



Jim

Gerry

Terry

Anthony

In October 1955, Anthony Ianuziolo, Gerry Porter, Jim Wilson, and Terry Carter set out on a journey that would take them from Newmarket, Ontario, west across Canada to New Westminster, down the American West Coast, south into Mexico, south to Acapulco, east to Vera Cruz, north to Texas, east to Florida, north to Ontario, and west to Newmarket. We arrived home in the middle of March, 1956.

This is the story of our journey.

2018



**UP: l-r Gerry Porter, Terry Carter, Jim Cassavoy,
Down: Jim Wilson, Anthony Ianuziolo**

In the beginning, Jim Cassavoy was a member of the group, but he decided to return to school and earn his Senior Matric.

This is the 1948 Mercury panel truck which we converted into a Home on Wheels. Terry's father built a wooden storage box on top, and a small ladder to give us access.

"Jerlane" was the name of the Porter family farm and, at Anthony's suggestion, we adopted it as the name for our adventure.

Loading up. Final arrangements took place at Terry's home in Newmarket.
We set off on Sunday, October 2, 1955.



Four graduates of Newmarket high school, one from Newmarket and three from Keswick, left Sunday in this panel truck for a year of travelling. Their objective is a trip around the world. They are, left to right, Terry Carter of Newmarket and Anthony Ianuziolo, Jerry Porter and Jim Wilson, all of Keswick. They are now on their way to the west coast and will travel south from Vancouver to Mexico and South America. They hope to cross the Atlantic from South America to France or India. Photo by Stefaniuk

OFF IN A PANEL TRUCK

Four High School Graduates Aim For Round World Trip In A Year

As their panel truck left town on Sunday, Oct. 2, the first phase of a round-the-world trip began for four youths, Jerry Porter, Jim Wilson, Anthony Ianuziolo, all of Keswick, and Terry Carter of Newmarket.

Since the end of school in June, the quartette has been working on the truck, converting it into living quarters, but the plans for the trip date back to that. In fact, when they were in high school, they planned to travel around the world.

ly welcome," said Jerry.

"Of course, some of those stops may be compulsory," added Terry. "If we're flat, we'll have no choice. If things are flush at the moment we'll still take any job that comes our way in preparation for another day."

From British Columbia, the wanderers plan to travel south along the west coast through the mountains before turning east to the Mississippi River which they plan to follow to New Orleans. They will cross the southern United States to California and into Mexico.

For approximately 175 miles,

from Arriaga in Mexico, to Toluca, Guatemala, there is no road. They will ship their truck this distance by rail and continue south into South America, along the Atlantic coast to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires.

"The political atmosphere in Argentina will influence our route," said Jerry. "If things are still unsettled we won't go that far south. And from there, well, depends on where the freighter sails on which we can ship. We're prepared to split into pairs at this point to get jobs aboard a ship and we've been told that our chances of employment are fairly good at any of the large Atlantic ports in South America," he added.

"It might be that we'll visit India before we hit England or France," continued Tony. "But, if our luck holds, we'll see them all before we return home."

much further than the boys aren't certain their dreams of world travel will be time-fillers or take on definite meaning.

They do know that every waking moment for many, long months has been filled with plans for the trip. For, as well as the work of installing stove, refrigerator, storage cupboards and two windows in their panel truck, the four boys, all of whom graduated from Newmarket high school, have worked at an assortment of jobs to earn the extra money to start them on their journey. They have farmed, sold insurance, served in the RCAF reserve, worked in a factory and picked apples.

As for the trip itself, the boys are certain of only one thing. They want to see as much of the world as possible before they return to their formal education.

From Newmarket they will travel to the west coast via the Trans-Canada highway. But, again that won't be a fast, through trip. The travellers plan many side excursions to visit special places of interest and to call on relatives who, obligingly are sprinkled across the Dominion.

After our own cooking those cooked meals will be real-



We spent our first night at the Cassavoy family cottage near Orillia, Ontario. The next morning, Anthony practiced his sartorial skills on Jim. (The jiggle indicates that we were not practiced photographers.)



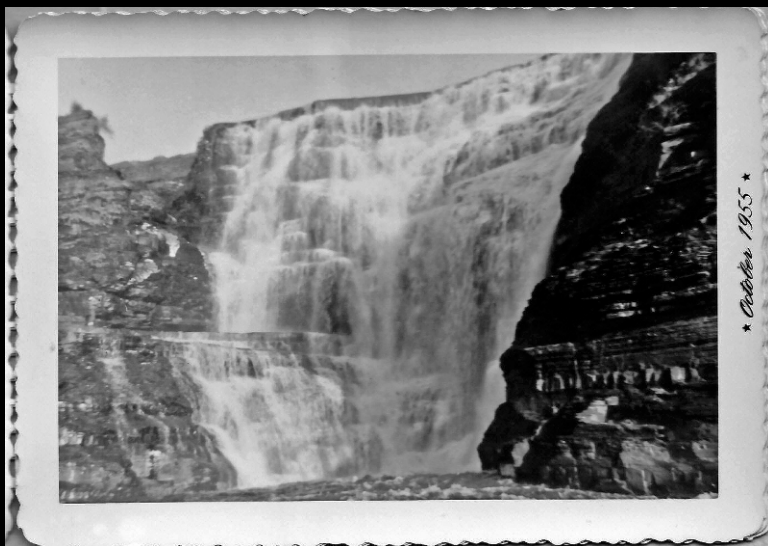
★ October 1955 ★

A few days into our journey, we spotted a discarded pickup truck - with a pair of bucket seats. Our rear seat had been made by one of us (Gerry) from plywood and 2x4s and was seriously uncomfortable. We pulled into the field and exchanged splintery wood for soft comfy leather.



Somewhere along the way, a partridge had a fatal meeting with the truck.

Taking advantage of nature's bounty, Ant and Jim plucked, cleaned and cooked it for supper.



