

to the voice of failure. It seemed to me W. W. was talking more to convince himself than he was to convert me to his way of thinking. From then on I regarded W. W. as an object lesson, a sort of experimental guinea pig. Rather than buy what he said, I studied him, trying to figure out why he thought the way he did and where such thinking would take him. I turned my negator friend into a personal experiment.

I haven't seen W. W. in eleven years. But a mutual friend saw him just a few months ago. W. W. is working as a low-paid draftsman in Washington. I asked my friend whether W. W. has changed.

"No, except if anything he's more negative than when we knew him. He's having a tough go of it. He has four children, and on his income it's rough. Old W. W. has the brains to be making five times what he is if he just knew how to use those brains."

Negators are everywhere. Some negators, like the one who almost tripped me, are well-meaning folks. But others are jealous people who, not moving ahead themselves, want you to stumble too. They feel inadequate themselves, so they want to make a mediocre person out of you.

Be extra careful. Study negators. Don't let them destroy your plans for success.

A young office worker recently explained to me why he had changed car pools. "One fellow," he said, "talked about nothing trip in and trip out except what an awful company we worked for. Regardless of what management did, he found fault. He was negative about everyone from his supervisor on up. The products we sold were no good. Every policy had something wrong with it. As he saw it, absolutely everything had something wrong with it.

"Each morning I arrived at work tense and wound up tight. And each night, after hearing him preach and rant for forty-five