Glenn McPherson Fonds

Draft manuscripts, interviews, [1982, 1994]

FOLDER No. G-1

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PROLOGUE

Glenn McPherson answers his door bell, cane in hand. A tall man, bony in a tweed jacket obviously bought when he was at least three sizes heavier, he looks stern, his face hawklike, his one "good" eye partially hooded under a thatch of eyebrow, the other hidden behind a black patch. Then he smiles, and it's like the sun breaking through a storm cloud.

He leads the way through the spacious hall of his West Vancouver home into his crowded den. He gestures to one armchair, eases himself into another in front of the desk, and slides his cane to the floor. This den is his sanctum. Here he spends most of his time, surrounded by memorabilia tucked away in bookcases, cabinets, albums, journals and drawers. He may be legally blind but he can locate any item in an instant. He's totally organized, his memory prodigious.

His heavy oak desk faces into an alcove lined with photos. Some are familiar - England's scowling Sir Winston Churchill, for instance, America's genial President Roosevelt, Canada's sombre Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir.

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Draft manuscript

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They're here for good reason. McPherson's career touched theirs at one point or another. But others he's happy to identify - his adored wife Mercia, their four children, his father Ewan (former Chief Justice of Manitoba), and Dr. Ephraim H. Coleman (Canada's Under Secretary of State). These people, not so widely known, have been pivotal to his life.

His father and Dr. Coleman were Glenn's mentors, but Sir William Stephenson was his close and trusted friend. Letters from the legendary spymaster and head of British Security Coordination in America begin " Dear Mac" and end "Yours ever, Bill". Even more meaningful is the document signed by Stephenson giving Glenn his power of attorney. But pictures of Stephenson? None here.

"Bill was paranoid about being photographed," McPherson says. "Once, bound for England on a bomber, he noticed that another passenger was sketching him. He walked over and asked to see the sketcher's I.D. As it turned out, the guy was a member of British Intelligence but Bill still demanded that the sketch be destroyed on the spot."

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Like Stephenson, McPherson has few intimates and is unknown to most of his countrymen. Yet in 1941 he was the only Canadian named by Fortune Magazine as "one of America's ten most outstanding young men." He played major roles in Canada's history from 1937 to 1985, and was so often honored as their "Man of the Year" by national and international organizations that the corresponding plaques take up a whole wall of his den. Clearly he's proven his worth, so this present obscurity doesn't particularly concern him. (If anything it demonstrates how thoroughly schooled he was in Stephenson's dictum: "protect your cover, avoid the limelight and lie low for the good of the cause.")

McPherson has always been a man of complexities and contradictions. A self-professed loner, he nevertheless loves an audience, and shifts into performing gear whenever he senses an opening for one of his riveting anecdotes. Stubborn, with the mindset of a bulldog, he turns pussycat where poetry is concerned. Give him the chance and he'll rhyme off the poetry of Robert Service, William Shakespeare or Ralph Waldo Emerson for minutes at a time, word perfect.

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"The first time I was in Paris I went to see Napoleon's tomb," he says, "and inscribed on it was this poem by Emerson," and he recalls it, his raspy voice edged with emotion:

"And I thought of the widows and the orphans that he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition, and I said 'I would rather have been a poor French peasant, and worn wooden shoes, and lived in a hut with the vines growing over the door, with my loving wife by my side, and my child upon my knee, than to have been that imperial personification of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

(Odd. McPherso is moved almost to tears by these words, yet in the next second admits that "When the children were growing up, I wasn't much help to Mercia. I was always off somewhere on business. She brought them up alone.")

His long, many-faceted career proved him to be a man of exceptional insight and vision, a man who dared the unknown and saw the potential in the untried, yet a man governed throughout his lifetime by the simple principles of his father: "Son, if you have to ask yourself if a thing's unethical, likely it is. Don't do it."

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Even today, still morally bound by the oath of secrecy required by Stephenson half a century ago, Glenn refuses to divulge certain names and facts from the past. On the other hand, he's been known to ride blithely over legal restraints if they threatened to restrain his company's progress:

"I remember one time when he arrived at our office with a sheaf of paper in his hands and announced proudly: 'Hey, guess what? We've just bought Pacific Helicopter!'" recalls Denis Creighton, a lawyer with the firm of Campney, Owen, Murphy and Owen, the legal firm retained by Okanagan Helicopters Ltd.

"Jesus, Glenn," I said, after I'd recovered from the first moment of shock, "Okanagan's a public company. You can't do this without a shareholders' resolution."

"'Well,' said Glenn, quite unconcerned, 'we'll get one.' It had simply never occurred to him that his shareholders might not want to go along with this action of his. They trusted him to know what was good for the company, that was

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Glenn's philosophy, so votes and resolutions and signatures and all that stuff could be attended to in due course. As it turned out, we did call a special general meeting of the shareholders. Everybody thought it was a great idea, and eventually we did get the agreement signed and sealed. But until we did - and I forget what the lag time was in those days - during that five or six-week period we weren't legal. But that was typical of Glenn. He was always a one-man band."

Some people, Creighton says, regarded him as arrogant. But others who had known him longer and in a different context perceived in him a different quality:

"Nathaniel in the Bible was a man 'in whom there was no guile', and Glenn's that way, too, totally lacking in treachery, cunning or deceit, " says retired Winnipeg lawyer Locksley McNeill, (Manitoba Law School class of '31).

Without guile, yes, but not without gumption, and definitely not without pride. Glenn has watched and listened while latecomers have been second-guessing history and jumping on band wagons. Now, he says, it's time he brought out his

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journals and diaries and scrapbooks and the memorabilia he's collected over half a century of working for Canada. Now it's time he gave *his* answers to some of the questions asked. After all, he was *there*, dammit. He *knows* what happened. Listen, this is the way it *was*. . .

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NOTES FROM TAPES MADE IN HAWAII 1982

KAMINGA.

April 8 /64 - Capt. Jimmy James and Glenn went to CKLM in Amsterdam - met Dr. Kamminga (check spelling) later pres. of HAA several years after Glenn held that office - James and Glenn tried to make a deal with Kamminga for same reason as had tried to make a deal with Morton Henka - wanted to make a deal with CKLM and have a single depot of spare parts and cooperate in maintenance etc. Kamminga indicated that KLM had no experience in off-shore work, the type of work we (OKanagan) were getting involved in and he would welcome negotiations to put a deal together and we had shown him Okanagan's operations manual which had now been accepted by Shell as a good manual and he asked to borrow a copy. Unfortunately I loaned him a copy and that's the last we ever heard of a deal with Dr. Kamminga and KLM.

Some of the problems we were having with BEA and the ARB - the regulatory body in England - Capt. James was one of those ramrod straight military types - a capt. on BEA - in charge of the helicopter division I think as pres. and Jock Cameron was gen. mgr. or operations mgr. I forgot to mention that when Douglas told us that we were going to have a partner working this contract he also told us that our new company, International Helicopters, would have as its chairman Lord Balfour. Lord Balfour's sister was the wife of Mr. Profumo who had got into some problems prior to this date. Lord Balfour ws a very fine gentleman and played a very important part in Churchill's cabinet during the war. The deal ws that he would be the chairman of the board and I would be the president. I think Ian Kennedy was one of the directors.

Okanagan had control of the operation but we were setting it up based on Cambridge where there was a small airport and hangar and shop facilities. One of the stories I like - Capt. James arrived in a chauffeur-driven car at the hotel and was met by Fred Snell who had been warned that he was arriving. When James got out of the car he said he hoped that Snell had arranged accommodation for him - Snell said that he had - James wanted to know about his driver, Snell said he also had a room for him in the hotel, and James informed Fred that the driver couldn't stay in the same hotel that he was in. This didn't surprise Fred Snell with his English background, but it did surprise me.

We had the problems of transportation by train from London to Cambridge. Our pilots and engineers who had been brought up in the tradition of Canadian bush operations where the life of the pilot depends on the capability of the engineer always travelled together, lived together, ate together and slept together. But when we got to London we found that the BEA pilots who were going to be on the operation travelled first class in the trains and the engineers were not allowed to travel first class. They travelled what I presume we would call third class. Our pilots and engineers travelled together and this created some friction. Also the allowance for meals was different for officers and other ranks in England, contrary to Okanagan's policy.

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During one of our meetings I suggested that since BEA had a Bell J tht perhaps we should put it into the operation to move VIPS from London's heliport on the Thames to (lowistoffort at Cambridge)(?Check) that this would save a great deal of time, also for our own personnel moving back and forth. Jock Cameron and Lord Balfour were at the meeting - I think this was at a dinner at Lord Balfour's home - I raised the question of using the J in our operations - Cameron said they were selling the J and we couldn't use it in the operation because of the ARB rules - I asked him what rules these were and he said the J on skid gear can't fly across the Thames to land at the heliport and Cambridge is on the north side of the Thames and so therefore you would have to have floats to fly across the Thames to land at the heliport on the south side. I suggested this could be resolved by putting floats on - then he informed me that you couldn't fly over land with floats and I then asked the obvious question: Well, has the ARB worked out any way to change from floats to skid gear while in the air - he didn't think this was amusing because I was criticizing ARB rules. I pointed out that in Canada we flew on floats over land or water - we used floats to land on snow, and it was ridiculous to have a regulation that said you could not fly across that, what amounted to a creek, compared to our rivers - when the tide went out there wasn't much water in the Thames at that point and I couldn't believe it that they wouldn't allow you to fly across the Thames when there was a mudbank on both sides and a small stream in the middle when the tide was out, and even when it was in you could get enough altitude that you could auto-rotate to the platform. However, he said we couldn't use the J for that purpose and we never did get the ARB to clear floats for over land or skids for over the Thames.

Arrival of F61 inEngland: The BEA people were a little upset with us for ferrying the aircraft to England and we took that we'd get some training on the flight, that there wasn't any reason why the F61 shouldn'r be able to make the flight as it was sold on the basis that it had a flying boat hull and could land on water - I recall that when I was at Sikorsky they were a little horrified that we were going to ferry it to England, nobody else had done this, but I pointed out that if it came down in the water and didn't survive we would buy ads in all the papers to state that it was not a flying boat tht could survive on water. In any event, as a part of the ferry trip we did put a wing tank in the cabin as emergency fuel to increase the range, and they flight-planned from Montreal to London - I think 35 hours flying time and they took about 35 hours and a half. So their flying time ws pretty good.

Now our other problem with the F61 when we arrived in England - go back to when we were getting organized at Sikorsky - we required for the North Sea operation special radio equipment and homing (check word) devices and the decca equipment for navigation out to the drilling rigs in bad weather. Now because it was an American helicopter bought in the USA we put in American radio equipment and navigation aids. And they were American products approved by

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the Americans for use in the helicopter. The helicopter then left Sikorsky on Sept. 8, it was registered as CFOKY and I flew with them to Montreal and would like to have made the trip with them to England but they said they would rather carry the extra fuel. Their route took them to Goose Bay and then across to Sondersom (CHECK!!!) on Greenland - they flew across the icecap over to an old ferry base used during the war on the east coast of Greenland where we put out fuel with the help of Shell, and from there they flew to Iceland, and from there to the ~~Farrel~~ FAROE (CHECK!!!) Islands and so down into England and London. When they arrived in England they flew to Gatwick which was the BEA operating base for their airline as well as for their helicopters. The engines had 36, perhaps a maximum of 40 hours time on them. There were no problems with the engines on the way across but as soon as they got into BEA's hangar problems started to arise. I was convinced later that logs were being thrown in our way to discourage us. In any event the first thing that happened was that the ARB announced that one of the engines was down something like 3% on power and would have to be overhauled. This would mean sending it to Bristol, I think it was. We said if it had to be overhauled which we objected to, and we had a spare engine, we said we would send it to Ontario, California, as that was the overhaul plant for these engines, and we could send it there and get it back in less time and for less money than to send it to Bristol. But we weren't allowed to send it to Ontario, it went to Bristol and I think it was something like two months before we got it back, after innumerable phone calls to the engine rep - an American at Bristol - I remember calling him personally on one occasion and asking him what on earth had happened to our engine and he said they couldn't tell me because they were out to tea.

The ARB also announced that the radio equipment tht we had and the navigation aids (I think Decca) were not acceptable to them and they would all have to be stripped out and we would have to put in Marconi equipment, and British manufactured equipment. Well this of course delayed getting our aircraft ready for operations, also cost thousands of pounds and we were only able to get some relief by making a deal with Sikorsky to take all the radio equipment back to Sikorsky and sell it to them or at least get a credit for them using it in another F61 where it was acceptable to the purchaser. This worked out all right but the time and labor in stripping out this American equipment was completely uncalled for and was certainly just another log in the way.

Well, finally the helicopter did get out of their hangar and their shops and our pilots flew it up to the base at Cambridge. First thing that Fred Snell noticed and reported to me ws that on the bulkhead there was an ARB placard saying this helicopter is not permitted to fly over water. well, this was really the last straw. Here we were having made a flight from America to England the first commercial flight ever made across the Atlantic - most people thought we were crazy certainly BEA did, and we later found out that through influence some people had been told that it might be a good idea if Okanagan wasn't given any publicity in the British papers about our

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trans-Atlantic flight - we weren't out for the publicity but we did note that there ws practically no mention in any British paper about our flight to England.

In any event, here we were going to fly out to a drilling platform and we had a helicopter that had a placard on it saying it couldn't fly over water and we had just flown over the Atlantic. So I had another of my innumerable meetings with the ARB officials and they told me that it couldn't fly over water because we didn't have pockets in the back of the seats to put the passengers' life jackets in and that the pockets would have to be sewn on similar to BEA. I pointed out that when we bought the aircraft and settled on the upholstery we specifically told Sikorsky tht we didn't want any pockets because if you had pockets the drillers would take off their Mae Wests and put them in the pockets during the flight out to the rig and we wanted them to wear their Mae Wests all the time they were in the helicopter and over the water. But this argument didn't go over with ARB and I believe that eventually we had to put pockets on the back of the seats.

Apropos of the placard story, I had made a deal to service the aquitaine (CHECK!) rig in the English channel where they were drilling test holes for the proposed tunnel. They had a man who broke his leg on the rig and we got an emergency call at Cambridge asking if we would fly out and take him into hospital. We said we would make arrangements but after we hung up, of course, we knew that we didn't have a helicopter so we phoned Jock Cameron at his base and told him the story and suggested that he fly out. Well, as usual, Cameron's helicopters were either unserviceable or flying on money-losing operations to the Isle of Wight, and he didn't have a helicopter available and he said he would send a crew up to fly our helicopter out to the rig. I pointed out tht our helicopter had a placard on it and was not permitted to fly over water. He then said: "Well, that only applies to you Canadians. My crew can fly it out to the rig." Which they did, and there were no repercussions from the ARB. It was quite obvious to us that everything was being done to put Okanagan in the position that we would eventually get fed up and leave, and they would then get the contrct that they couldn't win on a fair-and-square competitive basis.

In June, 1965, Mercia and I and her mother went to London. She and her mother went over together on June 1st and I went over on June 5th, I think, for meetings about the oil rig operation, and also for the Paris Air Show. Mercia and I went to the Paris Air Show together and then I stayed in London and she and her mother came back to Vancouver about the middle of June. I got back in time for Grant McConachie's funeral.

On the 28th of June Douglas Bader was in Vancouver and I took him fishing on Jim Manders' boat. I well remember tht Jim had a boarding ladder on the side of the boat and I suggested to

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Douglas that I might give him a hand to get aboard and he said "If I need any help I won't go aboard."

On July 12th there ws a tragedy in that CPAir's plane to Prince George was blown up with a bomb and one of our neighbors and a good friend, Mr. Jensen, who represented Volkswagen in Vancouver, was killed in the crash. Early in August I was down in Dallas and Fort Worth and we bought our first 204B from Bell on Aug. 9th, and it was after this tht we started to build power lines with a 204B.

By Aug. 16 the situation in England had deteriorated. Fred Snell was completely fed up Ian was convinced that the English were determined to drive us out of England. Frederick Field who was an Englishman felt that perhaps I was over-reacting. He was then the chairman of Okanagan Leigh Stevenson (check spelling1) by this time had retired. My recollection is that Leigh retired shortly after the row with Carl and Alf. But for what personal reasons I don't know. The Board decided that Fred should go to England and meet with Lord Balfour and the board of International Helicopters. So Fred and I took off on the 16th of August and went to the meeting. I well recall that we had a meeting in Lord Balfour's office attended by Fred and myself and Lord Balfour, and Balfour was trying to make sure there wouldn't be a row at the board meeting because by this time we were having regular rows with Jock Cameron who was interfering with operations and we certainly weren't getting along with Capt. Jimmy James. So Balfour in talking to Field before the meeting really upset Fred at the last moment as we were walking out of his office into the board meeting when he turned to Fred and said: "Why don't you take your Canadians and go home?"

Well, we continued to struggle along. Fred came home, and felt that it was only a matter of time until the bureaucrats would drive us out of England and in Sept. I was back in Vancouver, I know that Glen Fitzgerald was killed on Sept. 18 when the tail rotor struck the water off Campbell River when he was dipping a bucket on a fire operation and I was in Calgary in Sept. - a meeting with John Stewart (check spelling!) about Shell's proposed West Coast off-shore operation out of Tofino-

By this time we had decided to get out of the British deal and I think I was back in London on Oct. 8 when I advised Douglas Bader that we had tried everything but we just could not continue with Jock Cameron and his group in this operation and that Okanagan wanted to sell its interest to BEA and get out. Well, Douglas said that we certainly had tried. He appreciated the problems and while he hated to see us go he would make sure that we got our money. He told me to get the figures as to the total cost of Okanagan going to England including our bidding costs, the trips we had made, material costs, every conceivable cost we had had, and once he had these figures

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he woud give them to BEA and and see that we were paid off. I remember that he phoned Jimmy James and James came to a meeting tht afternoon and Bader told him that BEA had driven Okanagan out of England, but that BEa was going to pay Okanagan their total costs in order to get the other 50% of the company. I forget how it all worked out but it was well over a million dollars that BEA had to pay Okanagan and I also remember that when James offered to give me a cheque from BEA I said "no dice, you deposit the money in the Royal Bank in Vancouver in our name and then we'll complete the deal and transfer the shares." By this time there was certainly no love lost between Okanagan and the BEA group and we were really disappointed in having to leave and I've often wondered how efficient and how much money BEA made out of the contract once they got it. I do know tht Shell's contracts are now all with Bristol and I don't know whether BEA is still involved.

For the last two months of the year I think things went pretty normally. We made a deal with John Stewart re the offshore operation - the Shell Oil Canada as was customary over the years never put their work out to bid, they simply negotiated with Okanagan and we negotiated with John, made the deal and the operation started with 204s out of Tofino and then they moved the Setco (Check!!) rig to the Queen Charlottes, and we operated there until the rig left for Australia.

At this time Drapeau was drumming up publicity for Expo '67 - put on cocktail party Nov. 30 Vancouver Hotel. We walked in - 300-400 people - introduced as Mr. and Mrs. McPherson.

At end of the year, still looking for new types of work, we made a contract with West Coast to patrol their gas line from Fort St. John to Vancouver and we had been doing work for Trans-Mountain Pipe line ever since it was built.In fact we worked on the construction of that line - and Okanagan patrolled it by helicopter with a base at Kamloops for many years, as long as I ws with Okanagan. However Cec. Hurt (Spelling!) the head of Trans Mountain tells me that after I left they had a few problems in dealing with Okanagan's management and so they bought their own helicopter and stole Okanagan's pilot and did their own pipeline patrol.

Back to the time we won the Shell contract - Allan ~~Bristol~~ Bristow (CHECK SPELLING!) is the biggest operator in the world of helicopters and at one time as a member of HAA and a director I got him to join the board of HAA on the basis that he was the biggest operator and his experience and knowledge could be helpful to us. Unfortunately as a director he never seemed to attend any of the meetings and he was not re-elected. However Allan was definitely a self-made man. They tell a story about him during the war where he had been torpedoed three times in the Merchant Navy and he came back to London after spending some weeks in a lifeboat on the Indian Ocean, I believe, and informed his father that he was quitting the Merchant Navy and had joined the RAF. His father was so upset at this that he never spoke to Allan for years. Allan went on to

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great things in the RAF and after the war got into the helicopter business. The day I arrived in England when we had won the Shell Oil contract Allan phoned me up at the hotel and said he was downstairs and if I'd come down he'd like to have a drink with me. I went down and he told me that he had hoped to win the contract - he was sure he'd get it - and he wished me luck. He said there was no way we would be allowed to operate in the North Sea with the British Socialist Govt. then in power and that they would find ways and means of driving us out. He said when we were leaving if I gave him a call he'd be pleased to buy me another drink. As it turned out he was right and I did see him before we left London and we did have our farewell drink.

Allan was always very anxious to get into Canada but the issue came long after I left the company and I think just a matter of a few years ago when he was going to come in to work in the Arctic on the Canadian side of the Frugal (CHECK!!!) Bay area and he had made a deal with an oil company to provide their helicopter service, they having used Okanagan but wanting to change for some reason. When Okanagan found out that Bristol was moving into the north of Canada they opposed him in Ottawa and the story I've heard is that the CTC wouldn't give him permission or licences which annoyed the oil company so they bought one of his S61s, hired his crew and they are operating off the Arctic coast and I'm quite sure that Allan Bristol is playing a part in it.

