



## Days of Remembrance

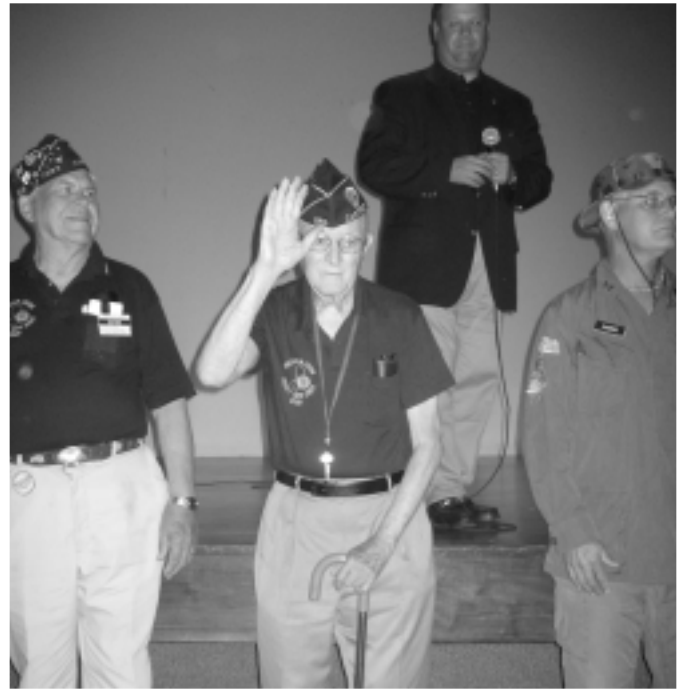
by Francis T. Tomczuk (Legionnaire)

The day was dreary, oppressive, as I arrived at the Auschwitz Concentration Camp, Oswiecim, Poland.

This is a museum maintained by the Polish government as a reminder of man's inhumanity to man. I had visited twice before, but this time it was even more depressing. Auschwitz is not pleasant. It is bare, the buildings are close, but the areas between the 'streets' are wide.

"Arbeit machs Frei" (Work makes [one] free) reads the entrance sign. I walked through the gate slowly and read in many places the haunting names of those whose blood blessed the ground on which it dropped. I thought of the Saint, Maximillian Kolbe, for a man who still lives. I saw the eyeglasses, the valises, the boots, the false teeth, the final possessions taken from Christians and Jews who were deprived of human dignity before they were methodically and agonizingly put to death. I was weary. Entering a small cell, I sat, as a prisoner would, not being

able to stand. I realized how lucky I was to be a free man. Other people left and my thoughts went back many years. It was a day in April 1945. Somehow a friend and I, separated from our Anti-tank company, joined a British group. We came to this small town, this fenced compound, and to a place my mind will never forget, because of what my eyes saw, my ears heard, and my mind wept for. Buchenwald Concentration Camp, another camp in which the Nazis claimed "Work made one free." Tall men, weighing less than 90 pounds; women, shapeless, gaunt, sallow complexioned; children that saw death, not life. Grim-faced allied soldiers. We talked with the prisoners, most of whom were Polish. Many were Polish Jews, Polish Christians, Polish Protestants. Surprisingly there were Russians, Frenchmen, and others.



I shared my lunch with several, which they calmly divided. I still remember the same ones fighting over a lousy cigarette butt. They talked of their families, hoping their spouses and children were miraculously alive. With the survivors as guides, we toured the horrible confines. We saw lampshades made of human skin. We were told of and saw pictures of experiments in which women had their calves cut away to

be sewn onto other's legs. We talked to one pathetic survivor who with others was forced three times to jump naked into a pool during the winter. When they became exhausted they were pulled out, warmed, fed well, and brought back to normality, then forced to repeat the experiment. Several died the second time; more the third. Many drowned. When the prisoners

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DAYS

*I don't approve of political jokes. I have seen too many of them get elected.*  
-Anonymous

# BOYS' STATE NEWS/SPORTS

## Diary of a Delegate

by Jonathan Guerra, Jackson

Here it is, the half-way point. I am really amazed at how quickly we have organized ourselves into (somewhat) coherent political groups. Everything has picked up speed, and I find myself caught in the subsequent voting flurry. I can feign an aloof stance of nonchalance about the whole process, but there is a thrill that accompanies stepping into the voting booth (most of us for the first time). This sensation not only makes me feel like I am part of the political world, but the human world. It is at this level of participation that my appreciation for Boys' State blossoms.

