

Jonathan Turner, Like a Brother by Ernie Bies January 26, 2021



When I heard about Jonathan's health issues, I thought back on all the good times we had growing up in Hearst. Jonathan was one of my oldest and best friends dating back to grade 1 in 1950. We were two of the little guys and became bosom buddies. He introduced me to town life when he invited me for sleepovers. I lived on a farm with no services and this was my first time away from home and my first experience with electrification and indoor plumbing. His mom, Doreen, welcomed me like a family member and she was indeed my town-mom. She introduced me to Jello with Dream Whip, a treat we could not enjoy on the farm even though we tried to make it on the porch in winter but just could not control the freezing. To this day red Jello is still my favorite dessert. Picture on left shows John and Doreen Turner with baby Jonathan circa 1944, courtesy of Eric Koivisto.

Picture below shows Jon and I in grade 1 in 1950/51.



Back Row: Walter Waugh; Alan Koski; George Bosnick; Ernie Bies; Gordie Lussier; Robert Martin; Alan Achilles; Billy Greeley; Jonathan Turner; Gary Mitchell

Middle Row: Gail Bolton; Anne Johnson; Jean Mitchell; Eddie Rosevear; Unknown; Albert Wragg; Bobby Hosfeld; Mary Horchak

Front Row: Ellen Niskanen (Fex); Mary Holinaty; Viola Waugh; Judy Gelineau; Geneva Malette; Lois Weller; Linda Sicotte; Sue Anne Wade; Sally Spennato; Joan Ard; Dorothy Rosevear



HPS 1951-52 May, Grades 1-2, Miss Ellen Niskanen

Back Row, (Blackboard) Geneva Malette; Ellen Niskanen Fex; Annie Horchak; Lorraine Kurki; Billy Koivisto; Gary Girard

Fourth Row; Andy Cowie; Jonathan Turner; Billy Greeley; _____; Bobby Hosfeld; Mary Horchak; Robert Martin

Third Row: Dorothy Rosevear; Gary Mitchell; Walter Waugh; Gordie Lussier; Sue Anne Wade; Victor Taylor; Harold Geno

Second Row: Alan Koski; Linda Sicotte; Marcel Shador; Ernie Bies; Lois Weller; George Bosnick; Helen Koskinen

First Row (Front) Betty Sloan; Gerald Bolduc; Laila Paasila; Henry Paradis; Miriam Rasinpera; Marlaine Doran; Myrna Doran; Lana Rosebush

Doreen also made the best butter tarts I'd ever had and always made a batch for me over the next 60 plus years whenever I was visiting Hearst. She even had a special plate of tarts marked "for Ernie Only" on the table at her 80th birthday party in 2006.



Jonathan with our favorite teacher, Ellen Niskanen Fex at his Mom's 80th birthday party in 2006



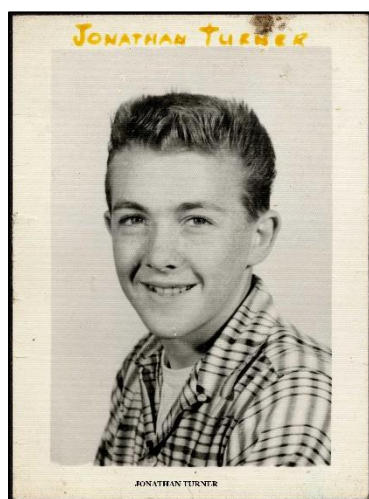
June 1953 Grades 3-4 Mrs. Katy (Terefenko) Larouche



Back Row: Walter Waugh; Bruce Pellow; Joe Roy; Billy Hendrickson; Gary Mitchell; Bobby Hosfeld; Billy Greeley; Gordon Lussier; Andy Cowie; _____; Ernie Bies; George Bosnick

Middle Row: David Hendrickson; Ida Russell; Mary Horchak; Jean Mitchell; Jean Martin; Virginia Coulam; Marilyn Menard; Gail Bolton; Anne Johnson; Eddie Rosevear

