

THE JERSEY STATESMAN



THE AMERICAN LEGION
MEDIA ALLIANCE



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June 26, 2026

Issue #4

Volume LXXX

Vote!

The Senatorial General Election will be held from 10:00-11:00 AM this morning. Let's see who will proudly represent NJ at Boys Nation!

5k Race

The Annual ALJBS Championship Race will take place TODAY at 11:30 AM. Make sure all runners stay hydrated!

World Cup

YESTERDAYS SCOREES:

Cote D'Ivoire beat Curacao 0-2
Ecuador beat Germany 2-1
Netherlands beat Tunisia 3-1
Japan tied Sweden 1-1
Turkiye beat USA 3-2
Paraguay tied Australia 0-0

TODAY'S GAMES:

Norway vs France
Senegal vs Iraq
Cabo Verde vs Saudi Arabia
Uruguay vs Spain
New Zealand vs Belgium
Egypt vs Iran

Thanks For Everything!

By John Kennedy

This was an incredible session of American Legion Jersey Boys State. That much is undeniable. 850 plus boys, the best of the best, were newly trained in several different forms of civil service, many imbued with a newfound drive to make the world a better place. ALJBS has helped, and will continue to help countless generations of New Jerseyans, from the people it directly educates to the people they grow up to help. But this all didn't happen by chance.

Boys State was created through the efforts of many people who wanted to make their world a better place and saw an opportunity to do so. It exists because American Legionnaires Hayes Kennedy and Harold Card, all the way back in 1935, saw a need to serve their community and took action to see it through, inventing the concept of Boys State to promote civil action and responsibility. Boys State has spread, and continues to exist 91 years later, because American Legionnaires all over the nation still believe in the dream this country was founded on, The American Dream, and continue to dedicate their time and effort to maintain that Dream.

Jersey Boys State in particular remains one of the greatest Boys State programs in the country because so many people are willing to dedicate themselves to a cause greater than themselves: the original American Dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all. From the American Legionnaires who continue to promote the program and explain its benefits to often-indifferent boys, to the staff who give their hours and their sweat to make this program function, everyone helping the statesmen share in that Dream.

So, to any staff members and Legionnaires reading this: thanks for everything. For the time, the effort, and the constant nonsense you have to put up with. You have given so much to sow seeds that you can't be assured will ever grow. Yet, even in spite of that uncertainty, you continue to strive for a better future, charging ever-onwards until The Dream is within the grasp of all Americans.

Seminars

How To Keep AI From Stealing Your Jobs

Xavier Dazilme

With the rapid growth of AI, a lot of people are stressing about what career path they should go into. Everyone has been told that we needed to pick one thing and become an expert at it. But now, that might actually be the worst thing you can do. Jobs with very specific, repetitive tasks are the exact ones that AI are taking over first. If you want to hold a job in your life, you need to pick a broad career path instead.

The problem with many skillsets learned from most careers is that they are too easy for a computer to figure out. AI excels at menial tasks such as writing basic code, looking through legal paperwork, or sorting data. If your whole job is just doing one specific low-thought task, you could quickly get replaced by AI. But if your career path is broader, you have to do a bunch of different tasks every day, which is much harder for an AI to copy.

Instead of aiming for a specific career, it may be wiser to go into fields that need human skills, like understanding people, solving problems a machine can't, and reacting to unexpected circumstances. For example, instead of just typing numbers into a spreadsheet all day, it's better to go into a field like business management or communications. These jobs require you to talk to people, handle drama, and make quick decisions. In these roles, you use AI as a helpful tool to do your work, as it can't take your whole job.

At the end of the day, being flexible is the best way to survive the future. Choosing a broad career means you won't get stuck if one career path gets replaced. Additionally, If you focus on skills like leadership, teamwork, and creative thinking, you'll always have something to offer. AI might be smart, but it doesn't have social skills or common sense, and those are traits that machines could never duplicate.

Politics through Personal Connection: A Summary of the Careers in Politics Seminar

Ishaan Reddy

Today, when one thinks of politics, they often think of national campaigns for president, arguments at the dinner table, or out-of-hand discussions on X (formerly Twitter). It is for these reasons that many choose to avoid politics or have become politically apathetic, yet Boys State Alumn Christopher Allen—Chief of Staff and Executive Director of the Warren County Republican Committee, and Ziad Shehady—Township Administrator of Chatman and former Mayor of Springfield—remind us how politics can bring us together during their Monday seminar.

Both speakers had worked on municipal, county, and congressional campaigns. They spoke on the importance of timing in politics, the impact of social media on campaigning, and

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Local

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the importance of getting involved in local campaigns for those interested in going into politics.

