

Refined People - Not Refined Oil

by Richard Whitby

In the first article about John M. Shaheen in the GAZETTE, it was mentioned that Shaheen and Richard Nixon were close friends or at least seemed to be. Let us solidify that statement by eliminating the "seem to be" and give a few instances of their close and long standing friendship, a friendship that has not been without its advantages for both.

In 1969, speaking to a NEW YORK TIMES reporter just before Nixon's inauguration, Shaheen mentioned that in addition to the refineries planned in the Maritimes, he was planning to build one in Maine. When the question of how he would contend with the import quotas on foreign oil into the U.S., Shaheen said, "Dick is - was our lawyer." Indeed he was his lawyer, for six years officially. When Shaheen was trying to interest newspaper men in buying newsprint from his proposed pulp plant in Newfoundland in 1962, he invited a number of them to a meeting there and started with a short talk and then said that his lawyer would fill them in on the details.

At this point the ex-vice-president, ex-presidential candidate, and ex-California gubernatorial candidate (he had just been beaten by Edmund Brown Sr. "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore") popped out and proceeded to outline the plans for the project which was doomed to failure from the start.

At a government reception, after Nixon finally won something (unfortunately, it was President of the United States), he introduced Shaheen to Pierre Trudeau, the Prime Minister of a large North American nation, as the World's greatest salesman. It's nice to have friends in high places. Oh yes, it might be interesting to note here that Shaheen donated \$104,000 to Nixon's reelection campaign in 1972.

This whole business of having friends like Nixon may seem unimportant to apply to the situation in Nova Scotia, but it follows a pattern. John Shaheen is in the habit of cultivating the friendship with politicians who can do him some good. He did the same thing with Joey Smallwood. The general idea in Newfoundland was that Smallwood's ad-

ministration would make it easy for Shaheen to set up what he wanted there, and in turn, Smallwood would have the refinery as a campaign issue for his reelection. To put it bluntly, it was a "you kiss my ass, I'll kiss yours" type of deal. Shaheen went as far as to name one of his tankers after Smallwood. In 1966 Smallwood was returned to office on this platform, "Look at what he has done for us." The problem was that when people did look they found that Smallwood had sold out to Shaheen. So in the Spring of 1968 a number of Joey's associates revolted and quit the Liberal party. In the Federal election that followed shortly, one Liberal and six Conservatives were elected. Eventually Smallwood himself was defeated by Frank D. Moores whose platform was "no more Shaheen deals." Rather than repeat the same script let it suffice to say that the first tanker to leave Newfoundland with oil from the Shaheen refinery was the Frank D. Moores.

It might be worthwhile to again mention to QE II that Shaheen chartered to go to the dedication ceremonies



in Come-by-Chance. Both Smallwood and Moores were there. The cruise cost at least \$1 million and had such amenities as 150 pounds of caviar, 1000 bottles of champagne, 3000 bottles of hard liquor, 6000 gallons of draft beer and 12,000 bottles of beer to fight the dampness of Newfoundland. Besides Smallwood and Moores some of the dignitaries in attendance were William Buckley (not his brother James as previously mentioned), former federal finance minister Edgar Benson, James Fleck, Roy McMurty, several ambassadors, dozens of senators, both Canadian and U.S., many of the World's top oil executives, and at least one top judge from New York. It seems one does not live by

elected politicians alone.

And so as the sun sets, we return to Nova Scotia and its popular Liberal Premier Gerald Regan, staunch defender of the Canso project and in fact chief arranger. Now, to say that Mr. Regan was only thinking of the welfare of the people of Nova Scotia when he arranged the deal would be somewhat naive. First, when Shaheen announced the project Regan was sitting at his right hand, something of more than symbolic importance. Secondly, it is no secret that Regan has aspirations to higher office. A project such as Canso would certainly be a feather in his cap should the opportunity arise to move upward. Hence he has maintained high visibility until recently when it comes to Canso. With the current labor problems, and the major redesigning of the facility Regan's dream may become a nightmare and if things continue in the same direction he may have plenty of time to write his autobiography after the next provincial election unless he can successfully disassociate himself from the mess.

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Zapped by Zapata's

This is an article of an incident which happened to me recently. I would like to have it published in your paper. I am a student at S.M.U. and have received co-operation from the SMU Journal, the police not to mention interested parties. The Dal legal aid is assisting me at the present I hope that the staff associated with the Gazette will also become involved with this matter by informing other fellow students by publishing this report.

Greasy Incident

Any student planning on going to Zapatas in the near future I hope your luck is better than mine. The dining is fine but if you are going dancing, may I advise you to take a few people with you. On the evening on January 4, 1975, I decided I would like to go out and have a good time. Well, I heard that Zapatas was getting pretty heavy, but only thought it was a rumor, because I'd never had any hassle there before. So anyway, I wanted to do something

different as there wasn't much action on campus, classes didn't resume until the sixth of January and I wanted to relax a bit. I left the campus around 9:00 p.m. and went to a friend's place to see if he would like to join me but unfortunately he had a previous engagement. After leaving his place I went to the L.B.R. in the Lord Nelson and had a beer (one) with some friends. I left the L.B.R. about 10:00 p.m. and proceeded to Zapatas. When I got there, there weren't too many people but I hoped it would pick up later on. I paid the outrageous cover charge of \$2.75 and then, intending to enter to find a suitable seat, I was confronted by the doorman who told me to check my sweatshirt. Well, the sweatshirt I was wearing was the hood type and I was using it to cover up the shirt that I had on underneath. The shirt's collar was in good shape but the rest of the shirt had stains on it and wasn't in the best of shape. I didn't want to feel like a bum in rags in Zapatas (which is (was) considered a proper

place to go) so after I attempted to persuade the doorman to let me enter, he told me that if I didn't take off the sweatshirt I wouldn't be allowed to enter. Not wanting to feel embarrassed with the stained shirt I decided to get my refund from the cover charge. When I turned to the cashier I glanced at the doorman to see what he was doing and all of a sudden he hit me with his right "POW". Well, a fight began. In all the bouncing around we ended up outside on the sidewalk. The next thing I knew there was minimum of two of the staff and some others who I didn't recognize using my head for a soccer ball. I couldn't tell exactly who they were because everything happened so quickly. Anyway, one of the staff (who was also in on the beating) got me out of the fight and took me north up the street. I was really uptight and tense when I got to the corner and yelled back to the doorman where to go and I'd get him. Well after hearing me he came running up the corner and round two began. I'm not

sure how many were on me the second time. After I was left on my hands and knees I managed to make my way towards South Park Street and Spring Garden Road when I spotted a police cruiser. I ran to the car and got in telling him the story. He then radioed in the call and shortly after we returned to Zapatas a patty-wagon arrived with 3 or 4 other policemen. When we approached the door of Zapatas two other doormen appeared (one of whom I recognized from the fight) and stated that they had been on at the door at all times. After the policemen that had picked

me up took me to the Victoria General Hospital where I received X-rays, a check up for bruises, 6 stitches below my left eye for a doozee of a shiner and one heck of a headache. After phoning the police and placing a complaint of bodily harm, I returned to my residence where I called the manager of Zapatas and informed him of the assault. Nothing has happened yet but I hope that something will come of this incident.

Editors note: The name of the author of this article has been withheld upon his/her request.

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