



Mr. Victor Karl Jameson

February 7, 2013

Victor Jameson passed away peacefully at Extendicare on Feb 6th 2013. He was born in Davidson, Sask. in 1920. Vic leaves his wife Esther, his sons Larry (Margaret) of Mill Bay, BC, Perry (Linda) of Terra Cotta, his grandsons Eric, Matt, Chris, Scott and Dave and great grandson Ewan. Vic was a proud veteran of WWII, a graduate of the Univ. of Saskatchewan School of Engineering and an avid curler. The family would like to express their thanks to Dr. Bournes and the staff of the Balinafad House of Extendicare for their care and kindness over the past six years.

Tribute Wall

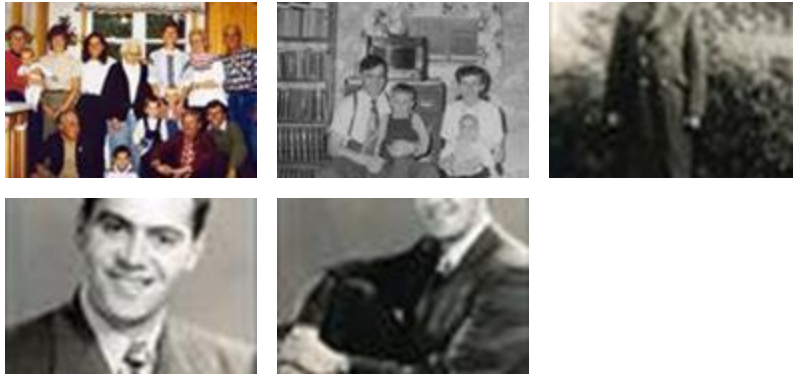
VH

“ I would like to extend my deepest sympathy in the loss of Uncle Vic. I didn't know him well but I do feel the sense of great loss when a loved one passes on.
Vivian (Greenshields) Halbert

Vivian (Greenshields) Halbert - February 17, 2013 at 11:21 PM

LC

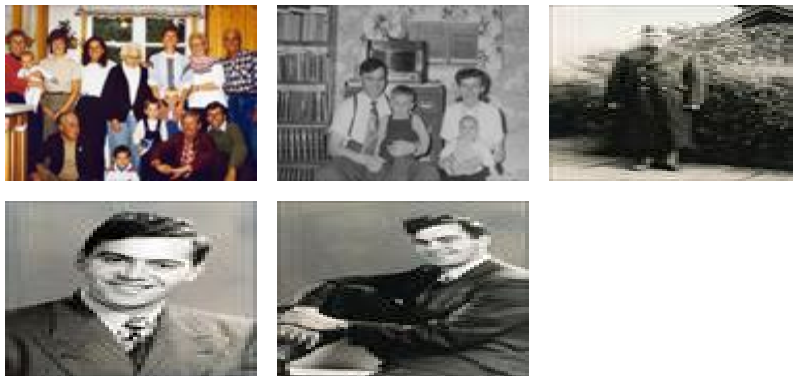
“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Linda Coburn - February 16, 2013 at 10:17 PM

LC

“ 5 files added to the album LindaCoburnsPics



Linda Coburn - February 16, 2013 at 08:52 PM

RA

“ Starting last April while visiting my brother-in-law, I would often visit with Victor after one of his frequent walks with his walker around the halls of Balinafad House. At first he seemed a little cool, but as the months passed I found him to be warm, gracious and hospitable, especially when you visited him in his room. He was proud of his computer and all the memorabilia in his room. He was proud of his war and work experience. He was proud of his Engineering Degree. But nothing compared to how proud he was of his sons and their families.

Ray Arbic

Ray Arbic - February 13, 2013 at 02:16 PM

JH

“ Deepest sympath from all the comrades of Branch #120 The Roysl Canadian Legion, Georgetown, ON.
Major John H. Harrison - 2nd. vice President & Service Officer.