Front Row: Jonathan Turner; Selma Koivisto; Dorothy Rosevear; Necia Coulam; Sally Spennato; Katy (Terefenko) Larouche; Geneva Malette; Cecile Roy; Judy Gelineau; Viola Waugh; Alan Achilles; Brian Egan



When we moved to Hearst in 1957, I probably spent more time at the Turner's than at home. They had a back yard rink and television. Every day on the way to school I'd meet Jonathan on the way with our hockey sticks in hand and we'd clear the sidewalks of any chunks of ice, debris and frozen doggy-doo. Another advantage was strength in numbers as we were constantly dodging the rival gang of French Kids who were always ready for a scrap.

We were also skilled at hopping backyard fences as we dodged the town cops after curfew. Hearst had a rule that people under 14 had to be home by 9 P.M. If we ever got caught the Police would bring us home and have a talk with our parents, except for Doug's father. He didn't get out of bed and told them to come back in the morning.

The Turners had a TV set so I hardly missed an episode of Gunsmoke, Bonanza or Ed Sullivan.

Trip to Toronto March 21 to March 24, 1958

Jonathan and I shared many experiences in Hearst, we both had paper routes delivering the Toronto Daily Star and Star Weekly. In those days it came by train a day or two late, sold for ten cents and we earned two cents an issue. The Star sure didn't make their money on newspaper sales but relied on high circulation numbers so they could raise the cost of advertising. Home delivery was a loss leader and they had a promotion where they gave carriers a trip to Toronto if they recruited 10 new subscribers who signed on for thirteen weeks. Jon and I saw the opportunity for a scam and got our friends and relatives families to agree to subscribe for the thirteen weeks, which cost them forty cents a week. We both won our trips, along with Billy Lussier, who also had a route in town. Hearst was experiencing a population boom in 1958 as it was the staging area for the new Trans-Canada Pipeline so could support three paper boys.

We experienced a great adventure, taking the train to Toronto, staying at the Royal York Hotel, touring the Toronto Star newspaper plant, flying (for the first time) over Toronto in a Trans-Canada Airlines chartered DC 3, swimming in Gus Ryder's pool (he coached marathon swimmer Marilyn Bell), and standing on top of the tallest building in the Commonwealth. The CIBC building at 25 King St. West had 34 stories and stood 462.5 feet high, a quarter of the height of today's CN Tower which stands 1820 feet. The highlight of the trip was our visit to the



—Star Photo by Ivan Lavery

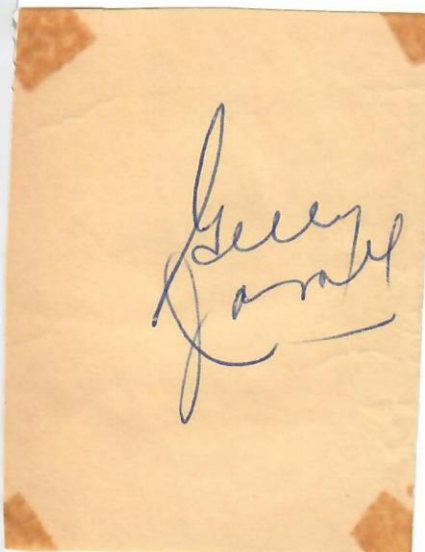
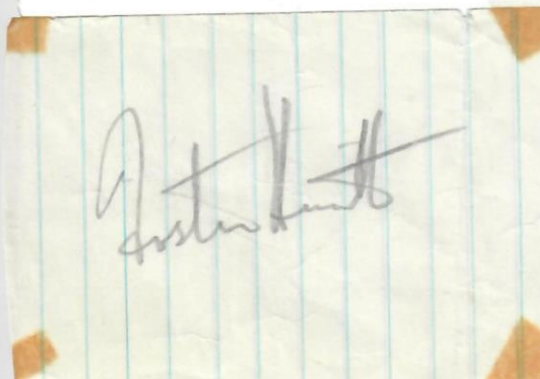
STAR CARRIERS, winners of a special circulation contest, board plane for flight over Toronto yesterday. Friday, Saturday and Sunday 72 boys and girls

were the guests of The Star. They stayed at the Royal York hotel, toured Toronto, went shopping, attended theatre, visited Star Weekly harbor plant.

