Wanted: 1 New rectologist Expert Door Fixer JoHn WAILER HWHBANK ROCKET RESEARCH BOT, SOLD, LOANED

THANKS FOR JOINING
BERRYMAN NATHANE
DANIEL NELSON
JONES, JR. PERRY
MERRYMAN BISSELL

Seattle Security
Traders Association
annual Christmas party

This entire evening is dedicated to Sidney J. Sanders, Presiden (retiring) of the National Security Traders Assoc. for the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter of 1966, without whose permission this event would never have been possible. This year he has spent freely and selflessly of his own time and his firm's money and has led the Seattle Security Traders Assoc, to new heights of glory and recognition.

By the way, Sid, your lack of official capacity and silence will be appreciated from now on:

SORRENTO HOTEL 6:00 PM.
TERRY & MADISON DECEMBER 9,1964

# SEATTLE SECURITY TRADERS ASSOCIATION

# 1966 Officers

President

Vice President

James Allison

Treasurer

Secretary

Ken Wilson Blyth & Co. Bill Mylius Harris, Upham & Co. Joe Grubbs

Bank of California
John Waller
Hughbanks Incorporated

Lee Loncostv

#### ROSTER OF 1966 MEMBERS

Bill Anderson Peter Raker Homer J. Bateman H. Clyde Berryman M. Lawrence Bissell Jerry Bunnell Robert E. Daniel Edward K. Faster Clinton Foulds S. W. Frederick, Jr. Roger Freeman Phillip Frink, Jr. Frank Granat, Jr. Al Griffin Joe Grubbs Jack Haley Lou Haller Robert Hendries Larry Henshaw Robert Henshaw Glenn E. Hinton Paul Johnson Howard W. Jones, Jr. Bob King John R. Lewis

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### FAMOUS OUDTES FOR THE YEAR-----

"Swimming, anyone?" Bill Rex

"Well, I'm actually not trading it. I was in the sheets for my retail, and the NQB hasn't taken me out yet, but keep me in mind if you have anything in the middle. I don't want to mess up anybody's market. Sid Sanders

For Fast Quotes-----(Even at lunch)

CALL ME ON:

955-3637.

Since this number will be changed immediately, get your calling done early to beat the rush.

F.G.

The Ed at Dean Witter is often bitter. His wit is dry and he's sharp as a tack. But his lost profits this year he'll never get back. Since he quit drinking his portfolio got stinking. MHEN IT COMES TO NATURAL RESOURCES I'M NOT ONE TO SPARE ANY HORSES (THAT'S A HORSE?). WITH THE INFO FROM DALLAS I'LL SOON HAYE A PALACE AT BABINE IN BEIRUT --- AND AT HOME

HOMA KHAYYAM HINTON

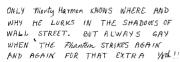
Recently Tony Frederick was overheard in a secluded corner of a very secluded bar asking Lee Miller and Bob King the following------

"I don't know much about it, but is it true that Sid Sanders really has a Chinaman quoting his markets now?"

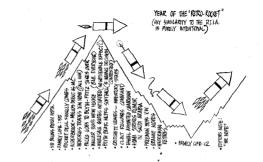
# NEIL WILLIAMS

The Phantom

UNION STREET







Lee Loncosty is his name.... He appears in Walston's Hall of Fame..

The life of Head-Trader was not for he.. A Trader-Vice Pres. he wanted to be....

So back to Seattle he did come.......
To Pacific N.W. he did run.....

His life in Frisco is far behind... Up the success ladder he hopes to climb..

Active trades are still arranged.....
Only the company name is changed.....

#### Conversations at lunch

Jim Allison - "I'd like a competitive offering on 40 shares of Crocker Anglo." Jerry Bunnell - "Sure the bond spreads are wide. but you might as well help for 'the building', too!" Joe Grubbs - "Oh what's 50 bucks to the Traders

Association." Bob Henshaw - "Go where the action is."

Larry Hebshaw - "Let's call N.Y. ." Clark Mock - "My charts are getting clearer every day."

Jerry Mohn - "What am I doing over here, the

Roanoke doesn't take Firstbank Carde?"

Dick O'Conner - "Yeah, see you at Clark's Corner, I'll have a beer," Rod Rich - "So who needs Firstblanck Card and

Blanckamericard--we have Boeingcard," Ken Whiting - "My wife stillthinks the traders meet twice monthly."

