



## And you thought Santa's helpers only made rubber duckies.

Dear Santa

I'm 44 years old. A Purchasing Agent for a large corporation. And believe me, I've been a very good boy this year.

You know how it goes, Santa. I mean you get a lot of cookies and milk for your favors. And what the heck, I've done a few favors myself in the past few years.

So what do I get for Christmas? 'Fruit cakes' 48 of 'em last year alone!

I gained 28 pounds just opening them up.

Anyway, Santa, I know you're busy with the elves and all making those rubber duckies, but there's a place here in town, a place called Silver's, and nothing personal, you understand, but they've got gifts. Real gifts. Bar sets. Glassware. Things I can really use. Artistic things, too. And leather bags. And desk sets. Class stuff that fits my image.

Now my request is, Santa, why not

make Silver's one of your helpers here in town. I mean they can do it all. They've got the gifts. They'll wrap them. Mail them. Anything. Why not just refer all those fruit cake requests to one of their two showrooms at 16350 Woodward. Or the Tel-Twelve Mall. Where they're open all the time. Till 9:00 p.m. daily. 6:00 p.m. on Saturdays. And they'll be open Sundays, too, after Thanksgiving.

Tell you what, Santa. If you make

Silver's one of your helpers, I'll work out a deal for you on a new sleigh. Just think about it, please. Merry Christmas. Desperate.

Dear Desperate

Fantastic idea! As of right now Silver's is one of my official helpers in the Detroit area. Merry Christmas to you, Santa.

PS Skip the sleigh... let's talk about a Seville.



## The Silver's Touch