shrine of hockey, Maple Leaf Gardens, to see a Toronto Maple Leaf hockey game on March 22. We sat in the Greys, which cost \$3.00 and watched the New York Rangers demolish the Leafs 7-0. The Leafs were a young team at the bottom of the standings but these were memories to last a lifetime. I still have the hockey program, a mini-stick and autographs from Foster Hewitt and Jerry James. A rare two sport athlete, James played hockey for the Leafs and football for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers at the same time.

Standings through March 22, 1958

	GP	W	L	T	PTS	GF	GA
Montreal Canadiens*	69	43	16	10	96	248	154
New York Rangers*	69	31	25	13	75	192	186
Detroit Red Wings*	69	28	29	12	68	172	205
Boston Bruins*	69	26	28	15	67	192	189
Chicago Black Hawks	69	24	38	7	55	158	195
Toronto Maple Leafs	69	21	37	11	53	190	223



Bank of Commerce Building



Metro News

STAR CARRIERS

Toronto Tour For Winners

That steady hum that's been emanating from Front St. since early last night is just the vibrant enthusiasm of 72 of Ontario's top young businessmen.

Six girls and 66 boys who, six days a week, carry The Daily Star or Star Weekly to subscribers all over the province are painting the town red as a reward for their business endeavors.

They're winners of a special Star circulation contest.

After a night's sleep (?) at the Royal York hotel, the group took a look at Maple Leaf Gardens, saw the city from the top of the Bank of

Commerce building and shopped on Yonge St.

Also on the itinerary were a visit to The Star Weekly color and ink plants, a swim in Gus Ryder's lakeshore pool and a theatre date.

Tomorrow, a TCA "mystery flight," dinner in High Park and a ride on the subway are in store.

Following are the visitors' names:

Robbie Braund, Peterborough; Larry Carew, Peterborough; Donnie Foster, Niagara Falls; Bobby Jane, Thorold; James Craig, Niagara Falls; Jim Dell, St. Catharines; Don Cotter, Fonthill; Ernest Bies, Hearst; Jonathan Turner, Hearst; Boyd Woods, New Liskhead; John Pinkerton, New Liskhead; Billy Lussier, Hearst; Brian Sarsfield, Noranda, Que.; Tom McArthur, Sarnia; Joe Landreville, Brantford; Paul Suplat, Goderich; Charles Wood, Tillsonburg; Randy Morgan, Tillsonburg; George Walters, Simcoe; Terry Walters, Simcoe; John Tolton, Owen Sound; Peter Hillyer, Owen Sound; Terry Moore, Castleton; Jim Moore, Castleton; Russell Riesbury, Warkworth; David Pyette, Verona; Stanley Thompson, Sydenham; Jim Phillips, South Porcupine.

Bill Hart, Roblin; Christopher McCann, Kingston; Peter Perry, Kingston; Lawrence Anderson, Kilmount; Barry Brentnall, Victoria Road; David Prince, Haliburton; Gary Cotnam, Coe Hill; Barry Robinson, Lindsay; Michael Chartrand, Cornwall; Edward Belanger, Brockville; Dale Crowe, Picton; Tom Deline, Madoc; David Lyon, Corbyville; Gardiner Stevenson, Eldorado; David Tait, L'Amble; Lewis Mitz, Ivanhoe; Ben Boyle, Trenton; Gerald Collette, Trenton; Robert Ward, Petawawa; Bill Ward, Petawawa; Don Matthews, Pembroke; Leslie Latham, Castleton Place; Ken Shultz, Chalk River; Gerald Moss, Smith Falls; Jim Buie, Barrie; Wayne Dowling, Mount Forest; Tom Saunders, Durham.

