

Remember?

Erma Fiste

Dear Diary:

Today I celebrated my first anniversary at Rike's.

Just one year ago I was sitting in the employment office folding my application into a fan, counting the number of chandeliers on the Seventh Floor to while away the time, and winding my feet around the legs of my chair. (Almost forgetting to unwind them when I stood up.)

Following that interview there were many new experiences that accompanied my job in the large department store. First, there was the matter of having a plan of the store tattooed on my arm to keep me from going into Interior Decorating when I really wanted to powder my nose. Secondly, how to learn the names of all the nice people who smiled at me like I was their dear, long-lost Aunt Minnie from Wapakoneta. Third, how to work among all the brand new merchandise and still come out having the company owing me money.

My job wasn't of an executive nature. As a matter of fact, it wasn't even luke warm to an executive position. All right, so I didn't even see an executive until I saw Mr. Rike's picture in the "Welcome to Rike's" booklet in Non-Selling Class.

Now that I reminisce, I learned a lot of other things in that class—Rike's hospital would give me my Carter's Little Liver Pill free of charge if I needed it—I could consume 2,624 calories for only 26c in the Store cafeteria, and if I adhered to my criminal tendencies, I could even clip recipes from the magazines in the ladies' lounge.

But I think the part that appealed to me most were the relief periods every afternoon at 3:30 . . . a moment to slip into the snack bar, remove my shoes and enjoy the antics of the stock boys, only occasionally taking cover under a table to escape the barrage of pop bottles used in their little game of warfare.

I know of some women, who, when they heard of the discount given on merchandise actually were silly enough to go whole hog by buying a complete wardrobe. (My family made me take most of my items back, however.) But my friends are still listening to my story of how I can get a 59c tooth brush for 55c.

Ah yes, dear diary, life at Rike's has been . . . perfect. See you tomorrow.

P.S. Dear Diary, The supervisor caught me writing to you on company time, so I am changing the first line to read, "Today I celebrated my last anniversary at Rike's."

They went to school together
They grew up side by side
But he never knew he loved her
Until her rich old uncle died.