Glenn McPherson fonds

Draft manuscript, outline, synopsis of The men from undercover and resume

FOLDER No. 7-6

Vanwell Publishing Limited

P.O.Box 2131 , 1 Northrup Crescent
St. Catharines , ON , Canada L2R 7S2

Tel.:(905) 937-3100 Fax: (905) 937-1760

July 5, 1999

Kay Alsop
5B 338 Taylor Way
West Vancouver, BC
V7T 2Y2

Dear Ms. Alsop,

Thank you for offering us the opportunity to review your biography of Glenn McPherson. It is certainly a fascinating story of a very exciting life.

As you may be aware, we publish military histories as well as aviation titles and children's books.

Unfortunately, we feel we are not the right publisher for this book, as the format is too far outside our current focus of interest. We are presently concentrating on aviation and Canadian military history of the First and Second World Wars.

We appreciate your interest in Vanwell Publishing however, and wish you every success in finding a suitable publisher.

Sincerely,

Angela Dobler,
General Editor

Glenn McPherson Fonds
Draft manuscript, outline
Covercover and reject

OUTLINE - THE MAN FROM UNDERCOVER

PROLOGUE - Glenn McPherson, named one of North America's Ten Most Outstanding Young Men in 1941, sits in his West Vancouver den in 1995, amid books, photos, memorabilia and journals detailing his fifty years as a man intimately involved in the history of his country. Bound for so long by an oath of secrecy to Sir William Stephenson, the Man Called Intrepid, McPherson has refused to open his diaries to anyone until now.

CHAPTER ONE -

Third son of Ewan McPherson, one-time Chief Justice of Manitoba, Glenn grew up in Portage la Prairie, was kicked out of school and told he was fit only for farm labor, surprised everybody but his father and his Latin teacher by winning the Governor-General's medal in Grade XI. Worked his way via cattle train and freighter to England at age 18, "saw" London on $35. Planned to be chemical engineer. Courses not available at Manitoba University. Switched to Law. Took First Year Arts in Winnipeg then First Year Law intermurally, articled to his father's Portage law firm.

CHAPTER TWO -

Ewan became Provincial Treasurer, so family moved to Winnipeg. Glenn took Third Year Law, articled with small law office. Met Peggy McQuarrie and Ozzie Sorflaten. Ozzie and he, best friends, involved in Young Liberals. Peggy and Glenn engaged to be married. Peggy and Glenn, Ozzie and his girl involved in auto accident. Peggy and Ozzie killed, Glenn injured and devastated by deaths. Deeply depressed, couldn't bear to stay in Winnipeg. Offered escape by former Law dean, Dr. Ephraim H. Coleman.

CHAPTER THREE -

Dr. Coleman now Canada's Under Secretary of State (1937) and needing to wind up outstanding claims on books of Custodian of Enemy Property, relating to First World War. Offered Glenn six-month assignment to do this. Now workaholic, Glenn resolved claims, traveled to Europe with Coleman, drafted new Trading With The Enemy Regulations, returned to Europe in 1939 to find war imminent. Present at Rideau Hall when Governor- General Lord Tweedsmuir signed Canada's declaration of war against Germany.

CHAPTER FOUR -

As Legal Counsel for Custodian of Enemy Property, Glenn worked 'round the clock, vesting and administering enemy-owned property. Interesting cases involved Francis Sheeney (anecdote about whorehouse); Electrolux owner Axel Wenner-Gren; Alcan and German circus (anecdote about elephant.) Glenn became confidant of Dr. Coleman (anecdote about eggs on train.) Like his dad a non-drinker, Glenn was also a non-smoker until stress prompted him to adopt pipe-smoking as image-builder. (Anecdote)

CHAPTER FIVE -

Glenn became involved with Tom Bata when Bata Shoe Company came under control of Custodian (Czechoslovakia under German domination). Tommy Bata and Glenn friends, but half-uncle Jan Bata on Enemy List of Specified Persons for subversive actions. Many Bata anecdotes.

CHAPTER SIX -

September, 1941, Glenn was "borrowed" from Custodian's office by the legendary Man Called Intrepid, Sir William Stephenson, for his British Security Coordination office in New York. His impressions of Stephenson were surprising - "small, slight, quiet man" - but they became firm friends and Stephenson eventually gave Glenn his power-of-attorney in case of his death. As his executive assistant Glenn was initiated into Stephenson's "spy" network - "you only know what you have to know." (Anecdotes.)

CHAPTER SEVEN -

Glenn was escorting a British spy to safe haven when he first heard news of Pearl Harbor. Stephenson re-assigned him to Canada's West Coast to assess possible threat presented by Japanese-Canadians there. He arrived in midst of hysteria, and began stockpiling facts and figures on local situation. After two exhausting weeks he had concluded that Japanese-Canadians could be victims of violence triggered by racism. On his last day in Vancouver, ready to report to Stephenson in New York, he met his future wife, Mercia.

CHAPTER EIGHT -

His life, from then on, was divided between "Before I met Mercia" and "After I met Mercia". Their courtship was fragmented between business meetings. (Anecdotes). An old promise triggered a sudden proposal. Their marriage, honeymoon trip to Winnipeg. (Anecdotes, anecdotes, anecdotes.)

CHAPTER NINE -

The West Coast, following Pearl Harbor, was in panic mode. McPherson and his staff worked overtime trying to keep up with responsibilities resulting from evacuation of 23,000 Japanese-Canadians from "safe" zone. Business properties, residences, 1200 vessel fishing fleet - all had to be evaluated, listed and protected from arson, vandalism and theft. They did their best against impossible odds. It was a bleak and frustrating period, helped somewhat by Bob Alexander, a spy rescued by Glenn and put to work in his office as Japanese translator/interpretor. (Anecdote).

CHAPTER TEN -

The years since the evacuation have brought mainly criticism of the way the federal government treated Japanese-Canadians. The Custodian's office has been pilloried for disposing of their assets at prices deemed now to have been ridiculously low. But Glenn claims the circumstances warranted what happened. And he is backed up by people like Frank Bernard who, as Spanish Vice-Consul at the time, acted as the Protecting Power of the Japanese-Canadians. Bernard totally vindicates McPherson.

CHAPTER ELEVEN -

Formal inquiries followed in 1947 (re the acquisition of former Japanese land holdings by the Veteran Lands Act); 1948 (the Bird Commission re low sale prices of fishing vessels, properties, businesses etc.) and later in 1986 when, according to many embittered Hong Kong veterans, the Mulroney government "bought the Japanese vote" by giving each surviving Japanese in Canada $21,000 as redress for suffering caused by evacuation. Both sides to the story. Many references. Apology.

CHAPTER TWELVE -

Meantime (back near the end of 1942) Glenn was recalled to Ottawa. He and Mercia, like everyone else in wartime, had trouble finding lodging. (An anecdote - "one-room apt. with kitchen, so small that if you opened the oven door you had to back up into the LR/BR" - and Mercia was pregnant.) Several moves later - Fall '43 - moved into 2 BR apt. with LR and DR for $47.50 a month, $2.50 for garage. Glenn guilt-ridden because his draft notices were constantly deferred by Coleman. His work, then, mostly related to updating Enemy Blacklist.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN -

Summer of '43 Glenn given hush-hush assignment by Coleman - to arrange first of two Quebec Conferences. He and Frank DeLaute had to take over Chateau Frontenac, oust guests (except for one L.O.L) set up accommodation for Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Citadel. Great anecdote re meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt brought on Glenn's comment "the boys play games while the world is in flames." Meeting with Churchill's aide Joan Bright, and Roosevelt's aide Col. Chaffey. (Anecdotes.) Second conference in Quebec Aug. 1944 arranged by Glenn and DeLaute. .

CHAPTER FOURTEEN -

McPherson was investigator with post-war Canadian Military Mission headed by General Pope. McPherson, the "expert" on German external assets in Canada, had to investigate companies like E.K. Farben, tracing ownership of companies in Canada through books kept in German offices. McPherson was Canadian delegate on Inter-Allied Reparations Agency (IARA) set up post-war by Allies to determine and obtain reparations from Germany. Had to travel through Russian territory - (funny anecdote - made full colonel with red tabs to impress Reds.) (1945-8)

CHAPTER FIFTEEN -

1948 McPherson was appointed govt. counsel to Bird Commission set up to hear claims of Japanese-Canadians. After that Glenn toyed with idea of settling down in Ottawa as lawyer, or going into politics. But Mercia had had enough. They now had three little girls. She wanted a home on the West Coast. With his usual serendipity, Glenn ran into a former friend who talked him into coming to work for Great West Life Insurance Co. as investment manager in Vancouver.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN -

Two years later, bored, he left to become exec. assistant to the president of Alaska Pine and Timber Co. A year later itchy feet again. A former business colleague tempted him with an offer to join the small Okanagan Helicopter Co.(three choppers), a chance to finally (nearly 40 years later) take advantage of his pilot's licence. Joined as Executive V.P. (1952) Made President and CEO (1954), Chairman (1969-75),

having seen helicopter fleet increased to sixty, business world-wide, first company in the world to fly helicopter across the Atlantic, first in the world to set ski lifts by chopper. Worked with, and good friend of, legless World War ace Douglas Bader.(anecdote).

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN -

In mid-60's he instigated discovery of Whistler as future ski resort. Funny anecdotes. Funniest relating to hiring of water diviner and installation of flush toilets at higher levels. He and Mercia bought one of first condos in Whistler townsite. Kids learned to ski there. Glenn Jr. was on crack ski team. Mercia, at 82, still skis downhill there. Glenn and Mercia regarded as near-royalty by younger afficionados. Jimmy Sinclair, former MP and father-in-law of Pierre Elliot Trudeau, roped Glenn into telling P.E.T. what was wrong with the Port of Vancouver.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN -

Paid as Chairman of Okanagan Helicopters until 1975 but no duties so accepted membership on board of Vancouver Port Authority in 1971. Made Chairman of Board 1973-1982. Worked tirelessly to obtain autonomy for port. From 1975-82 member of the Port Legislation Steering Committee, Ottawa. Chairman of Board of Directors Canada Port Corporation, Ottawa 1983-5. Awarded many honors. Retired in 1985.

