

and apparently well educated, was, nevertheless, pathetically dull. Rather than interpret history as an alive, fascinating subject, the professor merely cited one dead fact after another. It was a frightful wonder how he could possibly make such an interesting subject so terribly dull. But he did.

You can imagine the effect the professor's boredom had on the students. Talking and sleeping got so out of hand that the professor had two assistants patrol the aisles to break up student conversations and wake up those who had dozed off.

Occasionally, the professor would stop and, shaking his finger at the class, would say, "I'm warning you. You've got to pay attention to what I say. You've got to stop this talking, and that's all there is to it." This, of course, made little impression on his students, many of whom, as veterans, had gambled their lives only months before, had made history on islands and in bombers.

As I sat there watching this potentially great, wonderful experience turn into a disgusting farce, I found myself wrestling with the question "Why are the students ignoring what the professor has to say?"

The answer came.

The students had no interest in what the professor was saying because the professor himself had no interest. He was bored with history, and it showed through. *To activate others, to get them to be enthusiastic, you must first be enthusiastic yourself.*

Over the years I've tested this principle in hundreds of different situations. It always holds true. A man who lacks enthusiasm never develops it in another. But a person who is enthusiastic soon has enthusiastic followers.

The enthusiastic salesman need never worry about unenthusiastic buyers. The enthusiastic teacher need never worry