On another trip to England - Jack West and I flew over and were going to the Farnborough (CHECK!) Air Show, Ferry Aircraft, who were anxious to do business with Okanagan and they had just developed the Rotodyne - a combination airplane and helicopter with a rotor system that had ram jets on the tips and the ram jets would be lighted up and the rotor would take over and lift the "helicopter" and when it got into the air and got some forward speed the engines onm the stub wing would take over and it would become an airplane. The concept wasn't too bad - they gave me a model of this aircraft - it's here - but the ram jets made so much noise that it didn't sell. At the Farborough Show, for example, when they were demonstrating the Rotodyne we noticed that when it was flying past the stands a squadron of British jets went roaring by. I wouldn't suggest that this was deliberate to cover up the noise of the rotodyne but the English are pretty smart salesmen. After we saw it fly by we were at the Ferry booth and in talking with Richard Ferry (CHECK SPELLING!) and some of the other officials I said that the only problem about the rotodyne was that they needed to get some publicity for it and so they had to make a sale. We suggested that Okanagan would put in an order for the rotodyne and we would attach some conditions and specs as to its performance and its noise level which would give us an out if they couldn't meet those specs. In any event we did sign an option to purchase the first rotodyne to be produced and had a big press conference. I had had a lot of dealings with Ferry in the Aerot Services (CHECK!!) company which was owned by them and which I referred to earlierwhich we sold to Fairchilds for them - In any event the press conference was really something to see,

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all the British reporters and they asked me why on earth Okanagan would sign a contract to buy a rotodyne when it really hadn't got into production. I said the big thing about aviation was that you did business with people you liked and could trust. Later Douglas Dewar, away off in Vancouver, read in his newspaper tht I had signed a contract to buy a rotodyne and he sent me a cable - "I've just read the report that you are purchasing a rotodyne and I am wondrering if you have taken to smoking the pipe."

On our way to Farnborough for the Air Show in a Rolls Royce provided by Ferry which picked us all up at the hotel there were so many of us that Jack West, the Wood Gundy man who was in effect a broker, sat in the front seat with the driver. The rest of us sat in back and we were all in aviation and we started to talk about problems in the industry and about all of the crashes. Somebody would say: "Whatever happened to so and so" and somebody else would say: "Well, remember he was killed when he clipped a tree up at Armstrong, Ontario" and so it went. Accident after accident. And we were in a business that was trying to prove to the world that it was safe to fly. When we got to Farnborough we got out of the car and Jack West said to the driver who hadn't spoken a word that we wanted to thank him for the ride out and we had certainly enjoyed the trip and we hoped that he had, too. The driver said "well, I have made up mind about one thing, I will never fly." That's how you sell aviation.

As it turned out, of course, the rotodyne could not be produced to specifications and particularly the specification as to the noise level and no rotodynes were produced other than the prototype, but the concept was good and in a sense Bell are now going that route with their tilt-a-wing (CHECK!) helicopter where you have two engines with large propellors mounted on the wing and the wing tilts upright for takeoff as a helicopter and then moves into a horizontal position once you get in the air. This must be a rather complicated mechanism but it will probably sell, perhaps to the American military.

By 1966 Frederick Field was Chairman of the Board, Dewar had died and Leigh Stevenson (CHECK!!) had retired. The reason I refer to Fred being chairman of the Board - some years before, while Mr. Dewar was still chairman, when we got involved with Bristol Airplane Co. when Mr. Reynolds, the pres. of their Canadian division, approached me with a proposal to buy Okanagan. He had a dream that he could put Okanagan, ~~Chair~~ AVTAIR (CHECK SPELLING!) and Spartan together. He had already bought Spartan when Johnny Roberts, the pioneer of that company and the man who had started it, had built up a fairly big company both fixed wing and helicopters, had died of a heart attack. Reynolds took over Spartan, didn't have the qualified people to run it, and he got the idea that he could build a helicopter empire if he could get hold of Okanagan. The negotiations and the final result were, to some, a horror story. But to me there were some amusing incidents. And it is worth recording as a indication of the personality and

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drive and ambition of Mr. Reynolds. I well remember that I went to have a meeting with him in Montreal at his request and he had Doug. Connor there. So this was before Connor had sold out to Peter Thompson (Check Spelling!) At that meeting Mr. Reynolds said that if he could buy Okanagan - he wanted me to sign a five-year contract to manage the total company which would include Spartan and Otair, and that I would have to live in Ottawa which of course was close to Spartan and to his operation in Montreal. I remember we got into a little bit of a row between Connor and myself because I asked what Connor's position was going to be in the set-up and Reynolds said that of course Connor would be one of the directors and be involved in the management of the company. And I said under no circumstance would I put up with Connor or get in bed with him, and that if we did make a deal Doug Connor could sell out or nor as he wished, but he would have nothing to do with running the combined company.

In any event negotiations started and Mr. Reynolds came out to Vancouver and had several meetings with our board of directors about the purchase price and negotiations carried on in great secrecy. We were meeting late at night and we had several meetings out at Douglas Dewar's home. Douglas was ill at the time and it was agreed that any disclosure that Bristol were offering to buy Okanagan would certainly have an effect on the stock market and be very unfair to our shareholders. We didn't want to make any official announcement that negotiations were going on because we didn't want to affect the price of the shares on the market to the detriment of our own oldtime shareholders, particularly the orchard growers in the Okanagan Valley.

We kept the secret very well, and then the balloon burst when a Chinese broker working for Wood Gundy got a call from a Chinese grocer down in Chinatown telling him he wanted him to buy a large number of Okanagan shares as soon as the market opened in the morning. The broker asked him what he knew about Okanagan and the Chinese grocer said the Bristol Airplane Co. were going to buy it out and he wanted to get the shares before the word got out. Jack West, one of the senior partners in the Wood Gundy firm, was very upset when his agent reported to him and wanted to know if anything was going on between Bristol and Okanagan. Jack told him to keep the whole thing quiet until he could investigate and we had an emergency meeting of the board together with Reynolds or his rep. where the leak had occurred. Well, we came to the conclusion that none of the directors had talked, none of the people involved in the negotiations had said anything. It must be Mr. Dewar's Chinese gardener. So out I went to see Douglas Dewar and asked him about his Chinese gardener. Of course Dewar was emphatic that his Chinese gardener knew nothing about the deal as there was no discussion in front of the gardener. In any event, we continued to negotiate and I remember we got to an agreed price at one point late in the evening and we had a meeting where I was delegated to go over and see Mr. Reynolds over at the accounting firm that he was using and tell him that we wanted 25 cents more than the

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maximum that he had offered. He felt that the price offered was fair, based on the value of the company, and I told him that the company was a British Columbia company. It was like a family. Our shareholders had stuck with us through thick and thin, and that he was going to have to pay something for our tears if we sold the company to a British airplane company. On this basis he agreed to go the extra 25 cents. In the meantime, however, we were wondering what to do about the Chinaman's story and so the next day, after we found there was a leak, it was announced that negotiations were going on with Bristol. And I believe that we were able to announce what the price of shares would be. This protected our own shareholders.

As far as the leak was concerned, I later found out that it had happened in a very strange way. Reynolds and his staff people who were involved in the negotiations were on an Air Canada. flight flying to Vancouver and they were talking about the negotiations with Okanagan and sitting behind them unknown to them was a Chinese grocer from Chinatown in Vancouver and he overheard the conversation.

Well, by this time we had a deal with Bristol on the basis that Mr. Reynolds represented Bristol. And it ws arranged that there would be a press conference which was held. Mr. Reynolds then came out to our hangar addressed our employees and said there would be no change in their jobs that they would all be protected and that I was signing a five-year contrct to manage the total company. I had discussed this with Mercia. She was upset at the thought of leaving Vancouver and going back to live for five years in Ottawa, a city in which she was never very happy because I was away most of the time and she struggled to bring up the children on her own. But she agreed to go, and Bristol had agreed to provide us with a house, and to ship all of our effects including our boat to Ottawa. We visualized using it on the inland waterways of the Rideau Canal. Mercia was emphatic that we would not sell our house - we would rent it - she was determined to go back there and she felt that our property was a good investment and how right she was.

Then during this period I went to Ottawa and Jack Charleson and I looked around to try and find a house - I went out to Mr. Bracken's farm land at Manatic (CHECK SPELLING!) MANOTICK on the Rideau River. Bracken had been the premier of Manitoba and Dad had been his provincial treasurer - then Bracken became leader of the Conservative party but couldn't get elected and the Conservatives - the rumor was - had to guarantee him with a pension and provide him with a farm before he would take the job. In any event Jack and I looked around to try and find a house and I'd come to the conclusion that that was the area to live in, rather than downtown Ottawa.

The Spartan operation was on the west side of Ottawa so our residence wouldn't be too far from the office. Well, sometime around my trip to Ottawa we began to have some doubts about Mr.

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Reynolds and his authority to negotiate the deal although we had made the deal as far as we were concerned and he had announced it publicly. We got a phone call from the head of Bristol Airplane Co. - a very fine English gentleman, I think he was a knight - he said there were problems with the deal and could I come to London to see him. Well, Jack Charleson and I flew over to London to see the Bristol Board of Directors and Mr. Reynolds also came over, and maybe Jack West, I'm not sure. It was an interesting meeting. At the board meeting the chairman said that the Bristol Company was not in a financial position at that time to buy Okanagan and Otair and to put this deal together, and that Mr. Reynolds did not have authority to negotiate the deal. He thought that there must have been some misunderstanding - that I had been quoted in the press as saying that the deal had been made and as far as Bristol was concerned they had no intention of going ahead with the deal, and in fact could not get the foreign exchange from the Bank of England.

I told the chairman that I had anticipated that he might suggest that Okanagan had jumped the gun in announcing the deal and that I had brought my files with me. I passed down the table the file including the interview Mr. Reynolds had had with the press and the report of the meeting he had had with Okanagan employees etc. All pointed to the fact that it was Mr. Reynolds who had announced that Bristol was buying Okanagan. I said that we were now put in the position that we would look like monkeys and I wondered whether or not the Bristol Airplane Company was going to live up to the word of its president in Canada. The chairman said that Bristol just couldn't do it and he hoped that I would understand - the figures were certainly in the million or so dollars and Jack Charleson sitting at the table with me heard me say it was very nice meeting the Bristol people - that we would now return to Canada and I would accept the chairman's statement that it was financially impossible for Bristol to buy the company. We got up and walked out and as we got to the corridor I recall Jack saying how proud he was of me because he could hear that money just whistle by his ear when the deal was announced as being off and if it had been him he would have raised hell and he was impressed with the way I handled the matter and bowed out so gracefully which wasn't, he said, what I normally would have done.

But we found the Bristol people were excellent people to do business with because the chairman told me that he wanted me to send him a statement showing the total cost to us of all the negotiations, the trips etc. and he would see that our bill was paid. And of course, as a gentleman, he did pay the bill.

Mr. Reynolds subsequently in a very quiet way either retired early or was fired - he ended up in the Maritimes with a Coca Cola or soft drink franchise and later died there. It was a sad deal, it was a fiasco, but for some weeks we were living in Wonderland. Fortunately for the McPherson family we remained in Vancouver where Mercia was happy. So it's an ill wind that doesn't etc.

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12)

By this time I had become a little disillusioned with Brits, with the exception of Douglas Bader, not too impressed with their business ethics.

At this time I will try summarize 1966 - as usual a busy year - some excitement but the high spots were as follows:

. **in January** I went to New York to meet Morton Henka (CHECK SPELLING!) and Mr. Tenvik (CHECK SPELLING!) from Oslo - they asked me to come down as they wanted to go to the Sikorsky plant and were debating about buying the 61s for off-shore work from Norway, we having sold them this concept when we saw them in Oslo. I went down to Sikorsky with them - they did purchase S61s - I think aviation history - if anyone is interested - would record that Jock Graham and I did more to sell S61s to the oil industry for offshore work than any of the Sikorsky salesmen. Our trip to Oslo was the beginning. We had run into opposition from Allan Bristow for the Shell contract where he was proposing to use Wesland helicopters which, in effect, were the S55 and S58 built by Sikorsky but licensed to Wesland who were manufacturing them in England and they had put special engines - I think they were turbine engines - into these two aircraft and were sold on the idea that they were the best ship for offshore work. They were helicopters that basically on wheels, were not designed to fly over water for any distance and although you could put floats on them you lost a great deal of payload and created considerable drag. We argued that the new S61 with its flying boat hull and its two turbine engines and longer range and cabin capacity was a better ship, and we certainly convinced Morton Henka of that, and Douglas Bader and Dr. Kaminga of KLM who also went out and bought S61s. We should note that Allan Bristow who was dead against S61s in the beginning now operates them all ove the world and they have been for some years recognized as the best helicopter to service offshore drilling rigs. Bell with their twin engine ships are now getting some of this market but the Sikorsky S61 had the long range necessary to fly out to the rig and come back to land if necessary.

I well remember that my old friend Tug Gustason (Check spelling) Sikorsky's great super salesman recognized that Okanagan had done a good job in promoting their products and we had, as I recall, bought their first commercial 55, their first 58, one of, if not the first, 62 and certainly the first 61s to be bought by commercial operators for bush work. There may have been some of this equipment used on passenger operations in Chicago and New York and in Los Angeles, I believe, by Clarence Bolyn (CHECK SPELLING) but these were not operations in the sense of bush operations that we were involved in. And I do think we were one of, if not the first customer, for most of these Sikorsky aircraft. Tug said he wanted to give me a present in recognition of the work I had done in selling their equipment and I remember unlocking a file

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cabinet drawer , and pulling out a little box with a tie in it which he presented to me. He kept them all locked up - I wouldn't be surprised if they were all numbered and he had to account to the accounting dept.

START HERE →

Side II (Doesn't seem to follow along from previous side)

Some happy news - Dr. Boothroyd had been able to save Mercia's foot and leg and she was out of a cast on Jan. 14 but in a wheelchair.

Re Okanagan - the straws that I mentioned were in the wind previously began to blow a little harder. Alf Stringer wrote a letter to the board of directors without my knowledge and the board on receipt of the letter called a meeting. The background to his letter - there had been some friction due to the fact that Alf was married to the owner of Vancouver Island Helicopters and further friction had developed toward the end of '62 particularly between Alf and Ian Kennedy, now the VP of Finance and Ian was a pretty exacting accountant and he had reported to me that there were problems in the engineering side of the company where our costs, in his opinion, were far too high. I think his expression was that Alf was overhauling and modifying helicopters in a goldplated manner. In any event Alf and Carl were never too concerned about the financial side of the company as Carl was happy on the flying side and I thought that things were going alright between the troika and had no indication from Stringer that he ws very upset. I was aware that the rapid development of the company in ten years, its expansion, contracts that I had got and the equipment that had to be bought to service these contracts were not entirely approved by Carl and Alf who really did not want the company to grow too large. Carl had some theories about this in comparing us to Tommy Fox's (CHECK SPELLING) company in Edmonton where Fox had remained small with light helicopters and ws doing a profitable business whereas I was trying to push the company into heavy helicopters. My argument ws that under the present rules anybody could get a licence - even without a licence could buy a helicopter and operate it anywhere in Canada and carry his accounting system in his hip pocket. And we just couldn't compete with these small operators. The only place where we had a big advantage ws in the bigger helicopters and in construction work where we had become specialists.

In any event, Alf's letter to the chairman of the board Leigh Stevenson (I assume that Douglas Dewar had died at this point) was very critical of my management of the company and the board members were divided as to what to do with his letter. Leigh Stevenson was chairman, Frederick Field was now on the board, Barney Bent was on the board and a great friend of Carl and Alf's and one of the originals, Mac McKenzie and Pat Aikens (CHECK SPELLINGS).were still on the board, they were two of the original directors when I got on, Jack West was still on the

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Gunnar Sonnesby

board - he died after I left the company - John Nichols was on the board, Douglas Dewar Jr. was not yet on the board. There was a great argument at the board meeting and Leigh Stevenson wanted to suspend Alf and Fred Field wanted to fire him. Cooler heads prevailed and it was decided to suspend Alf while the matter was further investigated as it was obvious that Alf and I could not work together after his critical letter.

The Board retained Peat Marwick and Mitchell, mgt. consultant division, to do a study of the company's affairs and one of the partners, a Mr. Hearn, was put in charge. When I left Alaska Pine I was getting $15,000 a year and I went to Okanagan for $600 a month because I believed there was a future. But I was a gambler and a pioneer.

Mr. Hearn did his study and while that was going on I went off to Toronto (in January) to the Air Transport Association. In February Alf tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he left to join the Vancouver Island company. This of course created major problems between Carl and myself and the Board of Directors, and in due course Carl retired, I believe out of a loyalty to Alf. Some time later we were able to talk to Carl after the situation had cooled down and he rejoined the company as a director and eventually was pensioned.

In March while Hearn was still doing his study about the whole organization I went to Montreal for some meeting and unknown to me the directors had a meeting with Hearn where he made his report, and as a result of that meeting and his recommendations they established an executive committee and put Hearn basically in charge of the management of the company. During this period things were kind of hectic. I wasn't aware that there had been a directors' meeting and I wasn't told that an executive committee had been recommended and in fact had been established in my absence. I was in Quebec City at an ATAC meeting on May 1st, and went to a meeting in Ottawa with Mr. Chevrier (CHECK SPELLING!) the then minister of Transport regarding the problems we'd had with Doug Connor on the bidding for govt. work when the Conservatives were in power. At this point the Liberals were back in power. Mr. Chevrier listened to the story, Doug Kendall was with me. Rollie and Jimmy Wells (CHECK SPELLING) and Bill Benedickson who was a member of parliament. Connor had been making some derogatory statements about Chevrier, and as I recall had put some kind of an ad in the paper. Chevrier was very upset and he called Mines and Technical Surveys and told them they were to let me look at the files on the bidding for the Franklin project that Connor had taken away from us.

I went out and met Ken Pack (CHECK) and talked about the bids and he showed some files and then I asked for the file from the Confidential drawer which I'd been told existed. He then had to produce the file because he'd received instructions from the minister to cooperate and when I read the file I wasn't surprised to find that Mr. Connor had been permitted to see our bid before

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he put his bid in. Now the Liberals were back in power and we were back in the good graces of the bureaucracy.

It was on May 22 when I returned to Vancouver that I received a copy of the directors' minutes of their meeting which created major problems for Ian Kennedy and I who were both under attack by Alf Stringer's letter and Mr. Hearn. Mr. Hearn whose report was given to me and Ian and I prepared a reply for the Board ofDirectors. I don't remember the details of the report but there were certain things in it that really were quite outrageous. For example, they had done an assessment of our individual pilots and in their report referred to the interviews that their specialist from Toronto had had with our pilots. It turned out that this specialist had not met with the pilots at all but had written a report assessing them and their capabilities. Their report recommended that Mr. Hearn should continue his study. Ian and I decided at that point that it was time we both resigned and we had several discussions about this and what to do. But at a directors' meeting it was decided that Mr. Hearn's recommendations would not be accepted - his career with us was terminated - Ian and I agreed to stay on but it took several months to work the situation out. And in the meantime I was fighting to get the Mid-Canada Line back from Connor. It appears that on Sept. 21 I went to Winnipeg to see the Federal Electric people who were now operating the line having taken over from Bell. And we made a deal and started proceedings to take over the equipment from the line from Otair (CHECK) We were very careful, however, in that we said the spare parts, the spare engines etc. were to be moved to our plant and we would not open them except with our CAF representatives in attendance. It was lucky we made this condition because the first engine that was opened had a great deal of salt water corrosion on it and there wasn't any salt water in the area that Mr. Connor was supposed to have been operating the aircraft. It looked as if Mr. Connor had used the engine on his operations on the Franklin project as the equipment on both projects were S55s.

There were other items that Pratt and Whitney were interested in being the overhaul agents, such as the log books for an engine and the overhauls not tying in with what the overhauls reported. Mr. Connor as a result of this was subject to an investigation I think by the Air Force, perhaps by the Ministry, but in any event there was a fire at his hangar and I understand the records were destroyed.

In the row tht Ian and I were having with the Board over the Hearn report, John Nichol became the peacemaker. In October he asked me to sign a three-year contract, the board having decided that they wanted Kennedy and me to remain. I said I would consider it. On Oct. 18 I did sign a contract with Okanagan for ten years, not three years, and did agree that there would be an executive committee with members of the board being consulted by Kennedy and me more often than we could get the full board together. I have forgotten who the members of the committee

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were but our problems seemed to be solved and we settled down to go on with the administration of the company, without Alf Stringer and I think without Carl at this point. I know that in November of that year, at the annual meeting of the Air Transport Association I was elected Vice-President and a director at their meeting at the Seignory Club (in ?) and this was after the AITA organization had been split and the manufacturers had gone off on their own and the operators on their own. Angus Morrison was at this point appointed as president - (still is the president of the association - that is, when this tape was recorded) . To digress, the AITA was an interesting organization and Al Michaud (CHECK SPELLING!) and Don Watson and I at several annual meetings prior to the split used to get up and argue that operators should get out of the organization because it was dominated by the manufacturers - their domination was complete when one considers tht the members of the association didn't have equal votes but you had the number of votes depending upon the fees you paid. You can see from this that by putting Canadair and De Havilland and a few other big companies Air Canada and CPAir together, or even just the manufacturers, they could pretty well control the election of the board. The information that we had was that the members of the board that were retiring and the nominees to take their place were always settled at private meetings ahead of time and this was borne out by the fact that you'd go to an annual meeting at which we were supposed to be electing directors and the directors who were elected for some strange reason always had their black ties and tuxedos with them to appear at the annual banquet, only the head table wearing soup and fish, as it were. So it was quite clear that the small operators like Okanagan with one vote had no chance of electing anybody, in spite of the fact that on several occasions we had nominated Carl Agar who never was elected.

Once the Association split up, Don Watson, Al Michaud (SPELLING!) and I became very active and I being on the board one of the jobs I did was to get the bylaws changed so that everybody in the organization had an equal vote. I also redrafted their constitution for them and their bylaws and their code of ethics.

I must say that when Christmas rolled around that year, I was happy that 1963 was over.

In Jan. '64 we signed an agreement to buy Pacific Helicopters from Jim Storey (SPELLING?) and Ken ~~Mayer~~ MAIR (~~SPELLING~~!) joined the company as a sales rep. He had been with Mitchmig Helicopters (???????) In Mar. 14 Tom Griffiths died, he had been very ill for a long time in the veterans hospital in Vancouver.

I think it was during this year that Mac McKenzie had run into a couple of professors at the University of Manitoba who were developing what they called a Scintillometer, a gadget that was supposed to tell you where radium was - in effect it ws an airborne geiger counter that we

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were interested in as having possibilities to put it on the carrier of a helicopter and fly at low level over the ground in areas where radium was known to exist. McKenzie wanted me to go down to Winnipeg to meet these professors and see if we could make a deal to get this instrument. Prior to this we had been involved in a company that Mac had set up called Warmac (CHECK SPELLING!) -most of us took shares in it - and it was a prospecting company. It never really found anything and we all lost our money but at least it appeared as a good idea and when the scintillometer came along Mac saw that Warmac might be able to use this in exploration in the far north. I don't know whether it was actually in '64 that this was all happening, but we did make a deal with the professors and we incorporated a company in which we both had 50% interest and the company was called Scintillopter Surveys Ltd. OK.