CHAPTER NINETEEN -

Vice-Chairman and Director of the British Columbia Railway from 1976-84. Anecdotes. Partly responsible for installation of one of four electric railways in North America - at Tumbler Ridge, B.C. He and Mercia given lifetime passes - make good use of them going back and forth to Whistler all year long.

CHAPTER TWENTY -

Finally retiring at 75, in 1985, Glenn promised Mercia from then on they'd travel anywhere in the world she wanted to go, to make up for all the years she'd spent raising the kids alone. He has regrets about that. Wishes he could have been home with them more but, like his father Ewan, his total commitment to country and career consumed him. Has it been worth it? With Mercia, yes. He's lived a love story. It's been a helluva life.

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,

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, first, some basic questions needed answers. Who was the Custodian and what did he have to do with enemy property? Why hadn't those claims been disposed of at some point during the last eighteen years? And, as Legal Counsel to the Custodian, what would his duties be?

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, Albert 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.

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 existing Trading With the Enemy Regulations, but only after the Custodian had gone to court and obtained a vesting order. He'd probably 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 had closed its doors to the trading of Canadian 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

was 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 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 ever showed up in a government office on a weekend. This, he figured, was one for the books.

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 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 with honor'", 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 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 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 had annexed Austria. He'd taken back the French Alsace-Lorraine area and

had occupied the Sudetanland 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."

(As proof that "there'll always be an England", he's kept a message he received at his London hotel from John Lewis and Co. Ltd., advising him that he'd left sixpence change after making a phone call in their coat department. They enclosed the sixpence.)

"When I got to Amsterdam, however, I suddenly realized that the Dutch were seriously preparing for war. Everybody you talked to expected it," he recalls, citing instances of anti-tank barriers and barbed wire fences along canals.

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 warned, he'd 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 with the Canadians was

amicable.

Then Mathieu left for home 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. Glenn knew what others did not - 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 frantically moving the bullion and securities off the ship and into the vaults under the Sun Life Building. Later on I found out that some of 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 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 office desk when Dr. Coleman (who didn't drive) phoned with an urgent request. If Glenn had his car handy, Coleman needed a lift. He'd be 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 the Under Secretary of State 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 entrance. 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. Obviously he'd been roused from bed.

"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 who was now 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, and he and Coleman were once more back in the car.

"Can you tell me what that was all about?" he asked his boss, curiously.

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

CHAPTER 4

In one of the many albums kept in his den, six lined pages meticulously record the miles Glenn travelled on business for the Custodian's office from March '39 to January '46. The total is an astounding 180,449 miles, covered by plane, train, bus and car. In one way he was grateful to be constantly on the move. It gave him little opportunity to think about Peggy or Ozzie or those far-off happier times. The downside was, though, he had no time to make new relationships. Not that he really wished to. He was still convinced that he'd never again commit himself to marriage. But his life wasn't necessarily unhappy. He roomed with a couple of guys at the Gatineau Golf Club and got in the odd round of golf. Mostly, though, he was caught up in the excitement of his job, and the challenges offered to him by his mentor, Dr. Coleman, a man twenty years older but one of his best friends and certainly one of his most loyal supporters.

From September 10, 1939, right through 1940, Glenn lived mostly out of a suitcase. He spent a lot of his time crisscrossing Canada, setting up Custodian agencies - mostly recognized chartered accountancy firms - in each of the major

cities. In each case he had to educate the principal member of the firm as to the Regulations and the Custodian's powers. That took time and patience. He was frequently short of both.

One of his ongoing responsibilities was helping to set up the List of Specified Persons (known in the office as the Enemy Blacklist), consisting of names of people who were trading with the enemy. Canada's Blacklist was virtually identical with Britain's because of a constant exchange of information between the two countries. If a name showed up on either list, no one in either country could trade directly, or indirectly, with that person or company. For example, the Swedish industrialist Axel Wenner-Gren was prominent on both lists.

Wenner-Gren had amassed a fortune from his Electrolux vacuum cleaner company. But he'd also helped develop the deadly double-barreled anti-aircraft Bofors gun which he then tried to sell to both Allies and enemy - to the British through Sweden, to the Germans through Switzerland - so he was persona non grata in both countries.

Because double-dealing violated McPherson's strong sense of ethics, he was affronted by the fact that "Sweden played a major part in supplying both sides with war materials. They took advantage of their neutrality, much against the better interest of Norway - which explains why there is no love lost today between Sweden and Norway," he says.

But, all other things aside, McPherson's main responsibility involved searching out, taking over and administering enemy property. Which is how he found himself caught up in the affairs of one Francis Sheeney. Sheeney, a pillar of Toronto's Italian community, had been arrested on suspicion of associating with the enemy, and interned in a concentration camp near Kapuskasing, Ontario.

if we keep this section we need to somehow explain non Italian Sounding name

"Francis Sheeney was an interesting man," McPherson says. "He had been in the construction business with offices in Toronto and Montreal. There was no real indication that he would betray Canada's interests - but there was proof that he'd given Mussolini a white horse."

That was enough of a black mark, in wartime, to call for internment. Because of a special order making the Custodian responsible for the assets of anyone interned, everything Sheeney owned was vested in the Custodian's office.

And Sheeney's holdings were considerable - a palatial estate near Brockville complete *w*ith in-house bowling alley, stables, riding rings and prize horses, a cement plant in Montreal, and a "hotel" in a small northern mining town. McPherson assigned security guards to protect the estate, and kept the cement plant running ("though it drove me crazy"). But the hotel was something else. Frankly, his investigation revealed it to be a "place of ill repute". This posed a problem. Whenever possible, the Custodian was supposed to keep seized businesses in operation. But in this case? He decided to put the question to the Custodian himself.

"Sir," he said to his boss, Fernand Rinfret, who was both Secretary of State and Custodian: "Do you know who's running the biggest whorehouse in Northern Ontario?"

"No!" Rinfret looked up, surprised by the question.

"You are," McPherson shot back, and then he explained the problem.

"Well, we operated the hotel strictly as a hotel and didn't let his relatives stay for nothing, so we made a profit," McPhersons grins. "And while I don't have the letter in front of me, I well remember receiving one from Francis Sheeney, addressed to me personally, thanking me for looking after his assets. He was especially pleased by the money we made for him while we operated his hotel."

McPherson's journal records the diversity of his work during those years. He remembers the Domestic Fuel Company of Montreal, owned jointly by the unlikely combination of German interests and the Catholic Church in Quebec. It seems that the Church authorities had figured this investment would ensure them a continuous source of fuel for their buildings.

Because of its German ownership the Custodian seized the Domestic Fuel Company which meant it couldn't deliver its coal. The Catholic hierarchy was

extremely upset, and McPherson found himself having to explain his actions to priests in Montreal, and to executives of the German coal company at their offices in New York. These offices, he discovered on his visit, were located 30 or 40 storeys up in a tower in the Wall Street area overlooking the Hudson River.

"They offered a great view of the New York harbour where British shipping was coming in, ships like the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary," Glenn says. "So, as a German Intelligence centre, it would have been a very useful office."

McPherson concluded his meeting in the private office of the German manager and got up to leave. But the door was locked. The German did buzz someone eventually, the door was unlocked and McPherson was able to make his departure. As he did so, he couldn't resist a parting shot. He gestured to the wall of windows overlooking the harbour and said to his unsmiling host: "Next time I come, I'll remember to pack along my parachute for an easier exit."

Then there was a case involving The Aluminum Company of Canada (Alcan). In

manufacturing aluminum, the company was using, and paying royalties for, an electrolysis process patterned originally by the Norwegian Aluminum Company. But Norway had been occupied by Germany during the war. That meant that any rights relating to the Norwegian Aluminum Company belonged to the Custodian. So the Custodian's office seized the patterns and claimed the royalties from Alcan. Through mutual agreement these royalties were then paid into a block bank account, with the understanding that ownership of the royalties would be determined at war's end.

When hostilities ceased, the Custodian turned over all royalties to the Norwegian company. In the interim, however, those royalties had been protected from Germany's attempts to transfer them to neutral banks in New York.

But there were instances when, for lack of sufficient communication, the Custodian stepped on Ottawa's toes. Then there was trouble, McPherson says.

"A plant was being built somewhere along the St. Lawrence river, apparently as

part of C.D. Howe's industrialization program. We'd heard that Alcan was behind it, but we didn't know this for sure. However, our job was to cooperate with Customs to make sure that no German goods were brought into Canada.

"We got a report from Customs that some huge crates entering the country through the USA were labelled as being made in Switzerland,and the shipment itself was coming from Switzerland. But, Customs said, the structure of the crates proved they were not made in Switzerland. Instead, certain other identification information proved they were German crates. So the Custodian's office immediately seized the crates.

"Well, the roof fell in! Mr. Howe's department wanted to know, in no uncertain terms, what we meant by holding up the war effort? We answered back that the crates' contents had originated in Germany. Right! said Mr. Howe's department, they were of German origin. As a matter of fact, the crates contained machinery newly developed in Germany for stamping out airplane propellors, and Howe's office had arranged through various secret channels to get it shipped to Canada

through Switzerland. It was needed here by Alcan to manufacture aluminum propellors for aircraft - the Commonwealth Air Training program was just getting under way - so this was top priority goods.