Yet, the climax of the Seminar was perhaps when Shehady told a story of his time campaigning for Mayor of Springfield as a Republican, during which he went door to door, asking people for their votes. At one house, he met a woman who was a Democrat, and thus refused to vote for him. That is, until he noticed a broken streetlight in front of her house.

After inquiring about the light, the woman stated it had been broken for a long time, and Shehady offered a proposition: if he could get the light fixed, she would allow him to place a sign on her lawn. She accepted. A few weeks later, Shehady got the light fixed after contacting the local electricity company, and the woman would end up voting for Shehady in all the elections he ran for mayor.

At the end of the day, Shehady and Allen aim to show that life is not defined by politics, that politics does not have to be devoid of personal connection—especially at a local level, and it does not have to divide us.

City 4 Marches Forward to Best City

Peter Brown

City 4, or Madison City, has earned a bad reputation in the state for reasons unknown to them. However, they aren't letting that stop them from putting their best foot forward, literally. They received harsh criticism from the Dean of Americanism, Joseph M. Demyon

in regards to the manner in which they traveled from event to event. Mr. Demyon is a former Heavy Artillery Major with 20 years of military experience under his belt, and a recipient of the ALJBS Harry V. Groome Award for his outstanding staff contributions; he told Madison City's first Mayor and one of Marshall County's current State Delegates, Dylan Thomas, that Madison looked sloppy and that they were always late. Mayor Thomas brought this issue to the attention of the council and by dinnertime Monday evening, they made the decision to march City Four in a military manner to present an ordered and cohesive outward appearance. On the surface, this solution may seem overly simplistic or practical and unlikely to succeed. However, the council made sure that the solution was robust and flexible. One city member with marching experience was chosen to give drill commands, call matching cadences, and ensure that everyone is meeting the standards the council put into place. The focus was placed upon staying directly behind and directly next to someone, maintaining good spacing, and staying off phones. Staying on step (ie. Everyone stepping with the same foot at all times) is a secondary goal. Cadence calling is the most important part of this plan; it keeps statesmen motivated, focused, and entertained. The city is currently rolling out its new marching policy and it is already attracting attention from several Marines, who complimented how squared away the city looked. Marching is not the only policy the city is enacting to bolster its chances at winning the coveted Walter and Evelyn Howell Outstanding City Award; they are working to set big things in motion that they do not currently want revealed to the general public, but they are confident in their ability to deliver a set of policies that will transform Madison City from a city that is looked down upon to one that is looked up to.

Looking Back

Stop and Smell The Roses

Luciano Guidetti

“Life moves pretty fast. If you don’t stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.”

— Ferris Bueller

Governor candidate Nicholas Rizzo used this quote in his speech this morning during the general election, and in many ways, it perfectly captures the Boys State experience.

I am not a politician. In truth, I have very little interest in politics at all. I came to Boys State because I wanted to step away from my familiar world for a while and challenge myself with something entirely different. To say I felt out of my element would be an understatement. I arrived in what felt like a strange miniature state run entirely by teenage boys, complete with elections, mock trials, scandals, campaign speeches, and cafeteria food (which it entirely was). While many seemed to settle naturally into this world, I often felt like an outsider looking in. I missed my friends. I missed my family. More than once, I questioned why I had chosen to come. For the first time in a long while, I was forced to stop.

Back home, life moves fast. My days are filled with rehearsals, performances, events, and responsibilities. Lately, I have been fortunate enough to experience some incredible opportunities that, at times, made me feel like I was on top of the world. When life moves that quickly, however, it becomes easy to take things for granted. The people who are always there begin to feel permanent. The routines become ordinary. You stop noticing how much they mean to you because they are simply always there. Boys State took all of that away.

Instead of spending my days with lifelong friends, I found myself living alongside forty-something sleep-deprived, occasionally smelly seventeen-year-olds whom I had never met before. The familiar disappeared overnight. In its place was something entirely new. The first few days, I counted down the hours until I could go home. At times, I found myself reaching for my phone to text someone, only to realize there was nothing new to say except that I missed them.

But somewhere between the campaign speeches, late-night conversations, and the endless time spent with people I had known for only a few days, something changed. Without realizing it, the unfamiliar began to feel familiar. The people who had been strangers became friends. The city that had felt so foreign started to feel like home. Distance had given me perspective. Being away from home reminded me how much I value the people waiting for me there. It made me appreciate conversations I never thought twice about, routines I once considered boring, and relationships I had begun to overlook. What surprised me, however, was that Boys State was undergoing the opposite transformation.