The story of the professors and my first meeting with them was interesting. They were obviously brilliant men, working at the U of M. - I've forgotten their names but when I met the first professor in his office we were sitting talking and there was a terrific hammering in the pipe beside him (a steam pipe going up to the next floor) and when the hammering occurred he picked up the telephone and spoke to somebody, then put the phone down again, then picked it up and dialed a number, listened and then hung up. I watched this exercise, then a few minutes later the phone , he picked it up, said hello, opened the drawer in his desk, took a hammer out, pounded the pipe, listened, then put the phone down. I asked him what on earth was going on. He told me that the other professor had an office directly below him, but he only had an extension phone - the University couldn't afford two phones., So he acted as the telephone operator, and the pipe was their means of commu nication.

I asked to be shown the experiment they were working on, and I went down into the lab with him and met the other professor. The lab, in my eyes, was a shambles. Wires hanging all over the place, some of them held to the ceiling on hooks by binder twine or cord, and on a table there was a long, what looked to me like a piece of lead pip with wires running to and from it. I asked the professor what they were working on and quite seriously he said: "Well, to put it in language that you will understand we are looking for something that doesn't exist, and when we find it we're going to take a picture." It turned out that this wasn't the scintillometer that I was looking at, but it ws an instrument that was hunting for a negative proton, and years later I read in the paper that these two scientists in Winnipeg had been given some kind of award for their work in this field. But they did have the scintillometer and we made a deal and the next season they went to work in the north with their equipment.

The professors started their first survey in the Yellowknife area and I went up to meet them. When I got to Yellowknife I couldn't find them in the town so I asked the RCMP and asked them if they knew where these two professors were. Yes, they were out on an island. Well, I flew out

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to the island in a helicopter and there they were, happy in their tent, and working on transcribing the recordings made that day by the scintillometer on a machine that was an old-styled gramophone with a crank. And they had modified this gramophone so that you could put a chart on it and transcribe from the tapes from the scintillometer onto the chart by a pen that moved where the needle would move on the gramophone. It was ingenious. But when I asked them why they were on the island where all the fuel had to be transported to them by helicopter they said they didn't like to work in a crowded place. Yellowknife, in those days, wasn't what I would call crowded.

Our work with them never developed into anything and we never found anything. So tht company just went out of existence but it was an experience. In any event, in Aug. of '64 I went down to Washington to meet with some American inventors who had developed a hoversight (SPELLING) - an instrument that you would carry in the helicopter to do triangulation surveys in the mountains. And by hovering you could make these surveys and cut down on the cost of survey work and speed it up. We made a deal with a Mr. Buckmaster and a fellow by the name of Loving to use this hoversight in our operations and we spent some time trying to sell it to the survey people. I have forgotten whether it was successful or not but in any event we never made any money out of it.

Over many years we had been trying to develop new uses for the helicopter to increase our market. And there's no question that we were the first North American operator to actually take contracts and build power lines. We also were the first in Canada to fly offshore, and in looking for new ideas we came up with some of our own. Sometime in '63 or '64 we realized that one of the problems with the helicopter and a sling load (?) was that it could only carry one sling. And we felt there were occasions when you might like to have a selective device that would allow you to drop certain items at one spot and go on and drop other items at another spot without having to land or go back to base to pick up the other cargo. We felt that there might be a market for this type of equipment with the American military particularly the Navy where they were carrying mail by helicopter from one ship to another at sea and making other types of deliveries. And we felt that if we had a multiple hook we might be able to sell it. We were in association with Ingledow and Associates at this point and I went down to Ottawa and made a deal with the Dept. of Industry who were prepared to make grants and help finance any new inventions in Canada that might develop a market for a Canadian products. We made the deal to develop the multiple hook - it consisted of a large ring with a series of hooks around it and a switching device in the cabin so that the pilot who was given him a sheet telling him what was on each numbered hook could actually deliver a load from each hook as he went along without having to go back to base. There were a lot of problems in developing this hook but when it was finished we called it the "Haul Project" (CHECK SPELLING) - we demonstrated it to the

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American military and they were very interested - I think they bought one. We tried to sell it to the Canadian military but of course a prophet is never believed in his own homeland so this deal never came through. I don't know what happened to this project after I left Okanagan, or what has happened to the rings we made, but I do know that at one of the meetings of HAA a few years ago I actually was surprised to see at a stand exhibiting accessories for helicopters practically the identical ring and certainly the same concept. So the ring has now been developed by a manufacturer in the USA presumably is being sold by him.

We also had developed a reel for stringing pull-through line on hydro towers (CHECK THIS) and this reel was hung on the hook under the helicopter - it had a braking (breaking?) device - and turned out to be an exceptional reel for this type of work. The pilot could actually fly along the tops of the steel towers and lay the line in blocks that had been hung on the towers previously. These blocks were taken up to the towers by the helicopter and the men hooked them on. This was at the point where we'd become experts at erecting large towers by carrying sections and placing sections on sections with eight men on the tower, two in each corner, putting bolts in while a helicopter hovered above with a section.

I was convinced, as were the other members of the board, tht the helicopter was a very versatile piece of equipment for construction. And we went a long way to develop new ideas which were copied by other people. For instance, the dishes on top of the B.C. Hydro building in Vancouver were placed there by helicopter. While today it may seem a minor item Carl Agar and Alf were the first to develop what they called "bear paws" which you attached to the skid of the helicopter to create a flat area for landing on snow or muskeg. Bell Aircraft were interested in this attachment but they couldn't put it on at their factory because it hadn't been certificated under the FAA rule. So we would bring a helicopter into Vancouver and put the bear paws on there. If you look at Bell helicopters or skid-equipped helicopters flying around today, most of them if they are being used in the wilderness will have our bear paws on them.

These were just a few of the ideas developed at Okanagan to make the helicopter more useful to industry and to our customers in general. I don't think there's any question but that Okanagan was one of the real pioneers in developing new uses for the helicopter.

During this year (1964) we were operating the Mefway (CHECK?) boat. The family were no longer interested in boating, and we were going to Jasper for a holiday as Marilyn was working there as a waitress at Jasper Park Lodge. We sold the boat before we left.

In August of this year we were advised - I think through John Stewart - that Douglas Bader

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wanted us to come to London for a meeting as Shell Oil were making plans to start to develop in the North Sea using drilling platforms and Douglas wanted to talk to Okanagan and get us to bid for the contract. We decided that it ws worth going over but we privately thought tht Shell wanted someone to bid against Bristow of London who were doing most of their work throughout the world and also against BEA - British European Airways - which was 100% government owned and had a small helicopter division run by a Capt. Jimmy James and Jock Cameron.

I went down to Sikorsky to look at their S61 helicopter because we had made an assessment of what would be the best type of helicopter to use for offshore work and I think we came to the conclusion that a 204 would be alright up to less than 100 miles offshore, but if you got over that you had to have a bigger helicopter with longer range. The S61 looked to us like the logical helicopter for the operation and I don't know, but I would assume that Jock Graham who was then working for Canadian Pratt and Whitney (CHECK!) who are a subsidiary of United Aircraft who also own Sikorsky went down to the plant with me. Jock had been with Okanagan for many years and then moved to United Aircraft's Canadian subsidiary, working in their helicopter sales division. With the help of Jock who was an excellent mechanic and also quite smart in financial matters, we were able to do a study of the S61 and its capabilities, discounting of course the information supplied by manufacturers, as we always did at Okanagan.

Jock and I went to England, leaving from Montreal on Sept. 14, went to have a look at the North Sea which is a pretty rough place to meet Shell Oil. We met Douglas Bader in the Shell Mex House (CHECK!!!) and I remember that meeting because it was only the second time I had met Douglas and he had his right-hand man, Mr. Snodgrass, with him. We discussed the plans of Shell and he told us that they were bringing a rig from the Middle East somewhere, around through the Bay of Biscay and up to the North Sea, and would start the operation the following spring. He wanted Okanagan to bid on the contract and I suggested to him that perhaps the reason he wanted Okanagan to bid was to get some competitive bids against Bristol (CHECK!!) and BEA hoping to get them to lower their financial proposals knowing tht Okanagan was bidding. Douglas was very emphatic that this was not the case and that we should go home and prepare a bid and submit it to him. In looking at the situation we realized that the Norwegians would be developing their side of the North Sea as an agreement had been made, as I recall, between Norway, England and Holland to divide up the North Sea with some imaginery boundaries approximately in the centre. So Jock and I flew over to Oslo where we met Morton Heneke and a Mr. Tenvig. Tenvig was the hero of the underground resistance movement in Norway during the German occupation.

My recollection is that in Oslo Jock and I went around to visit some of the shipping people. We

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had some introductions I think through Sikorsky who had a man working for them who was a Norwegian and who had stayed in the USA during the war and made a lot of money. He was appointed as their Norwegian rep. at the end of the war and as we found out was not too popular with people like Heneke and Tenvig because of his absence during the war. In any event we were told by Morton Heneke and by others that if we met Mr. Tenvig then we were "in" as far as the Norwegian govt. was concerned as he was very close to King Haakon (CHECK SPELLING) being a great personal friend. We were also told we would know if we had any chance of making a deal in the way of our offshore work if Mr. Tenvig invited us to have a drink with him. As it happened we sat around a couple of days and began to get discouraged and then we got a phone call from Heneke saying Mr. Tenvig would like to meet us.

When we met him he asked me what I'd been doing during the war. I told him a general way and also told him I'd worked with Stevenson in New York. This seemed to interest him and made me a little more acceptable, I think. But I also mentioned that we had been to one of the big shipping companies and had met a Mr. So-and-So but didn't seem to get anywhere with him, his company going to build some drilling rigs. I told him I knew Thora Boyer and his wife Nesta who had been the Norwegian representative at IARA in Brussels and that my wife and I had been to Norway with them on a short holiday and visited Thora's father. He then asked if I had told the shipbuilding man that I knew Nesta Boyer and I said no I hadn't and he said "It's too bad because she's his sister."

We heard stories about the underground and were quite impressed with Tenvig. Our suggestion was that if we got the Shell contract that we should consider setting up an international offshore helicopter company to work the North Sea from both sides, a central supply of spare parts, probably in a bonded warehouse somewhere. But we had the idea that if you flew a hundred miles out into the North Sea from England and the weather was bad in England you might want to go on to Norway and you could probably make a deal to move crews from a Norwegian rig etc. Well, this was a dream that we later proposed to the Dutch as I will explain further on, but we thought in a general way that Heneke was interested in making a deal with Okanagan. He had no experience at all in heavy helicopters, and was very interested in our proposed operation and what kind of experience and manuals we would have, setting forth the rules and regulations for pilots etc. We told him that we were going home to prepare a bid for Shell, we would have a very detailed operations manual and at that point we told him that we would make it available if we could make a deal. I returned to Vancouver and went to work on preparing a Shell bid - a major undertaking. In the meantime Fred Snell got working on the operations manual.

I had returned to Vanc. on Sept. 30 and went back to London on Oct. 24 with our proposal and

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delivered it to Douglas, returning to Vanc. on the 31st. On Nov. 7th Tenvig and Heneke arrived in Vancouver. They were not ready yet to get into the offshore business as the Norwegians were certainly behind Shell who were going to have the first rig in the North Sea, according to their plans, but they had come out to see us because we had talked to them about our reel for stringing line, and they wanted to see the reel and to see it demonstrated and they bought two of these reels from us.

Well, having put the bid in to Shell the Air Transport Association meeting was in Vancouver. A lot of the members were going to Hawaii on a half-fare deal with CPAir so Mercia and I left for Honolulu. On Nov. 18th I was advised by Vancouver that Bader had called - we had won the Shell contract. I immediately arranged to have Snell go to London - I had picked Snell as operations manager for the contract because he was an ex-RAF and was also an Englishman and I thought he would fit in very well. This idea turned out to be a little wrong because he hadn't gone to Eton and didn't wear the right school tie, but he had a lot of decorations including, I think, two DFCs from the RAF. So he did have a good aviation background. He went to London and I came back to Vancouver to get to go to London and find out from Douglas exactly what the deal was.

Nov. 21st I went to Montreal and to Stratford (~~why Stratford? Ont~~?) to see about placing an order for two S61's which were required for the operation - I think they cost then about a million one, or a million two. I placed an order for two, and left for London from New York. When I got to Douglas Bader's office Douglas informed me that we had a partner, as he put it. I asked about it and he said that upstairs their marketing division who were selling fuel to BEA suggested to the aviation section (that is Douglas Bader) that the newly elected Socialist govt. were insisting that Shell give the contract not to Okanagan but to BEA. Shell, of course, with Douglas standing firm, took the position that BEA had bid, as had Allan Bristow, but Okanagan had won the bid and Shell proposed giving the contract to us. But he said a compromise had to be reached and therefore we had a partner, and BEA wanted half of the contract. I pointed out that we were in the process of incorporating International Helicopters and that perhaps the only solution was to give them 50% of the shares but they would have to pick up one of the S61s and we would pick up the other one. As a result of this we now had the govt. as a partner. I pointed out to Douglas when he made the original suggestion that there was no way that Okanagan could get in bed with the govt. on a 50-50 basis - tht there would be nothng but trouble - we were not Socialists, we were Free Enterprisers, and we were not impressed with BEA or BEA's helicopter division operated by Jock Cameron. We were well aware that they had been a competitor of ours for the contract and they had some 61s that they were operating on a money-losing passenger service to the Isle of Wight. I think they had something like four or five helicopters and they lost 75,000

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pounds tht year. I pointed out to Douglas that Cameron must be a boy genius because we would think it was pretty difficult to lose 75,000 pounds in one year with four helicopters. I told Douglas I was going home. I didn't think my Board would agree to our taking a partner when we'd won the bid. Douglas said that we had won the bid, Shell was giving us a contract and there was no question of our going home as far as they were concerned. I said, alright, we'd try to make it work. And Douglas said if it doesn't work I'll see that you are fully protected and you won't lose financially. Douglas and I shook hands. I left for New York. Went back to the Sikorsky and placed a firm order for one S61 and told them that BEA would be interested in buying the other one.

I remember when I returned to Vancouver at the Board meeting some of the members were astounded that I had committed the company to buy one S61 and had no written contract with Shell oil. I told them that as far as I was concerned Douglas Bader and I had shaken hands and we had a contract based on our bid. Ian Kennedy was in London with Fred Snell at this time working on the details of the contract and negotiating with BEA as to just how the management and operations would be conducted by the partners.

On Dec. 8th Jock Cameron arrived in Vancouver and we discussed the management of the company. Ian and Fred Snell came back from London and it was agreed that Okanagan would manage the operation and that it would be conducted in accordance with our operations manual. It was also agreed that BEA would pick up the other S61, Cameron was going to ship it out of Baltimore as deck cargo. We said we were going to fly our helicopter to England. Fred Snell didn't see any problem as the longest over water hop was about 430 miles. (CHECK!!) from Iceland to the Farrel Islands (CHECK NAME), and it ws a flying boat, had two engines, we had a great deal of experience in Arctic flying and the route up through Goose and over Baffin Island and to Iceland didn't appear to pose any problems to Fred and the crew that we were then selecting.

1965 ws a very busy time for me and I was away from home a great deal. Mercia continued in her own quiet way to raise the family. I made at least five trips to London. Problems arose with respect to the drilling rig which was being towed through the Bay of Biscay and was caught in a hurricane and badly damaged. Bader wanted us to see if we could find other work because we had now established our base at Cambridge as far as maintenance was concerned and the operating base at Lowestoff (CHECK SPELLING) as their rig was going to be offshore from that area. I also started to try to find other work because Shell were convinced that they would be delayed and they were paying us by the month for just being there. I made up a list of all of the oil companies that were applying for licences and I can remember travelling all over London

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NOTES FROM TAPES GLENN DICTATED IN HAWAII - tape 6 - 1982

Pitts going to be the problem, supported by Douglas Dewar Jr. biggest single shareholder. Pitts had put together a financial group quietly buying shares in the company. I was not aware how many shares he actually had or whose name they were registered in, I really didn't care.

It became a question - who was running the company, a member of the board or the president and his mgt. team. At the beginning of the year I had a lot on my plate - I was president of Whistler Alpine Village Ltd. , member of board of Garibaldi Chairlifts Ltd., governor of Queen Margaret School, governor and director of St.George's Private School for Boys, director of Air Transport Association, and First Vice-president of the Helicopter Association of America., and director of ~~Dennis H~~. Back Investments Ltd. (CHECK SPELLING) a company that we had set up originally to buy and sell mortgages which hadn't worked out. But it was still struggling along in real estate investments. I may have had too many irons in the fire to realize there was going to be a stock fight with Dewar and Pitts. But at no time did the board criticize me for my outside activities

In Jan. annual meeting of HAA in Miami, Florida, and a storm erupted there with John Ryan. More later.

We started to negotiate Jan. 13 in Montreal with Warnett Hershey (CHECK spelling!) re merger of Otair, Okanagan, Wheeler Airlines - once Thompson got Otair (check spelling!) and Wheeler Airlines - nothing came of the deal, although Ian and I thought it was worth looking at as Okanagan was going to need some additional share capital if it expanded abroad in the heavy helicopter business in the offshore drilling field. We so advised the board.

Directors meeting Feb. 18 at which time the board indicated that never did believe in merger - Pat Aitkens on our side but rest of the board led by Pitts criticised mgt. team for wasting our time going off to New Zealand to look for offshore work instead of concentrating on Canadian market. We wanted to have a long range policy accepted by the board - felt that there was no way we could survive in Canada as a big organization with lax enforcement of rules and regulations relating to new operators coming in not obeying rules, not having any bases, not having any licences in may cases, and just generally living out of their hip pockets - we couldn't go out and buy up all of our competition.

At the annual meeting Ian and I decided that since the board was backing Pitts we might as well get out - preferably on our own terms. Pitts had also introduced a philosophy that we should

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finance on borrowed money - we'd get "leverage" as he said - I pointed out that long before Pitts was born I'd lived through a depression on the prairie and I knew what it meant to have large
2) tape 6 -

outstanding debt if the economy turned around and the bank suddenly called for the umbrella because it had started to rain. Pitts had been trained in business admin. at Harvard and the board thought he was a financial genius.

We were particularly incensed that Pitts, without consulting anyone, had gone to the New Mercantile Bank and almost completed a deal with them to switch our account from the Royal Bank to the Mercantile - no discussion with the Board, no authority, without the knowledge of the Okanagan company president and the VP of Finance. We had a meeting with Mr. Gardner (?) of the Royal Bank - he was very upset with Pitts - and I indicated to the Board that Mr. Pitts had to stop interfering with the company's affairs except as a director and if the board wasn't prepared to back us on this then other arrangements would have to be made.

Ian and Rosemary and Mercia and I had a discussion about what to do. (Story of Ian joining company) - At the end of the war when I was in Brussels I met Ian in a Red Cross club - he had just been released from a prison camp where he had spent three or four years after Dunkirk - very thin for a man who was about 6'3 or 4", sickly looking, very upset with the British who he felt had put him into France completely untrained - until then he had never fired a shot or held a submachine gun in his hands. He went through Dunkirk and was captured with a lot of other British tommies, had no interest in going back to England. Was a trained chartered accountant, had been in Price Waterhouse' firm in Paris for some years before the war, and spoke French fluently. I suggested to him that he ought to go to Canada and gave him the names of some of my friends in the major firms including Guy Holt, P. S. Ross in Montreal. Didn't see him again until one day on the street in Vancouver - he said he was working as secretary to McGouin (SPELLING?) at Liquor Control Board, and was about to leave that position and go to Kitimat and work for Alcan. The next time I heard from him he was back in Vanc. - had resignedfrom Alcan, had gone to the Okanagan Valley with idea of setting up an office there but had come back to Vancouver and bought a house near us. He ws at loose ends - called my friend in Alcan and asked him about Ian usually they said if you quit Alcan you'd never get hired again but he said if Ian wanted a job he'd hired him again. This was a good recommendation - we had an opening in finance - offered it to Ian - he was my protege and I trusted him completely although I'd been warned that he was playing both ends against the middle. .

He and I discussed the possibility of our leaving Okanagan and setting up a rival helicopter company to Okanagan - I was quite capable of walking out and taking quite a few of the

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employees with me, I could raise the necessary financing and get a company going. Having been taught chess by my father, I suggested to Ian that this was a time to play chess. We made a pact to leave together.

At the directors' meeting I advised the board that I wanted to retire - Ian sat there and didn't offer to retire as we had planned. The board did not want me to leave the company - I thought I had them checkmated - I assume they were afraid I would leave the company, take some of the best people withme and start a new helicopter business and they wanted to avoid this. They made me a proposition that I become chairman of the board, that they make a contract with me that would assure me of an income until I was 65 when my pension would take over and that Mr. Kennedy would become the president. So the die was cast and everyone knew where everyone stood. I said I would stay with the company until I was 65 if they would provide me with a downtown office at no expense to me, pay my Vancouver club dues and agree that aexcept for acting as chairman at board meetings I would have no further association with the mgt. or operation of Okanagan. I didn't want to have any more association with it - Ian Kennedy would not be allowed to run the company, it would be run by John Pitts.

I was negotiating with Claude Effinger - they would pay me $25,000 a year for the next six years, they paid for an office and my club dues, I could also buy the car that the co. had been leasing - a Citroen - I operated it for nine years.

Denis Creighton, the company's solicitor and a personal friend of mine, announced that he had a conflict of interest and couldn't act for me so I got Ted Wilkinson of Russell Dumoulin to act for me, and we hammered out a satisfactory contract - It stipulated that I could not go into the helicopter business before I was 65. This created some problems in the future - when I was appointed a consultant to Sikorsky for the sale of their S64 Crane, and being appointed as an adviser to the board of directors of ATAC (WHAT DO LETTERS STAND FOR?) after I retired as a director. The contract wa signed on March 17 and I was out of Okanagan - just waited for annual meeting and change of officers - was supposed to be held on April 25, four days before my 59th birthday.

