

little ways. Despite this fine loyalty, W. W. was just about 100 percent sour and bitter toward life, the future, opportunity. He was a real negator.

During that period I was an enthusiastic reader of a certain newspaper columnist who stressed hope, the positive approach, opportunity. When W. W. would find me reading this columnist, or when her column was mentioned, he'd swing verbally and say, "Oh, for Pete's sake, Dave. Read the front page. That's where you learn about life. You ought to know that columnist is just making a quick buck dishing out sweet sauce for the weak."

When our discussions turned to getting ahead in life, W. W. was right there with his moneymaking formula. In his own words, it went like this: "Dave, there are just three ways to make money these days. One, marry a rich woman; two, steal in a nice, clean, legal way; or three, get to know the right people, somebody with plenty of pull."

W. W. was always prepared to defend his formula with examples. Sticking to the front page, he was quick to cite that one labor leader in a thousand who had siphoned off a pile of money from the union till and got away with it. He kept his eyes open for that rare, rare marriage of the fruit picker to Miss Millionaire. And he knew a fellow who knew a fellow who knew a big man and got cut in on a big deal that made him rich.

W. W. was several years older than I, and he made excellent grades in his engineering classes. I looked up to him in a younger-brother sort of way. I came dangerously close to ditching my basic convictions about what it takes to be a success and accepting the negators' philosophy.

Fortunately, one evening after a long discussion with W. W. I grabbed hold of myself. It dawned on me that I was listening