Roy Gundason, Parry Sound; Neil McCormack, Kearney; Neil Thomas, Parry Sound; Ronnie Dupuis, Midland; Craig Simpson, Midland; Craig Peter Waltz, Midland; Glen Woodrow, Orillia; John Leeney, Espanola; Eddie O'Reilly, Sudbury; Billy Trezise, Lively; Marc Ryan, Kirkland Lake; Dolores McRae, Cataragut; June Bates, Midland; Marlene Douglas, Midland; Connie Rowan, Orillia; Jacqueline Bertrand, Capreol; Bonnie Thompson, Paisley.

Knox College Winners

Scholarships will be presented to 22 students at Knox College convocation Tuesday.

Winners are:

First year proficiency scholarships: R. C. Garvin, C. A. Scott, J. C. Duff and L. R. Files.

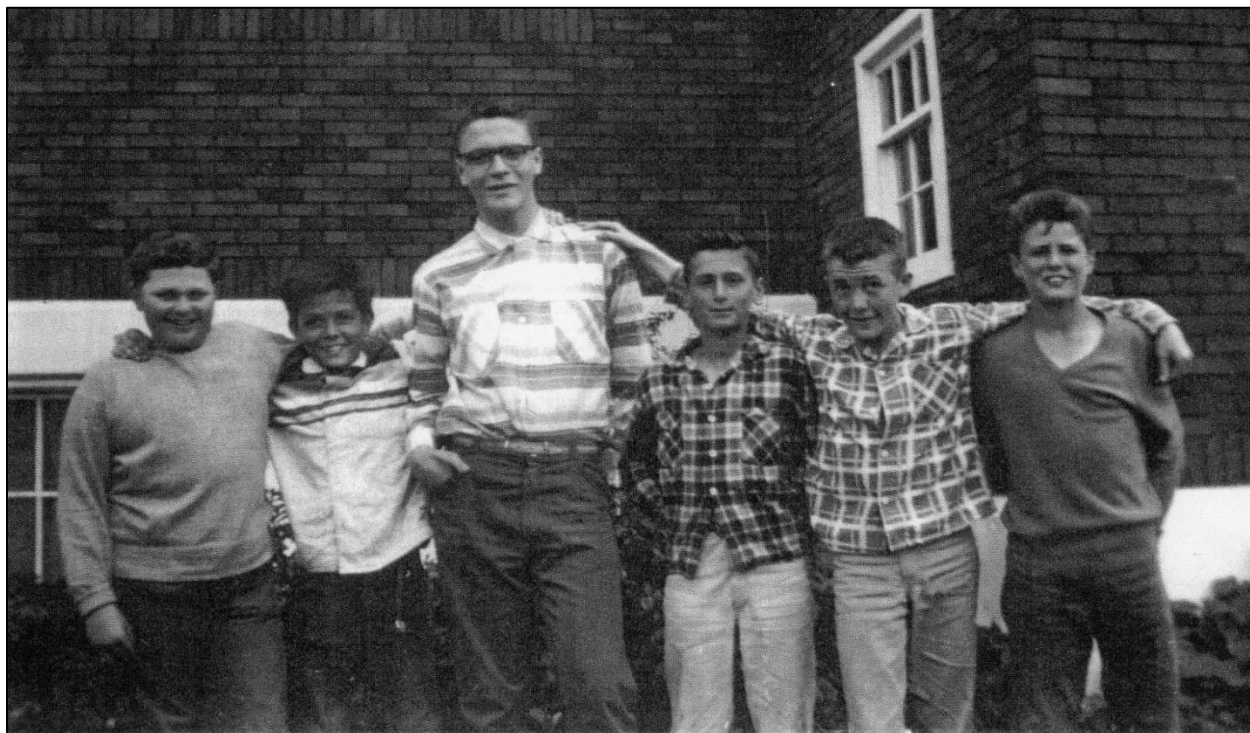
Second year proficiency scholarships: G. P. Richardson, J. D. Congram, W. I. Little, K. A. Heron and J. C. Carr.