John Harrison - February 10, 2013 at 10:41 AM

LJ

“ Part 1 of 3

In memory of my Dad. Victor Karl Jameson, May 4, 1920 – Feb 6, 2013

He was born at the dawn of the roaring 20's but by the time he got to really take a look around it was the dirty 30's. Dad was not the warmest guy in the world but he came from a pretty cold world, a desolate, dusty and depressed prairie. He once told me that growing up with 3 sisters was like some kind of hell. Maybe they got his share of the warmth. He had adventures as a kid. Charlie would take him with him when he went looking for work as a carpenter. Dad said they went from town to town by boxcar and from his stories he thought it was a pretty good time. He delivered milk and worked on local farms which he loved doing. He told me he once had a job shooting rats in the Davidson elevator. Compare that to greeting at WalMart.

Then came the war and Dad's ticket to a life. By the time he was 30 he had been overseas to war and back, finished high school, earned his engineering degree and started his family. While working on his degree he spent his summers working underground in a hard rock mine in Flin Flon. A dark and scary place to my mind and underground mines in the wilderness were probably not so safe in the late 40's. Flin Flon was so isolated that you had to bring your car in by rail and the only road ran to the dump. I was born there and Perry a year later, yet they never spent a full year there. I tell people, that like all good Canadians of that time, they went north to spawn.

His career went straight up. I don't know how he did it but he started as a plant engineer one day and the next day was managing plants and moving from city to city. We were always on the move. All his life, he was an organized guy, and I guess that's what a plant manager needed. I remember when I went into his NoCoRode pipe plant in Cornwall and was amazed to see that my dad was the boss

of this large, complicated factory and that everybody in it worked for him. I was always in awe of that and more than a little proud. He was also president at different times of a curling club and a golf club. I always thought that to become president of anything like that, that everybody would have to love you, to elect you, and so it must have been with him, because he did it, not once but twice. I even saw him interviewed on TV once. It was a local station, probably discussing local industry, but I thought, who else's dad have I seen on TV. Not one. It was his inspiration that led me to engineering.

He was a child at heart. He loved to play and when he'd play with us as kids he played like a kid. He golfed and curled all his life. In the army he was a boxer and he played baseball too. As a plant manager he would get offered these wonderful free fishing trips on luxury yachts with guides and high powered fish boats and he was crazy about fishing. Sports and exercise were important for him. He loved to walk and just about walked his wheels off and for years he religiously did his 5bx exercises every morning.

And work. I don't think anybody could work like Dad. He would take on the most monumental tasks. Khalil Gibran wrote that "Work is love made visible" and I don't have to look very far around me to visibly see that my dad did love me. He pretty nearly built two houses for me and for Perry too. He never had much money or an ability for affection but he was enormously generous with his time and effort. He loved us in this way.

Larry Jameson - February 08, 2013 at 02:48 PM

“ Part 2 of 3

He appreciated and dabbled with philosophy. As kids he'd read us phrases of ancient philosophy from books like "The Discourses of Epictetus 101AD and The Meditations by Marcus Aurelius 167AD". He read lighter stuff to us at bedtime which we both loved. I remember him reading us stories of Greek mythology. His penmanship was remarkable and he toyed with calligraphy too. He wrote very interesting and entertaining letters and was long interested in writing as a skill. I received a few letters from him that I've kept to this day and I remember his mom Minnie saying that "Victor writes the most wonderful letters" and she was right. He wrote regularly to her for years while she was living.

He was a clever guy. I had to write a speech for school and I asked him for help. He picked up the nearest magazine, flipped through until he saw an article on women in the workplace. Then, in about a half hour he helped me write a parody speech of this article that won my high school and sent me to the provincial finals. The speech was called "Why women should not work" and it was very funny. He had a tremendous sense of humour. I went from proud and impressed to amazed at how easy he made that look.

Then he went farming. I don't care what anyone says; I think it takes intestinal fortitude to leave an important, high paying job for an unknown and questionable future as a farmer just because the job is not fun anymore. But he did it. He had the courage to sacrifice an unhappy but safe and lucrative known for the unknown. Those of serious ilk might think that irresponsible, but he was a child at heart. Children seek pleasure in everything and especially need their work to be play and so it was with him. "When you work you are a flute through whose heart the whispering of the hours turns to music." (Kahlil again) and his job had lost its music. I will always admire Dad for having the courage to follow his heart, regardless of how the outcome may be judged. I only spent one year and a couple of summers on the farm but they were action packed and form the

largest part of my memories from my high school period. That experience is probably responsible for my love of living in the country.