I could contribute to my pension until I was 65 - Emotionally I was very disturbed, and regretted Okanagan - I felt that the original pioneers had done a helluva good job - when I joined it it owned three helicopters, small Bells, was operating two 55s for Alcan, and the day I left I think we had 67 helicopters.Our shares were selling at $6. This too - themarket value of our shares - had been a bone of contention between Dewar, Pitts and me - they said if we had a campaign to sell the company the shares would go up to $12 or $15 but I said I wasn't going to be a party to artificially increasing the value of our shares on the market - that the original farmers in the

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valley had bought their shares at 80 cents, and I didn't want to see the market go up to $12 or $15 and then drop down again. It's interesting to note that after I left the company the shares did go up to $15. I liquidated my shares, arranged to gradually shove them into the market, on the understanding that at no time would he offer (my broker) any shares to break the market below the $6 level. This he was able to do. Perhaps if I had kept the shares we would have made more money but I wouldn't have slept too well.

During early March before the contract was signed I was in Montreal and went up to see Tom Wheeler, the director of Canadian Helicopters which was still being run by Lloyd Ayers OK (CHECK SPELLING) and I told him that the proposal was I should retire as president and become chairman and he advised me to resign completely and go into business on my own. Jack Charleson in Ottawa said that if I could make a good contract I should stay as chairman and I agreed with him. During the previous year Lloyd Ayers, who was aware that there were problems at Okanagan, had asked if he could buy Canadian Helicopters. Now the reason that he thought about buying it was that Ian Kennedy was giving him a bad time about the revenue and said on many occasions that the company ought to sell Canadian Helicopters. So when Lloyd heard that I was leaving the company he decided he wanted to get out and he came to Vancouver and put in a proposal to Ian to buy Canadian Helicopters. I know that Don Crowe and Kyle Steele (CHECK SPELLING) both told Ian how they felt about his refusal to recommend the deal to the board. They felt that Lloyd ought to have a chance to take over the company that he had built and that Kennedy had been saying for some time that Okanagan should get rid of it. Ian of course changed his position so the board of directors wouldn't meet with Ayers but he did stay on as base manager in Montreal for some time.

With the annual meeting set for the 25th of April I as the president at that time was preparing a short statement on the company's affairs but Ian advised me that Mr. Pitts had prepared a report for me, and for himself to give, and that Mr. Pitts was to restrict my remarks about the first three months of '69 and not deal with the company's affairs in general or its future. This was agreeable to me. I could understand why he didn't want me to discuss the future of Okanagan which he would be planning but I was a little hurt and upset to think that John Pitts who was merely a director was giving instructions to Ian and Ian ws conveying them to me. At the annual meeting I made a short statement that I was retiring as president - I didn't mention that I would be chairman because that required a board meeting after the annual meeting, which meeting would select the officers - but in my remarks I thanked the shareholders and the employees for having supported me since I had joined the company and I was very careful not to offer any thanks whatever to the board of directors except Pat Aitkens who I acknowledged as being one of the original directors and the first president, and then I sat down. This was a very difficult meeting. No motion was made by the board of directors thanking me, and when Pat Aitkens saw what was

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happening he got up and made a very nice speech about the contribution that I had made to the company and how sad he was that I had decided to leave.

At the directors' meeting that followed I was, as agreed, elected to chairman. Ian Kennedy was made the president and then the board set up a committee consisting as I recall of John Pitts, Claude Effinger (CHECK SPELLING), Douglas Dewar Jr. and Ian as president of the company. This committee was to run the company and in a few words that I had with Kennedy at this time I suggested to him that while he might be president in name it was only a matter of time until John Pitts would break him or break his heart and either he would leave the company or they would move him out. I gave him, as I recall, a year.

I eventually got an office established downtown - I noted that I never heard from Okanagan mgt. people, particularly Ian Kennedy, on any occasion, and I did make a note that by May 29th I had had no word from Okanagan or any of its top mgt. people. Dennis Back (CHECK) foolishly, I think, told me the story that he had been told that if he was a friend of mine he would not get any insurance renewed in Okanagan. John Pitts told him this, and Dennis was foolish enough to tell me because, from that point on for several years, and certainly until Dennis lost the insurance, Dennis had very little contact with me. This certainly hurt Mercia perhaps worse than me because I am tougher-skinned and know that in business you don't trust anybody.

The employees had always supported me and were very upset at what had happened. Don Crowe left Okanagan and joined Haida Helicopters and some others left, but the employees themselves gave me a terrific party on the night of June 6th, and presented me with a golf cart and bag. It was interesting to see that Ian Kennedy was not invited to the party - there were no directors present. As far as the company was concerned, the board of directors finally - I think a year or so later - did make a presentation to me in a strange way. It's a silver tray that I have at home- I came into my little office one morning to find this package on the desk. The girl told me that it had been left there by Ian Kennedy. I thought it was regrettable, in view of my early association with Ian, that our relationship should have been terminated by these events. But I never felt guilty about my attitude towards Ian although I am sure that it bothered him a great deal. Perhaps along the road he and Rosemary recognized that he had made a mistake.

On Feb. 3'71 the HAA met in Disneyland. Ian Kennedy was there. I was president and chairman GODFREY. of the board of HAA and running the convention, and during this meeting Rocky Rockefeller (WHICH ONE!) advised me that he could get a licence very easily to operate offshore in Indonesia where a big offshore boom was about to break and he wondered whether or not he could make a deal with Okanagan. I told him as he well knew that I was out of the operations of

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Okanagan and was chairman in name only but that Ian Kennedy was there and he should talk to him. The background of his story was that at some point I believe he had been involved in getting arms to one of the rebel groups there who had been successful and his man had become president and he had been told that while other operators would have difficulty getting into the country, Rocky could come in without any problems. Rocky had had Pete Brown (WHO IS THIS?) in the Far East on some kind of mission for him and so he and Pete, as I recall, came with me to meet Ian Kennedy. I felt that this was an opportunity for me to help Okanagan get into the offshore oil drilling business (WEREN'T THEY ALREADY IN THE OFFSHORE OIL DRILLING BUSINESS?) in spite of the fact that I had been told as a matter of policy that the company was going to stay in Canada. Well, Ian met with them and they told him the whole story and he indicated tht this was a matter that he should take back to the board of Okanagan but I well recall that he didn't say "the board" he said "John Pitts" who was merely a director, and a member of the special committee. The reason I tell this story is that Rocky later on called me to ask whether or not I really was his friend because he had just found out that John Pitts was in the Far East looking into the possibility of Okanagan setting up an operation there. He felt that Ian had double-crossed him and he left no doubt in my mind how he felt about Ian and John Pitts. I tell this story because at our board meeting on July 16'70, John Pitts who I knew had just returned from the Far East made no mention whatsoever of his trip. Ian, as president, made no mention of it, and it appeared that there was some in-fighting still going on within the company.

As far as I was concerned, Ian put the lid on our friendship when at this meeting he officially objected to my appointment as an adviser to the Air Transport Association and I pointed out that I had just finished my year as a director of ATA and the board had asked me if I would act as an adviser and I thought it was to the advantage of Okanagan to have their chairman associated directly with that board since Okanagan had no representative on the board. The directors saw no problem in this so I continued to act as an adviser. But the issue did arise later between Ian and myself. I think there was no mention of Pitts having gone to the Far East was that Ian was very embarrassed because he well knew that I had put the bee in his bonnet by introducing him to Rockefeller. That's why Pitts went to the Far East, but they were never in touch with Rockefeller to discuss the deal, although I do believe they did invite Rockefeller for a brief meeting and picked his brains prior to Pitts going to the Far East. Rockefeller told me that there were some discussions and he was under the impression that they were going to make a deal.

'The wheel turns. On Sept. 2nd, 1970, a year and six months since I had retired and Ian had been made president. Ian came in and said he wanted to retire as president but only if I would resign as chairman so he could be chairman. I had no doubts but that Pitts had put him up to this but I advised him that he had lasted six months longer than I thought he would. I told him that as far as I was concerned I was playing no useful part in Okanagan anyway, and that provided my

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retirement as chairman would not be interpreted as a breach of my contract and that all the other conditions would remain and that I would be paid until 1975 I would retire to allow him to have a job in Okanagan. It was not a very friendly meeting and he gathered that my attitude was our friendship was at an end. Now at least I wouldn't have to hang around the office in case they phoned me to ask me to do something. If I hadn't been there they could have used that as an excuse to break my contract.

Pitts never stopped pushing. On Sept. 17th Ian again came to see me to tell me that they had been studying my pension plan and would like to make an arrangement under which I would agree to transfer my pension plan from the Great West Life to Okanagan. I gathered from Ian that this matter had been seriously discussed within the committee and that it had been studied by Pitts , the financial genius, and that it ws to my advantage to agree to this change. I said I would look into it, contacted Ross McAllister of the Great West Life and asked him if his head office would do an analysis as to exactly what their proposal would mean. I also had a talk with Ebert Kelly (CHECK SPELLING) my tax adviser. Incidentally, Ebert for years had represented Peat Marwick as the auditor at Okanagan and as soon as I was out of Okanagan Mr. Pitts took a swipe at one of my friends and advised Peat Marwick that Kelly was not acceptable as the partner responsible for our audit. I know this hurt Ebert. He told me about it. And they did appoint another partner.

The Great West Life and Kelly told me it was a bad deal. It would give Okanagan a $32,000 advantage and then I would be relying on Okanagan for the rest of my life to continue to pay the pension. I met with Ian, told him no dice, and he had the audacity to suggest that perhaps the board could bring some pressure to bear because I was acting as a consultant to Sikorsky and this had not really been officially approved by the Board although he was well aware that they were informed of this at the time he objected to my continuing as an adviser to ATAC. But no pressure was brought on me, fortunately for Okanagan.

I note that on Sept. 30'70 I told Ian that I would retire as chairman and as a director of the company at their annual meeting so that he could have the job, provided that my contract would continue and that there would be a resolution passed by the board that the change in my position would not in any way affect the terms of the contract. I told him I didn't trust the board and I wanted a formal resolution - a copy of which I have in my files.

Other things were developing during the latter part of this year. ~~Dennis~~ Back lost Okanagan's insurance and now felt that he could talk to me openly and not just when he happened to see me in the Vancouver Club. The insurance had gone to John Nichols of MacAulay Nichols (CHECK SPELLING) - I knew that Dennis had had our insurance friends out from London - that was

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Elliott and Mr. Willett and that he had had a big party for them and Pitts was there but that he hadn't invited Mercia and I as we could not seen to be his friends as long as he had the insurance. Mercia was very upset about this and really has never forgiven Dennis Back. I understand the business problem Dennis had but it has cooled our relationship.

On April 30, the day after my 60th birthday, the annual meeting of HAA (DO YOU MEAN OKANAGAN?) was held and at the directors' meeting following, not having been re-elected as a director, Pat Aitkens was dropped from the board as well as myself, with no vote of thanks and no presentation for one of the real pioneers. Ian was appointed Chairman of the Board, and as to be expected John Pitts became president. I didn't think that Ian would last long as chairman of the board, and I was right. Pitts had him running all over the country and he died of a heart attack I believe on an Air Canada flight on his way home from Bermuda. I think they set up some kind of a tax dodge company in Bermuda and I noted from their last year's annual statement that the auditors don't show that they have been assessed a million five hundred dollars unpaid income tax.

The situation developed as I thought it might. John Pitts immediately after he came to power started adopting the policy I'd advocated of going abroad. They now have perhaps 200 helicopters, they're in several countries, they're operating S61s out to drilling platforms and they have also purchased several smaller Canadian helicopter companies, for what purpose I don't know unless it was to get rid of their competitors which is impossible in an industry that is as badly regulated as the helicopter industry. To expand the company the way that he has, he of course adopted the philosophy of leverage. The 1980 financial statements show that they owe $64 million, that their interest payments average over 17 1/2 %, and this works out to about a million dollars a month. Their 1982 statements I'm sure will be much worse.

It didn't surprise me to read in the paper that the company has now been taken over by Mr. Leckie from Calgary and that Leckie is busy picking up the balance of the shares - he now has about 89%, and he's trying to get the 90% which will give him the legal right to the other ten percent at a price of $15. Some years ago Leckie made a run on Okanagan to try to get control. He was then in Greenshields in Montreal - I heard about it, I've never met Leckie, but I did know that he was trying to buy control of the company and was not particularly fond of John Pitts. He thought he had control until the day before the annual meeting when Pitts made a deal with the Graham boys to trade stock for their Haida Helicopters. And the price that was agreed upon for the trade was that Okanagan shares were worth $15. Leckie than had 20-some percent and wanted to get 50% if possible made a deal with the Grahams. One of the Graham boys was on the board with Leckie - Leckie having insisted on going on the board in view of the large block of shares he had - Graham was put on the board when they bought Haida - and Leckie made a

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deal with Graham under which he bought Graham's shares, and I would assume that Leckie had to pay Graham the $15 that Graham had sold his company for. Graham wouldn't be about to lose money. So Leckie paid him $15 - now Leckie having paid the $15 then he would have to offer the same to all the other shareholders because he and the Grahams were insiders. At the time that he made this offer I thought the shares a few months before were selling from anywhere from $6 to $9 - they certainly were not selling for $15, and perhaps Leckie got trapped by the deal made with the Grahams.

This British Columbia company is now owned by the blue-eyed Arabs from Alberta.

As Arthur said: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt this world."

The end of an era for me. I retired from the company at age 60, but with great regret that I had seen a pioneer's dream turn into a nightmare. I got out on a question of principle."To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

This is the story as I've seen it.

I'm now up to 1970. Now the Helicopter Assn. - a rough outline of 1969 to 1980 -
Paul Russell and I during the war were in England - he was running the Custodian's office there with Miss Secchi - we were staying at the Savoy Hotel. One evening I got a call from Frank Common, Montreal lawer from Montgomery, Common and Howard, and he had brought over a dozen eggs for his friends. He had been distributing the eggs and had saved two eggs for me. I went up to his room and got these two fresh eggs, and the next morning Paul and I went into the dining room for breakfast. When the waiter came around to take our order we said we would like two soft-boiled fresh eggs for breakfast. The English waiter, typically stiff and formal, looked down his nose at these two colonials and said: "I'm sorry, but we do not have any fresh eggs." I said: "Well, I rather expected that so I brought my own." I gave them to him and eventually we got them, soft-boiled as requested. We thought it was a great joke but when we got the bill we weren't so sure because the bill indicated that water was very expensive at the Savoy.

What year were you elected president of HAA? Glenn's new (Okanagan) office in Metropolitan Bldg. That same fall he retired as a director of ATAC became consultant to the board.(The year Glenn was 15)Would it be 1969?

In Jan. (starting on the 9th) 1970 annual meeting of HAA held in Las Vegas - Mercia and I went - Glenn president, Douglas Bader was to be guest speaker, but illness of his wife Thelma

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prevented that - At end of Jan. Mercia and Glenn at State Ball in Victoria and then Glenn went to Calgary to meet Tug Gustasson acting as consultant to Sikorsky on the sale of the S64 Crane (CHECK!) and Tug was trying to interest oil industry in this aircraft. Sikorsky had contracted Glenn - ATAC paid him $1 a year as consultant -

The Olympic committee in Vancouver wanted to bid on the Winter Olympics for 1981 and Glenn not on committee but the committee owed $100,000 and invited Glenn to a directors' meeting. At the meeting they asked if he could raise that much to pay bills and provide their budget for the balance of the preparation of the bid, and Glenn said he thought so. He set up a small committeeand did raise the $100,000 in about two weeks. When he reported this, the chairman (Mr. Brusse ~~was it~~ John?) said the debt was now $120,000 - but found out it cost $300,000 to make a bid to win an amateur sport contest. -but didn't win the Olympic bid for Whistler and Glenn relieved because it was too soon in Whistler's development.

1980 - Trudeau courting Margaret - at Whistler - Mercia having some health problems - June 26 went to Stratford re Sikorsky S64 - Glenn, Mercia and Glenn Jr. toured Europe, visited all ski areas in Switzerland and Austria - had dinner with the Baders - in London again in Oct. for HAA insurance problems. Re-elected as president of Whistler Villa Company (CHECK!!)

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NOTES FROM TAPES GLENN DICTATED IN HAWAII - TAPE 2

Columbia Helicopters ~~who I think had an S61 - as I~~ had a don't think the Sikorsky Crane was then available - he had a (?)lift helicopter - I told Dr. Shrum that I didn't think this was fair, that he should use a Canadian operator and that Wes Lamotta (??) couldn't come into Canada and operate in competition with Canadians because he had no licence. Dr. Shrum informed me that Attorney-General Robert Bonner had assured him that he would get the necessary licence from Ottawa and the American would do the job. I asked Dr. Shrum if he would object if I stopped Lamotta from getting a licence. Dr. Shrum, in his usual way, was very emphatic that I should go ahead - that I couldn't stop him - I said Well, if I can stop him will we still be friends, as you are one of our biggest customers. And Dr. Shrum agreed that if I could stop him more power to me. But he didn't believe I could.

Jack Pickersgill was then, I believe, head of the Canadian Transportation Commission - or he may have been the Minister of Transport - in any event I got in touch with Ottawa and they refused Lamotta's permission to come in. Shrum then called me and typical of the Dr., hewas very friendly, simply said that I had won and would I come down to the office because now we had to make a deal. We had a meeting and as a result of his agreeing to give us the work if I could get the American aircraft in, I made a deal with Wes Lamotta under which his brother came in as one of the pilots, and one of our pilots (I've forgotten which one) was checked out on the ship and would fly with him and we brought them in under a contract which had a clause in it that Lamotta would not operate in Canada for the next five years except under Okanagan's licence.

Well, the ship came in and did the job and left the country and Dr. Shrum and everyone else was happy. And it did not affect our relationship with B.C. Hydro. And as my memoirs will record, it was not the last time that I was to be involved with Dr. Shrum as we again meet when I am on the Vancouver Port Authority and he's in charge of building the Cruise and Convention Centre facilities on Pier BC.

Dec. '57 I had a private meeting with Bruce ~~Sammis~~ JAMIS (CHECK?) in his office in the Royal Bank Bldg. and Russ Baker just before Baker left for Hawaii on a holiday - the purpose of the meeting was to discuss an amalgamation of Pacific Western and Okanagan Helicopters - nothing came of this deal. Russ Baker went off to Honolulu and and as I recall Pacific Western was having real financial troubles and laid off a lot of employees at Christmas time. And there was some criticism of him going off to Hawaii just after having laid all these employees. Baker died of a heart attack in Hawaii and shortly after I think Laidman (CHECK!) was appointed president of Pacific Western.

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In January 1958 I believe the Conservatives were in power because Miss McGrath and Jack (?)were in Vancouver Jan. 4 and I think the purpose of their visit was to talk about the Mid-Canada line contract which was coming up for renewal. And we knew that we were going to be faced with Doug Connor of Otair (CHECK) a Quebec operator with an interesting background and future. I remember at this meeting with Miss McGrath, the only time she was in Vancouver, she told us the story about when we were trying to get the Mid-Canada work, Jack would come in and hang up his old raincoat and hat on the hat stand and she was convinced that he did this to convince her that Okanagan was so hard up it really needed the work and that she should give us some help.

In Jan. of 1958 I had a meeting with Carl Springer, the chairman of Pacific Western Airlines and with Bruce Sammis ? at the Ritz Hotel - as I recall it the purpose of the meeting was to discuss our purchasing Pacific Western's helicopter division. Tommy Tompkins, who was then head of the IDB of Vancouver was at the meeting and nothing came of it as we didn't buy their helicopter division - it ws bought by Jim Storey who we eventually bought out.

I think Pacific Western was having all kinds of problems at this time with the death of Baker, and my notes indicate that there were further negotiations with Tommy Tompkins in January of 1959 (or the 29th?) when apparently we were still talking about taking over the helicopter division.

We never borrowed any money from the IDB that I recall, but I did get to know Tommy Tomkins very well, and I think it was early in 1958 that Tompkins had been talking to me about the problems they were having in Pacific Western. I think they had appointed Laidman as president but they were looking for additional help. I would like to find out when Don Watson joined Pacific Western because Don had been in partnership with a chap in Kenora operating a bush operation airline company there and he and a partner had split up and Don had sold the partner his interest and was in Vancouver and came to see me saying that he wanted to live in Vancouver and was looking for a job. I told him that the head of IDB, Tommy Tompkins, was a friend of mine and I knew that there were problems in Pacific Western, and if he would like I would put him in touch with Tompkins. I remember calling Tommy with Don in the office, and made an appointment for Don to see him. As a result of that Don Watson joined Pacific Western Airlines and when they had their major row with Laidman later on Don became president. (I may have been confused - Don may have joined before Baker died - but in any event as president he did a fantastic job.)

