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## Dec. 1946 *Arkay News*

### *Christmas Eve At Rike's*

*Erma Fiste*

Twas the night before Christmas,  
When down to the earth,  
Came a bearded ole fellow  
With a face full of mirth.

At Second and Main Streets,  
He guided his team,  
To the rooftop of Rikes,  
And strange as it seems,

He climbed down the chimney,  
To a great spacious floor,  
And his eyes fairly widened,  
At the great downstairs store.

With a gleam in his eye,  
And a faint little smirk,  
He left a large box of "Patience"  
For the tired, weary clerks.

To the Main Floor he traveled,  
And sensing the demand,  
Left each salesperson,  
An extra pair of hands

Ascending to Second,  
He checked his reserve  
Making it possible to present  
Each clerk with steel nerves.

To Third floor he arose,  
And doing his part,  
Left each individual,  
An understanding heart.

On to the Fourth floor,  
And under the tree,  
Arranged small parcels,  
Of great ability.

The Fifth floor, Old Santa,  
Surveyed with pride,  
But left Candy-coated vitamins,  
For the clerks who nearly died.

On the Sixth floor, the gentleman,  
Stopped with a jerk,  
Digging deep in his bag,  
For a gift to the clerks.

Then quietly smiling,  
He went on his way,  
Leaving all two-weeks vacation,  
Of course—with pay.

To Seventh Floor,  
He did his best,  
By putting a smile,  
On everyone's desk.

And then to Eighth,  
Where he spread good cheer,  
By granting a 3-day week,  
For the coming year.

His job completed,  
He boarded his sleigh,  
Tapped his reindeer,  
And drove away.

But the stars seemed to twinkle,  
As he drove out of sight,  
Merry Christmas to all—  
From DISTINCTIVELY RIKE'S!

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