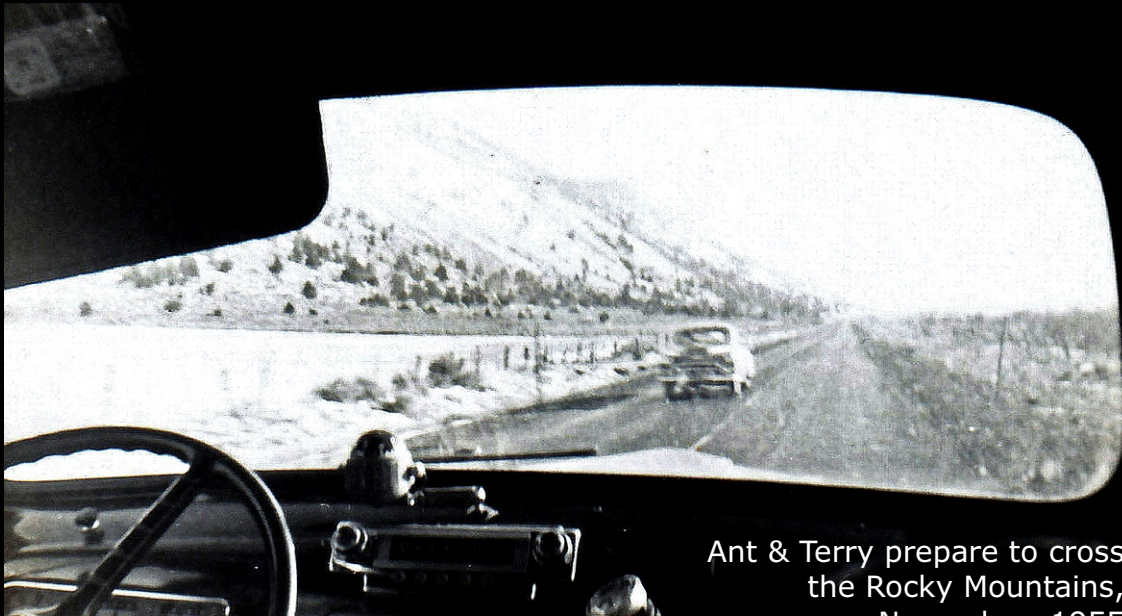
Kakabeka Falls: a bit west of Port Arthur-Fort William (now Thunder Bay). We spent a day or so here housecleaning. It was about this time that our truck suffered a break-down and had to be towed. Terry recalls the event later.



Terry explains that this place was: "Pickerel Lake, I think, ... one of our camping stops in northern Ontario. The table thing we are using was one of the pieces built for us by my father."

Gerry's Account: In late October, we arrived in Winnipeg and took a few days to sweep and clean the truck and catch up on some sleep in real YMCA beds. As it happened, Jim and I (Gerry) decided that we would like to stay awhile. Ant and Terry decided to continue on.

Ant and Terry continued their drive West and several days later, caught sight of the Rocky Mountains. Ant & Terry have more to say a bit later.



Ant & Terry prepare to cross
the Rocky Mountains,
November, 1955

Meanwhile, Jim landed a job with a wholesale drug company while I was hired by CPR to sell food and drinks to passengers traveling by train between Winnipeg and Calgary.

One Sunday in late November, the day the Toronto Argonauts lost, yet again, Jim and I decided that we had seen enough of Winnipeg, gave our one-week notices, and began the chilly task of hitch-hiking across the Prairies to New Westminster.

Because it was bitterly cold, one of us would hitch while the other warmed in a nearby service station. While Jim was thumbing, a truck stopped and Jim asked the driver if his companion could come along. The driver agreed and the three of us drove West. I do not remember the details of this part of our journey except that it was seriously cold, and that we traveled separately for most of the hike as far as Calgary. Jim arrived at the Calgary YMCA, and later that evening I signed in. We met as he was on his way to supper.

The following day, we stood once more on the highway and, as before, took turns hiking and warming in the corner service station. Jim got the first ride and, as he headed west, he turned and waved out the rear window.

Gerry's Account: My turn came a few minutes later when I was picked up by a local rancher who was looking for a hired hand for a few days until his nephew arrived from Montana. I agreed to work for the offered daily wage. Each morning, I fed the cattle and horses grain followed by hay forked down from the loft above. I then chopped holes in the ice covering the nearby pond so the animals could drink their fill.

Other daily chores kept me busy until, four days later, the nephew arrived. At this point, I decided that, with this new-found wealth, I would pass up a golden opportunity to hitchhike through the Rocky Mountains in December, and would, instead, take the bus to New Westminster.



The journey was uneventful, and around midnight a day or so later, the bus arrived in the New Westminster depot, which happened to be across the street from the YMCA. I checked in, greeted Ant, Terry and Jim, went to bed, and fell asleep. (In the upper photo, Jerlane is parked across the street from the Y - bus station in the background.)



Ant, Gerry & Jim biding our time at the Y in New Westminster B. C. Terry behind the camera.



Jim fiddling with something during our sojourn at the NW YMCA.



Laurie served us coffee at the NW YMCA Cafe.

Gerry's Account: Terry and Ant had taken jobs at Woodward's Department Store, which, not surprisingly, was in the midst of preparing for Christmas. Jim and I joined them and we all earned some cash. We worked mainly behind the scenes - assembling toys, wagons and such for display, swept floors and whatever odd jobs needed done. (Terry has more to say on these days in his account.)



While sojourning in Vancouver, we managed to catch the sights - including this gutted tree in Stanley Park.



Good Truckkeeping Award

Gerry's Account: On Christmas eve, we were laid off. Having no further reason to remain in New Westminster, or for that matter, in Canada, on Boxing Day, we packed up and drove south.

Crossing into America was uneventful. Being winter south of the border as well as north, we noticed little change in snowy weather and temperature until the day we drove out from under the massive, dark, unrelenting cloud cover, and into perpetual SUNLIGHT! It was a wonderful sensation.

We found our way to Highway 101, which follows the Pacific Ocean coastline, until we found a suitable beach to take the sun - and, of course, do laundry, shave, clean the truck, and sunbathe - photo below.

Our next stopover would be Redding, California. Anthony takes up the tale - with more to follow from Terry. (**End Gerry's account.**)

-O-O-O-O-

Anthony's Account: We drove south from New Westminster leaving the cold rain and slush behind. Somewhere in northern California - when it was warm enough to dry out our sleeping bags and pack away winter clothing - we stopped on a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean and just looked at it. It was Lovely.



Pressing south we learned to favor public parks to camp overnight and we found one in Redding, California. Public Parks were generally safe because local police forces regularly patrolled them.

Anthony's account: Police assured us they would pass by periodically to see that we were OK. More than once a cop would mutter, "Traveling like this is what I wanted to do after school but never did it. Good luck!"