"Well, of course, as soon as the Custodian's office heard the whole story, we released the crates. But at least Ottawa knew that Customs was on its toes, and the Custodian was doing his job. The real problem, of course, had been a lack of communiction between the various departments."

But there were lighter moments. Glenn recalls the takeover and subsequent operation by the Custodian of two totally dissimilar companies. One was the Prestwick Flycatcher Company.

"You know those long sticky tape things that used to hang from the ceilings of farm kitchens? The damndest things! Well, we made those."

The other was a small roving circus owned by a German immigrant who was

picked up by the RCMP and interned. When it was seized the circus was already teetering financially because the lady trapeze artist had run off with the elephant handler and taken all the trapeze equipment with her. The Custodian's intention was to liquidate it eventually but, since the circus was then in winter quarters, a decision was made to maintain it for a few months, at least, and keep the animals fed and watered in the meantime.

"Unfortunately, during that period Lyndee the elephant died, right in the middle of winter," Glenn says, "and there we were with her mammoth corpse, and the ground too hard to dig a grave for it. We thought maybe the flesh might be appreciated as animal feed by the owner of a silver fox farm nearby. But apparently foxes don't go for elephant meat. In the end, I think poor Lyndee left this world bit by bit via the garbage bin.

"I remember another "grave" situation we found ourselves in. It involved Francis G. Winspear, our agent in Edmonton, who reported to us that a member of Judge Rutherford's Watchtower and Bible Society had died. Why did this concern us?

Well, members of this organization were considered subversive because they advocated anti-war, anti-voting, anti-government beliefs and an Order-in-Council declared them "illegal".When this particular member died, agent Winspear found that nobody would pay for his funeral. So Winspear phoned us to find out if we'd authorize the purchase of a coffin, and arrange for an undertaker to bury him. I phoned a friend of mine in External Affairs and said our Custodian's office was overcrowded and we needed more space, specifically an area six feet long, two feet wide and three feet deep. There was a moment of stunned silence at the other end. Then my friend let out a roar of laughter: "My god, McPherson, you've seized a body!" We did have our moments."

The war effort in England from 1939-40 gave rise to what McPherson calls "the phoney war period." Nobody knew what Hitler was going to do, or how far he would go.

"In England they were buying time to get armament plans going and build aircraft, and so on," he says. "They had a Home Guard which had no better

protection than hunting rifles, shot guns and pitch forks. They actually made wooden replicas of cannons and staked them along the east coast. As far as their armament was concerned, it was virtually nil. The Labour and Conservative governments under MacDonald and Baldwin were playing musical chairs, each of them vying to be England's Prime Minister, but neither of them doing anything constructive about building up the country's defences. In fact, they were cutting the defence budget year after year, in the interest of cutting taxes and winning votes."

In Canada, though, it was a different situation, as McPherson remembers. The country was gearing up for war. And he credits C.D. Howe with being the "powerhouse" that fired up Canada's industrial progress at that particular time.

Now that the Custodian's office was running smoothly, McPherson decided he wanted a more hands-on role in the war effort and he handed in his resignation to Dr. Coleman. He reminded him that he'd earned his pilot's licence in Winnipeg back in 1936. Now he wanted to go back there and enlist with the 112th

Squadron. But Coleman refused to accept his resignation.

"Sorry, Glenn," he said. "You're of more use to us here than you would be in the Airforce. You can go ahead and enlist all you want, but we'll just have you posted back to the Custodian's office every time you do. We need you here."

From then on, every time McPherson got a draft notice Coleman or the Secretary of State would make special application for a deferment, pointing out how valuable he was in his present position. (Those deferment applications are still filed away here in Glenn's den, just in case any of his grandchildren asks him: "Grandpa, what did you do in the war?")

So it was back to business as usual, and more train trips across the country, frequently with Coleman. Friends asked how he could stand to spend so much time with Coleman, a man who habitually just sat and read and chainsmoked but never said more than a few words. But Glenn had great respect for his boss.

"He was a very quiet man, but a most interesting man," he says. "You did your job and he never interfered. He had a very agile mind, and a remarkable memory. I'd take him a big memorandum intended for the Minister. He'd scan through it very quickly, flipping the pages one after the other through to the end. Then he'd turn back to some page at the beginning and say, "Glenn, you split an infinitive there." And it would have to be corrected."

Many people misunderstood Coleman, Glenn says, thinking him taciturn when he was really just plain shy. He was very modest about himself and his own accomplishments, very unassuming and humble. Yet he was inordinately proud of his family, especially his brother D. C. Coleman, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was so proud of his brother that he'd have put up with anything rather than risk embarrassing him, as McPherson recalls.

"When we travelled we always had breakfast together in the dining car, and Dr. Coleman always ordered two four-minute boiled eggs. He'd eat one of the eggs, finish the rest of his breakfast and then we'd leave. This went on time after time,

and I could never understand why he never ate the second egg. Finally, one morning I couldn't stand it any longer and I asked him why he always ordered two boiled eggs but only ate one. He seemed surprised at my question.

"'Well,' he said, looking a little sheepish, 'they never bring me two eggs, only one. But I hate to make a fuss about it. So I never ask them a second time for the other egg. I just keep ordering two in hopes that, one day, they'll actually deliver.'

"I reached across the table, lifted the silver eggcup on his plate and showed him the second egg tucked underneath it. Do you know, he was absolutely astonished. From then on, he ate both eggs and always looked over at me with a little smile when he upended the eggcup and brought out the second egg."

Although he and Glenn travelled together, Coleman left Glenn to oversee the operation of the various businesses seized on behalf of the Custodian. Sometime during those two years the non-smoking, non-drinking McPherson took to the pipe. A colleague in the Custodian's office, watching his hesitation as he fended a

particularly pointed question during a news conference, suggested smoking a pipe. The ritual of tamping down the tobacco, flicking the match, drahe smoke a pipe. ihad a suggestionsuggested he start smoking a pipe. Then, while he tamped down the tobacco and lit it, he'd have a reason for looking thoughtful while he marshalled his thoughts.

Glenn tried it. It worked. And from then on his pipe was never far from his hand.

CHAPTER 5

"In May, 1940, news came that Germany had invaded Belgium and unleashed a savage bombing attack against Holland," Tom Bata writes in his autobiography Shoemaker to the World. "Within weeks most of Western Europe up to the Spanish border was under German domination, the allies had lost thousands of men and priceless equipment at Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain was about to begin.

"At last Ottawa seemed to have awakened to the fact that Canada was at war, and that what was still referred to as 'the mother country' was in mortal danger. Nine months of bureaucratic inertia were replaced by a full-scale commitment to the war effort. (That's when) I met for the first time a brilliant young lawyer who was to play an important part in my life. In his capacity of counsel to the custodian, Glen McPherson explained to me that, according to regulations enacted under the War Measures Act, the custodian was empowered to investigate all enterprises that were directly or indirectly owned by persons in enemy territory, or that were suspected of trading with the enemy."

From its humble beginnings in Czechoslovakia in the early 1900's, the Bata Shoe Company had grown to an empire with markets world-wide. Then in 1932 founder and company head Thomas Bata Senior was killed in a plane crash in Czechoslovakia. His son Tom Jr., who'd been in Switzerland apprenticing in shoemaking, came home for the funeral to find that his father's half-brother Jan had taken over control of the empire, supposedly until Tom Jr. had acquired enough training and managerial experience to succeed his father.

However, Tom's father had talked often about the possibility of building a plant in Canada. In 1939, on the advice of Swiss lawyer Dr. George Wettstein, who'd had been Bata Senior's legal counsel and confidant, Tom Jr. decided to go to Canada to carry out the project, rather than stand by and see his beloved home country overtaken by the Germans.

(Glenn remembers that Tom arrived with plans his father had already laid out in minute detail for the new Canadian plant, telling exactly how to build it and where to put each piece of machinery.)

Tom Jr. chose a location in the small village of Frankford, Ontario, ten miles

north of Trenton, intending to manufacture only shoes. But the plant's key people, Czech immigrants all, were highly skilled in machine tooling - the Bata Company had always designed and maintained its own equipment. So before long the Canadian plant was turning out not only army boots but also gyroscopes for British torpedos. Needless to say, this was immensely helpful to the Allies' war effort.

Out of gratitude for the help given him by his adoptive country, Tom Bata donated his own private plane to the Canadian government, and then went to Ottawa to enlist as a private in the Canadian Army. But he was turned down. The government felt he'd serve the country better by staying in charge of the Bata plant and maintaining the confidence of his employees, most of whom were Czechs and intensely loyal to the Bata family. (McPherson referred to them as 'Batonians' because, he said, in their deep commitment to the Bata family they almost had a nationality of their own.)

Then came the actual occupation of Czechoslovakia. Ironically, the Canadian Bata plant had to be seized by the Custodian because now it was owned by people

in an occupied country. A special committee was assigned to oversee its operations for the duration of the war, although Tommy Bata was still actively in charge.

Meantime, when Czechoslovakia was occupied, Tom's uncle Jan, still CEO of all Bata plants outside of the British Empire, decided to move to the still-neutral United States and set up a plant in Belcamp, Maryland. This aroused the suspicions of not only the Canadian Custodian, but British Intelligence as well, because the Custodian already knew that Jan Bata was a personal friend and frequent hunting companion of Hermann Goring. (He also travelled on a German passport.)

McPherson had already tried, but failed, to pump Jan Bata about the gold the Bata Company had previously socked away in Canadian and American banks. Such gold, it was feared, might be spirited out of the country and turned over to help bolster Germany's war chests. As a matter of fact, just such an attempt was made - and foiled, as McPherson recalls.