# THE TALE OF TWO CITIES

There is a trader whom we all know well. And the poor guy is now almost a shell. For his love moved away to another city. Thus the reason for this little ditty.

late of a night a decision is made--"I'll fly to her now" said this gay young blade. Out to Sea Tac with vigor anew Without even a dime but a head full of brew.

Smuggling on airplanes is no mean trick. Especially when you can't stop going, "Hic, Hic," But the trip was made and the "Bay" came in sight. Away went the headache and prospects were bright.

The end of this tale is not easy to find Our gallant can't guite get her out of his mind. As he pushes the keys and talks on the phone---He remembers S.F. and "those" bills with a groan.

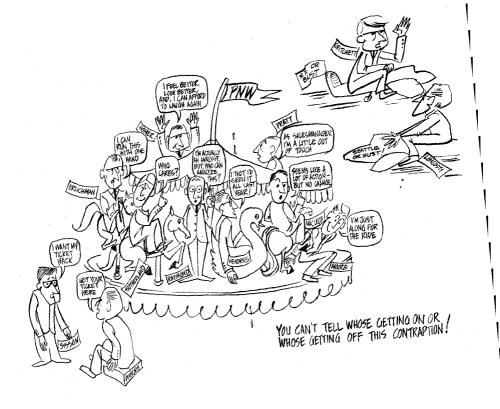


#### ROLL 'EM OVER ROEMER

Sure we have orders! They're all in the middle. The salesmen are greedy, That's why I must fiddle.

On a quarter spread market I'll be in between. But where there's a wide spread. To the weak side I lean.

My forte, however, and fame I derive On the NYSE commissions I thrive. Calling the bottoms and highs I declare Has this year cost all my money and hair. (and clients)





CONT I THE A WINITHME SENDON EVERY TEAR

Jack Lewis Concerto Sung to tune "Robert Hall Clothes"

When Copper Prices go UP UP UP, And Homa finally hits a well, I'll retire on oil and copper, And you guys can go to hell.

Remember when I'm a buyer, You better get good and short. As the markets go tumbling down, Onthe other fone I'm getting a selling report.

Diversa may even work out, And Hawaiian Pacific won't die. Lear Jet may cause me problems. How'd you like to buy my pie??? PARTNERS BOT SOLD GUCTED

ED EASTER

FOUNDED 1791



THURSDAY HIGHT BEFORE ...



For extra copies of our currently outdated report on Pacific Northwest (excuse the name) securities----

Call me CLINT FOULDS

Please, couldn't we have a little business for this????

Southwick's got Haley, Haley's got guts! Of his predictions, "There's no if's, and's or but's" And since he's not rich He must be a nutz.

# Billy'O. Billy'O

Where did you come from? Your order's on fire, and your salesman will burn. You must talk to Eddy. So your lessons you will learn.

## ODE TO A LONELY MAN

The ducks are flying so Lewis is gone.
The pheasants are clucking so Jean has left.
I have no salesmen and too much pay!
Why don't you come down and join me today?



On My Turret And Up Your Street

I got a guy on my button one. Who just never gets done, Trampling my bid, snatching my offer. Always got his fingers in my coffer.

The guy on two is even worse, The day I met hime was a curse. He lies so much it is alarming And always with that smile, disarming.

My guy on three makes me scream, I swear he picks my pockets clean. He never told the truth in his life, Fat as she is, I have to watch my wife.

My fink on four is such a pig, He'd steal a crippled blind ladies wig. He's got it in for me I can tell, While all I do is wish him well.

This character on my button five, Knows only one way to keep alive, By giving me a first class screwing. From his talk I never know whats brewing.

Well, enough of all this regretting, Next thing I know I'll be forgetting This order for five hundred shares. To avoid having blundered A wise trader knows he dares, To vow each time he has a single hundred.

PHILLIP FRINK, JR.

(HOWCAN YOU TOP THAT)

#### TRADERS PERSONIFIED?????

T. Critchett and J. Packo, now there is a pair. For institutional business they showed a great flair. They both incidentally are Granat alums, And so can trade "thousands" and still sween crumbs.

When Packo left Herron, he shed mought a tear. When Critchett left PNC, he left with a lear. Fear not all friends they haven't gone far. You can still find them at your favorite bar.



"MOVING UP IN THE WORLD"