

## Moving, Conference &amp; Training



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As I write this article, a lot of steps and miles have already been traversed in May by this Certified Financial Planning Practitioner. I think I need to start looking for a new pair of shoes and a replacement suitcase. It started with a trip to Fort Lauderdale, Florida for a money management conference with the National Association of Active Investment Managers (NAAIM) and ended with a stock market trading session in Wilmington, Vermont. Sandwiched in between was an office move to a new suite in the same building. Let's start with the office move first.

I have sub-leased office space the last several years from a group called Education Planning Resources (EPR). EPR specializes in education planning and does not deal in stock market investments. I've known one of EPR's owners for many years now and it has been a great fit since there is no conflict of interest with what I do as a money manager. About eighteen months ago EPR signed a five year lease for office space in Suite 117. Thought we were all set for a long stay but there was a clause in the lease that stated if the building was sold, the new owner could take over the space in Suite 117. As fate would have it, the building was sold and the new owner, Lawrence Technological University, did want our office space.

We knew the move was coming since the end of last year but were unsure of the exact date. The moving date turned out to be when I was in Vermont. The good news is that the office was relocated to the second floor of the same building – Suite 210. Moving chaos is still going on but everything is settling down a bit now. For those who have been here before, take the elevator to the second floor and turn right. Follow the hallway down to Suite 210. I am now in 210A. The address remains the same, the suite number is different. The address is: 21415 Civic Center Drive, Suite 210A, Southfield, MI 48076. Telephone and fax numbers also remain the same: 248-728-0028 (office) and 248-499-1972 (fax). I look forward to your visit.

The NAAIM conference in early May was in Fort Lauderdale. I've belonged to this organization for about six years and the quality of programs presented at these meetings is amazing. The keynote speaker was Helene Meisler. Helene is a Financial Markets Analyst with 30 years of experience who spoke about *Short and Intermediate Profit Opportunities in the Current Market*. She writes a daily technical analysis column and authors *TheStreet Top Stocks* newsletter. From Helene we moved to presentations on Robo Advisers, compliance issues and trading systems. And that was only the first day. Days two and three were equally filled with great information. Many of these presentations would probably not interest the average person on the street but for a financial planning/stock market junkie like me, it was great fun.

My second journey in May took me to the Green Mountains of Vermont and a training session with Dr. Alexander Elder. The Alexander Elder story is a fascinating adventure in and of itself. He was born in Leningrad, Russia, grew up in Estonia and entered medical school at the age of 16. At 23, while working as a ship's doctor, he jumped a Soviet ship in Africa and received political asylum in the United States. He then worked as a psychiatrist in New York City and taught at Columbia University. Dr. Elder's experience as a psychiatrist provided him with a unique insight into the psychology of stock trading.

The training session was held at Dr. Elder's house which is located on the side of a mountain in Wilmington, Vermont. There were only 12 attendees at the training and I felt very fortunate to be a part of this group. And a very diverse group it was. Attendees came from around the U.S and the world - California, Oregon, Washington, Texas, Massachusetts, New York and Michigan (me). One woman flew in from Spain. She had attended a previous Elder training session in Cyprus and wanted an update.

Dr. Elder and his business trading partner, Kerry Lovvorn, taught us that trading in the stock market centers around the four M's: Mind, Method, Money and Management. And the mind is the most important element of these four. Using a quote from golfer Bobby Jones, Kerry said, "Golf (and stock trading) is played mainly on a 5 ½ inch course, the space between your ears." We were admonished to know who we are as traders and stay within our skill levels and comfort zone. Since we cannot control the stock market, we can only control our decision to enter or exit the market. Therefore we need a method. Having a method helps us control our fears and determine what we must do. To be a successful trader, we must be willing to lose at times since no one can be successful in every trade they make. The pathway to success: embrace risk, manage emotions, embrace loss, embrace uncertainty and don't let fear dictate what you do. Manage the process by creating a written trading plan and by keeping good records. The goal of the trader is simple: make money and become a better trader.

