

## CHALLENGE

One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. Who knows how many millions of people had observed steam emerging from a pan of boiling water without giving it a second thought before a Greek philosopher by the name of Hiero realised that the escaping vapor meant power, with the result that he built the scientific toy known as Hiero's engine. And it then took some two thousand years before other men of thought and vision developed this plaything of Hiero's into a practical and useful machine that could move ships and vehicles as they had never been moved before.

An incredible number of discoveries and inventions, large and small, owe their beginnings to the ability of certain people to see in commonplace occurrences the germ of a new idea. An apple falls from a tree, and an Isaac Newton starts thinking about gravity and gravitation. An inquiring mind notes the manner in which spiders string their webs across the corner of a garden, and the design of a suspension bridge is formulated.

"Chance," said Louis Pasteur, "favours the prepared mind." Such a mind was that of Sir Alexander Fleming who noticed that a culture of bacteria had been accidentally contaminated by a mold. The mold, the scientist reasoned, was doing odd things and deserved to be studied further. And thus was born penicillin.

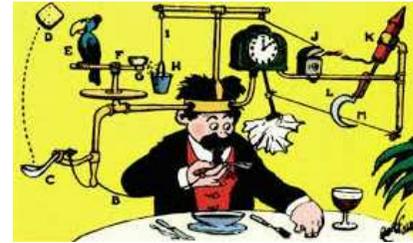
The twitching of a frog's leg when touched by a knife started Luigi Galvani thinking along lines that lead to the discovery of the electric battery. Oersted's chance placing of a wire conducting an electric current near a magnet ultimately led Faraday to the invention of the dynamo. The principle of the pendulum was revealed by the swinging of a lantern suspended from the dome of a cathedral. A teenager by the name of William Henry Perkin who was trying to make artificial quinine in his little laboratory ended up with a sticky mess - from which he extracted the first aniline dyes. And Roentgen happened to notice that cathode rays penetrated black paper. When he finally figured out why, he had discovered X ray.

So it goes. A flash of genius re-examines and analyses something nobody ever paid attention to previously, and the world changes. But it takes a Newton, a Fleming, a Galvani - or, maybe, a you or me. . . . .



For the best jobs haven't been started - the best work hasn't been done. Berton Braley

With doubt and dismay you are smitten  
You think there's no chance for you, son?  
Why, the best books haven't been written,  
The best race hasn't been run,  
The best score hasn't been made yet,  
The best song hasn't been sung,  
The best tune hasn't been played yet;  
Cheer up, for the world is young!  
No chance? Why, the world is just eager  
For things that you ought to create  
Its store of true wealth is still meagre,  
Its needs are incessant and great;  
Don't worry and fret, fainthearted,  
The chances have just begun.



## EVERY YOUTH

Every youth has a quest to make  
For life is the King's Highway;  
A joyous heart is the script we take  
On the road to Everyday.  
Every youth has his gift to guard,  
As he fares to a far-off goal  
A body pure, and a mind unmarred,  
And the light of a lovely soul.  
Every youth has a task of his own  
For the Father has willed it so,  
Youth seeks the way, and He alone,  
Can show him the path to go.  
Every youth has a lovely Guide,  
From the vale to the mountain crest,  
For the Unseen Friend who walks beside  
Is the Way and the End of the quest.

Author Unknown

## SELF RESPECT *Have you ever heard of Maimonides?*

He was a Jewish philosopher who, eight centuries ago, was the Albert Schweitzer of his time. He devoted his life to caring for the unfortunate and grappling with the spiritual problems that have disturbed mankind in all ages. In his *Guide of the Perplexed*, written in Arabic, he evolved the lofty concept of God as a divine being, without matter or form, perfect, all-powerful, and omniscient. "When we try to behold His splendour," he wrote, "our vision is blinded with excessive light. When we attempt to measure His power our knowledge becomes ignorance. When we endeavour to describe His love, our language is but the prattle of little children," Evil, Maimonides believed, is but the absence of good. Each good deed, however unspectacular, is a contribution to the achievement of God's ultimate purpose - a tiny beam that helps to dissipate the darkness. Thus, he gave significance to the life and action of every person, however insignificant that person may seem to himself. So, don't sell yourself short; you are somebody. God Himself has extended to you a personal invitation to join His household, to become one of His sons. Believe you are a somebody, and go forward and act accordingly.