The Conservative govt. was in power at this time and we had a lot of equipment on the mid-Canada line and all the spare parts and everything in Vancouver and I note that the RCAF reps. came to Vancouver and checked over our complete inventory so that we were apparently

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getting ready to turn over the Mid-Canada line to Otair (?) but I'm not sure of the exact date. I know the Conservatives were in power because on Mar. 14 I flew with Bill Hamilton, the Postmaster General, to the roof of the new Vancouver Post Office where they had built a heliport. This is the only time that a landing was ever made on the heliport because the postal dept. would not allow commercial operators to use it. (Glenn - check dates)

In this month (March) Jack West (who owned Randsack (CHECK) Tool Co.) sold it to Mr. Rowland who was working for the company for $6,000. This is a power-activated tool that drives spikes into concrete. And I got involved in it because of a Mr. ~~Kleminchek~~, a Czechoslovakian, who had come to Canada, worked for the Bata organization for a time and then set up his own company. He changed his name to Kelton and got the Canadian rights to the Ram (CHECK) tool and came to me to see if I was interested in taking the rights for British Columbia. Jack West and I did this and we didn't lose any money but we really didn't make any either. My recollection is that I got my share of the $6,000

At this point Okanagan had one or two Hillers (?) In Dec. '60 we bought eight Hiller 12 E's and flew them to the helicopter convention in ferrying them to Vancouver. The reason we bought the 12 E's is rather involved - it was a good helicopter, the best at that time, Bell still had not upgraded their G's to the G3 and we were having major problems with Bell insofar as spare parts etc. were concerned. When we bought Canadian Helicopters from Doug. Ambridge and we gave Ostrander his helicopter, Ostrander had been in business for some years and we had often wondered where he was getting the money to buy all of the Bell equipment. We on the other hand were paying Bell cash on the barrel head as they said they were not advancing credit to commercial operators and we had to finance on our own and not through the Bell company. When we bought Ostrander out I went down the next morning to the base on the Toronto Island airport and asked the secretary to dig out the files of Bell Aircraft. She did and I was surprised to find in those files that Bell were financing Ostrander. In other words, we being their biggest customer next to Suggs and Gull (CHECK!!!) we were paying cash and they were putting our competitors into business by financing them. As a result I sent a telegram to the president of Bell Aircraft - I think it was Harvey Gaylord at the time - and the telegram was short and to the point. I said that Okanagan wished to advise Bell Aircraft that we had just purchased all of the issued capital stock of Canadian Helicopters Ltd. and I hoped that this would not affect their credit arrangements. About 24 hours later I got a call from the president of Bell telling me there must be some misunderstanding. I told him there was no misunderstanding - that I had the records in Canadian Helicopters files and we were just not going to put up with this and when somebody else built a better mousetrap we would buy it.

We also had other problems with Bell insofar as accidents and failure of parts were concerned. We had problems with the tail rotor (Check!) hub - I don't know whether it was at this time or

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later but Glenn Fitzgerald (CHECK) who was managing Canadian Helicopters at the Toronto base was killed when the tail rotor hub failed. And it had been overhauled in accordance with Bell's instructions. We had had to put on a big search to find Fitzgerald and the helicopter and I think it was several months before it was found quite by accident by a timber cruiser cruising from the air when he saw something on the ground tht did not match the color of the trees. So the wreckage was found. The wreckage was then taken over by the Ministryof Transport for the accident investigation and Glenn Fitzgerald's widow wanted to sue Bell Aircraft and we then tried to get the parts back from the Ministry of Transport and we found that the tail rotor hub had been sent to Bell Aircraft for analysis. This of course raised some problems and when we tried to get the hub back from Bell we were told that it had been destroyed in the testing, although my recollection is that on the first inquiry they said they were shipping it to us. But on the next inquiry they said that it had disappeared. We couldn't understand parts disappearing from a major aviation plant that were involved in a fatal accident. So our relationship with Bell at this point was a bit strained. And more particularly when we found out through military sources that the United States military had had numerous Bell hub rotor failures that the industry had not been advised of.

Sikorsky was the best at keeping us informed but Bell, Hiller and other manufacturers were not keeping operators informed and this applied to Allison (CHECK) when they started to build the Allison engine and this was the reason why in the HAA - I'd become a member of the board at some point - and I (can't hear the word) their own program collecting information from operators about accidents and distributing the information to the members of the association.

Story relating to Ostrander and Bell - We bought two helicopters from Bell paid cash on the barrel head and sent Jack Charleson from Ottawa and I think a pilot by the name of Smiley to Fort Worth to pick up the helicopters and ferry them to Eastern Canada where they were required on contracts. Jack Charleson's story is that they were sitting in the helicopters with the engines running ready to take off when a man came running out of the plant offices out onto the Tarmac and signalled them to shut off the engines. They did this and he came up and told Jack that they couldn't take off because Okanagan hadn't paid for the fire extinguishers. Now the fire extinguishers were worth about $12 each - they were extinguishers that were required in order to ferry the aircraft into Canada but my recollection is that they were not acceptable extinguishers once you got into Canada - in any event the extinguishers cost about $24 and we had just spent for the helicopters in the neighborhood of $100,000 for the aircraft. Jack refused to give them the money in spite of the urgency to take off on the ferry trip but he told the accounting character to go back in and send a telegram to me in Vancouver advising me that the helicopters could not leave until we'dpaid the $24. The accountant was stupid enough to do this and when I got the telegram I arranged to wire the $24 to Bell Aircraft but I made a note in the red ledger that a day of accounting would eventually come.

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The tail rotor hub modifications continued to worry the operators and we weren't getting satisfaction out of Bell Helicopters but one of their PR people was flying in a Bell to an HAA convention and the tail rotor hub failed and he was killed. I then sent a message to Bell Aircraft that I regretted to hear the news but I hoped that now Bell would do something about the tail rotor hub. In any event when Stan Hiller built the 12 E's he had produced an excellent aircraft which out-performed the Bells available at that time. So we bought the 12 E's. The purchase of these 12 E's later became a disputed point at Okanagan when things started to deteriorate, the argument being that I had bought them out of spite but I was able to produce documentation to show that engineering and operations had recommended that they purchased. Also they were a good helicopter and gave us many years of excellent service. If there was a disadvantage it was that we got into the position of having a mixed fleet which we had been trying to avoid up to that time using only Siksorsky and Bell helicopters.

I think it was in the period of 1959-60, Glenn Fitzgerald (check name) having been killed, Sig Humenik (CHECK) took over the Toronto base and one of his employees was Lloyd Ayers (CHECK) who later became manager of Canadian Helicopters when we closed the Toronto base and moved it to the Timmins operation in Montreal. Lloyd ran the operation there and we maintained the aircraft at Timmins overhaul centre. (NEED CAPS?) About that time John Timmins asked me to join the board of his company which I did and I served on that board for some years. The company was later sold to Atlantic Aviation and then bought back by the employees and was called Inotec (CHECK) and has bases across Canada. (John Timmins was not associated with the company but worked for De Havilland.)

When we moved into Quebec and obtained the base at Montreal Tom Wheeler of Wheeler Airlines came on the board of directors of that company and was a great help to us in securing work in the province of Quebec. Wheeler was one of the real pioneers of aviation in Canada and had operated a bush operation for many years out of St. Jovite (CHECK) and obtained a major contract on the DEW line when it was being constructed. He was not, one would have to say, an expert on finance, but built the company and made a lot of money out of the DEW line putting the money into the Lac Quimet club at St. Jovite. He and his brother had inherited the Grey Rocks Inn at St. Jovite which had been started by their father and mother but the two brothers fell out and Tom moved out and built his own club at the south end of the lake which we visited on many occasions. Wheeler was a great friend of Jack Charleson

Thompson bought Otair, then thought he should put Otair and Okanagan together so I was invited down to Montreal to have a meeting - I think Ian Kennedy went with me - I was amazed that Thompson had bought Connor's company (Otair) at that time - the company was in deep trouble and as I knew had several charges laid against it for breach of air regulations legislation.

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Anyway, Thompson had a whole floor of lawyers in the Place Ville Marie building in Montreal but Thompson told me that Connor had told him that Kennedy and I were on East - which was true, we were on our way to Ottawa - and that we were going to negotiate with Connor to buy Otair and that if he wanted it he'd better buy it right away. So he bought Otair Helicopters on the basis that Connor wanted the money put in a Swiss bank acct. which should have at least been a warning to Mr. Thompson. But in any event he did this to wake up in the morning to find that Connor had left the country and that he'd bought a company that had a lot of claims against it and charges and was in financial trouble. At that time we advised Thompson that we didn't think we wanted to put the two companies together but we did work out an arrangement where we agreed to cooperate East and West in Canada and provide parts and equipment where this was feasible and this did work satisfactorily for some years. But we never did get into bed with Mr. Thompson and his Otair Helicopter company.

I feel sure the Conservatives were in power in 1960 and that George Hees was the minister of Transport. Hees came out with the Open Sky policy for Canadian aviation. By this he meant that licences were going to be freely granted to applicants and that bases would be granted to these operators on a pretty relaxed basis. At this point I decided that we should take Hees at his word and we immediately established bases throughout British Columbia which are still in operation today. I can recall that there was some criticism about doing this but I felt that if we could get helicopters out into bases such as Prince George and Ft. St. John etc. we could have equipment there year 'round and we wouldn't have to charge the long ferry charges from Vancouver to operations in the north. The other operators, if they did establish a base, would be required to keep equipment in those bases and we didn't think the Eastern operators would do this and as events showed they didn't do it and as a result Okanagan blanketed the province of British Columbia and the bases have turned out to be invaluable in obtaining year-round work. The problem when there were no bases in the north was that all the helicopters came south for the winter and customers such as they were in the north and the amount of work available in the wintertime was developing but it was too expensive to ferry to the jobs. And our action put helicopters in the area where the work was. And while there was some criticism from our board of this expansion and the necessity to build hangars and shop facilities events proved that we were right and even up to today the present management of the company has not closed any of the bases.

I christened George Hees "Headless Hees" because I felt he didn't have any brains - he had been in the venetian blind business and I don't think that was too successful and now he was the minister of transport of Canada and under his regime things really went from bad to worse insofar as the Air Transport Board and the enforcement of regulations were concerned. I remember Paul Deboud (CHECK NAME) who was with Kenting Helicopters when we bought Kenting quit Kenting at about that time because Doug Kendall (CHECK) didn't even advise him

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he was negotiating with us to sell out and Alf went down from the meeting in Toronto that I've referred to to their base in Oshawa and walked into the hangar and Deboud (?) wanted to know what he was there for and Alf told him we had just bought the company and Paul Deboud who was running the company was outraged and shortly after this, I think, he became chairman of the Air Transport Board. John Baldwin became president of Air Canada and leaving a vacancy on the Air Transport Board.

With the Conservatives in power, Doug Connor took the Franklin project away from us where we had our S55's working on Baffin Island and he was awarded the contract and didn't have the aircraft or equipment, didn't have the floats etc. but the Conservative government gave him the job. It is interesting to note that Connor had married the daughter of a lady senator in Montreal - the senator's husband was the collector for Maurice Duplessis the Conservative govt. in Quebec, the Union Nationale, and Connor was driving us out of the province of Quebec as far as government business was concerned, and with the Conservatives in power he now was after our government business and was very successful in getting it.

There are two interesting stories about Connor winning the Franklin project. First of all, when he got the project and didn't have the equipment, he tried to negotiate with us to sell him our 55's which we refused to do and then he went out and found a couple of 55's. Once he got them he found that he didn't 5 floatsware (CHECK!!!!) in North America - there were not very many of them - and we immediately took an option to buy the floats that were available. Connor had to get his helicopters organized to be flown in, floats or navigational equipment such as the autogiro compasses (check!) for Arctic work, and he came to us and asked if we would lease them to him, that is the floats and the instruments. Jack Charleson convinced me that for good relationship with the Mines and Technical Survey people in Ottawa for whom we had done a lot of work we should lease him the equipment for the summer operation, and we did this. But then the problem started of trying to get paid by Mr. Connor. Connor came back from the Arctic in the Fall having finished the job and Jack was in touch with him and asked when he was going to return our floats and our instruments and Connor told him to tell me to sue him, and he wasn't going to pay the bill. Jack was very upset. Ian, our finance man, wanted me to take action against Connor immediately. I suggested we shouldn't be in any hurry and we'd see what happened over the winter.

By the beginning of 1961 we still had, I think, the Mid-Canada line and we had the Dew Line, but the Dew line was shutting down as construction was all finished and I was involved in negotiations with Admin Soul (CHECK!!!) down in Peramus (CHECK!) New Jersey, during January of that year, and I note that the HAA had an annual meeting at the Cherry Hill Inn, at Hattersfield, and I attended that meeting with Jack Charleson. On Dec. 20 President Kennedy was sworn in as president of the U.S. By this time Frederick Field, a well-known Conservative,

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had been sworn in as a member of our board, I think that Leigh Stevenson may have been the chairman at this time, also a Conservative. (Douglas Dewar was chairman at the time we were negotiating with Bristol ?? about selling Okanagan to Bristow?) Frederick Field went to Ottawa to see the Conservative govt. - particularly his great friend, Mr. Green, the member from Vancouver who was in the Cabinet - to find out whether or not I was a liability to Okanagan because of my political connections and to look into the question of a renewal of a mid-Canada contract and other work for the federal government. My recollection was that Field came back and said that the bids would all go out and we would bid competitively. And the low bidder would win and there would be no political shenanigans. However, as we found out later, this was absolutely incorrect.

In any event, Field had been in Ottawa in February and late in March Doug Connor called to tell me that he had won the Franklin contract for the second year. We had spread a rumor that we were going to bid on the Franklin contract - although we had no intention of doing so - and Connor heard this and reduced his bid substantially in order to win and was very upset when he found that we had not put in a proposal. He wanted to make a deal to buy our floats that we had loaned him the year before - and hadn't paid for. I knew he couldn't get floats anywhere else because I had found out where all the Sikorsky floats were, and we had taken out an option to buy all the floats available - I don't think there were more than two or three sets. I decided we should talk about the amount of money he owned us - about $100,000 - for the rental of our equipment and the sale value of the equipment as we didn't intend to lease it to him for the second year. I consulted our lawyer, George Clark, and got him to retain their agents in Ottawa, and told him that I wanted them to be ready to seize the aircraft with our floats and instruments on the day that I would tell him to do it - I was well aware that in Ontario they had a writ of "replevin" (CHECK!) which is a writ that you get from the court and give to the sheriff and have him seize property that you claim is yours and the only danger is that the party against whom the writ is issued is not aware that the writ has been issued until it is served and then if you stopped him by seizing the floats and instruments, for instance, and it turned out they were not our property then he would have a good legal action for damages against us. Our lawyers advised us that this was a possibility - I told them not worry about it - I got Sig Humenik in Toronto to go down to Connor's base, shall we say late in the evening, and without breaking in see if he could get into the hangar and identify the floats and instruments as they are all serial-numbered and we of course, had records of exactly what our serial numbers were. Sig did this and identified the equipment as our equipment, and then I told our lawyers it was our equipment on the two aircraft and that the Hercules would be coming in to pick up the aircraft to fly them up to the operation and I wanted the sheriff to serve the Writ of Replivon (?) the day that we would advise the lawyers in Ottawa to do so. But we wanted to be sure to have the Sheriff ready. So everthing was all set. Jack Charleson kept in touch with the Air Force to find out exactly what day the helicopters would be airlifted out of the base, and when we had that date on the morning when

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the helicopters were there and the Hercules had arrived the sheriff walked into the office and served the writ on Mr. Connor and seized the helicopters with our instruments on them. Connor was wild as he was going to face demeurage on the Herculese while he tried to solve his problem with me. Our lawyers in Ottawa suggested that we make a deal with Connor. I told we were not prepared to lease our equipment to him again - if he wanted them he would have to buy them and we wanted $100,00 cash. Negotiations dragged on over 24 or 48 hours with Connor trying to pay us by cheque which I refused as I was afraid he would stop payment the moment he got his helicopters into the Hercules and off the ground. Our Ottawa lawyers felt we were being pretty mean, Mines and Technical Surveys got involved and tried to put political pressure on Jack to get me to release the equipment and solve our problems later. But we said no dice and Douglas Connor had to deposit $100,000 into the Royal Bank in Vancouver before we advised the sheriff that he could cancel the seizure.

Side 2 -

He turned out to be an emissary from Mr. Crosby? who owned Eastern Provincial Airlines - he came to tell us, he said, that Mr. Crosby suggested we get out of Newfoundland, tht when helicopters were operated in Newfoundland he would operate them and no one else. I said that I thought Newfoundland had become a part of Canada, tht we had the right to be there, we had no intention of getting out, and when we did decide to leave, we would be interested in selling our business to Mr. Crosby. These turned out to be prophetic words because we did later on sell to Mr. Crosby and in fact the S55 tht we brought into Newfoundland we bought from Mohawk in Chicago - they had been using it in an attempt to develop a passenger service from the airport to downtown and as anyone could have told them this just isn't economical and we bought the ship from them for $90,000. After we got out of Newfoundland, basically because the election had been lost in Ottawa, the Conservatives were in and we didn't get the Fisheries contract, we sold United Helicopters that we had incorporated there to Mr. Crosby and the price he paid us for the S55s was $120,000 which wasn't too bad.

During the period when I was trying to build the company up and acquire more contracts, we were successful in winning the DEW line contract, with S55s working for USAF (CHECK/), our contract being with Admiral Sowell (CHECK!) who was based in Peramus, New Jersey. We worked up on Baffin Island with the S58s, and worked all the first winter without any hangar or cover (hangar storage) which made it a very difficult operation. We also had had a contract in the Arctic with the Mines and Technical Surveys in Ottawa which was called the Franklin project and that was the first time helicopters were taken into the Arctic and operated successfully. Our operation for that job was on Baffin Island and my recollection is that the first year we used an S55 and and I think the second year we had bought an S62 from Sikorsky, a

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single engine, jet-engine helicopter, and we'd taken that into the Arctic. The 62 didn't prove out very well. It was supposed to have a flying boat hull etc. but we had problems with it. It was very short-ranged so we sold it to, I think, Bob Suggs and bought an S58 from Bob. Tht was the last piece of equipment we bought from Suggs. When we got it up to our plant and started to really get into the insides, the tail cone etc., we found it was full of salt water corrosion which Bob had neglected to tell us about.

We also had other contracts with the oil industry in oil exploration, we gradually built up our fleet. In 1954 Dad died on Nov. 27 and Glenn was born on Dec. 15, Dad nevr knowing that he had a grandson. I sent Dad a wire when Kathy, our third daughter, was born saying "~~Quince~~ 2 UITS (CHECK) arrived yesterday. He is a girl". To which Dad replied by wire: "Three of a kind and a pair make a full house." HJH.

The Franklin project by now fine was obtained in early 1955 in January we got the contract to work on Baffin Island. In 1955 we were building the new Okanagan hangar as the space we had leased from Jim Spilsbury was inadequate, and I think we were building it in January and we occupied it later that year. We also made a deal to buy Kenting (?) Helicopters from Doug Kendall in Toronto - that gave us an Eastern operation with which we started to move into Quebec doing work for their Mines and Technical Surveys. In the Kendall deal there was a clause in the agreement that Kendall would not go back into the helicopter business and would use Okanagan for any helicopter service that his survey company required. But unfortunately Doug didn't keep to his bargain and eventually got back into the helicopter business.

We were also working in '55 in Labrador for Brinco (CHECK) I think, and by this time I was a director of Aero (CHECK) Surveys, which was owned by Ferry Aircraft of England. We were trying to sell this company to Fairchild's of Los Angeles which we eventually did.

Ted Wilkinson, now deceased, was a member of the firm of Russell Dumoulin and he was the one who put me on the board of Aero Surveys. We thought the helicopter and the surveying company could perhaps develop some combination business and it was an interesting experience, and it also put me on the board of Panorama Photo Studies built in West Vancouver and was owned by Ferry Aircraft at the time. I think it was in 1956 that we got a chance to buy Canadian Helicopters that had been started by a fellow by the name of Rotherham and Paul Ostrander.

When Carl Agar set up Okanagan Helicopters and moved into Vancouver one of the first pilots they hired was Paul Ostrander and he was to work for them in the summer on an operation for Carl Springer, the mining magnate. Carl Springer was not above playing games and he offered Ostrander a job as pilot for him and he would buy Ostrander a helicopter. Ostrander was a well

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qualified pilot and he started to bargain with Carl for more money Springer was offering him more than Carl would pay him for the summer. (CHECK ALL OF THIS) and every time Carl would up the ante a little he'd go and phone Springer and tell him that Agar was going to pay him more and Springer would meet it. Well, eventually these two characters got together as they deserved and Springer bought a helicopter for Ostrander and we lost Ostrander. But the experience taught us something about dealing with this kind of people. As the business developed and we were trying to abide by the rules and regulations issued by the Air Transport Board as to licences, tariffs etc. Ostrander was flying all over the country, having left Spring and set up his own little company and he wasn't paying attention to any of the rules or regulations and ws a thorn in our flesh in the North where he was well aware that we had to set out gas caches early in the Spring for our pilots coming home in the Fall from the far North. We tried to hide these caches or put them in isolated places so the gas would be there for the pilots. The pilots had a record of where these caches were, and we'd put them in by helicopter and they were barrels of gas. Ostrander would, on occasion, help himself to our gasoline and even if he left a note saying so he never refilled the barrels and our pilots would arrive and find a shortage of gas which could be a real problem. It didn't endear Ostrander to us in any way. On one occasion Ostrander's wife was in our office and I saw her husband taking off in his helicopter from our base at the airport and I asked her where he was going and she said he was going up to Whistler. I didn't pay much attention but then I got word that he did go to Whistler - he, shall we say borrowed, some of our cargo Anson slings (CHECK!!! to do a job that we thought we had. Well, eventually he came back and laughed it off. He was a character, there's no doubt about it, but he seemed to always survive becuase the regulatory authorities never paid too much attention.

I went down to Ottawa about this time and the board had a sitting member by the name of Dan McLean (CHECK!) He was getting on in years, an old aviation fellow, and I went into his office where he was having his tea. I told him that the board had to do something about Ostrander who was based in the East and would fly out every summer to compete with us and steal our cargo nets and our gas. As far as I'm concerned, his answer was typical of the Air Transport Board and typical of the Ministry of Transport and their enforcement section. He said: "Well, wait until he gets a licence and then we'll do something about it." Later on when I became a director and later on Chairman of the Air Transport Association, I fought long and hard for better enforcement of the air regulations and the regulations relating to licensing as far as helicopter operators were concerned.