When we arrived in Redding, CA, we found the city park, and set up camp. Terry mentioned that he had a pain in his chest. Without further ado, Terry and Gerry set out to find a hospital while Jim and I continued with housekeeping. Gerry returned later and told us that Terry had something wrong with his heart and that he had been admitted to the local hospital.



The next morning we drove to the hospital and there he was, in bed. Apparently, our damp and chilly living circumstances had resulted in a condition known as *Pericarditis*. We learned that the heart pumps within a sack of fluid which, in Terry's case, had become inflamed. Rest and medicine would bring relief. We visited Terry daily for a week or so, maybe two, I don't remember. As it turned out, Terry had a fellow patient, John Simms, who, subsequently, invited we three Public Park refugees, to his home for dinner. What a wonderful family; very, very Christian, kind, and civil.

After one of those meals, Gerry appeared anxious to leave - we couldn't figure out why. Back in the truck, he said, "*Drive fast - to the park toilets - please!*" As it turned out, the toilet stalls were coin-operated, and no one had the right change. Over the top he went, landed with a thud, following which we heard only sighs of relief. Such drama for a dump! Sadly, no one thought to photograph the Great Dung Drama.

A day or so later, we watched as a large group of men, attended by police guards, marched into the park and began clearing up winter debris. "Hey, we thought, "our first American prison gang!"

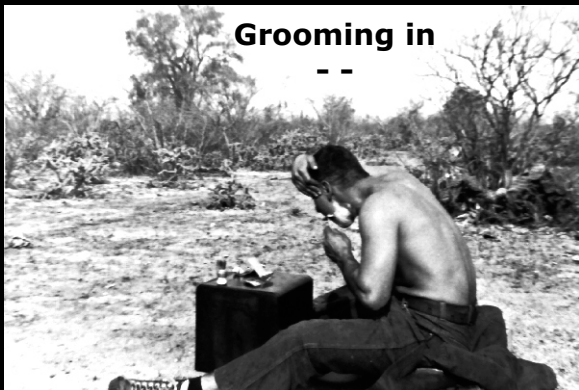
One day, we struck up a conversation with one of the inmates, an old bearded man, who was picking up debris. We asked him what could he have possibly done to warrant prison time? He said he lived alone with his dog, in a cabin by the river just outside town. A guy and a woman came by and said they wanted to squat on his land and he said, 'No!' because he got a bad vibe from them. They wouldn't go so he went for his rifle to scare them away and a fight ensued, four hands on the gun with the barrel first aimed up and then down. When in the down position, it fired and, according to the old man, 'I blew his balls off'.

Anthony's account: The next thing he knew, he was in jail, the guy with the high voice probably in the hospital, and the judge giving the old timer time behind bars. "I was only defending myself and my property", he said. Not good enough said the Law. There he was, picking up crap in the park, and still doesn't know what happened to his dog. He asked if we would be good enough to go to his cabin and see if his dog might be still hanging around.

So three Canucks found the little gravel road which led to a ramshackle cabin that we figured had to be his. There was no one around, so we looked through the window and saw mayhem. It had to be his cabin. Chairs were turned over, stuff all over the floor including towels soaked in dried blood. it was a crime scene and we agreed the story was true, but we would not venture into the cabin. We called out for the dog, but it was long gone, so we drove back to our camp site. As it happened, the prison crew never returned and we never learned of the old man's fate.



Bedded down.

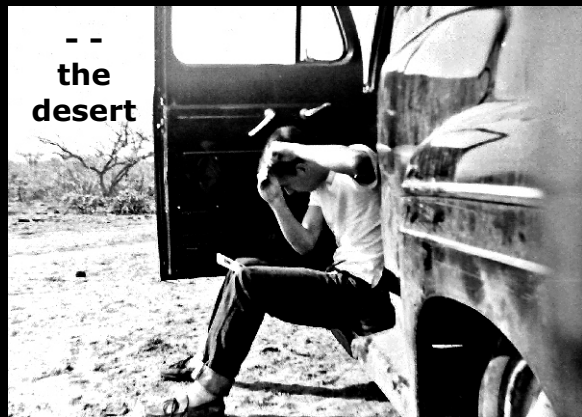


A week or so later, Terry was deemed cured and we four pressed on to even warmer climes, ...Mexico. One of us, I don't know which, maybe Terry himself, said how lucky we were because the heart problem happened to the only one of us who was fully insured! Pays to have a dad in the insurance business. (Is this a definition of a sick joke?)

It's January and we are in Acapulco.

We were loafing on the beach when I struck up a conversation with a Mexican chicita by the name of Caio Valdez. She was heavily chaperoned. Papa and other members of the family sat in chairs behind us watching their Caio lying with this semi-Gringo from Canada.

One day Daddy whistled for a boat and we went for a ride around the bay. On the ocean side of the bay,



Anthony's account: she pointed up and said their Acapulco home was up there overlooking the bay. She said she didn't like their house, 'too much glass'. Same with their house in Mexico city. So, she was a rich little girl. (When back in Canada, we exchanged a few letters in one of which she complained bitterly about not having access to the family car and driver for some trivial reason. I let loose with a tirade of reprimands calling her a rich spoiled daughter who should be spanked and denied all her toys. No more letters after that.)

Mail somehow reached us in Acapulco, one of which described Hallowe'en in Newmarket - which left us howling with laughter. Seems some former High School blowhard led a group in the dark to tip an outhouse. It was an annual event for this particular outhouse, except that afternoon the owner moved it back five feet. Down into the depths went the intrepid leader.

Delicious account.

I leave to another to tell the story

about two sick guys naked in their sleeping bags on the beach when the military showed up and carted them away. Was it Terry and I in our truck chasing them down shouting, Alto, Alto?

This is the best my memory can recall. I'm sure there are many corrections needed. You and Terry go ahead and re-write. **End Anthony's Account**



Ant with Caio Valdez



While replenishing our water cans at the public tap in one of our camps, I chatted with a Mexican family.

-O-O-O-O-

Terry's account: My father, an old aircraft carpenter, loved to make things that fitted with precision. He saw our need for storage (four guys, one truck?) and he made a large, waterproof box to be bolted on the roof. (The spare tire went on the roof too.) He made some other stuff for the truck as well, such as a folding table. I seem to recall other donations too from loving families, mostly food. By the time we pulled out, the truck was so heavily loaded that, in Orillia, we had to jettison some.

