

From the Publisher (Published 2007 by Marketplace Books)

Published in the front matter of new edition of “Think and Grow Rich,” by Napoleon Hill

What genius lies asleep in your brain? This is the question Napoleon Hill asked when so many of his generation felt like spokes in a great industrial wheel...overwhelmed and overworked. A common laborer could never be an Alexander Graham Bell or an F.W. Woolworth. The worker went through his or her day, much like we do now, never seeking out the seeds of their individual potential. But some ordinary people did rise above the common struggle. Was it luck? Timing? Napoleon Hill didn't think so...and he set out to prove it.

In order to understand the power of Napoleon's mission, we might first look at those people who became the icons of Napoleon's age. In the spring of 1863, the fields around Chancellorsville Virginia were splattered red with 20,501 American casualties. We were gripped by an epic struggle to right the wrongs of generations caught in an ancient pronouncement of wealth through forced labor; slave or wage—it was much the same. Men and women gave their bodies and their souls to make other people rich.

But at the same time; in that very year, a young man named John D. Rockefeller had a different vision...oil!—the life's blood of the next century. Rockefeller used his visionary mind to lay his stake on a few solitary acres in the remote Western Pennsylvania oil fields. He saw in his mind's eye that the world was going to change; that railroads and factories would win wars, drive the engines of industry and make America a juggernaut. Rockefeller followed his own vision on what it would take to grow an empire. He seized the course that history presented to him. He *thought* and grew rich.

Now let's picture young Napoleon Hill. He was a man born into poverty and raised in a log cabin in the rural hills near Wise County, Virginia. He's about to interview a man to ask the almighty question; what did it take to get where you are? That man was the same John D. Rockefeller and I have no doubt, as Hill walked the marble steps to the columned porch, past the butlers and porters into the main rooms where haggard secretaries passed correspondences, typed letters, and rushed to the teletype where the masses awaited; he was just then realizing that the words he was capturing would make thousands of people rich. What a feeling of purpose this young writer must have had!

Napoleon Hill went on to capture the...

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