He was especially fond of a party. I remember the family parties and holidays in Montreal and Oxford Station. Dancing, singing, drinking, smoking and card games. Dad was front and center and bigger than life at all of them. He loved to grandstand. He also taught me how to play the harmonica which he was prone to pull out at a party. I'm sure he would have sacrificed his first born to be able to play the guitar. Thankfully, not a practical option. But for all his partying and drinking, while I was growing up, I never saw him drunk except at a party. I wasn't looking for it, I never saw it and would have been surprised if I had. He was a good and sober provider. Those days were a simpler time, when drinking and smoking was officially cool and socially acceptable. Even seatbelts were still waiting to be invented. I don't think his party habits were that far off the norm for those postwar boom times.

Larry Jameson - February 08, 2013 at 02:47 PM

“ Part 3 of 3

He wasn't perfect but nobody is. It was his inner child who mostly ruled and he was sometimes known to pout. When things went wrong he loved to play the martyr. A not so great trait I've sometimes seen in myself and other childish types. I think he took the ideology Work Hard, Play Hard and Drink Hard very much to heart.

He was tolerant. Dad played and loved sports. Neither Perry nor I did much in sports but he never pressured us to play or do anything we didn't want to and he was not a strict father. After high school I started a weed plant in my room one summer and Mom was pretty worried what Dad would say when he saw it but he laughed it off and went back to working on his still. He used to take us fishing for sunfish on the Raisen River. He had a ball at amusement parks and would take us on all the rides. He even rode the PNE roller coaster with me one night after a football game and I think he was in his 70's by then.

We had family adventures. One time in Cornwall Dad borrowed this floating houseboat from a friend. It was a covered raft on two pontoons about 20' long with a big honking engine. We went right out into the middle of the St. Lawrence River and something went wrong. Dad started having trouble with the engine. The throttle lever was stuck. So, being an engineer, he deduced that the best course of action was to kick it sharply. The lever snapped off, the engine roared and snapped the board it was mounted to, but was held to the boat by safety chains so the motor was saved. All the while we were in the middle of the St Lawrence shipping lanes with freighters passing both ways. Dad eventually got things jerry rigged and under control and we limped back to shore. I often wondered what his friend who lent him the boat thought. I think our next family boat trip was canoes in Algouquin Park and he dumped Mom in the river on that one.

When he was 63 he went around the Bowron Lakes with me. It was an incredible trip. We went in September in the years before carts were allowed in and we had it all to ourselves. The weather was amazing, day after day of sun, wilderness and isolation and one night we had the best northern lights that I've ever seen. At one campsite I saw a young bear in some nearby blueberries and when I turned to tell Dad to take a look I saw he was halfway back to the beach and moving fast. I know he enjoyed that trip because it was about all he'd talk to me about for the last couple of years of his life.

He was fiercely independent and a bit of a loner, especially in his later years. It seems odd to me that someone with a personality that could lead industry, curling and golf clubs, was or could become a loner but it seemed to happen. I think perhaps it was just that he didn't care much for being around old people and tea totalers. I expect the most difficult thing he endured in his life was his loss of independence when he became unable to care for himself. A hard pill for him to swallow and a lesson for us all.

I don't believe in heavens, hells or afterlives but I also know that we know very little about anything, so anything is possible. If he is out there on some plane of existence, then I pray it's a pleasant one, because he did his best his way, he accomplished a lot, harmed nobody and he deserves no less. One way we do immortalize ourselves in some small way is by our impact on a distant future. Dad, with some help from Mom of course, raised 2 sons, who raised 5 sons and who are now starting to raise sons of their own. His finer traits and good looks will not fade for some time.

He was an engineer, an original "back to the earther" and my father. May he rest in peace.

His loving son

Larry