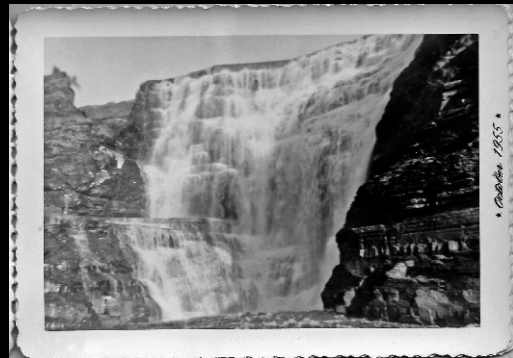
Extra seats were needed. Plywood and 2 x 4s just didn't work, so we acquired two nice padded truck seats and bolted them in. More light too – we installed a window in each of the truck's side panels.

On the road

The trip through northern Ontario kicked off the adventure. It was October and many nights there was frost on the ground. From somewhere we had acquired a truck canvas which accommodated four sleeping bags and then doubled over for protection. Heads stuck out though, and I recall waking up early some mornings with frost in my hair.

Cooking was done on a two-burner Coleman camping stove and we became pretty proficient – even roasting the odd partridge acquired along the road.

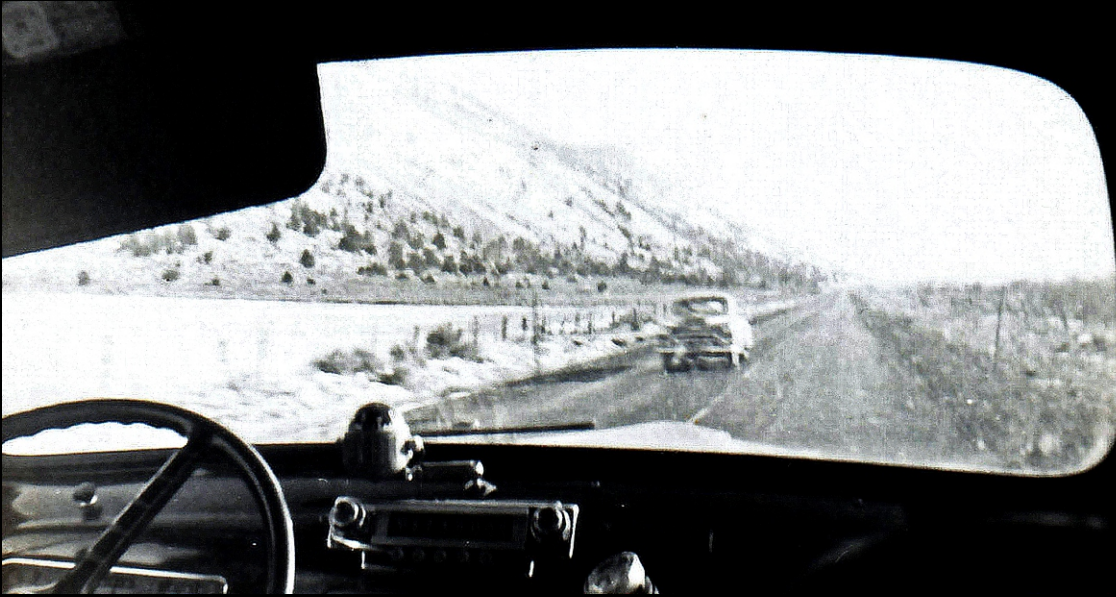
Mechanical problems in Kakabeka Falls necessitated getting towed into the next town (then called Port Arthur). A guy driving a logging truck offered the tow and I was the designated driver that day. Scariest trip of my long life. We were on about a 20-foot chain and the road was under construction, no paving, lots of potholes and big gravel. We bounced along sometimes reaching 80 mph and when we finally reached our destination – “Oops, sorry. I forgot I had you guys on the chain” smirked our young friend. I really believe he was trying to see if he could flip us.



Our reward for having survived: we found a Scandinavian steam bath and relaxed.

After drying out from the rains we encountered in Lake of the Woods district, we found ourselves in a Winnipeg park Saturday night. Sunday morning Gerry wanted to go to church and so into the truck to find a place of worship. I think we scared the devil right out of one Winnipeg family when this odd looking truck carrying four disheveled guys pulled up beside them and started yelling. The guy rolled down his window without slowing down and Gerry asked “Are you going to church?” An affirmative nod. “Can we follow you?” And so we wound up going to this family's church. Didn't result in any invitations to tea, though.

Terry's account: In Winnipeg, we split; Jim and Gerry decided to work a bit here, while Ant and I headed west in the truck. After a short sojourn in Brandon ('nuff said), we stopped in Wilkie, Sask., where my cousins, Norma and Otto Hochbaum, owned a 2,000-acre wheat farm. They insisted we stay a few days and go duck hunting on the wheat stubble. Otto had recently hunted in the Bad Lands and had deer and antelope in the freezer. We ate well.



Terry and Ant head into the Rocky Mountains, November, 1955

By the time we reached Banff, there was snow on the ground and the park attendant warned us about bears. We decided to stash our supplies outside and sleep in the nice dry truck. In the morning the canvas had been removed from the cache of supplies and all the food eaten, including the cooked ducks cousin Norma had given us. The bears were so quiet that our sleep had not been disturbed.

My most vivid memory of that beautiful drive through the Rockies was crossing a high-pass on a snowy day, and, I again was the designated driver. There was a double-S set of turns where the road had been carved into the mountain on the left, and there was a mile-down drop to the valley floor on the right. There were only a couple of strands of wire between us and a launch into eternity. This day the road was icy, we lost traction on our balding tires, and we zigged and zagged six times before coming to a stop.

This elicited a single laconic comment from Ant, "I think I smell shit".

We booked into the New Westminster Y. Mr. Harrison, the old guy in charge, gave us the whole attic for the two of us. Perfect.