Well 1956 was a year in which we bought the company from Rotherham and Paul Ostrander. But Abitibi had an interest in the company and I recall that Walter Koerner of Alaska Pine phoned me and said that Mr. Ambridge, head of the big Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company in Toronto, was in town at the Vancouver Hotel and he was going to go into the helicopter business and would like to see me. I went to see him at the hotel and he said he'd been talking about his

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company getting their own helicopter an S55 what he had in mind, and using it in their pulp and paper development in Northern Ontario, the wood section. I suggested to Mr. Ambridge that he would be better off to charter from a known operator, preferably Okanagan, who had S55s and had experience and by using a commercial operator for a season he would find out exactly what the helicopter could do for his company and whether it made economic sense to buy one. Mr. Ambridge was a rather positive sort, and he told me that they weren't prepared to pay anybody else to operate their helicopters so he was going into the helicopter business. I realized that we, as Westerners, had no opportunity to get his business but asked him to agree that when he decided to sell out he would give me a call. I think that was perhaps in 1954 or 55, and in 1956 I got a call from Ambridge asking me if I could come to Ottawa to talk about buying out Abitibi's helicopter company called Canadian Helicopters Ltd. in which Paul Ostrander and Rotherham were shareholders with Abitibi. By this time Jack Charleson was out of the Ministry of Transport and had had his short experience with Frank Pyasecki and the Pyasecki Helicopter Company at Arnprior, in Ottawa, and had joined Okanagan. Jack and I met in Toronto at Mr. Armbridge's office, and he paced up and down in front of the big windows looking out at the traffic on University Ave. , expounding to us the merits of the company and the wonderful equipment he was now offering to sell to us at a very cheap price, in his opinion, and he thought the deal he was offering was a good one. We asked him about the equipment. He mentioned an S 55. We pointed out that the S55 he was talking about was a wreck on a hilltop somewhere in the Port Arthur area, and after a phone call he found out that our statement was correct but Mr. Ostrander and Mr. Rotherham had neglected to inform him that it had been in an accident. This cut down the value of the company somewhat. In any event we did negotiate a deal to buy the company.

Now there were two or three conditions we included. One was that we didn't want, in the future, to be accused of having put Paul Ostrander, our old friend, out of business. We considered that he was the best sort of competitor. Most people, having used Paul once, generally came back to Okanagan. We said we wanted one of the Bell helicopters to be given to Paul Ostrander and that we could only afford to pay part of the purchase price for his equipment and his Toronto base and that we would want to arrange a loan with the Royal Bank in Toronto for the balance which we would arrange to pay off, as I recall, within three years. He agreed to these terms and we went down to the Royal Bank to negotiate a loan. As a result we bought the company. The third condition we made was that Ostrander and Rotherham were to receive out of the purchase price the amount of money that they had put into the company originally and Ambridge agreed to this. After the deal was completed we got Ostrander up to our room in the hotel and we told him that we had a guarantee from Ambridge that both he and Rotherham would get their money out of the deal and that Paul could take one of the Bell helicopters which we identified, and he was to take it as it was as of that hour. I think that Alf Stringer was with us and had been out at the hangar reviewing the equipment, the logs etc. to check and make sure that we were getting what we were paying for. Alf came back to the hotel and Paul left us. That evening Alf went out to the

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hangar and was surprised to find that some of the mechanics were working on the helicopter that Paul was going to take delivery of the next morning. They were putting new blades on and were hoping, on instructions from Ostrander, to change engines. This was a typical Ostrander move and Alf of course stopped all work since we had insisted that he take the helicopter as it was

On Feb. 3, 1955, Carl Agar and I had lunch with Douglas Bader in the Vancouver Hotel. Douglas was in charge of Shell Aviation based in London, and all of their operations throughout the world came under him. The Canadian operation of Shell was run by John Stewart (CHECK!) in Calgary who was in charge of their transportation and we were doing all of the Shell work in Canada. I think that Douglas was probably interested in finding out what Okanagan ws doing and this was the beginning of a long and very useful friendship with Douglas and Shell of London.

At that time the book Reach for the Sky had just been published and I had just read it and the book gave a very interesting account of his career in the RAF and made him out to be quite a hero. Douglas in his usual, matter-of-fact way said that England needed a hero - I was lucky that I was around at the time.

I think it was in 1955 that we had taken over the Mid-Canada line construction contract where they were building the radar defence line and the Air Force was working on it with S55 helicopters. Why the Air Force wanted to get out of it I don't know but we took over their 14 S55s and did all of the construction work and maintenance and service work across the line for some years - at least until the Conservatives came to power at which time we lost the contract to Doug Connor and Otair.

With the purchase of Canadian Helicopters we now had operations in Newfoundland, Ontario and a base on the Toronto Island Airport, and also operating in Quebec. So the original idea of Carl and I going east to look at Newfoundland had proven to be a very good one for Okanagan.

It seems to me that about 1954 or '55 we bought our first S58 to work on the DEW line. Now I have referred to the DEW line work before but CD Howe was the Minister of a Department of Industry and Reconstruction - (find out for sure!) but I remember that the fixed wing work was being done by CPAir and that Wheeler Airlines out of Quebec and Maritimes Central (check) and there were some rows going on between them and TransAir who wanted a chunk of it, and Pacific Western (or Queen Charlottes, as it was probably known at that time under Jim Spilsbury). But the helicopter work was being done by the American army. We had 55's and had more experience in helicopters and were first in the Arctic We bought an S58 - the first sold commercially by Sikorsky, Okanagan and Alcan had bought the first two S55s sold commercially and we paid cash about $200,000. Howe agreed that we could negotiate with Dave Mundy (???) and Miss McGrath (?) for work on the DEW line. We got a contract, but Mundy

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was not prepared to give us a longterm contract. He wanted us to have a month to month contract. We pointed out that we were filing tariffs with the Air Transport Board and that it would be cheaper to take the helicopter for six months or a year or even longer as the rate would go down. But Mundy and Miss Grath weren't about to give in - they thought we were just trying to jockey them into a longterm contract. At that meeting we made it quite clear that they would be paying a much higher price per hour on a short-term contract. They wouldn't buy our arguments. As a result we signed a contract for the S58 on a monthly basis - I think we operated it on the DEW line for about a year and they were paying us the monthly standby plus the hourly charge. Later when questions were asked in the House - Mundy wired me, asked me to wire back that Okanagan was going to refund the difference between what we were being paid and what it would have cost if we'd signed an annual contract. I wired him back that Okanagan was not in a position to do this, and anyway it had been his decision to have us sign a monthly contract.

In 1956 or 1957 there was an election and the Liberal were returned with a minority. I managed Jimmy Sinclair's campaign and he was the only cabinet minister elected west of the Great Lakes - even Mr. Howe was defeated. I think the minority govt. was under Mike Pearson and in the next election the Liberals (including Jimmy Sinclair) were defeated and Monty Aldus (CHECK!) managed his campaign because (this part relates to the second campaign) Stevenson as chairman had told me that I was to take no part in the election. Diefenbaker won with a minority govt. as I recall, then he went to the people shortly after and won a landslide victory. In the election Jimmy Sinclair wanted me to take over his constituency as I had built the election organization and wanted me to run. Mercia was emphatic that I not run. We looked around and I ran into Dr. Jack , an engineer with the B.C. Hydro Power Authority. My recollection is that Jimmy had a meeting at his house with a few of the key organization people. He said he had a man in mind - Dr. Davis who had been a Rhodes Scholar had been with the B.C. Electric before it was taken over by the provincial govt. and that he was anxious to get into politics. Davis arrived at his house and we had a long discussion and it ws agreed that we would support Davis for the nomination. I pointed out that the problem would be to get him nominated because Pat Burns who had worked in the campaigns that I had been involved in for Jimmy Sinclair was also in the running for the nomination. The nominating meeting turned out to be interesting. I couldn't attend because I had been told not to by Okanagan, but Davis defeated Burns. Davis asked me to be his campaign manager which I did and he won a landslide victory. In the next election when the Liberals were defeated Davis was defeated - I worked with Bryan Williams as co-manager.

While we had built the power line from Kemano to Kitimat we in effect had merely carried sling loads, and the spectacular part of building that line was the postage stamp platforms that Carl built in the mountains along the route on which the S55s put the loads down. And the towers were built manually without the use of the helicopter. But it had shown that the helicopter was a

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useful tool in construction work and when we got the S58 for the DEW line work, once it came off that work we were hunting for something to do and we were convinced that you could build power lines with the S58 and certainly you could pole lines with wooden poles. This put us in touch with Ingledow and Associates, consulting engineers, and particularly with Lionel Cook, one of the partners of that firm. Carl in his usual careful way wasn't convinced that you could carry a power pole under an S58 and set it in a hole in the ground without risking the aircraft and the pilot's life because he felt that if anything happened before, as they say, the pilot could "pickle the load" (CHECK) the post would have hit the ground and come up through the belly of the helicopter where the gasoline was stored. We went to Ingledow and Associates and asked them to do a study as to which would hit the ground first - the pole or the helicopter - and as a result of their engineering study they came to the conclusion that there was no way if you pickled the load that the pole could hit the helicopter and that you would land in front of the pole after it had landed on the ground if the engine were to quit.

In the meantime, in trying to get business to build a power line I had been to see Dr. Shrum of the B.C. Hydro and Power Authority and to Winnipeg to see the Manitoba Hydro - the head of it was a former Portage schoolmate of mine by the name of Fallis (CHECK) and tried to talk them into giving us a chance to use the helicopter on one of their pole line construction jobs. But nobody would listen. We couldn't find work. But we kept hearing stories from Tug Gustasson (Sikorsky's super salesman) that they were demonstrating the building of power lines and it's true that with the S58 they did this. At this point Fritz Payne (story same)
They wanted to build a power line through a cemetery where they were having difficulty getting access and it was a wooden line. On the recommendation of Tug he called me - we used the S58. We built the power line through the cemetery. Then we got another job to build a steel tower line across some mountain ranges in the Los Angeles area and in this way got more experience in power line construction. At this point back in B.C. they were planning on building the Peace River power line - Shrum read story in Amer. electrical mag - I'd been there a year before -

we built both wooden pole lines and Peace River power line carrying sections of towers and setting them on top of sections already in place. We realized before we got the contract with B.C. Hydro - we started out with pole contracts - setting the poles in the holes and putting the cross arms on by helicopter and then string a pull-through line over the cross bar so they could pull the cables through for these lighter lines. But it became obvious that the contractors we were working for were not interested in hiring helicopters by the hour but were more interested in making a contract where we would guarantee so many poles in the holes in the ground for so much money. We then went to Ingledow again and suggested that we incorporate a company with an equal partnership - they would do the engineering and the bidding for us and we would provide the helicopters. They were power line experts. They knew what the power companies required and what the contractors would want. This was done (I've forgotten the name of the

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company, but we were now in the power line business. and it turned out to be pretty important for us particularly when they started to the 750 mile Peace River line.

By this time Mel (CHECK!) Helicopters had built the Bell 204 and it really became the work horse of the Okanagan fleet. Our relationship with Dr. Shrum and building wooden power lines kept us in touch with the B.C. Hydro at the time that they were going to build the Peace River line. And again we had a bit of a run-in with Dr. Shrum. He asked me to come to a meeting about putting the big towers across the pine pass where they had to put what they called a bridge on the top and that our helicopter couldn't lift it. We recognized that it couldn't lift it but we thought we could get a helicopter that would.

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Phone Interview with Locksley McNeill, 91, Wpg. - U. of M. grad law '31 - Sept. 18, 1994

Dr. Ephraim H. Coleman -
Glenn - thought very highly of him - Glenn came 3 yrs. after me - was in law school just one year while I was there - his brother Wallace was 2 yrs. before - he didn't have the ability that Glenn had - Glenn was close to 6 ft a big handsome chap - I haven't seen Glenn since he graduated - I don't recall that he was active in student activities, he was quiet and reserved - a gentleman, - didn't participate in sports - strictly business - Sorflaten, he was one of my closer friends -
Dr. Coleman was Dean - Nov. 11 - this is rather unusual, Mr. McNeill, the exams start in a month. We'll give you a try. Are you articled? I'll article you to my partner - McDonald Craig - I've got the best man here.
Wonderful man - integrity, kindness. Suffered from being very plain, bald as a billiard ball. Medium sized man - his brother D.C. was a very handsome man - but E.H. very talented, a marvelous memory. When he worked for the bank customers would come in and ask for their balance and without looking at the books he'd tell them.
Very quiet - a very gifted rhymer - he wrote many cases in rhyme - he'd deliver a whole case in rhyme. As I recall, he used to deliver them without notes.
How he got to Ottawa? The Canadian Bar Assn. was founded by Sir James Aikins in ~~Toronto~~ and he had articled with the Aikins firm - went through law school and so when the bar assn. was formed Sir James sent for Eph (pronounced Eef) -he was the first secretary of the Bar Assn. This is how he met R.B. Bennett - Bennett was active in the Bar Assn. became prime minster he sent for Eef to be his Under Secretary of State - Glenn was quiet, dignified and sound - and it was Dr. Coleman who advised him to smoke a pipe because you're going to meet people with difficult problems and when someone puts a question to you you're not quite prepared to answer you pick up your pipe and take a few puffs while you concentrate on your anwer.
At the time that Glenn's father was Provincial Treasurer I was assistant to the premier, John Bracken - Ewan was a quiet, reserved man, nice sense ofhumor, very pleasant - I was quite attracted to Ewan because my mother said her father was much like Ewan McPherson- Donovan started to work after high school. And Wally was a little low on ability, very middle-of-the-road, poor Wally, after he graduated he ~~couldn't get a~~ job, became very discouraged and took up drinking and became an alcoholic - his father was Provincial Treasurer - Ewan told me that they gave Wally a key - there was an outside entrance to their home and Wally had his own key and that's the only connection they had with him. It was tragic. His father was very proud of Glenn - Glenn was one of the success stories in my time at the Law School - to go to Ottawa and take over this important position - dealing with European war claims - Glenn was a student that you'd respect, reserved, not hail-fellow-well-met, but a man of character as it says in the Bible, "Behold, an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile." (Nathanael).

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mile-high mountain chasms. You'll notice models of helicopters squatting atop bookcases or cupboards - that heavy-bodied Russian helicopter, for instance, could carry 75 people. This sleek Sikorsky twin-rotor is a look-alike to those he bought after winning a contract from war ace Douglas Bader, of Shell Oil. And this mockup of the awford-looking Bristol Rotodyne with its stub wings and ram jets is just for laughs. "It never went into production," McPherson says, "too damned noisy". He knows helicopters. He loves helicopters.

A carved wooden snipe from Delta, Manitoba - a boyhood relic - sits on one corner of his desk. A Chinese perpetual calendar and a Japanese clock giving time worldwide are leftovers from the years when his business travel took him from one continent to another, often at a moment's notice. And front and centre are two fairly recent additions to the conglomeration of items on this desk - a gooseneck lamp that magnifies as it illuminates, and a powerful magnifiying reading glass.

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A whole wall in his den is covered with plaques. One, from the National Transportation Industry, names him its "Man of the Year." Another, from the British Columbia Transportation Industry, cites him as its "Person of the Year." And here's the Lawrence D. Bell Memorial Award given to him for his "Significant Contribution to the Helicopter Industry."

But one, from the American Junior Chamber of Commerce, dated 1941, goes even further. It names Glenn as "One of America's Ten Outstanding Young Men, for Distinguished Contribution to His Nation's Welfare." Orson Wells was one of the Americans who made that list, but Glenn was the only Canadian.

He sits here, now, amid mementos testifying to his exceptional career, and rejects any suggestion that his contribution to Canadian history is anything out of the ordinary. But the mementos belie this, as do his memories. Glenn McPherson, the skinny kid from Portage la Prairie, very definitely has a story to tell that's worth hearing. And, after months of persuasion, he's finally agreed to tell it.

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With 18,000 acres of ski-able terrain in their backyard, with powder deeper (14 feet last January) and drier (because it's inland) than anything available at resorts elsewhere in B.C., and with vistas of glistening, pristine snow just waiting to be S-carved every morning, CAT Powder Skiing provides a perfect two, three or five-day get-away for frazzled business people. But it's not completely out-of-this-world. When necessary, fax, phone and secretarial services are available in the Newsomes' office.

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the Custodian's office stood firm, arguing that Agfa Ansco's German ownership warranted the action.

(A booklet entitled The Nazi Chemical Trust in the United States, by S. F. Porter, published in 1942 by the National Policy Committee, Washington, D. C. is a series of reprints from the New York Post. It gives explicit details of a plot to rule the world hatched in 1920 by Farben's original seven-man council. It's a cold-blooded story of intrigue, of scheming and behind-the-scenes manipulation that almost defies belief, culminating in the group's choice of Adolph Hitler as the puppet who would accomplish its dastardly ambitions. Even Benito Mussolini was a supporter of the Farben group, according to Porter. So for Stephenson's B.S.C. to have accosted the mighty Farben International was akin to David jousting with Goliath. But Stephenson never considered the odds in any situation, and he never gave in to pressure.

"But before Pearl Harbor there was a great deal of pressure on the Canadian Custodian to release Agfa Ansco," Glenn says. "Americans pointed to the

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5)

"Theophilis Oscar Sheridan Grant Finn" - he nicknamed Theo. Glenn's mother was named simply Winnie. By the time she arrived, Father Finn had run out of both names and enthusiasm.

To make a living for his brood, Francis Finn returned to preaching, this time as a roving revivalist outdoor preacher. Characteristically, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the work, and it was said of him that "You don't have to go out to the village square to hear his sermons, his voice carried right into the kitchen." His fame spread, as it turned out. At that time in Upper Canada there was bad blood between Catholics and Orangemen (extreme Protestants), and word seems to have got around about Father Finn's previous commitment to Catholicism. One day, right in the midst of one of his most stirring sermons, an Orangeman took a potshot at him. Father Finn ducked just in time, but he got the message and decided it was time to get out of town.

He and his family trekked west to Carman, Manitoba, where the pulpit in the

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Methodist church was needing a clergyman. The only trouble was, the manse that went with the church was a tent, and even happy-go-lucky Francis Finn couldn't visualize a Paradise consisting of twelve kids and two adults huddled in a tent during a prairie winter. So the Finn family packed up once more and moved even further west to Portage la Prairie, arriving in 1882. Now known as the Reverend F. M. Finn, he was a "circuit" minister, making regular rounds to congregations in the area. Occasionally, of course, he'd have delivered the sermon in the Methodist church in Portage la Prairie attended by the Peter McPherson family. In 1902 he was appointed to the position of chaplain at Stony Mountain Penitentiary, a federal maximum security instititution fifteen miles north of Winnipeg. It's there that Ewan went to ask him for Winnie's hand in marriage - and nearly burned the place down.

When Ewan arrived at Stony Mountain he was told that Chaplain Finn was out counselling a prisoner but had asked that his visitor should be ushered into his study to wait. Ewan had been warned beforehand by Winnie of her father's

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abhorrence for "the weed", but he was nervous, and badly needed the comfort of his pipe. The Chaplain was bound to be awhile, so he had plenty of time to get rid of the smoke and the smell before he returned, he told himself.

He'd just fired up the tobacco and was taking a couple of deep draws when he heard Father Finn at the door. In a panic he thrust the offending pipe behind his back - and ignited the curtains. Much later, after telling Winnie and her mother about the incident, the Chaplain added: "Well, at least something good will come out of this. Young Ewan will never smoke again." Wishful thinking on his part - his son-in-law enjoyed his smokes for the rest of his life. Fortunately it wasn't a problem for Winnie. Theirs was a truly happy union, as Glenn remembers, and Dad absolutely adored Mother until the day he died."

Ewan and Winnie gave their own three sons and daughter Peggy a solid Methodist upbringing. Sundays were set aside for church (Ewan sang in the choir), Sunday School, singsongs and books. The McPherson children had Ewan's strict ethics

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drilled into them early. Their father was one of the directors of the skating rink, for instance, so his kids were entitled to season's passes . But Ewan frowned on "freebies", so the passes were refused. His values may have been old-fashioned even for those times, but he lived by them implicitly.

Donovan, five years older than Glenn, Wallace two years older, and Peggy two years younger, closed ranks on the young Glenn all through their growing-up years, Donovan because of the age difference, Wallace and Peggy for a more psychological reason. A bout with infantile paralysis had left Wallace with one leg and one arm slightly shorter than normal, and Glenn felt that Wallace "played" it up to get sympathy from his mother and Peggy. Whether or not this was so, his indifference caused his brother's and sister's resentment. As a result he was the outsider as far as his siblings were concerned. But Glenn never minded, because he and his dad were so close.

Wanting to please Ewan, Glenn was always disappointed that his school marks

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were invariably borderline, no matter how hard he worked. His brother Wallace, on the other hand, brought home straight A's, without ever having to study. In Grade Ten a crisis - Glenn was expelled by the principal. It was a minor misconduct. Somebody threw a blackboard brush at him. He lobbed it back and accidently hit the Maths' teacher. The principal told him to leave, and followed that up with a letter to his father stating that, in his opinion, Glenn would never amount to anything. He was fit only for farm labor.

His father listened gravely while Glenn explained what had happened, then made it plain that studies would be kept up at home. Margaret Webster, the little Latin teacher who believed in him, tutored him privately in the evenings. Sometime before the end of the school year Ewan negotiated his return to class. Glenn wrote his final exams and, much to his surprise and relief, passed to Grade Eleven.

The next year was interesting, he wrote in his journal, "not only because I was suddenly, and at long last, motivated but because Mr. Greig, our chemistry

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teacher, made the subject so darned interesting that I began to think about becoming a chemical engineer. I passed Grade Eleven with flying colors and, to everybody's amazement but Miss Webster's, I was awarded the Governor General's Medal." It was 1927, and he was seventeen years old.

Since he was a kid Glenn had worked at odd jobs. He'd delivered papers and groceries, trapped and skinned rabbits, stooked hay, stacked logs. He even saved the cost of admission to the Saturday matinees by turning up the seats and sweeping the aisles in the town's theatre. While still in his teens he worked one whole summer on a survey gang in Northern Manitoba, "cutting the line" (hacking trees ahead of the 'instrument man') and drilling rocks. He and the crew lived in tents, fished for sturgeon in the swift Winnipeg River. It was rough work but, what the heck, he was there to earn money. What he wasn't there to do was squander it on cards and booze. So, while his other more seasoned colleagues met every evening in one of the tents to gamble and kill a bottle or two, Glenn went off by himself to read books. At the end of the summer he had a goodsized

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grubstake and a headful of memorized poetry. (He loves poetry. Even today, if given the chance, he'll reel off Hamlet's Soliloquy or Robert Service's Cremation of Sam McGee.)

