

Franco Salvatore Cassano

June 16, 1948- April 15, 2011

After a short illness, passed away peacefully with a close friend Sean Convy at his side at Royal Jubilee Hospice.

“Frankie” was born in Ortona, Italy on June 16, 1948 and moved to Windsor Ont. with his family in early childhood. He is predeceased by both parents; Antonio and Nicoletta Cassano. He is survived by his brother; Luciano; sister-in-law Anna-Maria niece, Tina-Marie; nephews Antony, Adriano and Giovanni, all from Windsor Ont. He is also sadly missed by many loving friends from Windsor Ont.; his buddies from the Beagle Pub and Cook Street Village where he lived many years and many friends and colleagues from his 24 year career at B.C. Ferry Corp.

Frank learned to play the piano at an early age and went on to play guitar and belted out some “howling” blues in his early 20’s. He also learned to play the flute and clarinet.

He moved to Vancouver Island around 1970 with his new wife Carol (who died of cancer in January of this year in Windsor) and lived in the Courtenay area with some other Windsor friends. Here he managed a tree planting company and travelled much of the Province doing that work. Later he moved to Victoria where he started a career with the BC Ferry Corp.

Frank was a good friend to all, and always had a cheery disposition and loved talking with his many friends on all kinds of subjects. He was an avid reader and loved to share his thoughts as well as listen to others. He loved his life on the water and spoke often of his experiences working on B.C. ferries.

A Memorial Service will be held at McCall Bros. Floral Chapel, 1400 Vancouver St., Victoria, B.C. on April 25th at 11:00 am. Following the Memorial Service an informal gathering of friends will take place at the Beagle Pub in the Cook St. village. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the BC Cancer Foundation. Online condolences may be offered at

www.mccallbros.com.

The Ferryman

(For Frank)

So old friend be on that tide
And sail your way back home
And on those foggy coastal nights
We'll listen for that foghorn tune
For those of us left standing here
You left the dock too soon.

Jim-Your Friend