

GROWING UP IN DEEP COVE – THE END OF THE ROAD

I was not initially happy when my parents announced that we would be moving from our house near in North Vancouver City - to the Deep Cove. Within my 11-year-old brain, this was an outrage. I would be moving to the 'end of the road' and would be leaving all my friends behind – and never see them again. And, I told him with conviction, Deep Cove had a reputation for having bad dudes ('hoods' as they were known then) and I would likely get beat up.

It was not long before all my concerns disappeared. Deep Cove was a wonderful place to grown up. My family of 5, thrived. Our house was newly built in the Sherwood Park area (845 Huntington Cres). We moved in the summer of 1959. I then went to Grade 7 at Burrard View School and Grade 8 in Argyle Secondary, making new friends easily. I attended the newly built Windsor Secondary for Grades 9 to 12 – graduating in 1965.

My parents had a 15-foot run-about, so we fished, water-skied and made many trips up "The Arm". In fact – on one to outing to Wigwam Inn, my Dad remarked that he was surprised about attractive waitresses serving beer on the docks. These were the days of very strict liquor laws. The next day I learned that the place had been raided with charges of gambling, stolen art, illegal liquor sales and prostitution. It was eye opening for us kids.

I am one of those who just could not leave Deep Cove. My wife Margrit and I travelled, then bought out first house in Deep Cove in 1973. It was a 600 sq ft 'cabin' really – that we purchased for \$33,000 dollars. When our children came along (Jill – in 1975, Jeff in 1978) we moved to Baycrest Drive. Jill still lives in Deep Cove so the story continues with 3 grandchildren nearby (and 3 in Whistler).

I am still here. Sadly, Margrit passed away in 2021 after a battle with Alzheimer's Disease.

Deep Cove still feels like "the end of the road' and that is a GOOD THING.