5)

Barclays

"We'd found a large cache of gold in Barkley's Bank in Montreal, held under the name of a Swiss law firm, and we knew there was a connection between this law firm and Bata. I happened to be friendly with the bank's executive, and one morning I got a call from them. It seems that they'd been visited earlier by a member of this Swiss law firm who had presented them with orders to release the gold into his custody and transfer it to New York.

Glenn

"I caught the first train to Montreal," McPherson recalls, "grabbed a cab and met the Swiss lawyer in the bank manager's office. He insisted that the gold was owned by Swiss interests and we didn't have any right to seize it. When I read him our Regulations, however, he realized that unless he could prove his statements, there was no way he could get the gold out of Canada. So he left, and the gold bars stayed in the bank vault. After the war they were turned over to Tom Bata, as was the Canadian plant.

"Actually, we frequently came across references to Dr. Wettstein and his partner Dr. Charles Juker in our investigative work during those years. Not surprising, really, since Dr. Wettstein was very famous internationally, and had clients in

many countries. He and I had never met face to face, although we had crossed swords, in a sense, many times but always at a distance.

"One weekend in March, 1946, Tommy Bata had business in Switzerland and he suggested I accompany him in his private plane. Dr. Wettstein had died of a heart attack the year before, but his widow entertained us in her elegant home and said something that surprised me. Her husband, she said, had often remarked that, when the war was over, he hoped to go to Canada and meet that fellow McPherson who'd given him so many headaches. (Apparently he was even aware that, in confidential discussions, I referred to him as Dr. Moriarty.) I was amazed that Switzerland, a so-called neutral country, had such competent intelligence service.

"Something else interesting happened on that trip," Glenn says. "While we were visiting the Wettstein home the beautiful daughter of the house, Sonja, came home from school unexpectedly. She and Tommy Bata had known each other as children, but hadn't seen each other since. Well, if you have read anything about the Batas, you'll know that Tom and she eventually married and made their home

in Toronto. Sonja Bata became a very active and much respected member of the community."

Sadly, that was not the case with Jan Bata who was under suspicion since he'd moved to the States. McPherson and two other men - a Richard Coit, (who worked for British Intelligence), and Guy Holt, (a senior partner of P.S. Ross Accounting firm, and the Custodian's Montreal agent) - were sent to Belcamp to talk to Jan Bata and try to persuade him to cooperate with British Intelligence. What they (MI5) wanted was Jan's agreement that his people around the world (particularly in enemy territory) could supply vitally-needed information to the Allies. But Jan Bata scorned the idea.

"He said there was no way that England was going to win the war," McPherson says. "He said Germany was going to be victorious, and he wanted it known that he'd refused to cooperate with the Allies so that after the war he'd get back all of the Bata plants in German-occupied countries. I said he was wrong. The Allies, not the Germans, would be victorious, and then what would he do? He just shrugged and said: 'Oh, well, the English are a forgiving lot. If they actually do win the war, I'll have no problems getting around them.'

"I told him we were going to blacklist him and he just laughed. Canada wouldn't dare do that, he said, because he was in the United States and it was neutral. Well, we dared all right, and it must have had some effect because, just prior to Pearl Harbor I heard that he'd moved to Brazil to open a plant there. I know he never returned to the United States, but he didn't fare too well in Brazil either. We put an economic blockade on his plant in Brazil and I heard that, as a result, he couldn't even buy shoe nails."

His own people denounced him as a traitor, according to a book entitled 'Why Was J.A. Bata Condemned' and printed by Bata National Enterprise, Zlin, Czechoslovakia after the war The book pulls no punches. In it Jan Bata is accused of "working for the German Army". He "never hid his sympathies for the fascist countries Italy, Japan and Germany" and was known as "Hitler's friend". He was a "tyrant" and "despot", and "totally forbade his employees to join the Allied Forces". His "enterprise at Belcamp was a centre of German espionage." He "delivered raw materials, especially rubber, to the Germans." But his greatest crime, the book insists, was his ill-fated plan to evacuate "the Czech nation of ten

million people to Patagonia, in South America" - not out of altruism, but in order to "transplant the Protectorate (of Czechoslovakia) from Europe to that part of America which is being influenced by Germany and by which Germany would actually gain another colony."

In the end, the book claims, Jan Bata was condemned to prison for fifteen years, ten years of which he was to spend in a work camp. He lost his citizenship for the time of his penalty, and all his property fell to the benefit of the state.

As for Tommy Bata, he and his family and their shoe company eventually went on to market 230 million pairs of shoes a year in 93 countries - one in every three pairs sold in non-communist countries, according to an article entitled "The Richest Canadians" in Town and Country. This success, Bata admits, is due in no small part to the fact that the Custodian stood guard over his assets until World War II was over.

CHAPTER 6:

Headed with the official seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, the letter dated September 9, 1941, is addressed to G. W. McPherson, Esq. from Pierre Casgrain, Secretary of State of Canada, and Custodian of Enemy Property.

Dear Mr. McPherson:

The Deputy Custodian has brought to my attention your letter of the 27th ultimo tendering your resignation as Counsel to the Custodian. Mr. Coleman has also explained to me the very responsible position which has been offered to you by the Government of the United Kingdom.

I can assure you that I receive your resignation with great regret but, having regard to the special circumstances mentioned in your letter, I can quite understand that you feel it your duty to accept the offer from the United Kingdom government.

I should like to take this opportunity of expressing to you my appreciation of your very efficient and conscientious services in the Custodian's office. I realize that we are sustaining a great loss in your retirement but I earnestly hope that in connection with the war effort you may be able to make a still more valuable

contribution to the cause in your new field of duty.

With best wishes and sincere personal regrets, I am, yours sincerely"

Sometime in mid-1940, McPherson recalls, Coleman introduced him to Richard Coit who was "working in the British war interest." Glenn had never heard of Coit but, quite obviously, Coit had heard of <u>him.</u> He was aware, for instance, that Coleman gave Glenn a free rein in investigations. He knew, too, that Glenn had the full confidence of certain bank executives. Coit came right to the point about the purpose of his visit. He wanted to know if Glenn could do some work for British Intelligence - dig up information, obtain needed items, that sort of thing.

Coleman answered for him: "Glenn goes his own way and does what he has to do. He's pretty well his own boss. And he's yours, if you need him. But if he gets into any trouble we'll deny that he had our permission to work for you."

Shortly after Coit's visit the first of many notes arrived in Glenn's office. Cryptic

and unsigned, it was delivered "by safe hand" from the British Security Coordination office in New York, and it asked for specific background on certain European families. The next note was a request for some pieces of equipment manufactured in Germany and sold abroad. Then came a note requiring Glenn to forward a certain number of German marks (or Belgian francs). These were to be obtained from a Canadian bank, but in strictest confidence. Glenn supplied them all, surmising that the information, money and equipment would be given to agents before they were dropped behind enemy lines. .

Early in September, 1941, Glenn was catching up on his notes in the club car of a train travelling to Vancouver. A stranger across from him looked up from his newspaper at Glenn, down at the paper, then up again at Glenn. Newspaper in hand, he came over.

"Excuse me," he said, "but are you Glenn McPherson?"

"That's right," Glenn answered.

"Well, then, congratulations," the man said, smiling broadly. "I've just been reading about your award in the newspaper."

"What award?" Glenn wanted to know.

"Well, according to this you've been named one of North America's Top Ten Outstanding Young Men by the American Junior Chamber of Commerce," the rman said, reading out of the paper. "Apparently that young film genius Orson Welles is one of the nine Americans chosen, but you're the only Canadian."

"But what's the award for?" Glenn wanted to know.

"Well," the man said, reading again from the newspaper story, "it says it's 'In Honor of Distinguished Contribution to their Nation's Welfare.'"

"It's the first I've heard of it," Glenn said, surprised. He found out later that his name had been submitted to the American JayCees by an Ottawa lawyer, a

director of Colonial Airways. It was the Airways who felt that his contribution to Canada's war effort deserved international recognition. Once he heard that, Glenn felt quite honored, even more when he was told that no "foreigner" had ever before received the award.

Back in Ottawa that same week Coleman called him into his office and told him to pack his bags for New York. He was being "loaned" to British Security Coordination where he'd be on William Stephenson's personal staff. He was to leave immediately.

But first Glenn wanted an answer to something that was bothering him: "Dr. Coleman, when I wanted to enlist, you told me that I was essential to the Canadian war effort. And I bought that. But if it was so then, how can you spare me now? And what will people think if I ship out to a neutral country without ever having enlisted in the Canadian Armed Forces?"

"You're going where you're most needed, Glenn," was Coleman's response. "As for what people will think, you can't do a thing about it. You can't even tell your

father or mother what you're going to be doing in New York. Sorry, my friend, but that's the way it is. You'll be helping to fight the war, but nobody but you will know that."

Glenn kept no diaries during his years with Stephenson but he vividly recalls his first meeting with the legendary William Stephenson. He'd been told to report to the British Security Coordination office on the 35th floor of the International Building of Rockefeller Center in Manhattan, and he went, expecting to find a man whose physical size equalled his growing international reputation.

"But here was a small, slight man," McPherson says, "not more than 5'6" tall. He didn't say anything for a minute, just sat there sizing me up, I guess. The silence was unexpected, and unnerving. I broke it by saying something quite inane, to which he replied very gravely and courteously. And then we got down to business. I found out later that he used the same gambit on every visitor to his office. I tried it myself, but I could never manage to do it as smoothly as he did."

During that first meeting Coit joined them in Stephenson's office and Glenn was given his first briefing. He'd be required to take an oath of secrecy - for life - about everything he did, or saw, in connection with the organization or its members. He couldn't resist asking:

"But how do you guys know that I'm not a double agent?"

