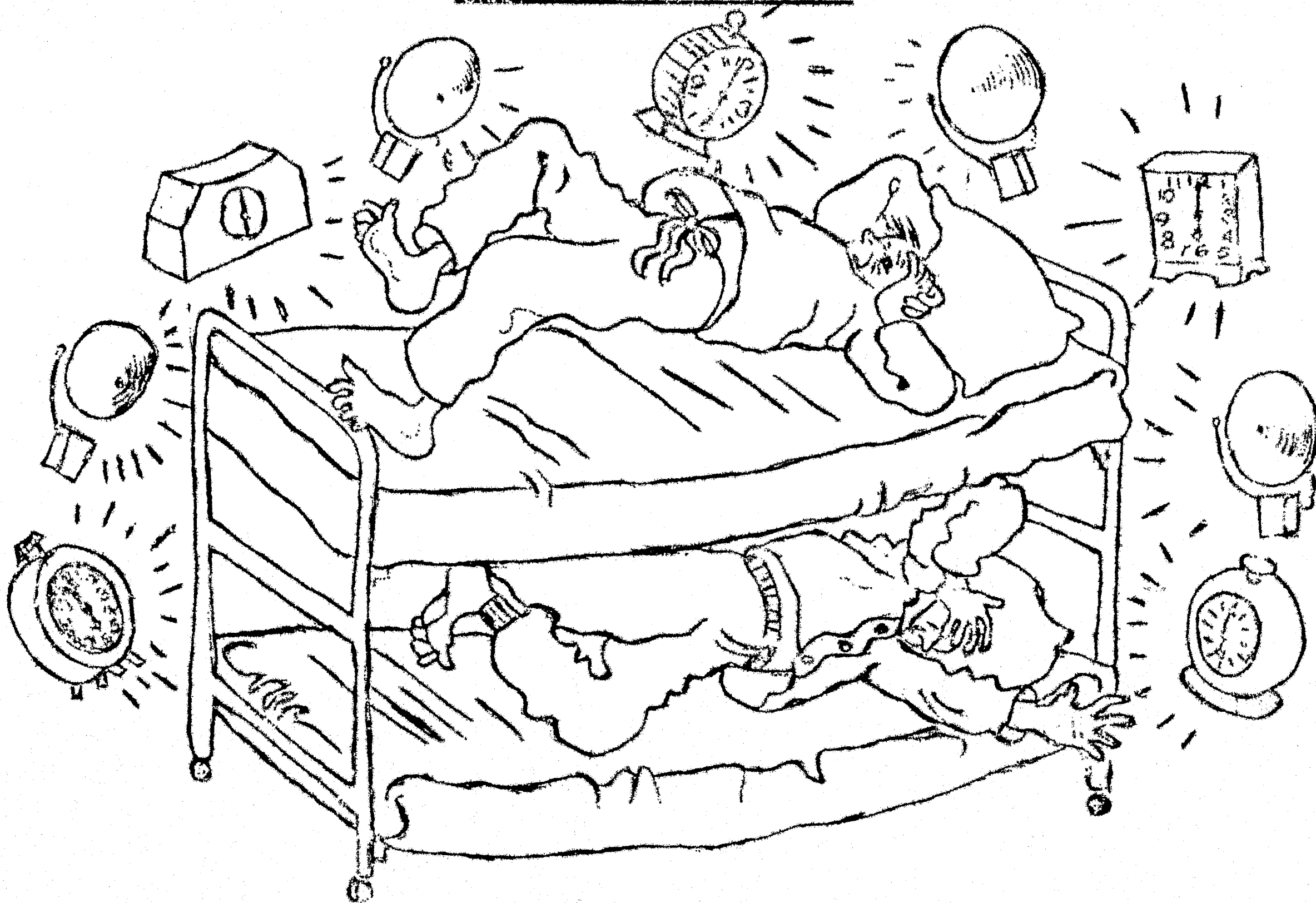


November 5, 1951

WELCOME BACK

Ralph Knight's article "Can Man Survive The Alarm Clock?" (October 13th Post) with a slight lowering in pitch harmonizes with the throaty lamentations and wails of anguish triggered by certain GONGS. . . Call this "Soliloquy of a Gongster":. . . "Waking up before I am through sleeping is an unnatural, debilitating bodily function brought on by Notre Dame's morning checks. . . A few nimble spirits, when galvanized by a gong, do spring buoyantly out of consciousness like newly created gods. . . But these abnormal souls are flashes in the pan. . . and burn out before the Senior Ball. . . The only genteel way for less airy spirits to be pulled out of the depths of peaceful somnolence is slowly. . . gently. . . slowly. . . tenderly. . . without shock. . . like giggling tranquilly up out of laughing gas. . .

"How many gongs do THAT?. . . Those inhuman, contemptuous GONGS! . . . Those blasts of universe-rocking uproars that wrap my spinal cord around my skull like a Moslem's turban. . . When my life is thus shatteringly rekindled I find myself with one leg doubled under me in cramp-formation. . . the other leg grotesquely twisted under my bed. . . my left arm choking my own throat. . . my right arm deliriously churning the black night in a futile effort to squash that ghastly bedlem. . ."

"How much more human bells than gongs! St. Mary's has its belles! I've gotta scheme. I'll wake up my liver bile and I'll jump out of bed rarin' to go. . . without gongs. I'll try Mama's Little Liver Pills. My liver should pour out 2 pints of bile juice into my digestive track every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, my food will not comfortably digest. Then I get that bloated-up, I-don't-want-to-get-up feeling in the pit of my stomach. I feel sour, sunk and the campus looks punk. . . So I'll buy a bottle of Mama's Little Liver Pills today. . . to make me feel 'up and up.'"

Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his party of South Pole explorers spent many months around the great Antarctic Circle. During the icy winter months of frigid darkness, the men were kept under stern discipline. One regulation the Admiral insisted on was early, prompt rising. "In my experience in dealing with men," he relates, "I have discovered that men who habitually lie abed and are lazy risers have serious moral difficulties."