Third year proficiency scholarships: M. R. Gellatly, W. H. McLennan, W. K. Pottinger and J. B. Duncan.

Special prizes and scholarships: P. J. S. Darch, W. I. Little, W. H. McIlveen, M. R. Gellatly, W. K. Pottinger, W. H. McLennan, J. C. Duff, T. A. Plomp and D. G. Morton.

Postgraduate scholarships: M. R. Gellatly and W. H. McLennan.

1958 Primary School Graduation



Principal Clayton Brown had traditions that he always followed. He would take snapshots of his graduating classes and treat them all to the Sundae at the Star Café. The picture above shows the grade 8 boys in 1958. Left to right, Gordie Lussier, Ernie Bies, Gordon Meads, George Bosnick, Jonathan Turner and Brian Egan. Gordon Meads was only in Hearst for a couple of years as his father, Floyd, was with the O.P.P and subject to transfers around Ontario. The rest of us kept in touch to this day by emails, phone calls and visits to Hearst. Sadly, Brian passed away on December 19th, 2020 and Gordie a week later. Jonathan had a major heart attack early in January and had open heart surgery. Losing two good friends in a week motivated me to find out what happened to the Gentle Giant, Gordon Meads. Through on-line sleuthing, I located him living in Winnipeg, and we had a long phone conversation. Even though his time in Hearst was short, he had many vivid memories of our home town. George is thriving out in B.C.

Jonathan and I spent our time in Hearst going to the movies, eating cream pie at the Star Café or shoestring fries at Eddie's Moonlight Grill and going to the Lumberking Games. We'd fight over broken sticks that they threw over the boards and gamely try to repair them at home with glue, tacks and tape but they were never the same. Picture on right shows Jon with Hearst Lumberking Hall of Famer Albert Lahde at Mrs. Turner's 80th birthday party in 2006. Another past-time was sweeping the floor at the bar in the Palace Hotel helping bartender Roger Collin. He'd give us a few cents and we kept whatever change we found on the floor. I'm sure he spread a few nickels around to keep us motivated.



We had a mini-biker gang that we called The Devil's Angels riding our CCMs, emulating the older boys on their Harleys. Another highlight of the week was following the bread truck driver on Saturday mornings as he made his deliveries to the grocery stores. We'd help him unload and he'd treat us to a Joe Louis or some other Vachon delight.

Jon was one of the early smokers in our gang along with Wayne Lahtinen and Ken Pratt who came from England. I never got past the nausea when inhaling so luckily quit smoking when I was about 12 years old. Picture on right shows Gerald Bolduc, Wayne Lahtinen, Jonathan Turner and Ken Pratt at my house in Hearst in 1961. About that time a bunch of us got matching jackets at Ted Wilson's. Practicality won out so our "gang" wore green down filled winter jackets, but we were warm being cool. You can see the jackets in these photobooth snaps of Gerald, Jon and I at Union Station in Toronto.



One summer in High School, the circus came to town and Jon and I got jobs working in the dart balloon booth for about 25 cents an hour. We blew up balloons for two days while the carnie guy proceeded to get drunk nipping on a bottle behind the counter. Come payday he

refused to pay us and sent us on our way. Luckily, we had a friend in Larry Smith, who rented the apartment upstairs at Jon's house. Smitty took us back to the fairgrounds where he grabbed the carnie by the collar and made him pay us, with a bonus. Who needed Alan Ladd when we had Smitty?



George Bosnick shared a story with me today: "My lunch in high school was usually peanut butter sandwiches with homemade bread. I guess Jonathan liked homemade bread and every day he'd ask me what kind of sandwiches I had. My response was always "beurre de

peanuts "and Jonathan would usually end up with my lunch trading me for a bag of chips or chocolate bar."