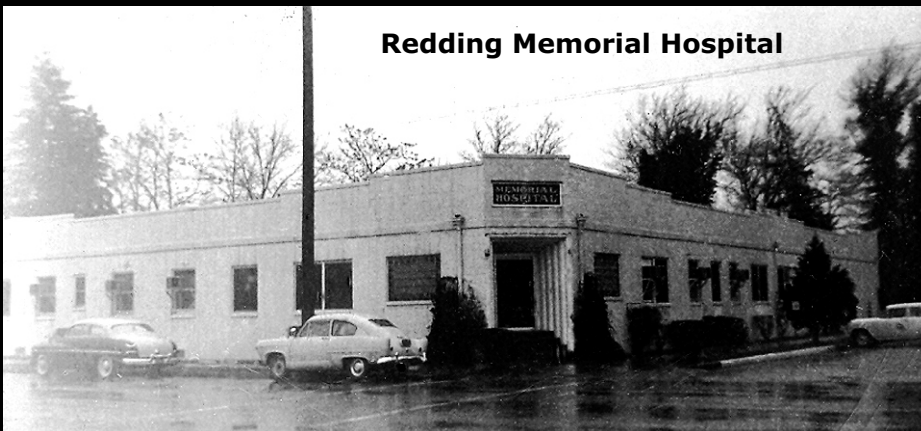
Terry's account: Ant and I went out looking for jobs. I wound up in the shipping department at Woodward's department store in New West, where as the fill-in guy I drew all kinds of assignments besides shipping, unpacking, traffic cop on the rooftop parking lot, fill-in Santa during lunch breaks, stock clerk, etc. Jim arrived within a couple of weeks, followed by Gerry several days later. We were all hired to work through to Christmas Eve at which time, by mutual agreement, our jobs ended.

We were invited to another of my cousin's for Christmas Eve – Betsy Wallbridge. Betsy was actually my *mother's* cousin who lived in a big house in Shaughnessy Heights.

Boxing Day and we were on the road again. West Coast. Great drive down the west coast, particularly through the forests of giant redwoods. We were heading for California and warmth.

The first California town we hit was Redding - and it was still raining. I woke up one morning with a pain in my chest, but hey, when you're 19 you never think of heart problems. By 4 p.m. it was getting worse, so we looked for a doctor. We found a clinic in a converted motel, and one of the doctors agreed to take a look. I had a heart infection called pericarditis – an infection on the membrane surrounding the heart.

Straight to Redding Memorial Hospital and the testing started. The only antibiotic available in those days was penicillin and I got four double shots a day until the infection was beaten. I developed a reaction to the drug, huge hives



Redding Memorial Hospital

on hands and feet, and haven't been able to use penicillin since.

Fortunately my father, an insurance salesman, had bought health insurance for me, so all

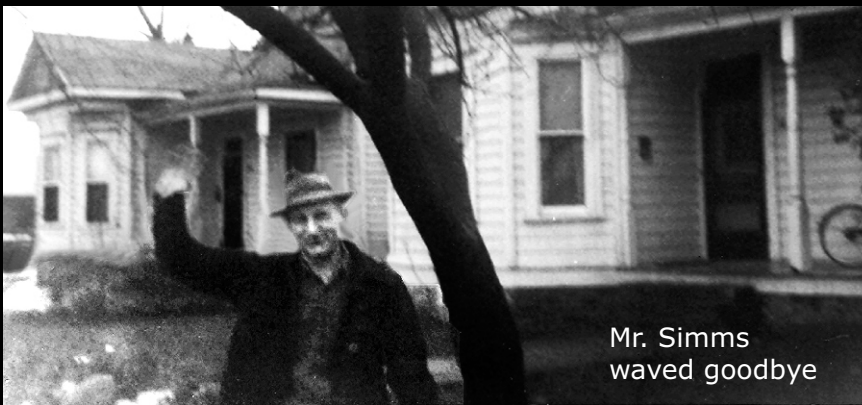
was taken care of. In fact I made seven cents on the deal. I was in semi-private, which, in Redding, meant four beds to a room.

I was in hospital for well over a week and I guess the Canuck was the star of the floor, because there were a lot of interesting folks went through those other beds.

Terry's account: There was the cowboy from a nearby ranch, whose father was from Toronto and who promised, on a trip to Calgary the next year to buy horses, that he would stop by and visit us in Newmarket. Didn't happen.



Then there was a mill worker, John Simms, whose wife and two children (left) visited him frequently and brought treats. They had us all home for dinner before we left town. (While we still have a photo of the two children, we do not have a shot of Mrs. Simms.) John waved Goodbye and Good Luck as we left.



There was a former rancher, in his 80s, who had grown up on the ranch in Kansas next to Mrs. James. Her son Jesse, his brother Frank and some of their friends, would occasionally ride in, but never stayed long. The little boy was

puzzled. The James gang was robbing banks and trains at the time.

There was also a U. S. Air Force photographer, who had served in WW II and had been assigned to take photos from one of the three aircraft that dropped the A-bomb on Nagasaki (his was in the starboard position). He wasn't supposed to keep any of the photos, but of course, he did. He showed them to me.

I recall driving late one day and making camp in an open field in Central Valley. Spread the canvas, the sleeping bags and zonk – long day. Woke up in sun light and found ourselves on the edge of a vast field of lettuce. The Mexicans working the field who thought it hilarious that these white boys (a) slept outside - in a field, and (b) slept until after sunrise.

We visited San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego and saw acres of WW II moth-balled aircraft in the Arizona desert*, and Phoenix which appeared to be a city built on sand.

Terry's account: We must have crossed the mountains to Arizona before going south into Mexico, but my memory is a little fuzzy about that. I recall driving late one day and making camp in an open field in Central Valley. Spread the canvas, sleeping bags and zonk – long day. Woke up in sun light and found ourselves on the edge of a vast field of lettuce. The Mexicans working the field thought it hilarious that these white boys (a) slept outside - in a field, and (b) slept until after sunrise.

Sort of stream of consciousness on Mexico now: Remember Mexico City, the traffic, the fountains, the kid named Jesus we gave a ride to – he was going to the movies to learn English; the Aztec pyramids outside Mexico City; heading south to Tasco, the silver city; then Acapulco; the tavern in the desert where one of the guys drinking that fish soup invited us in so he could practice his English; the highway that stopped at a river bank and started up the other side - we had to drive over a railway bridge and hope no train was coming; the ex-RAF fighter pilot/gentleman of the road (and Oxford University instructor) who was tending his coffeepot under the bridge.

There was also our encounter with Hondo Dunn, the guy from San Diego who took us to the Rio Rita night club one evening, and had a so-called treasure map leading to the buried temple where we went digging. He, too, was living on the beach in Acapulco - in his truck - when he wasn't shacked up with a senorita.