Money was tight in the late 1920's and a country lawyer like Ewan McPherson was among the first to feel the pinch. Clients would ask him to barter, take out his bill in trade, and Ewan would have to oblige them or forfeit payment of his bills. So he accepted school scribblers from the book store, flour from the grocer, eggs (eight cents a dozen) or potatoes (fifty cents a bushel) from a farmer. It put food on the table, and kept his kids in school supplies, but it didn't do a lot for his bank account.

The McPhersons could afford to send only one son to university during 1927-28, so Wallace, already into first year Law, got the nod. Glenn stayed in Portage, taking First Year Arts at the Portage Collegiate.

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When school ended in June, 1928, he was eighteen and busting, not to see the world, just London, England. He'd been reading about Madame Tussaud's, the Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, the Old Bailey and London Bridge, he told his dad, and he figured on going to see them for himself. He had saved $35. That should pay for a week in London, shouldn't it? His fare? Oh, he'd work his way across Canada on a cattle train, then across the Atlantic on a cattle boat.

Ewan was definitely skeptical but finally gave his consent and drove him to the stockyards in St. Boniface (across the Assiniboine River from Winnipeg) where the cattle train was loading. First, though, he insisted that Glenn have his $35 converted into a Bank of Montreal draft which he was to keep in a money belt worn, at all times, under his clothes.

The four-day rail trip to Montreal was no picnic. Glenn helped load 750 bawling head of cattle, then spent the rest of the trip guarding the watering them. At Hornpayne, the halfway point, the train stopped long enough for the stock to be

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unloaded, put into pens and fed, before being reloaded for the rest of the journey to Montreal. While they were there some of the other cattlemen walked into the village for a restaurant meal. Glenn couldn't. His money was "tied up". So he knocked on the door of a house close by and asked the housewife if he could chop kindling in return for a sandwich. She didn't need any kindling chopped, she said, but she gave him a sandwich anyway.

He rode on top of the freight cars when the stench of manure became unbearable, and when his tired body ached for a little shuteye or a cup of hot tea he climbed up into the colonist car at the end of the train and made use of the wooden benches and pot-bellied stove.

After the longest four days of his life he was in Montreal. There he signed on as a cattleman aboard the freighter Manchester Brigade, and again had to shove those same 750 smelly, protesting cattle up a ramp where they were herded into corrals on each deck. This was a tricky business. To prevent them from

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stampeding, each beast had to be roped, then hitched headfirst to a crossbeam. This kept them all positioned facing a common trough, which meant they could be fed most efficiently. But the hay still had to be pitched to them by the forkful, and the water still had to be carried to them by hand, in buckets. And this had to be done every single day of the twelve days at sea. Not only that, but every day the manure had to be collected for sale later to the Liverpool "shitters", to be resold later to English farmers. It was hard work at the best of times, but in rough seas it was brutal. Some of the men got seasick. By some miracle Glenn didn't - "And if you don't get seasick on a cattleboat in mid-Atlantic," he says wryly, you'll never get seasick."

But he did get hot and stinky. So he was glad when some of the men suggested showering on deck. Simple enough. You stripped, stood under an overhang while somebody sloshed a pailful of cold water over you. It felt good - until later, when he discovered his $35 bank draft had been lifted out of his money belt. However, when the ship docked in Liverpool he picked up his twelve days' pay: one shilling.

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On the way over he'd told one of the cattleman - a brawny little Scot - about his dream of seeing London. The Scotsman said, ach, now, he'd just go along, too, then. In Liverpool they caught a bus to London. The minute they arrived Glenn walked to the nearest branch of the Bank of Montreal, the bank that had issued his bank draft, and asked to see the manager. The manager, he was informed frostily, was in conference. Glenn told the clerk his problem.

"But, sir," the clerk protested, "you have no bank draft to show us. We really can't pay up if you have no bank draft."

This was a blow he hadn't expected. In desperation he raised his voice a couple of decibels.

"Look here," he said, "I bought the draft for just this sort of emergency. It was to be my protection in case my money was stolen. Well, that's exactly what happened. So here's my passport, and here's my picture. I want my money."

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The bank's patrons were beginning to stare, and business came to a halt. The encounter was at a stalemate when the frock-coated manager abruptly emerged from his "conference." Shocked by this unseemly disturbance in his bank he demanded to know, from the clerk, what exactly was the matter. The clerk explained the situation. The manager, eyebrows raised, said just what the clerk had said: "No bank draft? Sorry, young man, no money."

But Glenn wasn't a McPherson for nothing. He let it be known, in as forceful a manner as possible, that he wasn't leaving until he got his $35. For a moment he and the manager sized each other up. Then the manager must have sensed that the tall, skinny Canadian teenager meant what he said. Very well, then. In the interests of peace in his establishment, he told the clerk to have the customer sign a waiver, then pay him off. Glenn left in triumph, his money in hand.

For a week he and the Scotsman explored London on foot - except for one short trip on the "tube" just to get the feel of it. They saw Madame Tussaud's, then

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London Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, the Old Bailey - and a lot more. By week's end the $35 was gone - except for enough to cover busfare back to Liverpool. There Glenn signed on as an able-bodied seaman with the freighter Manchester Citizen and "chipped paint" all the way back to Montreal. Again he was paid his one shilling wages. Except for that he was broke. But he had an ace in the hole - the Montreal phone number of his Uncle Ian. His dad had written it down for him before he left home.

"Glad you phoned, Glenn!" his uncle Ian said. "Your dad wrote me a week ago, said you might call, and asked me to buy you a coach seat on the railway and send you home."

Coach seat or not, Glenn felt like a pampered prince on that three-day train trip home. Just sitting there on clean comfortable seats with nothing to do, no cows to feed, no manure to shovel, was pure bliss. And once again he had his dad to thank for bailing him out. But the best way to do that, maybe, was to get serious

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about his future.

He'd planned to take pre-engineering, with the idea of becoming a chemical engineer. But when he went to register at the university in Winnipeg in the Fall he was told they didn't offer the courses he'd need. He'd have to complete his education at McGill. That was out of the question, because of cost. So, after talking it over with his dad, he decided to take second year Arts, then switch to Law. And that's how he spent the winter of 1928-9, rooming on Furby Street and attending classes at Wesley College.

The following year he returned to Portage to take First Year Law intramurally, off campus, as his father had done, and articled with his father's law firm, McPherson and Porter.

True to his code, Ewan didn't go easy on him. Glenn was not only the law firm's

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student and errand boy, he also swept the office, dug the clinkers out of the furnace, and dusted the desks, in return for $20 a month take-home pay. Out of that he was expected to pay his law fees and buy his clothes.

He studied six nights a week. On Saturday nights, though, he knocked off at eight o'clock and hurried across the road to the skating rink. There, after cleaning the ice at half-time, he was allowed to skate the last half of the evening for free.

He wrote his Second Year Law exams at the Portage la Prairie Collegiate, and passed. Like his father before him, he was going into Third Year Law - without ever having attended a single class in Law School.

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CHAPTER 1 HIS FATHER'S SON

The Portage la Prairie Collegiate Institute celebrated its hundredth anniversary in July, 1994, and hometown boy Glenn McPherson was there, along with 3,000 other graduates. And at the reception afterwards, when Glenn was regaling other townsfolk with his tales of times remembered, a former judge told him: "Glenn, it's uncanny. You not only look like your father, you talk like your father. If I didn't know otherwise, I'd think you were Ewan McPherson."

Glenn Willoughby McPherson was born April 29, 1910, in the Portage la Prairie General Hospital, the third son of local barrister Ewan McPherson and his wife Winnie. Ewan, an enthusiastic young Liberal waging a vigorous campaign to wrest the Portage seat from the Conservative incumbent, Arthur Meighen, showed up at the hospital an hour after his son's birth.

His frail little wife Winnie, barely recovered from the delivery, was cuddling her new son when his father burst into the room.

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"Winnie!" he cried, "give me the boy. There's a Liberal meeting tonight!"

Whether he wanted to sign the baby up as a new party member or simply use him as voter bait isn't clear. Personally, Glenn thinks it was just Ewan's quirky sense of humor getting the better of him - and he roars with laughter every time he tells the story. It's the type of humor that's second nature with Glenn. So is another anecdote he tells, about the joke his father played on his mother during that same first hospital visit. She'd asked Ewan if he'd registered their new son at City Hall.

"Sure did, honey," Ewan replied. "I told them to put him down as Percival Aloysius, that's the name we agreed on, wasn't it?"

"What?" shrieked his poor little wife. "Percival Aloysius? But we decided his name would be Glenn Willoughby! Oh, Ewan, surely you didn't!"

She tottered out to the nurses' desk, phoned Bill Greeves, the clerk at City Hall

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and asked him if her new baby really was registered as Percival Aloysius. Bill, who was in on the joke, said that, well, yes, he thought it was so. Only when Winnie returned to her room did Ewan confess it had all been a prank. The baby's name was officially Glenn Willoughby McPherson.

Glenn's two older brothers, Donovan and Wallace, had no time for Glenn. But his dad did. For some reason Ewan and Glenn seemed to be kindred spirits. On his first day of school, ten minutes after his mother deposited him with Miss Young, the Grade One teacher, Glenn walked out and went home. In despair, his mother phoned his father at his law office. Ewan came, took his small son by the hand and led him back to the classroom, all the while talking to him about the fact that going to school was a privilege, and never to be taken for granted.

No one knew this better than Ewan McPherson. As a pre-teen he'd grown and sold vegetables in order to pay for his schoolbooks. And at the age of 15 he'd had to quit school altogether. His father had died leaving no money, and Ewan had to

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go to work as a clerk at the local Hudson's Bay store. It wasn't what he wanted to do with his life - he'd dreamed of being a lawyer - but he was now the family's wage-earner and, sadly, university was out of the question.

In those days, however, it was possible to get a law degree extramurally - that is, off campus - which is what Ewan eventually did. He was admitted to the bar in 1903, married Winnie Finn in 1904, and became, in rapid succession, practising lawyer, husband, father of four, and politician in civic, provincial and federal arenas.

Glenn's mother, Winnie, was the 12th child of Father Francis Finn, a former Irish Catholic priest, and Susannah Willoughby, a young woman from Upper Canada for whom Finn gave up the Church. Father Finn, a leprechaun of a man, took to marriage and fatherhood with an exuberance exceptional even for an Irishman. He named his first son "Philander Andrew Levinus Timothy Marcelin Augustus Caesar Agripus Festus Ribald Briden Finn" - Phil for short. His second son -

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unloaded, put into pens and fed, before being reloaded for the rest of the journey to Montreal. While they were there some of the other cattlemen walked into the village for a restaurant meal. Glenn couldn't. His money was "tied up". So he knocked on the door of a house close by and asked the housewife if he could chop kindling in return for a sandwich. She didn't need any kindling chopped, she said, but she gave him a sandwich anyway.

He rode on top of the freight cars when the stench of manure became unbearable, and when his tired body ached for a little shuteye or a cup of hot tea he climbed up into the colonist car at the end of the train and made use of the wooden benches and pot-bellied stove.

After the longest four days of his life he was in Montreal. There he signed on as a cattleman aboard the freighter Manchester Brigade, and again had to shove those same 750 smelly, protesting cattle up a ramp where they were herded into corrals on each deck. This was a tricky business. To prevent them from

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stampeding, each beast had to be roped, then hitched headfirst to a crossbeam. This kept them all positioned facing a common trough, which meant they could be fed most efficiently. But the hay still had to be pitched to them by the forkful, and the water still had to be carried to them by hand, in buckets. And this had to be done every single day of the twelve days at sea. Not only that, but every day the manure had to be collected for sale later to the Liverpool "shitters", to be resold later to English farmers. It was hard work at the best of times, but in rough seas it was brutal. Some of the men got seasick. By some miracle Glenn didn't - "And if you don't get seasick on a cattleboat in mid-Atlantic," he says wryly, you'll never get seasick."

But he did get hot and stinky. So he was glad when some of the men suggested showering on deck. Simple enough. You stripped, stood under an overhang while somebody sloshed a pailful of cold water over you. It felt good - until later, when he discovered his $35 bank draft had been lifted out of his money belt. However, when the ship docked in Liverpool he picked up his twelve days' pay: one shilling.

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On the way over he'd told one of the cattleman - a brawny little Scot - about his dream of seeing London. The Scotsman said, ach, now, he'd just go along, too, then. In Liverpool they caught a bus to London. The minute they arrived Glenn walked to the nearest branch of the Bank of Montreal, the bank that had issued his bank draft, and asked to see the manager. The manager, he was informed frostily, was in conference. Glenn told the clerk his problem.

"But, sir," the clerk protested, "you have no bank draft to show us. We really can't pay up if you have no bank draft."

This was a blow he hadn't expected. In desperation he raised his voice a couple of decibels.

"Look here," he said, "I bought the draft for just this sort of emergency. It was to be my protection in case my money was stolen. Well, that's exactly what happened. So here's my passport, and here's my picture. I want my money."

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The bank's patrons were beginning to stare, and business came to a halt. The encounter was at a stalemate when the frock-coated manager abruptly emerged from his "conference." Shocked by this unseemly disturbance in his bank he demanded to know, from the clerk, what exactly was the matter. The clerk explained the situation. The manager, eyebrows raised, said just what the clerk had said: "No bank draft? Sorry, young man, no money."

But Glenn wasn't a McPherson for nothing. He let it be known, in as forceful a manner as possible, that he wasn't leaving until he got his $35. For a moment he and the manager sized each other up. Then the manager must have sensed that the tall, skinny Canadian teenager meant what he said. Very well, then. In the interests of peace in his establishment, he told the clerk to have the customer sign a waiver, then pay him off. Glenn left in triumph, his money in hand.

For a week he and the Scotsman explored London on foot - except for one short trip on the "tube" just to get the feel of it. They saw Madame Tussaud's, then

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London Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, the Old Bailey - and a lot more. By week's end the $35 was gone - except for enough to cover busfare back to Liverpool. There Glenn signed on as an able-bodied seaman with the freighter Manchester Citizen and "chipped paint" all the way back to Montreal. Again he was paid his one shilling wages. Except for that he was broke. But he had an ace in the hole - the Montreal phone number of his Uncle Ian. His dad had written it down for him before he left home.

"Glad you phoned, Glenn!" his uncle Ian said. "Your dad wrote me a week ago, said you might call, and asked me to buy you a coach seat on the railway and send you home."

Coach seat or not, Glenn felt like a pampered prince on that three-day train trip home. Just sitting there on clean comfortable seats with nothing to do, no cows to feed, no manure to shovel, was pure bliss. And once again he had his dad to thank for bailing him out. But the best way to do that, maybe, was to get serious

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about his future.

He'd planned to take pre-engineering, with the idea of becoming a chemical engineer. But when he went to register at the university in Winnipeg in the Fall he was told they didn't offer the courses he'd need. He'd have to complete his education at McGill. That was out of the question, because of cost. So, after talking it over with his dad, he decided to take second year Arts, then switch to Law. And that's how he spent the winter of 1928-9, rooming on Furby Street and attending classes at Wesley College.

The following year he returned to Portage to take First Year Law intramurally, off campus, as his father had done, and articled with his father's law firm, McPherson and Porter.

True to his code, Ewan didn't go easy on him. Glenn was not only the law firm's

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student and errand boy, he also swept the office, dug the clinkers out of the furnace, and dusted the desks, in return for $20 a month take-home pay. Out of that he was expected to pay his law fees and buy his clothes.

He studied six nights a week. On Saturday nights, though, he knocked off at eight o'clock and hurried across the road to the skating rink. There, after cleaning the ice at half-time, he was allowed to skate the last half of the evening for free.

He wrote his Second Year Law exams at the Portage la Prairie Collegiate, and passed. Like his father before him, he was going into Third Year Law - without ever having attended a single class in Law School.

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My dear old friend:

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Kindest personal regards - it's a hard job we have!

Yours faithfully,

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Living in Winnipeg with his family in 1933, Glenn was finally able to sign up for Third Year Law at the Law School. He articled with McKenzie, Campbell and Driscoll, whose offices were upstairs in the old CPR ticket office at the corner of Portage and Main. Pretty Peggy McQuarrie worked downstairs in the same building. She and Glenn met one windy September day at the bus stop. Before long they were dating, then "going steady".

Glenn's next two years were extremely happy. He had a gal, Peggy, and a pal, fellow student Ozzie Sorflaten. He and Peggy often double-dated with Ozzie and his girl, Bea Gislason. He and Ozzie shared a common interest in law, and a

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common commitment to the Young Liberal Association - Ozzie was president, Glenn was secretary. Glenn was also active in the politics of the Law School, which brought him to the attention of the Dean, Dr. Ephraim ("Eef") H. Coleman, and senior law students like Locksley McNeill, class of '27.

McNeill remembers Glenn well - "a tall, handsome chap, quiet, reserved, very sound and strictly business, but a nice sense of humor. An all-round gentleman. You know where it says in the Bible about Nathanael, 'Behold, a man in whom there is no guile'? That could be said of Glenn."

In whatever spare time he had, and with whatever spare cash he could scrape together, Glenn took flying lessons at the Winnipeg Flying Club. His dream, as a kid, was to be a bush pilot but, on his dad's advice, he had put that dream on hold while he first pursued a law degree.

In 1934 he graduated in law. A year later he was called to the bar and, that same

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year, he also got his flying licence. The month of September, 1936, was a milestone. He and Peggy became engaged, and Glenn was hired by one of Winnipeg's largest law firms, Aikens, Loftus, Williams and MacAulay, for the hefty salary of $75.00 a month. As usual, he tells a funny story about this.

"I was working for the small firm of McKenzie, Campbell and Driscoll at $50 a month when my dad was appointed a judge," he recalls. "One day I got a call from a secretary at Aikins, Loftus, saying that Mr. Aikins wanted to see me. I told Mr. McKenzie, my boss and a crusty old veteran lawyer, and he said: 'Well, sure, he's going to offer you a job, now that your father's a judge.' I said, 'You're kidding,' And he said, 'Not at all. But I'll tell you what - he'll ask you what I'm paying you and you tell him $75 a month. We can't afford more than $50, but Aikins can.'

"Well, I go over to Aikins' office - 2.30 p.m. was the appointed time, and I was there at 2.30 sharp. It was one of those big offices, a receptionist, a switchboard, secretaries sitting around. I waited. It got to be 2.45. Then nearly 3.00 p.m. I got

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up and walked over to the receptionist.

"'Would you tell Mr. Aikins that I was here on time for my appointment, but I can't wait any longer? I work for McKenzie, Campbell and Driscoll and I have work to do, appointments to keep. If Mr. Aikins wants to see me he can phone and make an appointment.' And I left.

"'You walked out?' Mr. McKenzie said, when I came back. 'Oh well, don't worry, they'll get back to you.'

"And sure enough, they did, making another appointment for me, 3 p.m. the next day. Well, I was there at 3.00 and was immediately ushered into Aikins' office.

"He made some small talk, said they'd like to have me working for their company, then asked me how much McKenzie was paying me.

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"I told him $75 a month. Aikins blanched. 'Oh,' he said, 'we never pay our graduates that much.' I said, 'That's okay, Mr. Aikins, I'm happy where I am.'"

"And again I walked out. Mr. McKenzie was laughing when I got back to the office.

"'I just had a phone call from Mr.Aikins', he said, 'wanting to know how much I pay you, and I told him $75 a month.'"

"Sure enough, I was hired by Aikins, Loftus, and MacAulay at $75 a month, but I have Mr. McKenzie to thank for it."

Like the other junior lawyers on Aikens' roster, Glenn spent most of his time preparing briefs and researching for the firm's senior lawyers. Every now and then, though, a junior would be tossed a case of his own to handle - invariably one considered too minor or too hopeless for the senior partners to take. Which is how Glenn came to the defence of Miss Amy Myrtle Betts, milliner.

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Miss Betts had been charged with contravening the minimum wage law. Now it just happened that one of her best customers was Mrs. John MacAulay, whose husband was a senior partner of Aikins, Loftus, Williams and MacAulay. So innocent little Miss Betts figured it would be quite in order to ask Mr. MacAulay to act as her lawyer. But this was not in MacAulay's league at all. Instead, he called Glenn into his office and told him to handle the case.

The facts were simple enough. Miss Betts, trying to keep her little shop open during hard times, had taken to teaching some of the city's socialites how to make hats. They didn't pay her. She didn't pay them. Once in a while she was able to sell one of the hats. Mostly, though, the hats just went home with their makers. But somebody at City Hall took a dim view of this procedure and accused Miss Betts of sidestepping the minimum wage act.

Like his father, McPherson was a stickler for fair play, and this case (his first) smacked of injustice. He buried himself in the company's extensive law library.

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The case came to court - with his good pal Ozzie Sorflaten as prosecutor. Ozzie was confident that the case was as good as won. Earlier that morning he advised Glenn to save himself embarrassment by having his client plead guilty. Glenn just grinned at his pal.

In court Ozzie made his opening remarks to the judge. Glenn, in turn, moved that the case be dismissed. The judge asked on what grounds. Glenn said it would become clear if he could just ask his client a couple of questions. Permission was granted.

"Miss Betts," Glenn said to the timid little spinster, "these women who made hats in your shop, did you ever pay them a salary?" My goodness, no. Never.

"Your Honor," Glenn said, " the Minimum Wage Act clearly states that a person can be charged for paying less than the minimum wage. Nothing is said, though,

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about a person paying no wage at all. The charge against Miss Betts has no basis in fact. I therefore move for dismissal of this case." And the judge concurred, to Miss Betts' delight, and Ozzie's chagrin.

Interviewed by the press afterwards, Glenn brashly suggested that this legislation had been poorly written and should be changed. But that wasn't all, he said. He'd uncovered another instance of faulty legislation - the Consolidated Statutes of Manitoba - in which a reference to "unsound minds" was incorrectly indexed to "the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba." The way it read, he pointed out, it intimated that the Legislative Assembly was a bunch of lunatics.

The press grabbed at the story, all the more so because the father of this young upstart Glenn McPherson was none other than Ewan McPherson, the Provincial Treasurer of the province. Manitoba Attorney General Bill Major phoned Glenn's father in protest. That night at home Ewan chided his son. Did he realize that he'd embarrassed the government? However, Glenn was anything but

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contrite. If legislation was ineptly written it should be corrected, he insisted. His dad must have agreed with this reasoning, because he said nothing more about it.

