a father these days. They've started calling me "Papa Moore"!

January 24, 1932

The winter has hit us hard this year. Snow came in full force last night, blanketing fields and roads. Business is starting to suffer because of the biting weather. No one wants to leave their houses for a chat or to buy groceries. It seems people stocked up early this year. Overall, the store has been a success since its opening a few years back, but the bills are piling up. John Jr.'s work at the Dollar Mill is still paying well and the store has been helping, but we cannot afford it

all. The children go to school half the day near Robert Dollar's place and they come home and help in the store and with the household chores, but we're still having financial difficulties.

March 13, 1937

We have lost the house! Too much money owed. The store was not making as much money as we had hoped and we are still seven hundred and fifty-six dollars in debt. I am trying to remain cheerful and remind Rhoda and the children of the good times and be optimistic about what we are going to do now. But it is hard and I am truly saddened by this. That house and store were my dreams and now all is gone. The past few years have been hard watching the store sink under the weight of the mortgage. The house at least is being put to good use. It has been re-named the Deep Cove Lodge, and it is a lodge, bus terminal and store. This is all wonderful for the people of this town, but I must start all over again. I am not a young man anymore. I am 79 years old, but thinking of buying seven more lots in the area. We shall call it the "second homestead" and build another house. It won't be the same, but I must think of it as a new beginning.

December 13, 1954

Today the Lodge burnt to the ground. The whole town watched, helpless as the house smouldered into ashes. The water pipes had frozen because of the extremely cold temperatures and the firemen could do nothing to save it. Tears filled my eyes and the eyes of many others. Though the house once belonged to us, its loss was felt by the whole town. We all loved that old building,

and I particularly will miss the house. I built it with my bare hands. Even though we lost it years ago, it's so sad to see it burned to the ground. It saddens me to know it won't be standing any longer, and the Deep Cove Lodge will no longer be a part of life in Deep Cove.

Epilogue

John Moore spent the rest of his days living and working in Deep Cove. He was one of the first land owners, along with a man named Emanuel Schlumberger, to live in the area. He and his wife were

very well respected people and Mr. Moore was a pioneer of his day. When he was asked why he moved his family to Deep Cove, his response was "It was a quiet place to starve to death with my family." Clearly, Mr. Moore was a good father figure. He put his children to work, but vigorously celebrated Christmas and other holidays that would be important to his children. All the events that take place in this journal are true, and are a piece of Deep Cove's heritage and history. I'm sure that Deep Cove now is just how John Moore would have wanted it.

A visit to the grade 3 class



Pat Morrice (at left) and Mary Johnson at the Blueridge Elementary School heritage presentation

by Mary Johnson

Blueridge Elementary

On March 9, Pat Morrice, Jytte Olsen and I visited Marnie Armstrong's grade three class, and gave a presentation on early Deep Cove history and the Moore Family. The Moores were early Deep Cove residents who built their first home on the site of the current Deep Cove Cultural Centre.

We asked the class if they had any idea how much the Moores paid for their lot ... "\$100,000," said one young man. Imagine their surprise to learn that the Moores paid \$15.00 for their lot.

We made a rope room 16 by

10 feet and had the children sit in it. We explained to them that the Moores and seven of their children lived in this small house with no electricity and no plumbing. Their home was heated by a stove brought in a row boat from Vancouver. Mrs. Moore also cooked meals on this stove.

The children were eager and interested to learn about Deep Cove's early history. They had many questions and participated fully in the presentation. Some said that they would like to live in those early days, but the general consensus was that life today is much easier.

Check out our website for photos, stories and archival newsletters

www.DeepCoveHeritage.com