Hondo was a machinist and turned up later as a sailor on the Great Lakes.

I remember:

- Jorge Bosch, the Basque refugee whose family owned a drug company;
- the Oltec pyramid he showed us - where we dug for artifacts;
- the locals who chased us through the jungle with guns;
- meeting Buster Baker from Keswick in the middle of nowhere;
- San Blas, the beautiful colonial village up the west coast;
- our stay on the beach at Vera Cruz;
- the raid by Agent No. 6 of the Mexican Secret Police because we had chosen a camping spot on a beach frequented by smugglers;
- Heading north, we gave a ride to a guy who turned out to be a deserter from a U. S. service, who we smuggled through a roadblock of military personnel searching for him. We wonder what he did to stir up that much excitement?
- and, when we hit the U. S. border, how we piled dirty laundry, unwashed pots, pans, and other stuff in the middle of the truck floor, to dissuade the customs guy - who took one whiff and waived us through.

- We stopped one night in Louisiana and set up camp in a field.

And finally, back in Canada in late February, we sought refuge in Mord's Cabin (the Carter family log cabin, on Stormy Lake in Haliburton), hunkered down, and fired up the 50-gallon drum/stove as the temperature plunged away below zero.

A few days later, we drove home. **End Terry's account**

-O-O-O-O-



We have a modest collection of photographs of our journey. It seems that we were so taken up by our adventures that we spent little time recording it.



Last-minute recollection: I remember the night we camped in a dry river bed a few yards from the highway. In the middle of the night, we were shaken awake by a herd of cattle stampeding through our campsite. By sheer luck, we managed to scramble out of the way - even managing to salvage our sleep sacks - while shouting ALTO! ALTO! Not knowing whether this was a regular event or one of several such events, we decided to move camp next to the truck. We fell asleep - with one ear on alert. Gerry



Homeward Bound - JGP

In early March, we left Mexico and drove east. We stopped late one evening in Louisiana and made camp in a pasture.

In the middle of supper, a patrol car pulled up. Two men, a Louisiana State Policeman and a civilian, got out and informed us that we were camped on private property and would we leave immediately. We said we would, but "... would the farmer allow us to finish supper first?" The officer asked the farmer, in French, if we could eat first and then move on. The farmer thought for a moment and nodded his head. We ate supper, dutifully left, and subsequently set up camp under a big bridge.

By this time, we had run out of two essentials - gas and money. Anthony remembers: "Yes, we were out of money - and gas at the top of the bridge spanning the Mississippi River. We coasted down to the other side. I seem to recall it was Jim who had an uncashed cheque, so a couple of us walked to the center of town. It was a weekend so couldn't cash it; we ate old stew until Monday morning. Does this story sound familiar to you two? I also vaguely recall someone phoning Canada to have money sent down to us."



A rough approximation of our epic journey from Newmarket, Sunday October 22, 1955, to Newmarket, one day in March 1956.



Jim, Gerry, and Terry - looking very serious. I believe this was taken at Terry's family home in Newmarket a few weeks after we returned home in March.

In November, 2003, Jim Wilson died of cancer. He was 68. For this book, I asked Anthony and Terry to write a few words of remembrance. Desley sent along a collection of photos taken at his burial ceremony.

Good morning Gerry,

Shmoo was always a calm cool person. Never did I see him lose his sense of self. What you saw was what you got, and that was neatly encapsulated in his behaviour under trying conditions. To wit: the end of a lovely party at your farm (i.e. Jim & Jean Porter's), your parents gone for the week-end, lovely girls about, eye contact made, an unspoken promise promised, and in the dark one randy Italian fellow slides in next to 'my love of the night' to be greeted by a male voice uttering a chuckling, "Is that you Ant". Yes, Shmoo! He saw humour in another's pain.



Jim and his wife, Desley, came to Newmarket for the 1981 High School reunion and later visited our (Marrienne) home in Montreal and we took them up to the cottage. One morning we were on the porch looking over the lake when a quiet came over us and Jim's wife turned to him and asked him what he was thinking. He turned to her and said, "I'm thinking of nothing". The perfect male response. When there's nothing, there's nothing churning around between the male's ears. We all know that seven thought tracks are running in a woman's head, but not in a man's. Shmoo was simply in a Zen mood and that couldn't be articulated. Period.

Once on the road in northern Ontario he had a desire for roasted chicken. He and another country bred person quietly snuck into a farmer's chicken coop to bring home the calm bird. Delicious. And he liked my hair cutting on our travels. Six months on the road was plenty for me, but Jim continued westward until he found New Zealand and there started his family. He always quietly followed his own path.

I've lost the picture of the gym pyramid of guys with Jim in there with his belt end flopped out over his fly, which looked like something else. Remembering Jim is reliving warm memories. His good sense, logic and his ability to laugh at himself will always be with me.

Slim called yesterday. He said he's bedridden with arthritis. Karen, the saint, is ministering to his need. And she's not without her aches and pains and worries. But life goes on. Think of those who couldn't attend when you clink your glasses to Terry's 80th birthday. I'll do it here.

It's 8 a.m. and we're off to St. Mary's Hospital to put in the second of our annual two days of fundraising volunteering.

Regards, Ant

When I think of Jim, I always think first of the winter Anthony, Gerry, Jim and I spent "on the road" – his wry, ever-present sense of humor and his determined sense of independence.

We all bunked together in the attic room of the ancient YMCA building in New Westminster that Christmas and got temporary jobs to raise a little cash for the trip to California. An old aunt of my mother's decided to take pity on us and invited all of us for Christmas dinner. Jim didn't want to accept – he wanted to eat in the Y cafeteria instead. It took a good deal of persuading to get him to join us. The Y café wasn't open Christmas anyway.

My best memory is the night he and I sat under a palm tree on a hill somewhere along the Pacific coast of Mexico and talked. The ocean breezes and tropical sky soon had inspired us to serious thoughts and by the time we descended the hill to our camp many of the world's problems had been solved.

Jim said he hated writing letters, and I guess he did, for when he returned in the summer of 1981, our friendship was rekindled as though we had been in contact throughout his 25 years in New Zealand, I seldom received a letter from him before or after the visit. Our joke was one letter every 25 years was not too often, and so I expected an exchange of correspondence in 2006.

