

# Himmler's Rival

By Bob Norton

Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, over a hundred victims plod fearlessly and boldly into a building. They know that within the walls of this building more torture is carried on than the Gestapo has ever dreamed of. With a brick wall in the background, these young men march into a room and line up. After four lines have formed, the grim task of making sure that everyman is receiving his inevitable and unavoidable punishment begins. Escape is impossible. Every name is called and every man in a bold and courageous American voice answers "Here."

After this distasteful procedure, the executioner steps forward. Every man is tense. Yes, he is afraid, but he looks straight ahead with determined eyes and teeth set firm. He looks the executioner straight in the eyes.

He is thinking of the girl back home, of his dear mother and dad whom he will probably never see again. He is thinking of his youthful, carefree years. He wonders if the folks at home realize the sacrifice which he is making is really worthwhile. After all why should he be giving his life's strength in such a way as this.

Suddenly a sharp, clear voice rings out! It is a voice filled with passion, a voice, fanatical and merciless, and that dreaded word comes: "Ready"! It strikes terror in every heart. But these determined and brave American boys do not utter a word. Not a whimper or a sniff breaks the deathly silence which prevails. They know deep within their hearts that this sacrifice is not in vain.

And then the second word comes. Every man braces himself and prepares to pay the price for what he considers a just cause. The dreaded executioner's voice lacking sympathy and mercy says, "Exercise."

The fiendish process of reducing these victims to physical wrecks has

begun. After five minutes of relentless one exercise, which is given ever increasing in intensity the leader (Himmler offered this man a high position in Der Nazi Gestapo in the capacity of a physical torturer) finally says "Halt"!

Then without a second for the tired and haggard men to rest their weary and exhausted arms, the director calls for the next exercise. This one consists of twisting your body almost beyond apprehension. This goes on for an eternity, seemingly. Finally the word "Halt" comes and the cadaverous-countenanced victims look up, only to be told that they now must bend forward and touch their toes. On the other side of the room, a hysterical cry goes up and a boy falls to the floor and beats it mercilessly in a frenzied manner. A stretcher and straight jacket designed for such purposes are brought in and the creature is removed.

This physical humiliation and intimidation is then continued unrelentlessly for thirty terrible minutes. During this time formerly healthy and robust men fall exhaustedly to the floor on the other side only to receive threats of violence if they do not commit themselves to the continuation of these fiendish movements.

Finally, after a seeming millennium, the executioner can stand the sight of our suffering no longer. His shield of ruthlessness is pierced. His inner self compels him to tell us that we can stop.

Those men fortunate and strong enough to survive then drag us weaker ones from the floor and make way for the next massacre. We potential physical wrecks then struggle to our respective homes, resting dozens of times on the way, and then lie in a coma for hours.

Thus ends a Physical Education class under Ed Dunlap.

"Man's inhumanity to man" makes countless thousands mourn.

Pictured above are the newly elected members  
Front row: Hilda Mayo, Nell Hunter, Genie Jo