What began as a place I wanted to leave became a place I wasn’t quite ready to leave behind. The same people who felt like strangers on the first day became the people I looked for in the dining hall, sat beside during assemblies, and sang “Don’t Stop Believin’” with at Wednesday’s concert. It all just started to feel normal. Maybe that’s what happens when you’re forced to stop for a while. Life moves so quickly that we begin to assume the important things will always be there. Friends become part of a routine. Family becomes part of the background. Even the places we love can become invisible simply because we see them

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Looking Back

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every day. It often takes distance to notice what has been in front of us all along.

I spent most of this week missing home. Now, as Boys State comes to an end, I find myself realizing that I am going to miss this place too.

And somewhere between those two feelings, I think I found the real value of being here.

Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.

The Sock Exchange

Jacob Williamson

I can safely say that while many of us had ideas, none of us truly knew what Boys State was all about. It was slightly intimidating in a way that it's such a large step into the unknown for a lot of us. While we knew that the program would be good for us, like I said, we had no idea what the culture was like, how people interacted, and how strict it would be. While the program is far too nuanced for a summary on the details to do it the proper justice, there is one thing that I find capable of capturing the true essence of Boys State, and funny enough, it's as simple as the tradition of giving a pair of Boys State socks to a guest speaker.

To explain, Boys State is about humility, kindness, and integrity. It's about how we interact with others and how we can benefit them and ourselves with those interactions. It's about kindness and always putting your best foot forward to be the best man you can be. So that simple exchange of giving each speaker a special pair of Boys State socks is the perfect example of all these traits, no matter how silly or minuscule it seems in the grand scheme of things. In fact, I'd argue that the fact it's so

impactful while being such a minuscule part of the assembly, proves my point further. The fact it's so minuscule yet each statesmen has grown to expect it and look forward to cheering about it once the speech is over. This is what Boys State is about.

In addition, the socks also symbolize the common ground we see here at Boys State. Despite it being a camp built on bipartisanship, that doesn't mean every interaction is assigned to a specific platform or agenda. What I see here at Boys State is a variety of young men from many different backgrounds working together for the betterment of the lives of their peers and New Jersey in general. That comradery is exhibited when each statesmen joins together in cheering for the distribution of the socks. The loud roar from the crowd symbolizes the ambition to improve and the enthusiasm to be apart of something bigger than just themselves. All in all, this speaks to the profound significance of the Boys State program in general, because I gathered all of this from simply just an exchange of a pair of socks.

City 4 Food Reviews

Peter Brown

City Four AKA "Mad-Skin" City is full of big eaters with refined palettes. Some of its more vocal members were gracious enough to give reviews on the food offered at Rider University.

Luke Einhorn, Josiah Vazquez, Sri Shiva, and Robert Niessen took the time out of their busy lunches to rate a couple of the food items here at Boys State. The overall consensus in City Four is that the chicken tenders are the MVP of the lunch and dinner line up; the tasteful

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Law

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amount of breading and the overall mouth feel of the tender is pleasant enough on its own, but more importantly it allows the tenders to wonderfully take on the flavor of the condiment of the consumer's choice. On the flip side the undisputed worst food item is the rice, which is only consumed for macros; it has been described as dry, unappetizing, disgusting, etc. The following ratings are a reflection of what Madison City's most skilled taste testers personal opinions and are not meant to offend.

French fries are a staple of American Cuisine and of the meals here at Boys State. Sri Shiva thinks that they are a solid 5/10 a respectable figure. Looking around City Four tables will greet you with sights of plates with a good portion of fries. The starch, valued for its resilience while growing and hearty flavor, provides carbs that are desperately needed by young Statesmen as they go through their action packed days here at Rider.

The rice received ratings of 2.89 out of 10 and 2.87 out of 10 from Josiah Vazquez and Robert Niessen respectively. Although the rice provides the same important macronutrient, the carbohydrate, as the fries it is consumed less often on average. In part due to its taste, texture, and the time it takes to eat.

Luke Einhorn was so passionate about rating food that he recorded a video reviewing every food item included on his lunchtime meal. Unfortunately there isn't enough space in this article to do his lengthy and insightful review justice, so I have the pleasure of documenting his highlights. Luke thoroughly enjoyed the fruit offered in Daly Dining Hall; he found the pineapple, watermelon, and cantaloupe to be delectable. Like others he was partial to chicken tenders and fries, but a more controversial opinion that he holds is in regards to the meatballs which he liked while many others did not.

While the food at Daly Dining Hall sometimes leaves a lot to be desired one thing is for certain. All NJ Statesmen run off of it and we are thankful for the staff that works hard to serve it to us.