During this period, when both Wallace and Glenn were living at home and udying law, Ewan enlivened family dinnertimes by deliberately provoking his sons into discussions about legal technicalities.

"Well, comrades," he'd say, "what did you learn today?" That would kick off a hotly contested debate in which Wallace would take one side, Glenn another, and Ewan would pronounce final judgment. The McPherson men loved it. Glenn's mother hated it. She had no part in the conversation. On more than one occasion, Glenn remembers, he and his dad and Wallace would be totally immersed in dispute when suddenly they'd become aware of little Winnie standing on the edge of her chair and crying "Will somebody please pass the salt?"

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Glenn and Peggy were to be married in the Fall of '37. On August 29 they drove to Grand Forks, North Dakota, with Ozzie and Bea, in Ozzie's car, to bring Bea's mother and sister home to Winnipeg. On the way back they were in collision with a farmer who, while suffering from insulin shock, had lost control of his car. The farmer was instantly killed.

Peggy, Ozzie and Bea were badly hurt, and Peggy and Ozzie died later in hospital. Glenn's injuries - fractured neck, crushed ribs - weren't life-threatening, but his grief at the sudden loss of both his fiancee and his best friend was devastating. It was his first experience with death and he didn't think he'd ever recover from it. He became a loner, avoiding old friends and the haunts he used to frequent with Peggy and Ozzie. His life, so full of promise just weeks ago, was now empty and without purpose. All he could look forward to were long, lonely days and endless nights. He'd never marry, that was sure. But how could he stand to go on living in Winnipeg with all of its bitter memories? And yet, he had no alternative, it seemed.

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The answer came through Dr. Coleman, former Dean of the Manitoba Law School. Coleman had been recruited by Prime Minister R.B. Bennett to be Canada's Under Secretary of State and was now living in Ottawa. But he hadn't forgotten young Glenn McPherson and, on hearing of the accident, he phoned Glenn's dad. Would Glenn be interested in coming to Ottawa and working for the Secretary of State on a special six-month assignment? Would he? Oh, God, yes.

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Glenn McPherson Fonds

CHAPTER 2

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Glenn McPherson fonds

R.B.Bennett

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Glenn McPherson fonds

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common commitment to the Young Liberal Association - Ozzie was president, Glenn was secretary. Glenn was also active in the politics of the Law School, which brought him to the attention of the Dean, Dr. Ephraim ("Eef") H. Coleman, and senior law students like Locksley McNeill, class of '27.

McNeill remembers Glenn well - "a tall, handsome chap, quiet, reserved, very sound and strictly business, but a nice sense of humor. An all-round gentleman. You know where it says in the Bible about Nathanael, 'Behold, a man in whom there is no guile'? That could be said of Glenn."

In whatever spare time he had, and with whatever spare cash he could scrape together, Glenn took flying lessons at the Winnipeg Flying Club. His dream, as a kid, was to be a bush pilot but, on his dad's advice, he had put that dream on hold while he first pursued a law degree.

In 1934 he graduated in law. A year later he was called to the bar and, that same

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year, he also got his flying licence. The month of September, 1936, was a milestone. He and Peggy became engaged, and Glenn was hired by one of Winnipeg's largest law firms, Aikens, Loftus, Williams and MacAulay, for the hefty salary of $75.00 a month. As usual, he tells a funny story about this.

"I was working for the small firm of McKenzie, Campbell and Driscoll at $50 a month when my dad was appointed a judge," he recalls. "One day I got a call from a secretary at Aikins, Loftus, saying that Mr. Aikins wanted to see me. I told Mr. McKenzie, my boss and a crusty old veteran lawyer, and he said: 'Well, sure, he's going to offer you a job, now that your father's a judge.' I said, 'You're kidding,' And he said, 'Not at all. But I'll tell you what - he'll ask you what I'm paying you and you tell him $75 a month. We can't afford more than $50, but Aikins can.'

"Well, I go over to Aikins' office - 2.30 p.m. was the appointed time, and I was there at 2.30 sharp. It was one of those big offices, a receptionist, a switchboard, secretaries sitting around. I waited. It got to be 2.45. Then nearly 3.00 p.m. I got

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up and walked over to the receptionist.

"'Would you tell Mr. Aikins that I was here on time for my appointment, but I can't wait any longer? I work for McKenzie, Campbell and Driscoll and I have work to do, appointments to keep. If Mr. Aikins wants to see me he can phone and make an appointment.' And I left.

"'You walked out?' Mr. McKenzie said, when I came back. 'Oh well, don't worry, they'll get back to you.'

"And sure enough, they did, making another appointment for me, 3 p.m. the next day. Well, I was there at 3.00 and was immediately ushered into Aikins' office.

"He made some small talk, said they'd like to have me working for their company, then asked me how much McKenzie was paying me.

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"I told him $75 a month. Aikins blanched. 'Oh,' he said, 'we never pay our graduates that much.' I said, 'That's okay, Mr. Aikins, I'm happy where I am.'"

"And again I walked out. Mr. McKenzie was laughing when I got back to the office.

"'I just had a phone call from Mr.Aikins', he said, 'wanting to know how much I pay you, and I told him $75 a month.'"

"Sure enough, I was hired by Aikins, Loftus, and MacAulay at $75 a month, but I have Mr. McKenzie to thank for it."

Like the other junior lawyers on Aikens' roster, Glenn spent most of his time preparing briefs and researching for the firm's senior lawyers. Every now and then, though, a junior would be tossed a case of his own to handle - invariably one considered too minor or too hopeless for the senior partners to take. Which is how Glenn came to the defence of Miss Amy Myrtle Betts, milliner.

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Miss Betts had been charged with contravening the minimum wage law. Now it just happened that one of her best customers was Mrs. John MacAulay, whose husband was a senior partner of Aikins, Loftus, Williams and MacAulay. So innocent little Miss Betts figured it would be quite in order to ask Mr. MacAulay to act as her lawyer. But this was not in MacAulay's league at all. Instead, he called Glenn into his office and told him to handle the case.

The facts were simple enough. Miss Betts, trying to keep her little shop open during hard times, had taken to teaching some of the city's socialites how to make hats. They didn't pay her. She didn't pay them. Once in a while she was able to sell one of the hats. Mostly, though, the hats just went home with their makers. But somebody at City Hall took a dim view of this procedure and accused Miss Betts of sidestepping the minimum wage act.

Like his father, McPherson was a stickler for fair play, and this case (his first) smacked of injustice. He buried himself in the company's extensive law library.

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The case came to court - with his good pal Ozzie Sorflaten as prosecutor. Ozzie was confident that the case was as good as won. Earlier that morning he advised Glenn to save himself embarrassment by having his client plead guilty. Glenn just grinned at his pal.

In court Ozzie made his opening remarks to the judge. Glenn, in turn, moved that the case be dismissed. The judge asked on what grounds. Glenn said it would become clear if he could just ask his client a couple of questions. Permission was granted.

"Miss Betts," Glenn said to the timid little spinster, "these women who made hats in your shop, did you ever pay them a salary?" My goodness, no. Never.

"Your Honor," Glenn said, " the Minimum Wage Act clearly states that a person can be charged for paying less than the minimum wage. Nothing is said, though,

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about a person paying no wage at all. The charge against Miss Betts has no basis in fact. I therefore move for dismissal of this case." And the judge concurred, to Miss Betts' delight, and Ozzie's chagrin.

Interviewed by the press afterwards, Glenn brashly suggested that this legislation had been poorly written and should be changed. But that wasn't all, he said. He'd uncovered another instance of faulty legislation - the Consolidated Statutes of Manitoba - in which a reference to "unsound minds" was incorrectly indexed to "the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba." The way it read, he pointed out, it intimated that the Legislative Assembly was a bunch of lunatics.

The press grabbed at the story, all the more so because the father of this young upstart Glenn McPherson was none other than Ewan McPherson, the Provincial Treasurer of the province. Manitoba Attorney General Bill Major phoned Glenn's father in protest. That night at home Ewan chided his son. Did he realize that he'd embarrassed the government? However, Glenn was anything but

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contrite. If legislation was ineptly written it should be corrected, he insisted. His dad must have agreed with this reasoning, because he said nothing more about it.

During this period, when both Wallace and Glenn were living at home and udying law, Ewan enlivened family dinnertimes by deliberately provoking his sons into discussions about legal technicalities.

"Well, comrades," he'd say, "what did you learn today?" That would kick off a hotly contested debate in which Wallace would take one side, Glenn another, and Ewan would pronounce final judgment. The McPherson men loved it. Glenn's mother hated it. She had no part in the conversation. On more than one occasion, Glenn remembers, he and his dad and Wallace would be totally immersed in dispute when suddenly they'd become aware of little Winnie standing on the edge of her chair and crying "Will somebody please pass the salt?"

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Glenn and Peggy were to be married in the Fall of '37. On August 29 they drove to Grand Forks, North Dakota, with Ozzie and Bea, in Ozzie's car, to bring Bea's mother and sister home to Winnipeg. On the way back they were in collision with a farmer who, while suffering from insulin shock, had lost control of his car. The farmer was instantly killed.

Peggy, Ozzie and Bea were badly hurt, and Peggy and Ozzie died later in hospital. Glenn's injuries - fractured neck, crushed ribs - weren't life-threatening, but his grief at the sudden loss of both his fiancee and his best friend was devastating. It was his first experience with death and he didn't think he'd ever recover from it. He became a loner, avoiding old friends and the haunts he used to frequent with Peggy and Ozzie. His life, so full of promise just weeks ago, was now empty and without purpose. All he could look forward to were long, lonely days and endless nights. He'd never marry, that was sure. But how could he stand to go on living in Winnipeg with all of its bitter memories? And yet, he had no alternative, it seemed.

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The answer came through Dr. Coleman, former Dean of the Manitoba Law School. Coleman had been recruited by Prime Minister R.B. Bennett to be Canada's Under Secretary of State and was now living in Ottawa. But he hadn't forgotten young Glenn McPherson and, on hearing of the accident, he phoned Glenn's dad. Would Glenn be interested in coming to Ottawa and working for the Secretary of State on a special six-month assignment? Would he? Oh, God, yes.

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CHAPTER 3

From a cabinet in his den McPherson hauls out a very large and impressive ledger. In faded gold lettering on the black cover is its title: Report re: Canadian Pacific Railway Company Embargoed Securities 1938, by G. W. McPherson, Counsel.

Inside, pasted to the frontispiece, is a copy of a letter from E. H. Coleman, Under Secretary of State, to the Honorable Fernand Rinfret, Secretary of State and Custodian of Enemy Property. It's dated July 1st, 1938, and it reads:

Dear Mr. Minister:

I am placing before you a report prepared by Mr. G. W. McPherson in connection with the Securities of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. There was no complete record in the office of the transactions in respect to Canadian Pacific securities. Under my instructions Mr McPherson devoted himself for many weeks to the preparation of a complete and accurate report. When you read the report I think you will be impressed with the vast amount of work which has been done, and with the very careful analysis which Mr. McPherson has made. Yours sincerely,

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Glenn arrived in Ottawa on October 6, 1937, on a six-months leave of absence from Aikins, Loftus, Williams and Macaulay. He still has the document signed by Secretary of State Fernand Rinfret appointing him Legal Counsel for the Custodian of Enemy Property, at a salary of $200 a month. The salary stunned him. It was almost three times what he'd been paid by his Winnipeg law firm and it seemed an astronomical amount. He decided then and there that he was going to forget about Winnipeg and its sad memories and make Ottawa his home.

As Coleman had outlined it, the assignment looked fairly straightforward. He was to "wrap-up" the office of the Custodian - a holdover from World War I - and to dispose of the outstanding claims or disputes still on the books. Fair enough, but he had some basic questions. In the first place, who was the Custodian? And in the second place, why hadn't those claims been disposed of at some point during the last eighteen years? Come to think of it, as Legal Counsel to the Custodian, what would his duties be?

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He was given access to books and records and he started to dig up the answers. The Custodian's office, he learned, had originally been set up in 1914 under the Canada's War Measures act to prevent people from trading with the enemy, and to handle the disposal of seized enemy property. The Custodian was actually the Secretary of State. His deputy was the Under Secretary of State (which explained Coleman's involvement), but the actual day-to-day running of the office was done by the Assistant Deputy, a Mr. A.H. Mathieu, with a staff of three. The Legal Counsel handled all legalities.

Once that much was clear, Glenn started plowing through hundreds of thick, dusty files which detailed the outstanding claims. And he began to sense the enormity of the task ahead of him. He'd been hired to complete in six months what Mr. Mathieu and a staff of three hadn't been able to dispose of in eighteen years. But he couldn't stop to think about that now. Dr. Coleman had entrusted him to do the job. Okay, he'd give it his best shot.

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The claims on the books involved assets - land, property, companies or shares in companies - which had been enemy-owned or whose owners lived in enemy-occupied territories. They had been seized under the Trading With the Enemy Regulations which existed at the time, but only after the Custodian had gone to court and obtained a vesting order. He'd have told the judge: "We believe this company is German-owned. Therefore we want to take charge of it for the duration of the war. After that its future will be settled by peace treaty."

When the war ended, however, disputes arose as to the rightful ownership of some of those seized assets. One of the most crucial of these disputes, as far as Canada was concerned, was the one involving the ownership of a large number of Canadian Pacific Railway securities. The Custodian of the day had insisted that these were German-owned, had seized them and cancelled them. But after the war Dutch bankers, brokers and financial houses claimed they had been the rightful owners and they demanded restitution. They were backed up by the Amsterdam Stock Exchange which closed its doors to the sale of Canadian

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government bonds as well as prominent Canadian stocks like Noranda Mines and International Nickel. For Canada this was serious. Amsterdam was one of the most important money markets in the world, and not to be able to access it could be disastrous. So, knowing he couldn't possibly dispose of all the unsettled claims on the Custodian's books, Glenn decided to focus on the claim involving the CPR shares.

First, though, he had to know precisely what the Treaty of Versalles stated about post-war ownership of seized assets. So he spent days studying the Treaty, fine print and all, until he could practically recite it backwards. (He's always had - still has - a phenomenal memory.) Once he knew exactly what the Treaty decreed, he began to unravel the complex ownership of all of those CPR shares. There were more than thirty-five thousand of them, and each one had to be traced back through a series of sometimes obscure business transactions.

When completed his report was an incredible piece of work, with every one of

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those shares meticulously detailed. (You only have to thumb through the ledger itself - it would take hours to read it word by word, figure by figure - to appreciate the weeks of effort that went into its preparation.) It was submitted by McPherson to Coleman on May 31, 1938, not quite within the six months' deadline, but close enough. As Coleman told Rinfret, it was a truly amazing achievement involving a " vast amount of work".

Ever since he'd arrived Glenn had been putting in eighteen hour days, and weekends too, something quite unheard of among the government bureaucracy. One Sunday night, he remembers, he was working late in his office on the second floor of the Trafalgar building, when he heard someone banging on the door. A mounted policeman had noticed his office lights, demanded to know who he was and what he was doing there on a Sunday night. Glenn showed him his ID, and the policeman left, muttering that nobody <u>ever</u> showed up in a government office on a weekend. This, he figured, was one for the books.

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In September '38 Glenn and Coleman left for Europe, planning to visit some of the countries still in dispute with the Custodian. The red-taped "Safe Conduct" letter Glenn carried (you can read it in one of his albums) specifically mentions Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Hungary and Switzerland. Their main target, though, was Holland and the Amsterdam Stock Exchange. Armed with all the information Glenn had recently uncovered for his Report, he and Coleman met with Exchange officials to confer about the disputed ownership of the CPR shares. It was too involved an issue to complete in a hurry, so it was agreed that McPherson would return later to complete the investigation.

They moved on to Switzerland, and were about to leave for Hungary, September 29, when Ottawa ordered Coleman to return home immediately. (Glenn's return was not quite as immediate - he went home by way of London.) The reason, of course, was that the world was becoming increasingly alarmed by Hitler's warmongering. Britain's appeasing Neville Chamberlain was in Munich negotiating with the Nazi leader, but the situation was so tense that Canada

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wanted its Under Secretary of State home, not wandering around Europe.

The infamous Munich Agreement, giving Germany the go-ahead to take over Czechoslovakia, was signed September 30, 1938. As it turned out, Glenn happened to be standing with the crowd in the rain outside Buckingham Palace, October 1st, when Chamberlain returned in triumph from Munich and appeared on the palace balcony with King George VI and Queen.

"Chamberlain stood there, waving that piece of paper - the Munich Agreement - in the air and the crowd cheered as he promised them 'peace in our time'", Glenn says. "I turned to the Englishman beside me and said: 'Chamberlain is out of his mind. I think it's time for this colonial to get the heck home to Canada.'"

The following April he was back in Amsterdam, accompanied by A.H. Mathieu, Assistant Deputy Custodian, ready to complete his investigations as to the rightful ownership of the CPR shares. Now he carried another red-sealed

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document from the Secretary of State declaring him to be "an officer of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada" whose diplomatic mission woi would require him to "travel in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Hungary, Switzerland and other countries." And he remembers his vivid impressions of Europe at that critical time:

"Hitler was now in Austria. He'd taken back the French Alsace-Lorraine area and had occupied the Sedetanland of Czechoslovakia, claiming it was part of Germany. There was very little evidience of any war preparation in England. Chamberlain was following his appeasement policy and most of the people I talked to, there, were convinced that Hitler now had all he wanted and there wasn't going to be a war in Europe after all.

"When I got to Amsterdam, however, I suddenly realized that the Dutch were seriously preparing for war. They were erecting anti-tank barriers and barbed wire along their canals, and on bridges over the rivers and canals. The airports

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were surrounded by barbed wire, and everywhere you went people were talking war."

By June, 1939, he and Mathieu had successfully resolved the dispute with the Amsterdam Stock Exchange, and the Dutch Bourse had agreed to re-open the Exchange to the trading of Canadian Securities. During a congratulatory post-negotiation dinner the Secretary of the Bourse, Arnold d'Ailly, said there was a very real danger that war was imminent. If the Netherlands were occupied and their financial institutions seized by the Germans, what would the Canadian government do? Would it repeat the policy of World War I and seize assets in Canada that were held through Netherlands banks?

Glenn's answer was based on his thorough study of the Treaty of Versailles and his knowledge of what the Custodian's office had done following that Treaty. If the Netherlands were occupied, he said, Canada would certainly seize German-owned assets in Canada. But, as the Custodian's Legal Counsel, he'd

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go further. He'd recommend that Canada seize assets whose owners lived in occupied countries as well. Seizure in both cases would assure that the assets would be held safely until after the war when they'd be returned to their rightful owners. It would also prevent Germany from forcing the owners to transfer their Canadian assets to German interests during the occupation. The Dutch saw the wisdom in what he said and their parting was amicable.

Then the Canadians left for home, Mathieu by way of Paris, Glenn by way of London. He sailed for Canada aboard the Duchess of Richmond. Just ahead of them, escorted by the battleship Hood, was the ship carrying the King and Queen to Canada for their Royal Tour. What he knew, although most others didn't, was that the Hood was also transporting all of the gold bullion and government securities from the Bank of England to Canada for safekeeping.

"I'm not sure what the transfer point was," he says, "but I know that under cover of the Royal Parade through the streets of Montreal, the authorities were

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frantically moving the bullion and securities off the ship and into the vaults under the Sun Life Building. Later on I found out that the gold bullion was transferred to the Bank of Canada vaults in Ottawa. Needless to say, it was all very top secret."

All during that summer of '39 Mackenzie King was openly downplaying the possibility of war. But, behind the scenes, he was following a different script. He'd already set up a War Committee to prepare legislation for the war. Coleman was accompanying Their Majesties across the country, so Glenn represented him on an inter-departmental committee established by King to draft the Economic Warfare Regulations, later known as Trading With the Enemy Regulations. Glenn had the legal background. He was also, by now, an authority on how the same type of regulations had worked during the First World War.

"I knew where the pitfalls were," he says, "and what protection Canada required. Also I had some new ideas about how to get control of property in Canada that

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belonged to the enemy. I'd also figured out how to prevent other governments from contending, as they had done after the First World War, that the assets in Canada had been vested prior to their seizure by the Canadian Government."

All during the summer of 1939 this Committee was hard at work - Glenn was again putting in eighteen-hour days, weekends included - but it was all done under very hush-hush conditions.

On Coleman's return from the Royal Tour, he and Glenn and Controller General Watson Sellers had back-to-back meetings. And by September 2nd, when the British declared war on Germany after the occupation of Poland, Canada's Trading With The Enemy Regulations were inked, stamped and ready for action.

Sunday, September 9th, at midnight Glenn was still bent over his desk on the Hill when Dr. Coleman phoned with an urgent request. If Glenn had his car handy (Coleman didn't drive), could he come quickly? Coleman needed a lift. He'd be

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waiting on the steps of the Centre Block.

Glenn grabbed his keys and took off. Within minutes he pulled up under the porte cochere in front of Coleman, waited while he got in, then roared off again down the curving driveway and into the dark Ottawa night.

"Where to, Doctor?"

"To Government House, Glenn," said Coleman, puffing on one of his endless cigarettes. (He never was a man for idle chatter.)

The streets were quiet at that time of night. Glenn made it to Rideau Hall in less than five minutes, rolled in through the gates and up to the porte cochere. The doorman had been expecting them. They were ushered into the handsome foyer, just as His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, was coming down the stairs in his dressing gown. He'd obviously been roused from bed.

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"Good evening, gentlemen," said the Governor-General. "Let's go into the study." Coleman pulled a piece of parchment out of his briefcase and handed it to the small man behind the desk. Tweedsmuir adjusted his glasses, reached for a pen, read the document quickly, signed it, blotted it and handed it back to Coleman. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it, McPherson says.

Back in the car again, Glenn's curiosity got the better of him: "Can you tell me what that was all about?" he asked.

Pausing for a moment to light another cigarette, Coleman answered, his voice raspy with weariness: "We're at war, Glenn," he said. "The Governor-General has just signed Canada's Declaration of War against Germany."