

on Business

Unsnatchable

KAY MADISON

What is fog? Yes, it is a cloud-like mass of minute globules of water, but just how can fog be summarized? How can it be handled as a substance? Fog is an evasive little creature—so evasive that one has no control over its behavior!

Fog does exist. One knows that. It is a shunning material. It dodges and baffles a person. It emanates from nowhere; it disintegrates into nowhere. It disappears suddenly, but where goes the formerly opaque existence?

Can fog be a mirage? One never holds fog. One sees fog, but it disappears as one approaches. Is it an illusion? Perhaps it is, or is it possible that fog is just a vaporish nymph instigated by fanciful imagination?

Let us state facts. Fog is moderately wet. It is found in the atmosphere, on one's glasses, and in some minds. It is odorless and has a humid, untangible existence. It

can be stifling and suffocating.

This questionable existence is hard to lay hold upon, or, shall we say, unsnatchable. It is a powerful existence. It controls the vision and human activities at times. Yes, it is opaque and trouble-making, but what can a person do about the situation? The human race truly is a victim of fog's mischievous ways.

Have you ever tried a game of grapple with fog? You run, you leap, and you grapple. What? You did not catch it? Where did that elusive little obscurity of a cloud go? Oh, you say you can't retain it in your hand? For shame. Now you have let that little bit of opaqueness slip through your fingers. You haven't caught it yet? Well, that is inevitable, because you will never catch the little nymph!

Yes, fog does exist in the atmosphere, on the glasses, and in some minds. It is odorless and unsnatchable. It is baffling and shunning. In more ways than one does a person seem to have a touch of this obscurity when he endeavors to define this darkened state, whether it be in the atmosphere or on the cerebellum!

Lost In Fire-Play

A poet loses himself in the fire-play
Of a candle gleaming in a darkened room
Until the fire becomes words
And the words become fire
And lambent flames play on the tarnished dream.

—SHIRLEY OAKES

Path To The Goal

Within the dismal blackness of my melancholy mind,
Where saddening thoughts are born and kept, I find
That, though my heart is saddened—rooted deep in this dark sod,
It struggles upward, outward toward its God.

And when, in simple blessings' soft remembrance, I am glad,
Content in the assurance I have had
A part in coaxing to some childish face a joyous smile,
My heart is closer drawn to God the while.

On, onward! Ever farther must thou reach and grasp, my soul;
And joy and peace await thee at thy Goal.
Faith, love, and hope: these mark the path Christ trod;
Through sadness, joy, or chilling storm I follow—and find God!

—EVELYN FLOYD

JACKIE POWERS

ROE

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