The Law is a Lie, and the Judge is a Tyrant: Monroe City Municipal Court

Cole Hanna

Somewhere in a former issue of The Jersey Statesman, a former Camden County prosecutor was quoted as saying, "Your job is not to ride a white horse and put people in prison. Your job is to do justice." If this was said in the Honorable Judge Gautam Joshi's courtroom, it's likely the speaker would be dusted with Happy Nuts Comfort Powder and told to stand in the corner for five minutes, left to think about his actions. Justice, after all, is quite a relative word. Is justice an eye for an eye? Is justice retribution? Is justice rehabilitation? Justice, in Monroe City, is nothing else if not served.

The first case on the docket, Monroe vs. Joseph A., involved numerous charges, including: tampering with evidence, three counts of theft, two counts of walking on the grass, and insulting several office-holders, including the mayor, Ishaan Gokaraju, and the public defender, Jacob Love. Joseph was sworn in on the Happy Nuts, under threat of being 'sauced' with a concoction made of every soda and sauce available in the dining hall, as well

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as native New Jersey grass. The Honorable Judge Joshi, wearing a blanket as a robe and barking orders from the bench, had a decidedly regal presence. The same could not be said for the defendant, Joseph, who even the public defender couldn't bring himself to defend. Counselor Love acknowledged that the gallery were "all familiar with [his] defendant. To tell the truth," he said, "he's cooked. Somewhere deep within him—very deep—is some good." The first witness called to the stand was Ishaan, who alleged that Joseph had inappropriately touched him—a charge that Joseph fervently denied. Ishaan said, "That man touched me in every possible way, in the most uncomfortable places. He forged my signature so he could do horrible things to me." Ishaan wept continuously on the stand without respite, but Joseph was remorseless. He had the steel eyes of a man who had seen and done things that God himself couldn't look at. Some theologians believe that Jesus cried "My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?" on the Cross because his Father could not bear to see him suffer; God's eyes were not on the courtroom today. The first objection of the day came when Counselor Love argued that, since Ishaan was cited himself, his testimony should be under doubt; the prosecutor objected on the basis of relevance, which was sustained. Exasperated, Counselor Love loudly sighed, "[Expletive] it, he's guilty." In his closing statement, Counselor Love had completely given up on his hopeless defendant, who everybody knows is guilty—like seriously, this is like if John Gotti was on the stand, this dude is notorious. "My defendant may be guilty," said Counselor Love. But he had an ace in the hole: his defendant couldn't be guilty, because he wasn't fit to stand trial; he was "a victim of ableism, racism, and transgenderism. He's also bipolar and autistic." But the Court didn't buy it: "The punishment is an eye for an eye: every victim gets one spank." Justice is served.

The next case on the docket was Sohum vs. City, which involved allegations that one Sohum K. disrespected the United States Armed Forces by twerking during the retreat ceremony. Combined with that, Sohum had committed an even more heinous crime, one that I struggle to even pen... one that might require this newspaper not running this article, one that could ruin the rest of his life. Sohum, I'm sorry; but your shirt was untucked. The public defender began the trial by asking if his defendant could plead homosexuality; his request was denied. After the prosecutor gave his opening statements, where he charged Sohum with disrespect of the flag of the United States and the veterans who served with it as their stanchion, the public defender gave his opening statements: "It's pride month. It's Boys State. It's his dream." But, to no avail. The public defender's attempted defense, while valiant, was doomed—the grenade was in the foxhole, and the fuse was ticking. The prosecutor conferred with the judge and the bailiff, and presented a crucial piece of evidence: a photo of the incident. But the race was not yet run—it was the fourth down, and there were forty yards to go: it was time for the public defender's Hail Mary. He asked the judge if he could treat the witness as hostile, and proceeded to systematically dismantle the validity of the evidence presented as conclusive against the defendant: "Nobody's at attention, so the retreat hadn't started. Is it a crime to twerk? It's AI! This is defamation!" After this touchdown, the public defender had gotten his team up to 14–13. He managed to stop a rush that came within 20 yards of his defense with a brilliant objection on the basis of speculation—but now the prosecution was setting up for a field goal. The judge decided that Sohum had committed a grievous act of disrespect against those who served our country. He was Happy Nutted. The field goal was good.

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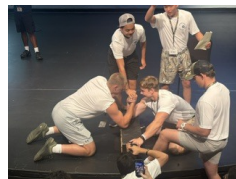
Extras!

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The law is fake. This is true. This is true because nobody has disproven me yet. If the law would like to sue me for defamation, I would let it. But it wouldn't win, because the law is fake and I would say so. The law is also stupid. This is proven because Joseph was convicted, when he was obviously not guilty of anything other than loving who he wanted to love. The same is true of Sohum. The law is immoral. The judge is a tyrant. I think the law should say we can Happy Nut the Honorable Judge Joshi. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, shyster.



Memories from the Week



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