Most of my concerns seem to have melted away, and if you had told me when we first arrived that I'd be this chipper on two and a half hours of sleep, I would never have believed you. Whether it was the riotously funny entertainment seminar or the solemn moments of reflection at retreat, I have begun to collect my own memories. I will one day be able to look back at this week with nostalgia and pride.

## College Fair Informs Students

by Christopher Fatta, Monroe

Yesterday afternoon, colleges from all over the northeast poured into the recreational center to attempt to persuade statesman to look at their programs.

Over 60 colleges were represented including Columbia, Drew, Pace, and Monmouth. Also, every single branch of the military was represented, including the Naval, Air Force, and Merchant Marine academies. Navy and Army ROTC were also represented. The New Jersey State Police (visible on campus during the majority of the Boys' State week) were also present to promote themselves to ALJBS statesmen. Statesmen showed a strong interest in many of the different colleges and military academies.

"I wanted to see more colleges," Dan McManimon of Polk said. "I already know I wanted to join the Navy, and I wanted more information."

The fair as a whole was received with mixed reactions by the statesmen. "There are some good colleges and some I have never heard of, but I think this is ineffective to have a college fair so late in the

college search process," McManimon stated. "I liked it because I have not seen any colleges yet, and this is pretty close to a college visit," Michael Perino of Fillmore said. Each statesman found various colleges appealing to their goals. "The United States Naval Academy was my favorite," McManimon said. "It has been my dream to go there for more than eight years now." "It was a tie between Columbia and Rutgers," Perino added. "I liked Rutgers because it is in New Jersey, and I liked the foreign language and relations courses. Plus it is really affordable. Columbia is an Ivy League school and it seems like a diverse school with many different majors for me to choose from in case I want to change my major." Overall the college fair was a success and provided information to hundreds of statesmen.

## Sports Scores

MLB	UEFA
San Diego 0	Netherlands 2
Yankees 8	Romania 0
Boston 3	Italy 2
Phillies 0	France 0
NBA	
Los Angeles 92	
Boston 131	
Boston Wins Series 4-2	



# FEATURES

CONTINUED:

## DAYS

arrived, they were given examinations. Those with gold teeth had them extracted without Novocaine. Gold-rimmed glasses were taken. Rings were taken and fat fingers lost if the rings would not come off.

Recalcitrant prisoners were put into small cramped cells where they would starve to death. Others were put into pits. They would be dragged up with sharp, piercing spikes, put onto a slab, and while still alive but muscularly helpless, slid into a furnace, too weak to cry out or even feebly protest. We saw a gas chamber. When too many arrived for the housing, six deep above one bed space, and two in a single bed, they were told to undress and take showers. Mothers were forced to be naked with male children. Then they led to the Cyklon showers and gassed to death.

In one of the most bestial tortures, sons were given pistols with one bullet and told to shoot their mothers or fathers. To induce them to do so, they were placed on electrical connections to their most intimate parts. Shocks were induced, extremely painful, yet not

painful enough to induce unconsciousness. Thus many turned the pistols on themselves and committed suicide.

We went outdoors. A team of British doctors arrived. Beside a large trench, more than 1,000 cadavers were placed like so much timber piled up. The bulldozer came noisily, ready to push the bodies into a lime pit.

The British doctors, however, stopped the procedure. They insisted that every body be given a death certificate. Of all the cadavers, thirteen were still alive. A few days later Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of allied forces, made every able-bodied German, regardless of age, including mothers with infants in their arms to walk through the camp. Indeed, I witnessed how the average German was affected. Many cried. Many cursed Hitler for bringing to them the shame of the world. The Germans felt subdued by their guilt, many saying they knew nothing of the camps for no one who ever worked there ever mentioned them. Yet the stench of the crematories prevailed.

