

History has always been an intriguing subject for me. In my many years of lower learning, history has always been the one subject I knew I could ace [NOTE: Ace meaning I passed].

English bored me. I never cared much for sentence structure, spelling and all the proper grammar and rules that govern our fine language. I thought that was why God invented secretaries and editors.

I wasn't into literature. This is one guy who did almost all my book reports based on comic books. I guess that's why I turned out to be a pretty good creative writer. It's not easy to make a simple comic book sound like an impressive novel, you know.

And I don't even want to talk about math. When God created Eve, he said, "This is good". When God created Andy Smith, he said, "I need to invent the calculator". I'm a simple-minded guy. I like things in threes. Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three daughters, three up, three down... those are the kind of numbers I like to work with. I love baseball. If you get around the bases, you get one point. It's simple math. I hate bowling. By the fifth frame, I have no idea what my score is. Bowling was invented for accountants to have something to do in their spare time.

But history? Now that was one subject I could get into. I loved reading the stories about those who traveled before me. I enjoyed every era, but especially the stories about the roots of this great country... the good old U.S.A.

How inspired was I reading about those early settlers and how they would start each day before the break of dawn and work so hard through the day performing the chores that developed the character and backbone that would become the very fiber of this great country. The blood, sweat and tears that would turn this virgin wilderness into a prosperous homeland.

When the sun went down, their work still wasn't done. Our forefathers would burn the late-night oil putting their handyman skills to the test in their humble homes. Bedtime would come in the quiet hush of the late evenings, only to rise again before the sun and do the whole thing over again- every day - seven days a week! You never saw a perky frontier man running around saying 'TGIF!'

And though this all sounds very inspiring to me, there is one question that constantly hounds me as I read this stuff. How did these people get up in the morning? They had no alarm clocks in those days, so how did these people get up before anyone has a right to?

Think about it. These people did more work in one day than I do in a month... and I'm giving myself a lot more credit than I deserve. An 18-hour workday was a short day for these guys. And this was not sitting in some cubicle in corporate America, folks. They worked their fannies off. Hard, physical labor that would have me in a coma by lunchtime. And they did this EVERY day. No days off. 5-6 hours of sleep, then they got up before the sun and did the whole thing over again?!?!

I've asked some history buffs how they did this without alarm clocks and all I get is some silly notion that they had internal clocks or something. Like some crazy desire to get up and get to work again. So I'm suppose to believe that these people went to bed in the wee hours of the night actually excited about getting up in a couple of hours and start the whole thing over again? Give me a break!

Most people I know become violent when their alarm clocks go off after eight hours of restful slumber. And they work in a world of air conditioning with laws and rules that actually limit their work each day.

I know it's a small thing to get worked up about, but it's something that has bothered me for a long time. It's hard enough for me to imagine how these people got through the day without TVs, VCRs, Telephones and Microwaves. But they simply could not have survived in those conditions without alarm clocks. I mean internal clocks and desire? Get outta here!

Just A Thought