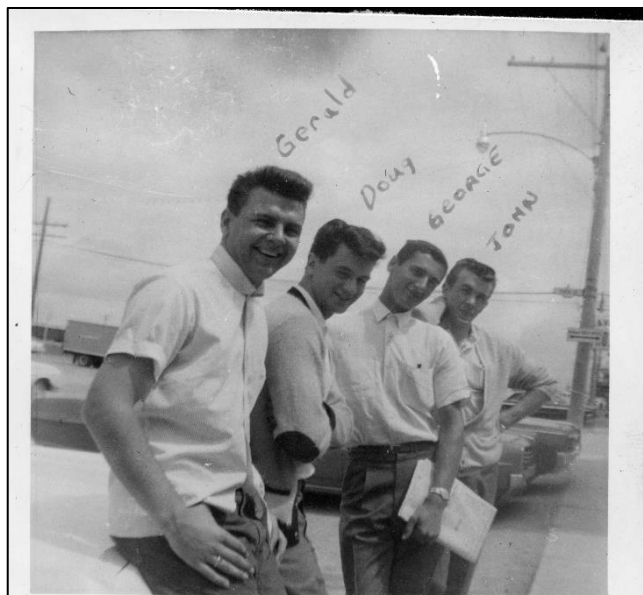
Jon left high school soon after he turned 16, but did help us build this snow sculpture of a rocket ship in grade 9 in 1960. Others in the picture, left to right are Ernie Bies, Dorothy Rosevear,



Gordon Meads, Jonathan, George Bosnick Reynald "Ti-But" Morin and Gordie Lussier. Jon then started a long career as a meat cutter at West and Co. He always wanted to work with animals. We still found time to go swimming to the Lac Ste Therese, explore the German POW detention camp remains at the gravel pit, fish and do some hunting at my parent's farm in Bradlo.



Jon with Doug Rosevear and Gerald Bolduc on my driveway.in 1965.



Left photo: Gerald Bolduc, Wayne Lahtinen, Jonathan. Right photo: Gerald Bolduc, Doug Rosevear, George Bosnick, Jonathan. 1961.

Jon was the first in the gang to get his driver's license and we'd borrow my Dad's car, with Jon at the wheel, to go on dates. Once he was my chauffeur and drove me to pick up my date across the tracks and dropped us off at the theater. My only other option was to pick her up with my Dad's Case tractor, so he saved the day.

Teenage years also meant experimentation with alcohol. Drugs were not an issue in the 50s. We'd share a bottle of Old Vienna beer stolen from my Dad or a mickey of hard stuff supplied by an older friend. Jon recently reminded me of the night we sampled Gin and Tom Collins and he swore off Gin for life. Our house was popular at Christmas because my Dad always had a bottle of brandy at the front door and insisted that all visitors toast the season. He would have preferred Slivovice, a traditional Slovak plum brandy.



George Bosnick shared a couple of photos from July 1965 showing Gerald Bolduc, Garry Martin and Jonathan with the ever-present smoke in hand and another of Jonathan (Huckleberry) Turner fishing.



After grade 12, I found myself in Toronto for Grade 13 and Ryerson and Jonathan also found work there as a meat cutter with a large meat packing company. Many of the Hearst gang was in Toronto in the mid-sixties. Gordie Lussier and Wayne Lahtinen were at Ryerson when I was there and several others were attending University and Nursing School. Rev. Bill and Mary Duff, who were in Hearst in the early 1960s, now lived in Toronto and still looked after the kids from home. Jon missed this get together at the Duffs but these were some of our Hearst friends,

including his cousin Brian and sister Florence, in Toronto, circa 1966.



Back Row: Gerald Bolduc. Judi Chalykoff, Greg Trowsse, Bonnie Egginton, Ernie Bies, Brian Turner, Patsy Bolduc, Rev. Bill Duff.