It was a great session, I learned a lot. It seems like a daunting task to apply all these principles into my Money Management Program. I may not be able to do it all at once but a thousand mile journey begins with the first step and the first steps have been taken to incorporate many of these ideas into my system. The ultimate goal is to keep improving investment performance and reduce risk for my clients as part of their comprehensive financial plan.

In closing, as we enter this Memorial Day holiday, let us remember and give thanks to the valiant men and women who gave their lives so that we can enjoy the freedom this country offers. And a special thanks to my sister, Chris, for sending me a copy of *A POEM THAT WAS US* (on the second page of this newsletter). Take good care and enjoy the long holiday weekend!!!

*Disclaimer: This newsletter is written for general information purposes only and should not be considered specific investment advice. Please make an appointment to discuss recommendations for your personal financial plan.*

## A POEM THAT WAS US

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A little house with three bedrooms,  
One bathroom and one car on the street  
A mower that you had to push  
To make the grass look neat.

In the kitchen on the wall  
We only had one phone,  
And no need for recording things,  
Someone was always home.

We only had a living room  
Where we would congregate,  
Unless it was at mealtime  
In the kitchen where we ate.

We had no need for family rooms  
Or extra rooms to dine.  
When meeting as a family  
Those two rooms would work out fine.

We only had one TV set  
And channels maybe two,  
But always there was one of them  
With something worth the view

For snacks we had potato chips  
That tasted like a chip.  
And if you wanted flavor  
There was Lipton's onion dip.

Store-bought snacks were rare because  
My mother liked to cook  
And nothing can compare to snacks  
In Betty Crocker's book

Weekends were for family trips  
Or staying home to play  
We all did things together –  
Even go to church to pray.

When we did our weekend trips  
Depending on the weather,  
No one stayed at home because  
We liked to be together

Sometimes we would separate  
To do things on our own,  
But we knew where the others were  
Without our own cell phone

Then there were the movies  
With your favorite movie star,  
And nothing can compare  
To watching movies in your car

Then there were the picnics  
at the peak of summer season,  
Pack a lunch and find some trees  
And never need a reason.

Get a baseball game together  
With all the friends you know,  
Have real action playing ball –  
And no game video.

Remember when the doctor  
Used to be the family friend,  
And didn't need insurance  
Or a lawyer to defend

The way that he took care of you  
Or what he had to do,  
Because he took an oath and strived  
To do the best for you

Remember going to the store  
And shopping casually,  
And when you went to pay for it  
You used your own money?

Nothing that you had to swipe  
Or punch in some amount,  
And remember when the cashier person  
Had to really count?

The milkman used to go  
From door to door,  
And it was just a few cents more  
Than going to the store.

There was a time when mailed letters  
Came right to your door,  
Without a lot of junk mail ads  
Sent out by every store .

The mailman knew each house by name  
And knew where it was sent;  
There were not loads of mail addressed  
To "present occupant"

There was a time when just one glance  
Was all that it would take,  
And you would know the kind of car,  
The model and the make

They didn't look like turtles  
Trying to squeeze out every mile;  
They were streamlined, white walls, fins  
And really had some style

One time the music that you played  
Whenever you would jive,  
Was from a vinyl, big-holed record  
Called a forty-five

The record player had a post  
To keep them all in line  
And then the records would drop down  
And play one at a time.

Oh sure, we had our problems then,  
Just like we do today  
And always we were striving,  
Trying for a better way.

Oh, the simple life we lived  
Still seems like so much fun,  
How can you explain a game,  
Just kick the can and run?

And why would boys put baseball cards  
Between bicycle spokes  
And for a nickel, red machines  
Had little bottled Cokes?

This life seemed so much easier  
Slower in some ways  
I love the new technology  
But I sure do miss those days.

So time moves on and so do we  
And nothing stays the same,  
But I sure love to reminisce  
And walk down memory lane.

With all today's technology  
We grant that it's a plus!  
But it's fun to look way back and say,  
HEY LOOK, GUYS, THAT WAS US!

"Good friends are like quilts-they age with you, yet never lose their warmth."