"Oh, don't worry," Coit said, "you've been thoroughly checked out. MI5 (British Intelligence in London) has a complete dossier on you, your family, everybody you know and everything you've done. For instance, we know that your father is a judge in Manitoba. We know about your friends being killed in the automobile accident. We know, too, that you're a supporter of the British war effort because we've been feeding you jobs and you've come through every time. Don't worry. We wouldn't take a chance on you if we weren't totally convinced that you're okay, and can be trusted."

Glenn would be Stephenson's executive assistant, he was told. He'd be responsible

for recruiting new employees, and for overseeing the expenditure of office funds. In the meantime he had a lot to learn about the organization and its boss.

"For years Bill Stephenson and his associates were a mystery to most people," Glenn says, "which was precisely what Bill wanted to be. The fewer people who knew about him, the better he could operate, and the safer his organization - which accounts for his phobia about having his picture taken."

Born in Winnipeg, Canada, Stephenson had become wealthy through a variety of businesses in England after World War I. In March, 1940, he travelled to the United States, ostensibly to promote his own business interests. But, in reality, he was on a secret mission to strengthen ties between the British Secret Intelligence Service (S.I.S.) and the American Federal Bureau of Investigation (F.B.I.). This was essential because the cooperation of still-neutral America was urgently needed by Britain for its war effort.

Initially Stephenson worked under the cover of British Passport Control Officer

out of a small back room in the British Consulate General's quarters in New York. His staff, at that point, consisted of one assistant, a clerk and secretary. It wasn't long, though, before Stephenson found better office space on the 35th and 36th floors of the International Building in Rockefeller Center (630 Fifth Avenue) opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral. The office was still known as the British Passport Control Office, but additional staff was recruited, mostly from Canada.

In those early days the F.B.I. and its chief, J. Edgar Hoover, were cooperative with, and sympathetic to, this presence of British Intelligence in the U.S.A. As a matter of fact, it was Hoover who suggested that the office name be changed to British Security Coordination (B.S.C.) Later, however, Hoover was afraid that an organization like this might threaten his personal authority. He became even more upset when, in the summer of 1942, President Roosevelt established the Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.) under General William Donovan (whose exploits during World War I had earned him the nickname Wild Bill Donovan.) The two bills - Stephenson and Donovan - became great friends and worked closely together. As a matter of fact, McPherson remembers that Stephenson detailed

precisely how Donovan should set up his O.S.S. operation.

Stephenson's role was dicey to say the least, McPherson says, since he had to operate out of an office based in a country that had been isolationist for years, and from there to keep tabs on the whole of the Western Hemisphere. Not only that, but he was responsible for the recruiting and training of agents to be dropped into enemy territory. All this, keep a low profile and not ruffle any feathers.

Under British Security Coordination a special Security Division was set up to try to prevent sabotage in factories, railways, shipyards and on the docks involved in the delivery of four hundred million dollars worth of goods ordered yearly by Britain. But the precautions had to be kept under cover because B.S.C. had no legal authority to enforce any security measures in the U.S.A. Nevertheless, thanks to some 30,000 anti-sabotage inspections a year carried out aboard British merchant ships, not a single British vessel was lost or seriously held up by sabotage in the United States during the war. (The French, on the other hand, lost their prized liner, the Normandie, in February, 1942, when it burned at dockside

in New York harbour.)

"Part of Bill's job was to bring Roosevelt and Churchill together," Glenn says, "not an easy task because so many Americans wanted the States to stay out of the European conflict. At one point, Churchill came over to address the American Congress and stayed overnight in the White House as a guest of Roosevelt. The next morning he was in his room taking a shower when there was a knock on the door. It was Roosevelt and his aide, George. Churchill hollered 'Come in!' and they opened the door to find England's Prime Minister standing in the middle of the room naked as a baby, his ever-present cigar in his hand. Churchill never batted an eye.

"You see, Mr. President," he rumbled in that sonorous voice, "as I told you only last night, we British have nothing to hide."

Glenn was quickly caught up in the intricacies of the B.S.C. One of the people he worked closely with was "Mr. X", a.k.a. the agent John Pepper. Through him

Glenn met a German refugee called George Meuller, a former employee of the giant German chemical trust, the E.K. Farben Industry, about which there were suspicions. Together Glenn and Meuller compiled a complicated chart of the subsidiaries of the parent company. Some surprising names turned up on that chart: The Ford Motor Company, Standard Oil, Sterling Products, Bayer Aspirin and General Aniline & Film Corporation, producers of Agfa Ansco film which had its headquarters in Windsor, Ontario. When the chart was relayed to Canada, the Custodian seized Agfa Ansco and listed it as a "Specified Person", which meant that no Allied country could trade with it. Canada's External Affairs Department raised Cain about this, not wanting the American government to be affronted. But 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, McPherson says.

"But before Pearl Harbor there was a great deal of pressure on the Canadian Custodian to release Agfa Ansco," he says. "Americans pointed to the prominent New York businessmen on the board of the parent General Analine Company, and denied it was German-owned. It's interesting to note, however, that after Pearl Harbor the first vesting order issued by the United States government was an order to seize General Analine because of its German ownership."

Although Glenn never visited it, he was aware of Camp X (in the B.S.C. office it was referred to as "the country"), the secluded compound near London, Ontario,

where Allied agents went for training before being dropped behind enemy lines. There they were taught the skills they'd need to survive, everything from blowing up bridges to killing silently. Camp X operated undercover. As far as the neighboring townsfolk knew, it was Canadian Broadcasting Corporation technicians who were trained at Camp X, not international saboteurs.

"I remember one fellow - a quiet chap with a bad limp, I think from a club foot - who'd been trained at Camp X and then disappeared from the New York office for a few weeks," Glenn says. "Nobody said anything, but all of us watched the papers. Sure enough, a big explosion totally destroyed some facility in Italy. A week later the quiet guy was back in the office. He never said where he'd been, and none of us asked him.

"There was another chap I was friendly with, Bill Deacon, who'd been a don at Oxford before joining Stephenson's organization. He took training at Camp X, then came back to the New York office for the weekend before leaving on a mysterious assignment. We had a drink together before he took off, and he never

said a word about where he'd been, or where he was going. I found out later that he'd parachuted into Yugoslovia and worked with the partisans. Much later I heard he was given credit for bringing Tito onto the side of the Allies. Eventually, I believe, he got back to Oxford."

One of the people Glenn met during that time was Chris Wren, grandson of the famous architect who designed St. Paul's Cathedral in London - "an interesting character who was involved in very hush-hush work in the States. I ran into him on Fleet Street in London one day in November, 1944, and we had lunch together. He left his locked briefcase with me and gave me the code number to open it if it became absolutely necessary. Otherwise I was to deliver it on a certain day to an address in Piccadilly, which I did. I saw Chris once more in London after the war, and I asked him what he'd been doing. 'Oh', he said casually, 'I just got out of jail.' But he didn't tell me what offence he'd committed, and I didn't press him for details. When you had spent those years working with Stephenson you learned to mind your own business."

Glenn spent five years (1940-5) working with Stephenson, and his admiration and respect for the man has never lessened, despite controversial reports that have come out since Stephenson's death.

"The people writing those derogatory reports never worked for him," he says. "If you knew him at all, you were inevitably drawn to him, you couldn't help yourself. He had a very dynamic presence that commanded respect."

McPherson was not alone in his admiration for Stephenson. The Honorable David Bruce, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, wrote the foreword in a biography of Stephenson by H. Montgomery Hyde called The Quiet Canadian:

"Infrequently has it happened in war-time that so quiet a man wielded great power so fruitfully. It would, however, be misleading to assume that the tranquil manner and style of Sir William Stephenson reflected a phlegmatic personality. In spirit he was imaginative, resourceful, inventive, practical, persistent, brilliant. His authority was imposed without flamboyance, appreciated and acknowledged

without envy.

"A certain elegance and indisputable charm immediately impressed strangers, and continued to be remarked by his intimates. Perhaps the finest tribute to his capacity for eliciting loyalty and affection from his associates was that of Sir Winston Churchill who, when recommending him to King George VI for the honor of Knighthood, noted: 'This one is dear to my heart.'"

CHAPTER 7

On a cold clear Sunday in 1941, December 7th, Glenn was escorting a British spy to safety when he heard some startling news. He and the spy were enroute to Halifax, flying into Montreal, when the captain's voice suddenly crackled over the plane's intercom:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been informed that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor."

The day before, Stephenson had called him and Coit into his office and told them he had a problem. The F.B.I. had blown the cover of one of his agents - a British naval commander - who'd been working on the West Coast. The commander had mnaged to make his way to New York and was, at the moment, in safe hiding. But he was in danger of being tracked down again by Hoover's men and, if he were found, the F.B.I. would throw the book at him. America was still neutral at that point, and spying

was an indictable offense. So Stephenson had called Coit and McPherson in to ask their aid. Did either of them have any suggestions for spiriting the commander out of the country?

"Coit was an important cog in Bill's organization," Glenn recalls. "He had been a wealthy industrialist with extensive interests in Brazil. The fact that he knew Brazil so well made him particularly valuable to Stephenson because at that time Brazil was neutral, and harboring big settlements of Germans. We knew that the Italians were running a regular air service between a jump-off point in North Africa and a place on the Brazilian coast. We also knew they were flying in agents and flying out contraband, but we hadn't been able to stop them. So you can see why Coit, with his insider's knowledge of South America, was so valuable to Stephenson.

"Coit was a large pleasant man," Glenn goes on, " always smiling, like a giant kewpie doll. But I discovered during our many meetings that, in

spite of his benign appearance, he was a very ruthless man with little regard for human life. So I wasn't too surprised at his response when Stephenson asked us for ideas about helping the British naval commander."

"Dump him," Coit said, his eyes hard. "Arrange for him to be run over by a taxi, or thrown into the East River, and then let the F.B.I. find his body."