Front Row: Eeva Maki, Anita Miller, Florence Turner, Miriam Rasinpera, and Julie Egginton.

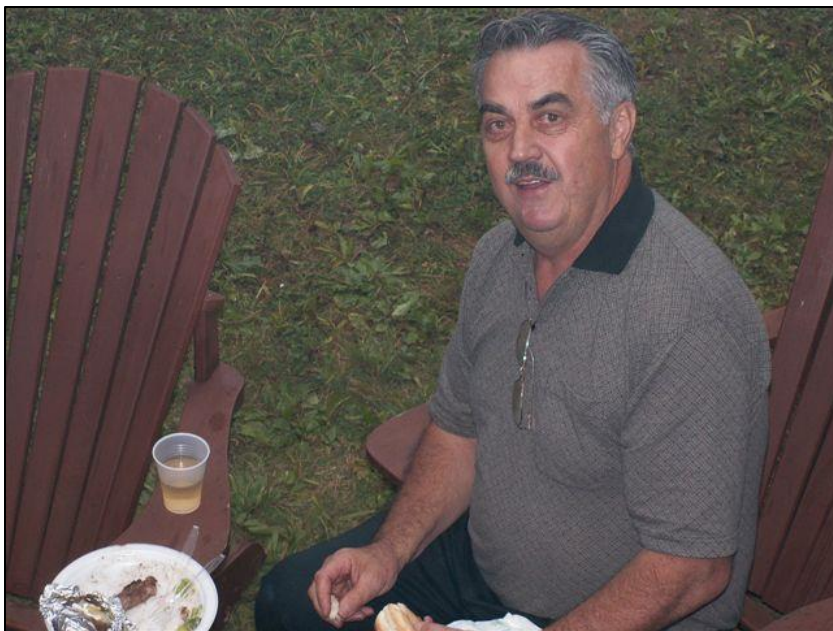
Jon worked for a meat packing company in Toronto and was transferred to their plant in Louisville Kentucky in 1969. There he met Patti Jeffries. It was love at first sight for him, although it was on second sight for her. They were married later that year. He worked as a butcher for many years, spending time in Sault Ste. Marie and Thunder Bay where their daughter Krista was born. We often joked that Krista and my son Stefan should be an item but they never did meet. Jon and Patti returned to Louisville where he worked in house construction and renovation for years and then as a pharmaceutical courier to the present day. Picture on right shows Jon and Patti in 2006.



Jon and I maintained contact throughout the years, often connecting on our trips to Hearst and by mail and email. We always tried to call each other on our respective birthdays. I last saw him at his mother's funeral and last spoke to him when he called me on my birthday last month. We also carried on a rivalry as he continued to support his Maple Leafs and I had switched to the Ottawa Senators. He took great joy in needling me every time the Leafs knocked the Senators out of the playoffs even though Ottawa always finished above them in regular season play. We had an outstanding bet that if Toronto ever beat Ottawa in the regular season I would come

down to Kentucky and shovel his driveway. Snow is rare down there, rarely making it to the ground so he would have to catch it in a whisky glass and put it in his freezer, but I never did make it.

When I attended Doreen's 80th birthday party at Kenny's cottage we added still another anecdote to our shared story. I had brought my little dog, Bebe, with me. Jon was barbecuing these massive steaks that were too big for the plates. We were sitting around on lawn chairs and I looked over and saw Bebe sneakily lickings the bottom of Jon's son in law's steak as it rested on the arm of his Adirondack chair. I went over and offered to trade steaks but he said no problem, he had dogs too.



We had a good chat last month on my birthday, reminiscing about the good old days.

I thought I'd put some of these memories down for his Kentucky family who may not have known the kid from the frozen north country.

I started this tribute a couple of weeks ago and Jon was constantly on my mind. Patti called me frequently with updates. After her call last night, I couldn't sleep all night, finally going to bed at 4 A.M. Patti called this morning to advise that Jon had passed away at 5 A.M.

Rest in peace old friend.