Terry Carter

(This tugboat photo has been in my files since Bud, Jim's younger brother, lived with the Porter family on our farm in the 1950s. Bud has remained family every since. Gerry Porter)



"This is the Tugboat, 'Isaac Wilson' at Newcastle Quayside (named after Isaac Wilson, Jim & Bud's father) Marine engineer working for Palmers . Built 1889 by Hepple & Co, North Shields. Purchased for £1250 by Riddleys in 1923. Scrapped 1950 by G.W Brunton, Grangemouth.

Jim, like many of us in the 1950s, had a yen for travel. When Jim, Terry, Anthony, and I returned in the spring of 1956 from our winter in the U. S. and Mexico, Jim was soon on the road again - heading West again. He worked at a summer camp in B. C. until September, then hitched to Alberta to work the harvest. I hitched to Calgary in late October where we had one last weekend visit together. On a cold, rainy Monday morning, he caught the train to Vancouver. A week later he sailed for New Zealand on the first leg of his trip around the world. He was, indeed, a victim of the wanderlust.

In Wellington, he landed a job as a stevedore, and eventually met Desley, an Australian girl who was on the first leg of her trip around the world. They met, fell in love, got married, and raised four children - Mike, Jeff, David and Jackie.

Jim and Des came home in 1981 for the Newmarket High School reunion and spent a memorable summer with us. They traveled hither and yon that summer, spending time with my family in St. John's; with Ant and Mary Ann Ianuziello in Montreal, *and* at their cottage in the Laurentians; and with Terry and Louise Carter in Newmarket - and at their cottage. When they weren't on the road, they stayed with Jim's brother, Bud, i. e., Isaac Ward, and his family on Queen Street in Newmarket.

Jim had a love of music that started in High School. He and I used to haunt Bert Budd's studio on Main Street, Newmarket, expanding our growing list of jazz standards on 78 rpm records of everything from Stan Kenton to Nat King Cole to Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Shortly after he and Desley settled in Wellington, Jim began studying music, took up the bass, and for years, played with local jazz bands. He also played with touring jazz celebrities including Scott Hamilton and Dave Brubeck, an occasion which he considered to be one of the highlights of his musical career.

For years, his brother, Bud, had been asking him to record his music so we could all hear it. About a year ago, he did just that (although I suspect Desley had a strong hand in getting it done), and sent a CD and several tapes of his music. Bud sent copies of everything to me and it is good; Jim was indeed an accomplished musician. His musical comrades played at his funeral.



Gerry

Hi Gerry, Photos from the Tree Planting Ceremony we had for Jim, Plus grandchildren. We had a Canadian Redwood (Sequia) planted at a place where Jim used to go - a type of retreat. Beautiful surroundings in the country and very peaceful. The people involved with this retreat put on a great spread for us Jim was a favorite of theirs and such beautiful things were said. A few of his mates played background music. Thought it was what Jim would have wanted. The original celebration was more than what I wanted for him. Am now working 4 hrs day for a company with connections to the Asthma Foundation.

Christmas will be hard for us, but we are going to make it the same as previous years. Then I am going to Auckland on 27 Dec -10 Jan as Geoff & Nathalie are expecting another child around 22 Dec. Jacky has been very ill but is on the mend now. Sickness developed over last 18 months and lack of oxygen, too much weight, water retention, and from this carbon dioxide poisoning. Acted like a zombie. Her doctor would not put her in hospital even though they had gone three times in one week. I took her to my doctor and she was admitted to hospital straight away; she was in intensive care for eight days. On the first night we lost her but they managed to bring her around. A very trying time for us. Then my car broke down on the way to hospital in pouring rain - what an expense - and a couple of days later a burglary. Think we are OK now. About time Jim took care of us don't you think!!!!!!!!!!

This has just about brought you up to date. Everyone has been so kind and I have friends around me all the time then I can go to Waikanae (beach house) if I want my own space. Love to all, Desley

Jim's ashes were buried with the tree.





Jim and Desley with their two eldest children - Michael and Geoff. David and Jackie follow in a few years



Four grandchildren:
L-R: Dean, Emily,
Rachael, & Matthew



Jim & Desley
during their
visit in 1981



Pictorial display of Jim, Desley, their family & their friends.

Desley with three of her Grandchildren, L-R: Matthew, Dean & Rachael



Indi



Matthew

Sam

Conor

Dean

Emily

Rachael

This transcript is a single page from a book entitled "A Way With Words" by Jim's friend, Chris MacLean.

"..... been more different. Reserved almost to the point of shyness, this softly spoken Canadian worked with the gang (although he wasn't required to do so), took pride in the perfection of his asphaltting, and had quietly earned the respect of the Bland Gang's toughest.

No matter how small or unimportant the job, Jim always insisted on the doing it as well as possible. 'Masterpiecing', he called it. And his philosophy of excellence also influenced the 'perk' jobs we did together at weekends. Sometimes I argued that near enough was good enough when a client wouldn't know the difference, but Jim would gently disagree and then explained the Buddhist concept of finding fulfillment through absolute absorption in a job and doing it as well as possible. Only years later did I appreciate the gift of this insight – and the contentment it brings. When not busy on the end of a scree (a T-shaped tool for spreading and smoothing hot asphalt), Jim sat in the cab of his truck reading Indian philosophers such as Krishnamuti, or transcribing jazz arrangements for the combos he played bass with several nights each week at different Wellington venues.

Jim soon became a firm friend. Fifteen years older than me, he had the wisdom born of experience well beyond his years. Orphaned at a young age, he and his younger brother had been passed from one foster family to another. While some abused or neglected them, they eventually did find good homes that came close to offering the love and care of a natural family.

As soon as Jim was old enough, he struck out on his own, an adventurer who washed up on New Zealand's shores in the mid-1950s. He settled in Wellington, which he found intriguing: a time-warp Edwardian city where horses still plodded the streets transporting milk in big metal cans to and from the dairy station in upper Tory Street, while at the other end of town, the city's first high-rise building, Ernst Plischke's Massey House, announced the arrival of modernity.

Jim talked of his life as an itinerant, and much more: music, poetry, philosophy and the contradictions of life, which he saw everywhere. I had gone to university expecting to find meaning in literature, law, philosophy and religious studies. Instead, I encountered formulaic teaching and subjects denuded of interest by lecturers, some of whom had been teaching far too long. Now, unexpectedly, I found a real university in the cab of an old green Bedford truck. The talk might be of Janet Frame, one of Jim's favourite authors, or the writings of Kahlil Gibran, the Lebanese-American poet and writer, best known for *The Prophet*; or the trumpet virtuosity of Miles Davis and the smooth sounds of guitarist Barney Kessel."