It wasn't the answer Stephenson wanted, but he listened politely, then pointed out that the commander had been doing valuable work for the organization, and would have to be protected. Glenn had no ideas, so Stephenson outlined his own plan: Glenn would pretend to have a sudden, urgent mission to England and invite the commander to accompany him. They'd fly to Halifax where they'd board a liner bound for Southampton. But just before it departed, Glenn would quietly leave the ship and head

back to New York, leaving the commander to sail for London on his own.

The plan seemed fool-proof and would probably have worked had not this news about Pearl Harbor abruptly changed the ground rules. Now, a day after that meeting, in a plane high over Montreal, with the commander sitting silently beside him and the other passengers heatedly discussing the pilot's terse announcement, McPherson sat momentarily stunned. The news was unexpected. But his mind was trained to rally quickly in emergencies. What difference would this make to his assignment? Would Stephenson still expect him to deliver the spy to the ship? Or would he be given other, more urgent, duties? He'd have to find out immediately because they were almost into Montreal. He'd break the rules and phone Stephenson - although phones were usually suspect, and communication with the New York office was ordinarily by "safe hand". But clearly in this case there was no choice. He'd look for a phone booth the minute they landed.

"Glad you called, Glenn," came the familiar, though unidentified, voice at the other end. "And you're right. We've had to alter our plans. I've already been in touch with Ottawa and we've switched your assignment. You're to go immediately to Vancouver. In view of this attack on Pearl Harbor, the Japanese living on Canada's West Coast may represent a real threat to Allied security. You're to find out. An agent will contact you there."

As for the commander, Stephenson had further instructions. Glenn was to say nothing about his own change in plans except that he and the commander were to go to Room 613 in the Windsor Hotel in downtown Montreal. There they'd be met by someone who'd take over Glenn's escort duties.

McPherson followed Stephenson's instructions exactly. He and the commander took a cab to the Windsor, rode the elevator to the sixth floor,

knocked on the door of Room 613 and were admitted by a man in civilian clothes. Glenn quickly assessed the man as a member of the intelligence department of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They talked for a few minutes. Then Glenn shook hands with his erstwhile companion, and left.

"I never heard whether or not the commander made it safely back to England but I assume he did," McPherson says. "In any case, he was no longer my responsibility. I had been given other duties."

Back at the airport he caught the next flight to Ottawa where he phoned his old friend and mentor, Dr. E. H. Coleman. (Stephenson had agreed to their continued close contact since it was Dr. Coleman who had loaned Glenn to British Security Coordination.) When McPherson briefed him on the Vancouver assignment, Dr. Coleman was immediately interested. The "Japanese problem" was a political hot potato in Ottawa, he told Glenn, and any first-hand observations he could give would be helpful to Prime

Minister Mackenzie King.

McPherson flew to Vancouver December 8, 1941, and booked himself into the new, but only partially completed, Hotel Vancouver. (He was given room No. 707 at $6 a night. He still has the bill.) Although work on the upper eight floors had stopped, the lower nine floors had been fully occupied until the news about Pearl Harbor hit the city. That had triggered a sudden exodus of jittery out-of-town guests.

Remembering that Stephenson had said a British agent would contact him, Glenn wasn't surprised when, within hours of his arrival, a Mr. Young phoned up from the lobby. Young was a Eurasian who lived in the Japanese community. He offered Glenn an overview of its residents, listing those he said might prove to be helpful in the job ahead. McPherson thanked him, but he'd been trained never to accept anything, not even another agent's assessment, as foolproof.. So he began to do his

own quiet sleuthing. Facts, figures, impressions and intuitions - he started to stockpile them all. At the same time he picked the brains of the few people he knew and trusted. Douglas Dewar was one. The former head of the chartered accountancy firm of Peat, Marwick and Mitchell in New York, Dewar had retired to the West Coast where he had been appointed head of the Foreign Exchange office in Vancouver, at a token dollar a year. Glenn also contacted the Custodian's Vancouver agent, a Mr. Gilles of Price Waterhouse and Company, and had meetings with him.

By now an experienced researcher, Glenn was able to glean a lot of background in a short time. He learned, for instance, that some 23,000 Japanese were living then on Canada's West Coast. Some were Issei (born in Japan and still maintaining close ties to that country), some were Nisei (born in Canada and thoroughly Westernized). They tended to cluster in areas like Steveston on the Fraser River south of Vancouver, on Powell Street in central Vancouver, in the northern port of Prince Rupert, and on

the Gulf Islands. The Issei mostly clung to the old ways of their homeland. The Nisei, on the other hand, made an effort to blend into "white" ways.

Both Issei and Nisei maintained ties to Japan. Some sent their children there to be educated. Others made arrangements for themselves or their elderly parents to go "home" to die, or sent their ashes to be buried. Did their loyalties lie with Canada or Japan? Nobody seemed to know.

McPherson learned more - that a fleet of some twelve hundred Japanese-owned fishing boats, each equipped with radio and nautical charts of the Canadian coastline, worked regularly out of Steveston and Prince Rupert. True, starting December 8th, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had begun to round them up. But that job would take weeks. In the meantime it was anybody's guess whether or not those boats had been, or were being, used by people taking their orders directly or indirectly from

Tokyo.

Agent Young claimed to have inside knowledge that a fraternal organization of local Japanese businessmen, the Black Dragon Society, was in reality a fully operational spy ring. That was worrying. So was the news that submarines had surfaced off the west coast of Vancouver Island, that the cable station there had been shelled, and that Japanese planes had been sighted off the Aleutian Islands was frightening. If the Japanese used the Aleutians as stepping stones into Alaska, they could cross over to the Mainland and down the Coast. And who could stop them? Not Canada's Navy which was already on duty in the Atlantic. And not America's Pacific fleet which lay shattered in Pearl Harbor. As for transporting troops from British Columbia, that was impossible without a highway north - and there wasn't one.

The Fraser Canyon presented another potential hot spot. If a couple of

bridges there were bombed, the umbilical chord of the railway connecting the Lower Mainland to the rest of Canada would be severed. This kind of sabotage wouldn't necessarily require an expert, either, McPherson was told. Even an amateur could do it.

His research turned up some information that surprised him: The West Coast's "Japanese problem" wasn't a new phenomenon stemming mainly from the attack on Pearl Harbor. As far back as 1902 "white" Canadians had been complaining that Japanese immigrants were underselling them, claiming they were " more aggressive, energetic and willing to put up with a lower standard of living". And these complaints had evolved into out-and-out racial prejudice. In June '41 the Army's Pacific Command was recommending "positive action against the Japanese in the interests of national security." A top Canadian newspaper, the Toronto Star, had declared that "The 40,000 Japanese in Vancouver pose a serious threat to Canada's security". And the Vancouver Sun was saying that "the Japanese

do not properly belong to this country."

By December '41 the racial hostility had increased. While Californians showed their enmity against Japanese-Americans by shattering windows and sending hate mail, in Vancouver vandals were attacking Japanese stores along Powell Street, and Harold Winch, head of the C.C.F. party, and Halford Wilson, Vancouver alderman, were demanding the removal of the Japanese from the West Coast.

The day after McPherson arrived, the RCMP ordered blackouts, the silencing of coastal radio stations from dusk to dawn and the interning of all "undesirable" Japanese. Japanese language schools were closed, and Japanese language newspapers were banned, "to avoid trouble if the white population saw a Japanese paper which they couldn't understand, " according to the R.C.M.P.

Each day's newspaper reports told of new disasters in the Pacific - the fall of Hong Kong and Singapore, the sinking of the Repulse. Fear, panic, terror - all these were reflected on the faces of people in the streets, and McPherson couldn't help but notice and respond subconsciously, despite his determination to remain impartial.

From his arrival in Vancouver on December 8th to his departure on the 22nd, Glenn worked 'round the clock, trying to come up with as honest and objective an assessment as possible. He felt the responsibility keenly. Just 29 years old, he still operated under the old-fashioned ethics and noncompromising principles taught him by his father, Chief Justice Ewan McPherson of Manitoba's Supreme Court. He'd been brought up to do what he knew to be right, no matter how painful or unpopular his decision might be, and that early upbringing continued to guide him.

After two exhausting weeks he knew there was only one logical

conclusion to be reached: The Lower Mainland was a potential powder keg. Let one Caucasian hothead break under this hysteria of fear and racism, and inevitably one or more Japanese would be victimized. As a people they were too identifiable. For their own protection, therefore, they must be moved out of danger.

(This view was shared by others. Eleanor Southin Henricksen, a University of British Columbia student at the time, remembers a prevailing "feeling of apprehension after the attack. We thought that, if the Japanese could bomb Pearl Harbor, maybe they had a master plan to conquer the world and we might be next. And if they did have a master plan, surely they'd have planted some traitors in our midst.

"Most of us agreed at the time that it was best for the Japanese to be moved rather than to have some hot-blooded people take personal reprisals against them. I think we almost felt that it was a humanitarian

decision to move them to some place where they'd be safe. Certainly it seemed a wise precaution in view of the delicacy of the situation.")

McPherson sent word to Stephenson that he was ready to return with his report. Mid-afternoon of his final day in Vancouver he was having a last-minute chat with Bob Ray, a man from the local Custodian's office with whom he'd worked closely during the past two weeks. Ray had noted that Glenn looked physically and emotionally drained, and he could understand why. He'd watched, amazed, at the hours logged by the seemingly tireless McPherson throughout the project. Now he had a suggestion for Glenn's last night in Vancouver:

"Listen," he said, "my girlfriend and I are going dancing tonight. Why don't you come?"

Glenn demurred. He didn't have a date. He didn't know any girls here.

"No problem," Ray said, "my girl will bring a friend."

