
THE SANCTUARY LIGHT

A Sanctuary light you twinkle there
Around His halo so sweet and fair,
You are our guardian of the night
To tell us of the Christ child bright.

In your glimmer, our prayers are raised,
To him above we give our praise,
And when the chapel is cold and bare
You give our love to Him in there.

When Mary looks down from above
And sees us who know not his love,
You still flicker for forgetful man
Who passes by His outstretched hand.

—REGIS DUFFY '53

TAKEN

"What can I do for you, sir?" the nattily attired salesman asked.

"I'd like to get an overcoat like one of those in your window," I replied.

"Oh yes," he said, "step right over here please. Is there any particular color you would like?"

"Well, I guess I would prefer some shade of brown."

He pointed to a rack of coats, and asked me which one I would like to try on. I picked one in my size and shrugged my way into it. Then he directed me to a set of full-length mirrors arranged in such a way that, when I stood in front of them, I could get a view of myself that included front, back, and both sides. I stood there looking, and, to be perfectly frank, admiring myself for a few minutes.

"Such shoulders," I muttered to myself, "these coats can really do wonders for a person." I was overjoyed.

"I'll take it," I said to the salesman. "Just wrap up my old one and I'll wear this one."

"That's fine," he purred, "I'm sure you'll be more than satisfied. It's really a bargain at any price." With that he proceeded to wrap my old coat. "Would you like to pay in full right now?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I replied, trying to sound as casual as possible, "how much is it?" (As if I didn't know).

"Sixty-five dollars," he answered.

"Sixty-five dollars! But the sign in the window says they are reduced to \$42.50."

"Yes, they are, that is, those in the window."

"Oh," I exclaimed, breathing easily once more, "Then I'll take one of those in the window."

"I'm sorry, but we can't take them out of the window until the sale is over. After all, we don't want to ruin our window display by removing part of it."

Becoming slightly red in the face, I said quite logically, "But if those coats on sale stay in the window until the sale is over, and then revert to their normal price, there will have been no sale!"

"Now please don't get excited, sir," he said, "of course there will have been a sale, because it is going on right now."

"Alright then," I blared, "I want an overcoat like this one I have on at a reduced price as advertised."

"But sir, you can't expect us to ruin our window display in the middle of a sale."

"You don't have to," I almost roared, making no effort to hide my exasperation, "just sell me this overcoat at the reduced price."

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that, sir, only the coats in the window are on sale."

By this time I had gone through the various stages of anger until I was purple with rage. But what could I do? The other clerks in the store were standing around in small groups and pointing the finger of scorn at me. I saw through their shallow scheme though. They intended to shame me into buying one of the coats. Well they weren't going to pull that one on me, I decided. I was too smart for that.

Angrily I took the beautiful new coat off and threw it on the counter, snatching up my old one at the same time.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" the clerk solicitously asked, a cynical smile on his face.

Not being one to pass up an opportunity like this, I replied as I stormed out: "Yes, you can drop dead!" He didn't though, because the very next day he was seen thrashing a little boy who had wished him a "good morning."

—FRED COYLE '52

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
Aright.

—Robert Burns.