Desley adds: "Chris wrote a lot of books mainly on different parts of NZ. He and Jim also did a lot of lead light windows doors and lamp shades. We also have leadlight in some of our doors and lamp shades. Yes, Jim was a man of so many things."



Any account of Jim Wilson would be incomplete without mention of his younger brother, Isaac Ward Wilson, aka, Bud. Bud writes:

"Our parents lived in Cedar Valley, Ontario, after their marriage in 1933. My brother, Jim, was born April 4, 1935, and I followed on November 23, 1938. Both births were by Caesarian section.

Although my parents had been advised against a second birth, they decided it was worth the risk and here I am!

Unfortunately, shortly before my third birthday in November of 1941, Mom became ill and my Aunt Jenny left her job in Toronto to care for her and her family.

Further misfortune occurred when Mom died before my birthday, and Dad asked Jenny to stay on as a homemaker. He resigned from his job at Canada

Steamship Lines and found employment at Office Specialty in Newmarket. Six months later, March, 1942, he died of a heart attack.

As a single woman, Aunt Jenny was, according to Children's Aid, ineligible to continue as caregiver, and Jim and I were sent to "York Cottage", an orphan-age in Willowdale, Ontario. We lived there until the fall of 1942 when a couple from Clarkson, Ont., was accepted as foster parents for a two-year period, hoping to then adopt us.

They subsequently moved to a new home in Port Credit, ON, where I started school. The Walkers had taken the option of assuming we should take their surname and we enrolled as James Edward Walker and Robert Franklin Walker, which was, in time, to cause some considerable confusion for me!

In 1944, Mr. Walker left AVRO with a golden handshake and invested in a publishing venture which subsequently failed with drastic results for his income and his family life. The CAS cancelled the Walker adoption plan and, in the summer of 1945, arranged with the family of Rev. Gordon Lapp in Keswick, Ontario. We stayed with them until he transferred to another church in Toronto. The CAS wanted us to remain in the same community and placed us in two homes; Jim with the Perry Winch family, and me with the Retter family. Jim and I continued to see one another at school and at church.

While Jim stayed with the Winch family throughout his school days, I bounced around a bit. By this time, we were known by Wilson, our real surname, but I was still called "Bobby" Wilson. After a year or so, the Retter's decided to vacation for six months in Florida, so Ernie Taylor, a local florist, took me in until the Retter's returned in the spring. The Retter's also took in a couple of foster girls, so for a short time, I had two younger sisters! When the girls later returned to their parents, I was a single child again until the fall of 1948 when the Retters decided to retire to Toronto. Once again I was depending on the good will of the community.

However, good fortune once again came to my rescue when Jim and Jean Porter offered me a home with them. Life on a farm with a brother, Gerry, (the same age as my brother), and three sisters was a totally new experience. Until that day, nothing in my life seemed permanent, but this was to be my family for a long time to come and remains my family to this day." -Isaac Ward Bud Wilson



Jim & Isaac Ward - Bud



**Bud and Anita
& daughters, Joanne and Colleen**



**Bud and Anita's
wedding.**



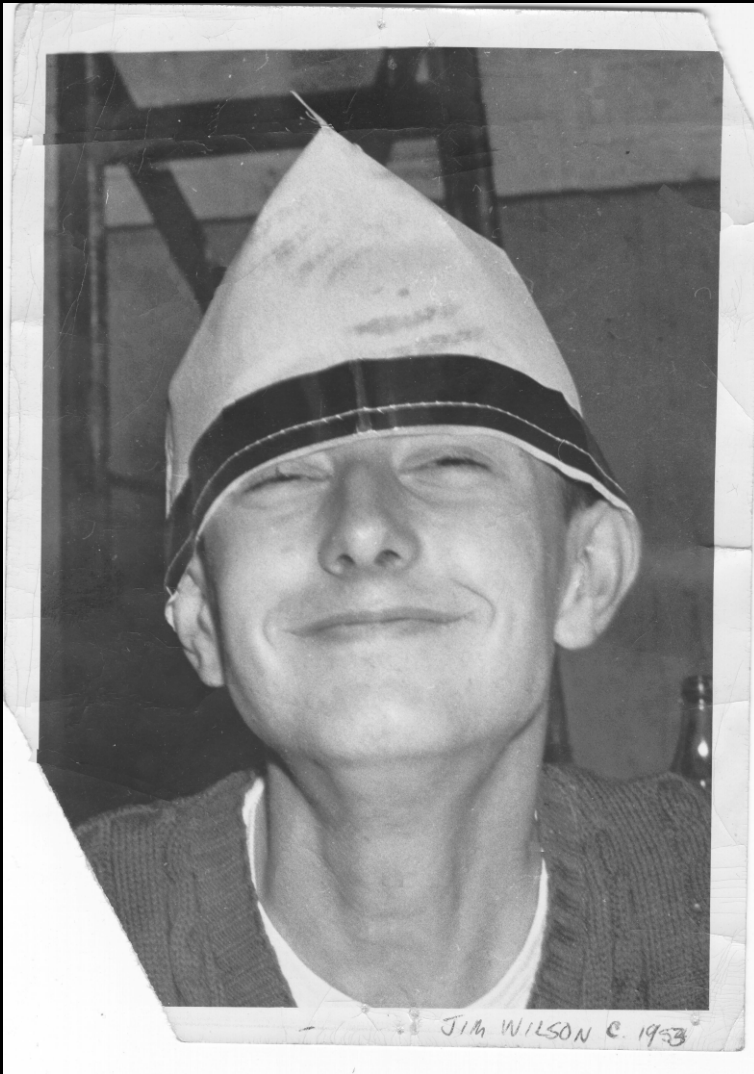
**Above: Bud with his foster
mother, Jean Porter.**



**Left: Bud's hand-built
1930's Coupe.**



Himself



This was Jim during our High School years in the early 1950s. In those halcyon days, he was widely known as 'Shmoo' because it was, initially, his favorite swear word, and, subsequently, his favorite nickname for those of his schoolmates who he humorously chided for reasons known only to himself.



Terry Carter, Anthony Ianuziolo, Gerry Porter - 2015