Rather reluctantly, Glenn agreed to go. But later, driving with Ray through the dark streets of the city's West End on their way to pick up their dates, he began to have second thoughts. Why had he come? He was exhausted. He should have called room service, had dinner in his room, finished his notes and tried to get a good night's sleep before his early flight next morning. The thought of a blind date at the best of times was bad enough - he wasn't basically a social animal - but tonight, tired as he was, and somewhat depressed by the report he was going to have to deliver to Stephenson, the very idea of having to make conversation for a whole evening to someone he didn't know was almost too much. So he wasn't in the best of moods and going up in the elevator, when Ray said: "Don't forget, Glenn, the blonde is mine," he wanted to say: "Who cares?"

What Glenn couldn't have known was that, for as long as he lived from then on, his life would be divided into two parts - Before-he-met-Mercia, and After-he-met-Mercia. This hard-working, New York-based, tough young lawyer who'd vowed never to marry was about to be "floored" by a gorgeous young woman with the bluest eyes he'd ever seen, a young woman who would change his life.

KAY ALSOP RESUME

CAREER FIELD

JOURNALISM: (1968-85) - staff reporter for Vancouver Province. Wrote features, business, politics. Specialized in family law, women's issues, etc. for first 11 years. Then, as fashion editor, covered collections in New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Milan, Hong Kong, Tokyo.

(1986-88) - fashion editor for Woman to Woman, B.C.-based monthly magazine. (1983-86) fashion editor for Maturity, quarterly magazine.

(1960-88) - West Coast correspondent for Style, national garment industry publication. (1986-89) West Coast correspondent for Inside Fashion and Texport Folio, national trade papers.

Freelanced for Chatelaine, the Montreal Gazette, the Winnipeg Tribune, Child Focus, Western Living, West World, the UBC Chronicle, Canadian Living, the Financial Post, Whistler Journal.

(1986-96) - operate my own freelance company, writing features, reports, press releases, columns and biographies, public relations. (Now working on a book).

OTHER WORK: Lectured (2 yrs.) on writing at Blanche Macdonald Career College.

Hostess/interviewer (1962-5) on CBC TV Winnipeg, frequent guest panellist national CBC TV, contributor to national CBC radio.

HONORS: Woman of Distinction (YWCA '87) for Community/public affairs (for coverage of women's and family issues in the Province).
MacMillan Bloedel Award '78 - (for Litany for Levesque Land)
Outstanding Achievement Award - WCDFA - fashion coverage.

COMMUNITY: (1987-93) - West Vanc. Memorial Library Foundation director
YWCA - past board member; church - past chairman of board.

PERSONAL: Married, three grown children, five grandchildren.

SYNOPSIS

In his late eighties, frail and arthritic, hard-of-hearing and legally blind, Glenn McPherson can still hold listeners spellbound with stories of events that happened during his remarkable five-part career. And it's only now that he's agreed to tell these stories. For many years he refused to betray top-secret confidences entrusted to him by the legendary Sir William ("Man Called Intrepid") Stephenson. His work as Legal Counsel for the Custodian of Enemy Property during the war also required that he keep silent about the reasons why Japanese-Canadians had to be relocated from Canada's West Coast. But others less familiar with these events have seen fit to write about them. So now McPherson, who knows what really happened because he was there, has been persuaded to open his journals and tell it like it was.

But there's much more to his story. After the war, as CEO of Okanagan Helicopters, McPherson played a key role in the discovery and development of Whistler and under his leadership Okanagan expanded from a small provincial crop-dusting enterprise to a company with major contracts all over the world, and clients as celebrated as war ace Sir Douglas Bader, director of Shell Oil.

At an age when most men retire, McPherson became Deputy Chairman of B.C. Rail, and initiated the installation of an electric railway at Tumbler Ridge, one of only four in the world at that time. And still later he took on the arduous — and some might say thankless — position of Chairman of the Vancouver Port Authority, which position he held for ten years, fighting all the while with the federal government for this port's right to run its own affairs.

A man of great charm, strong convictions and deep principles, father of four and good friend to many, McPherson has always been a workaholic and a loner. Fifty-six years ago, however, he met and married the lovely Mercia Griffiths. They have lived happily ever since and that, he says, has made all the difference.

THE MAN FROM UNDERCOVER

The Untold Story of Glenn McPherson,

Intrepid's Man Friday

and

"One of the 10 Most Outstanding
Young Men in North America"

by

KAY ALSOP

Money re 49,445 transfer to Calgary by Mercia on Jan 30 1990

CALGARY Feb 1/90 ~~March 3~~ 1990

- Date Calgary purchased ~~DEC 18~~ 1989?
- Fair market value at Feb 22/94.
- Issue of were the funds Mercia's.
Home Lot 7 was sold in 1988 for $450,000 per Nov bal/88 Bankrec Mercia
our bank ~~fo~~ books show deposit Nov/88

WHISTLER

- Issue of were the funds Mercia's.
- What was approx value Dec 31, 1971
(Jimmy Sinclair sold in 71 for 15K)
- Issue of shares
+ subsequent improvements
- Fair market value at Feb 22/94

THE SIREN

November 2, 1998

The news letter for the West Vancouver Fire Service Museum and Archives Society

1. FINDING A HOME Finding a home for our three vintage fire trucks, remains our biggest concern, and it is the very reason our Society was formed back in 1985. With the help of Kevin Pike in the West Vancouver Parks, we have submitted a proposal to Mayor and Council encouraging them to approve of our fire museum in principal. This proposal should go before Council in the third week of November which is the same week of our Annual General Meeting. We have asked them to scrutinise the 6 locations for a fire museum which are now on our short list. These locations were suggested by our Museum Location Committee which consists of Dave Tyler, Bas Collins and myself, Tom Bell. This committee was struck at our last A.G.M. specifically for developing a short list and proposal for council. Three of the original 9 locations decided on, have been dropped as possibilities after ongoing talks with the parks board. This is a major disappointment for Bas, as he was and still is hoping for a location adjacent to the Ferry Building, which would involve a major heritage complex on the West Van. ocean front. We were encouraged not to pursue this location as it was felt the idea would not sail with Council at this time. Should we fail in this attempt I would expect we will have to go to our very next best possible solution which will likely be a modest attachment to the side of one of our fire stations or perhaps pursue an amalgamated museum with the two North Vancouver Fire Departments. Neither would be as attractive as having our own museum in West Van. housing all our collection, have room to grow, and pursue the goals as laid out in our constitution.

2. OUR RETIREES Over the next few years, more and more names will be added to our growing list of retirees. I feel it is important to stay in touch with the guys who served their community, and give them an avenue to get together once in a while. I'm sure our Society can fill that need but we do need to have our members participation to make it work. If you want to volunteer some time or have any ideas, please bring them to our A.G.M., Thursday, Nov.26, in the training room at #1 Fire Station, 760 16th. St., W.V., at 4:00 PM. If you would like to join the boys for dinner after the meeting, at Tasos, please contact Tom Bell 980 2244 [home] or at 922 0626 [#1 Hall] or Howard Moody 986 1552 [home].

3. ACQUISITIONS For many years now, our Society has been named in the "Will" of one of our honorary members, Mr. Karl Schaller, as the recipient of a very valuable badge and medal collection. Most of you will remember Karl from our two fire department reunions where he had his collection on display. Karl has decided to give the collection to us, now, and it is my pleasure to acknowledge this most generous gift to our Society. It represents a major acquisition for us, as the collection has many one of kind priceless medals that come from all over the world. It is a collection that took Karl a life time to compile and I am very proud that Karl chose our museum to donate them to. The collection is modestly appraised at approximately $7,000 and is currently on display in the front foyer of #1 Fire Station.

We have also lucked out in acquiring an entire van load of fire department memorabilia from one of our honorary directors and the former Chief of our department, Rex Chandler. The acquisition is a cross section of memorabilia from his entire career and is sincerely appreciated. All of Rex's things will eventually be on display when we find a proper home for them. Hopefully in a proper fire museum worthy of displaying all of our growing collection.

ELECTIONS It is my intention to give up the office of president on my retirement which could happen for me within one year. This of course will free up some time for Nancy and I to travel etc. in the first exciting years of our retirement My term is up this year, so this will be the last election and term for me, if elected. I would step aside if we have a member out there who would take on the office of president of our Society and make it work. I would of course be around to make the transition easy and I would hope to get involved with our retirees as time goes by. Every organisation needs new blood and ideas in order to succeed. This year we also elect a vice president and one director so if you are interested in running for office please contact Tom Bell or Howard Moody at your earliest convenience. It is not known at this time if Eric Butler and John Phillipson intend to run again but I sincerely hope they do as they have served our Society well. Eric is our current vice president and John is currently serving as a director. Howard Moody, Peter Cherry and Dave Tyler still have one year left in their terms of office.

RESTORATION New running boards have been installed on old 32 and the siren was fixed on the Jeep, thanks to John Phillipson, who has put his heart into looking after our vintage fleet. It should also be noted that Bob Allan did a wonderful job on the new display case at #1 Hall, it matches the old one perfectly and the lights show off our new badge and medal collection beautifully.

ACTIVITIES We need help to keep our high profile fleet of vintage fire trucks out doing what they do best and that is, supporting the Fire Dept. and Fire Fighters Union in the ongoing effort to serve West Vancouver. Our participation in community events and supporting traditional fire service charities has been greatly acknowledged by the various groups we have helped over the years and has convinced me that the Society must continue it's work. 1999 will be the 30th. anniversary of the restoration of "Old 98", which will mean it has served West Vancouver as a fire service public relations vehicle for over 30 years which is longer than its service as a Vancouver Fire Dept. truck. Just as valuable today, as it was in 1929, I would say.