Many women formed rosaries and recited

them, a decade at a location.

Many prisoners were released or left the prison camp. Some had not a bath for two years. Their toilet needs were a two-minute allotment daily. There was no toilet paper.

The American and British troops set up large air tents into which they engineered showers.

Before entering the showers, the newly released were told to disrobe, be deloused, then take a shower.

However, the Poles, Frenchmen, the Russians, and others hesitated. They refused to cooperate, some fearing being gassed. As one of the volunteers, speaking fluent Polish, some Hungarian and French, with a smattering of Ukrainian and slow Russian, I had to undress and lead a group to the showers. Women soldiers led the women. They luxuriated in the hot showers, the smell of American soap, and at last the feel of clean bodies. (I'll wager that I took no less than ten showers that day.)

When they left the tent, they found all new clothing. Yet

many asked for their striped uniforms, with a 'P' or the "Star of David." "Are you alright, sir?" asked a Polish guard. Again I was in Oswiecim, an American tourist. "Yes, sir," I replied. I rose and went to the exit.

Has it been forty years? How Europe suffered under the Nazi tyrants, just because many did not care about the rights of man everywhere until it was too late.

...but if the noble Polish Army had not been the first to resist the Nazis, there would not be a Jew alive in Europe today, nor any other free man.

*This article was published by the AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE in April 1985.*



# OPINION

## Aliens Attack Johnson; Blueberry Supply Shrinks

by Lance Wildorf, Johnson

Picture this: An old, arthritic man going about his daily chores, trying to manage his dying blueberry farm, when suddenly a UFO hovers past. "Earthling! Give me 1000 tons of blueberries. We wish to grow such delectable fruit on our home planet of Glockenspiel! If you do not comply, you will be obliterated."

The town of Johnson is located in rural New Jersey and has about 2,000 people. The alien invasion was quite a shock to the Johnsonians who were slightly perturbed by the disruption.

"All I's a ever wants to do is grown some blueberries." said Tom Bumblefrick, one of the region's prominent blueberry growers. Tom described the aliens as being short, stubby, and possessing only two teeth. He found the similarities between the aliens and his cousin Maude to be disturbing.

Now hey, I know what you're all thinking. Believe me, I know. "What does an alien invasion have to do with me? Why do I care? Isn't this supposed to be an opinion section?"

Why are you just protection if ET came reporting news? How bargaining into your town did you get this position, demanding 1,000 tons of you idiot?" Well in Reese's Pieces.

I would ask I think we should put why you are asking so aside some of those many questions. I would millions of dollars in then call you a tool and homeland security funds inform you that you will that we get every year to never get anywhere in defend our garden state life and should start against alien invaders. filling out your fry-cook We could send laser resume now. I would satellites into space to also like to inform you shoot down their aircrafts. that, although alien Or maybe we could send invasions are Will Smith to blow up their uncommon, they do mother-ship like in have impact on your life. Independence Day. Who The Johnsonians were knows, maybe we could forced to throw Weird Al even afford Luke records at the aliens, as Skywalker. Okay maybe they refused to spare not Luke Skywalker, his any of their blueberries. asking price is a little bit By the way, Johnson, high.

New Jersey is the Nonetheless, we must do number one buyer of something. Alien attacks Weird Al albums in the are real. More real than state, you know, in case gay marriage, more real you're wondering. Some than abortion. They are of the Bumblefricks also real. Yeah, sure, these shot at them with their aliens could be friendly grandmother's shotgun. ones, like Alf or the alien Is this the type of thing from Lilo and Stitch. But that should happen in most likely they're those New Jersey? Should gringy, narsty, mofos from these people be forced War of the Worlds who to ward off alien invaders want to eat all your by themselves? No! We blueberries. Protect your owe it as a state to Johnson. Protect New protect these poor poor Jersey. Protect Tom blueberry farmers. You Bumblefrick. sure would want

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**ASST. PUBLISHER: TOM MARSDEN**

**PRINTER: RIDER COLLEGE PRESS,  
LAWRENCEVILLE, NJ**

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