**"Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself."**

Crane

## TEENAGERS

A small percentage of our teenagers, like other age groups, are seriously maladjusted, bad, and antisocial. These few create our main social problems among teenagers. But the vast majority of teenagers learn well the ways of society and find their place, sooner or later. They eventually grow up into stable and socially responsible persons in all areas of life.

Philo Farnsworth invented television at the age of thirteen. George Westinghouse designed the air brake at fifteen. Bryant wrote his famous poem "Thanatopsis" at seventeen, Mahatma Gandhi, though married at thirteen, became the leader and emancipator of India's millions. Victoria began her reign as Queen of England at sixteen. Dick Button won the Olympic figure skating championship at eighteen. William James Sidis graduated from Harvard at sixteen. These teenagers displayed an unusually high level of performance.

Teenagers are not born antisocial. They make mistakes in learning how to live in their world as individuals and as members of groups. They do their best at this through the wise guidance and understanding of mature adults who are always ready to help them find the best way in their world.

*Anon.*

## KEEP FRIENDS *It is a great deal easier to make friends than to keep them!*

A charming manner, a clever mind, a jovial mood, a generous impulse, and a happy occasion can be cause enough to arouse your interest in a person at first encounter, and you go away saying: "I like that fellow" or "I like that girl."

But the real friend grows on you.

At first you may be indifferent. He may repel you. He may be gruff or reserved or have some odd corners that jag you. Perhaps he's so quiet he seems stupid. Maybe he has radical views that he announces belligerently. Or he may appear cynical, or too prim or loquacious or supercilious or egotistical.

But time tells. You are thrown with him again and again. You may have to work with him or play with him, and by and by you realise that the two of you fit. You can get along with each other; he does not irritate you. You do not have to be always "holding yourself in" when he's around. You may feel he would do anything for you, but be careful; don't ask him for favours. Just content yourself with the pleasant belief that he would do anything for you. Don't set traps for him. Don't say, "I will ask him to do so and so, and test his friendship." Whoever tempts a friend is unworthy of friendship. Don't ask him to go out of his way to accommodate you. Don't presume upon his good nature.

"No one," says Ed Howe, "has ever done much for me I may have expected a great deal from friends long ago, but I do not now. I have not only learned that if I expect a great deal of them I will be disappointed, I have learned that I have no right to expect it.

Friends are like a pleasant park where you wish to go; while you may enjoy the flowers, you must not cut them."

You will be much more likely to keep friends if you never try to sell them anything, never have money dealings with them, never advise them in any matter where they may possibly lose money, and in short eliminate money entirely from your dealings with them.

Another pretty sure method of losing friends is to strive to improve them. Take for friends those who suit you just as they are.

*Anon.*



## BY THE SIDE OF A MAN

I want to walk by the side of a man  
Who has suffered and seen and knows,  
Who has measured his pace on the battle line  
And given and taken the blows.  
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong,  
Nor scoffed at the failing plan—  
But taken his dose with a heart of trust  
And the faith of a gentleman;

Who has parried and struck and sought and given,  
And, scarred with a thousand spears -  
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven  
And isn't ashamed of his tears.  
I want to grasp the hand of a man  
Who has been through it all and seen,  
Who has walked in the dark of an unseen dread  
And refused to sag or lean;



Who has bared his breast to the wind of dawn  
And thirsted and starved and felt  
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts  
That the mouths of the foul have dealt;  
Who was tempted and fell and rose again,  
And has gone on trusty and true,  
With God supreme in his manly heart  
And his courage burning anew.



I'd give my all - be it little or great -  
To walk by his side today  
To stand up there with the man who has known  
The bite of the burning fray  
Who has gritted his teeth and clenched his fist  
And gone on doing his best  
Because of the love for his fellowman  
And the faith in his manly breast



I would love to walk with him, hand in hand,  
Together journey along  
For the man who has fought and struggled and won  
Is the man who can make men strong.

*Anon.*



We sow a thought and reap an act,  
We sow an act and reap a habit,  
We sow a habit and reap a character,  
We sow a character and reap a destiny.

*Thackeray*