For any further information about your Society or the forthcoming A.G.M. please feel free to contact me 980 2244 (H) or 922 0626 (W) Copies of our proposal and game plan are available from me or Howard if you would like to have a look.

Tom Bell, President,
West Van. Fire Service Museum and Archives Society

Tom

Helicopter Association International
1635 Prince Street, Alexandria, Virginia 22314-2818 Telephone: (703) 683-4646 Fax: (703) 683-4745

January 11, 1999

Mr. Glen McPherson
Fourstar Marketing Corporation
6926 Maritime Drive
West Vancouver,
BC, V7W2T3
CANADA

Dear Mr. McPherson:

We were saddened to hear about the passing of your father last month. He was a visionary, pioneer and obviously a man who had a zest for life. We are proud to have had a close relationship with him in the past.

It is HAI's intention to dedicate the 17th edition of our *Annual* to your father's memory. I hope we have an opportunity to meet some time in the future.

Sincerely,

Roy Resavage
President

ATTITUDE

by Charles Swindoll

The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. Attitude, to me, is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than success, than what other people think or say or do.

It is more important than appearance, giftedness, or skills. It will make or break a company. . .a church. . .a home. The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past. . .we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude. I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it.

And so it is with you. We are in charge of our attitudes.

Taken from the ALL-OHIO's newsletter
**NINETY-NINE News*

(Association of Women Pilots)*

FOURSTAR MARKETING

December 21, 1998

Dedicate the Helicopter Annual

Mr. Roy Resavage
President
Helicopter Association International
1635 Prince Street
Alexandria, Virginia
USA, 22314 - 2818

703 683-4646

Dear Mr. Resavage,

Unfortunately, on December 3rd my father, Glenn McPherson, passed away as a result of complications after surgery.

While his death was unexpected, I must admit that he lived a rich and full life. And at a very young 88 years of age he was in great mental and physical health. Indeed, he was a very fortunate man. Happily married to my mother for 56 years, the proud father of 4 successful children, 10 healthy and adoring grandchildren and money in the bank the day he died! Not bad ... we should all be so lucky!

To the point...

... in addition to his wife and family, my Dad had two true loves - the "law" and aviation (well helicopters actually). Called to the Bar in 1935, Dad practiced law or used his legal background in several businesses until 1954 - the year he took over the reins of Okanagan Helicopters. 44 years ago Okanagan's logo was the hummingbird. That logo, that mark, that image, that symbol became magical for my Dad. It represented the unique and therefore unlimited potential of a form of flight that in those days lacked serious consideration from the aviation "industry." He had truly found his calling.

He took over the Presidency and General Manager's position of Okanagan Helicopters in 1954. Carl Agar - the then Co-Owner / Chief Pilot / Chief Mechanic / Sales Manager / Secretary etc., etc., of this fledgling company was looking for someone with a business background to take over the day to day operations. I remember Carl when I was very young and I remember my Dad using the word "promoter" when he referred to Carl. Years later I found out how Carl Agar - the epitome of the seat-of the-pants bush pilot had acquired the moniker "promoter." It

was because he talked my conservative/ serious/ take-no-chances Father into becoming the President of Okanagan Helicopters on a hand shake. Carl convinced Dad that Okanagan was an up and comer - after all they had 3 helicopters - which was partially true. The problem was only 1 was operational! Carl was cannibalizing 2 of them to keep the other 1 flying! More than a few people told Dad that he was out of his mind to get involved with a "promoter" like Carl Agar who was pushing an industry that had no future. But the emotional connection had been made. My Dad was hooked.

Today we would say that he was a "visionary" but in 1954 you called it a "gut feeling." Dad saw the potential of the helicopter because he saw the limitations of fixed wing aircraft. So over the years Dad pioneered the use of the helicopter as a practical and efficient workhorse for a variety of tasks. Exploring huge areas of the the far north, mining exploration, opening up the jungles of South America, negotiating with the Soviets in the early 60's for their Sky Crane, fighting forest fires, building hydro lines and ski lift towers from the air instead of the ground, logging steep mountain slopes, heli skiing, servicing North Sea oil rigs, search and rescue techniques, to name a few.

When he joined Okanagan they had 3 helicopters. By the time he left the company in 1975, Okanagan was the third largest helicopter company on the planet - 69 or 70 helicopters doing business around the world. Every manufacturer knew him well and pioneers like Igor Sikorsky called him a friend.

During his years at Okanagan, Dad held a variety of positions in the aviation industry.

Some of these include the following;

1954 - 1975 President then Chairman, Okanagan Helicopters

1967 - 1968 Chairman, Air Transport Association of Canada

1969 - 1971 President, Helicopter Association of America

1972 Chairman, Helicopter Association of America

1972 Life Member, Helicopter Association of America

1972 Awarded the Lawrence D. Bell Memorial Award for significant

contribution to the Helicopter industry.

1973 Appointed Life Member of the Air Transport Association of Canada.

Please let your members know that one of the true pioneers of your industry is gone.

On a personal note, I would love to discuss with you the possibility of creating an Annual Award in my Fathers name. The Helicopter Association of America was near and dear to Dad and without him - and several other individuals - your organization would not be what it is today.

Please feel free to contact me anytime.

Sincerely,

Glenn McPherson

LENNON PHILLIPS COMMUNICATIONS INC.

Tuesday

Sent a copy of this to Wendy Palmer at Royal this AM
Love you Mum
Glenn

ANK 17th & MARINE

JOINT ACCOUNT, GLENN W. & MERCIA

Glenn McPherson

18, 1990

a to Glenn 1990

enture, #673 in the name of Glenn W.

surance 1997

10) Marilyn Morris' Will

11) Glenn & Mercia's BCAA Accident Insurance membership

12) Dominion of Canada insurance documents re 4580 Marine Drive

13) 2 Marriage Certificates Glenn & Mercia

14) 2 Birth Certificated; Glenn

15) 1 Birth Certificate; Mercia

16) BRICK shares

17) 2 packages of negatives re 4580 Marine drive contents

18) Great West Life folder re Glenn life insurance

19) 2 vaccination certificates; Glenn & Mercia

DECEMBER 04, 1998; 1:30 PM ROYAL BANK 17th & MARINE

CONTENTS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX - JOINT ACCOUNT, GLENN W. & MERCIA MCPHERSON

1) Original Last Will November 14, 1988; Glenn McPherson

2) as above: Mercia McPherson

3) Power of Attorney; Glenn to Mercia May 18, 1990

4) as above: Mercia to Glenn

5) Power of Attorney: Land Title Use mercia to Glenn 1990

6) Living Will; Glenn

7) Living Will; Mercia

8) Capilano Golf & Country Club; One Debenture, #673 in the name of Glenn W. McPherson dated December 7, 1955

9) Mercia Car Registration & Insurance 1997

10) Marilyn Morris' Will

11) Glenn & Mercia's BCAA Accident Insurance membership

12) Dominion of Canada insurance documents re 4580 Marine Drive

13) 2 Marriage Certificates Glenn & Mercia

14) 2 Birth Certificated; Glenn

15) 1 Birth Certificate; Mercia

16) BRICK shares

17) 2 packages of negatives re 4580 Marine drive contents

18) Great West Life folder re Glenn life insurance

19) 2 vaccination certificates; Glenn & Mercia

Glenn McPherson
Tax # 13954
CL make copy
A+T pull 1.14
Done Mcauley

March 26/97

Meeting with Mr. + Mrs. McPherson

Same general situation

Principal charge sale of Calgary condo
by Mrs. McPherson

We need to look carefully at documents
At quick glance appears

Sale price $56,500

legal on sale 482.37

orig cost $53,900
425.47
54,325.47

Also see Ed. 2. note re legal fees at front of her file (on cover)
We had rented unit in Nov + Dec 95 $650/mo
1996 similar until sale
$650 January →
however tenant reneged on
August 10 - Sept 10 rental cheque
(stopped payment)

Insurance ??

mgmt fee $81.50/mo.

prop tax see statement of adjmts. 451.50 net
~~[illegible]~~ what period does that relate to ??
i.e. there's about 10 mos rental in 96 + 95 don't know/can't

Glen McPherson
Undercover

Work 26/97
Disc'd Estate Planning considerations

BC Probate fee 1.5%

" should consider jt name to mninize.
last yr. we disc'd jt name for
share of Whistler condo corp & they
were interested in putting in kid's
jt name

Cautioned them they can't just go
out and do this or it would trigger
tax.

West Van house - her name but has
earlier been in his name and
joint name.
over 15K in probate fees upon
her death.

Also need to consider land transfer
tax implications of these trsfers.
[Presumably GST too]

I did the following summary on the
white board.

Attribn FMV Cost G M Jt Kids

WV house 50/50 ?? → (sold adjacent lot in 80's) 1.5 mm now treed?

Whistler (share) ??
check step up in ACB 130K
in 94
his or hers re CC
in 94 (see 75 T1 summary info) ??

10,500 plus surveyor improvements plus crystalized gain in 94.

need to have jt share ownership by kids clearly delineated ~~as to~~ bare trust arrangement

90 90

40

Bonds

Life insurance on Glenn
benefiting Marcia 30K

Great West Life annuity
GWM thinks or his life
perhaps +1 yr after
his death to Marcia

Marcia will own West Van until she dies
If she predeceases Lem he'd likely sell.
Kids would not add Whistler.

We should formalize this.
Mrs McPherson was keen to speak to
their West Van lawyer first. They're
concerned he may not do estate stuff.

They asked me if I knew any West Van
lawyers + I suggested Bill Yager
might be appropriate. I'd need to
speak to him.

Executor - thinking of Glenn + Son in law
discuss this with them.
they need to be explicit.

Said I'd write up summary sheet and
provide comments in a letter for $1000.
Mr McP to speak to lawyer +
will call me next week.