In Retro-Spectrum

By Howard Jacobs

With the Vietnam war and the soaring crime rate preempting the news in 1966, the world continued to wag—although in somewhat erratic fashion. A quick glance at developments within the past 12 months on the international and domestic fronts disclosed events a trifle more heartening than truce and consequences.

A paralyzing New York City transit strike finally came to an end, but before powerful Transport Workers Union boss Michael J. Quill was jailed for contempt of court. The charges were dropped, however, proving the Quill is mightier than the pen.

Another incipient strike of some magnitude was headed off with an eleventh-hour settlement between the far-flung Boeing Co. and the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers. Intensive pacification took the red glare out of the workers’ eyes and put it back in the rockets where it belonged.

Tidelands mineral lease funds, frozen in the offshore boundary dispute between Louisiana and the federal government, approached the billion mark. An expected partial settlement failed to materialize, and once more the state had to eat escrow.

The New York Stock Exchange, threatening to abandon Gotham in the face of a possible tax on stock transactions, was invited to consider New Orleans as a site for its massive operations. The invitation even included a suggested theme song, namely WAY DOW YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS.

Two other cities which put out the welcome mat for the exchange were New Rochelle, N.Y., and Hoboken, N.J. The wags were inclined to Hoboken, since it suggests the status of many investors.

The market, which had touched the charmed 1,000 circle around the first of 1966, suffered a severe sinking spell throughout the year, plummeting to a low of 740 before regaining a fraction of the loss and moving into the 720 range. So depressed were both market and speculators that a melancholy lyric evolved. It was titled IT WAS ONLY A PAPER PROFIT.

Meanwhile, New York came under fire from some quarters as a continued home base for the United Nations, but astute observers considered it a tempest in a teapot. Their reason: In that sprawling polyglot city, there was hardly a delegate from anywhere in the world without at least two or three relatives he could sponge on for a free meal.

In the celebrated French Quarter, a foreman on an excavation job for a hotel at Bourbon and Conti made a colossal error when he instructed his men to get cracking. They did, and so did the adjacent buildings—some of which are venerable landmarks. Periodic tours of the Quarter by reporters produced word that no B-drinkers were