

Bridges

LITHUANIAN - AMERICAN
NEWS JOURNAL

Vol. 10, No. 3, March, 1986

YEAR OF FAITH CONSCIOUSNESS

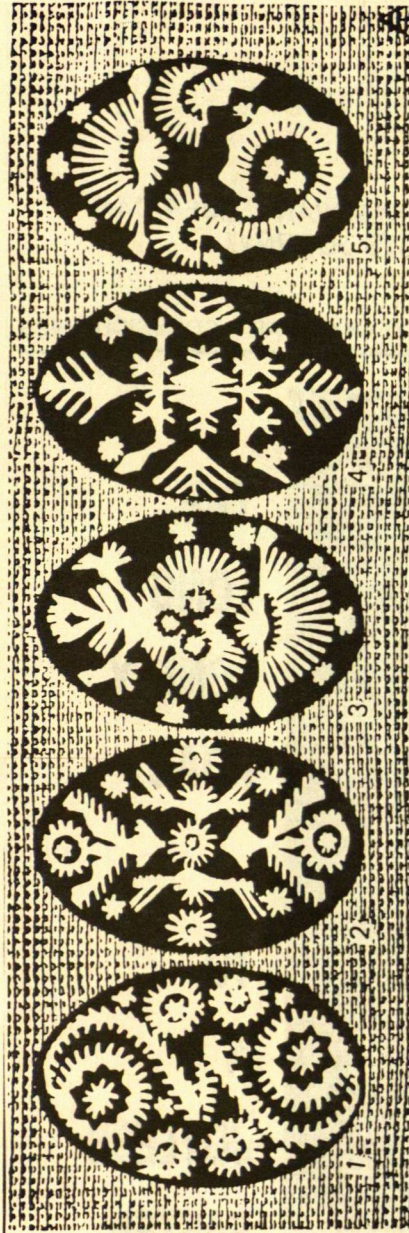


**THE
LONG
LONELY
ROAD**

**TO
A
JOYLESS
EASTER**

**IN
OCCUPIED
LITHUANIA**

Mystical Power



LITHUANIAN
EASTER EGGS

Antanas Tamošaitis

The egg is one of man's primary food staples, but as the cultural history of various nations illustrates, it bears a deeper significant one that is mystical. Of course, the egg is regarded as the source of life as well as the promise of spring, and for these reasons its symbolic meaning was revered by cultural societies and primitive man as well. It would appear that there is no other similar product or object to which there has been attributed such diverse mystical power. Primitive peoples, worshippers of natural phenomena, associated the egg with a variety of natural occurrences: thunder, lightning, solar eclipses, storms, rain, drought, floods, fertility. Likewise, various religions ascribed god-like powers to the coloured egg. Certain Church feastdays coincided with the egg colouring ritual, and the myth of the coloured egg was even linked to the creation of the world.

The mythology of the coloured egg has its source in many human and natural phenomena. The egg was believed to be a charm, offering protection against evil spirits, accidents, sickness, and death. When the eggs were dyed, additional power as well as meaning was ascribed to the colours. For example, red was believed to protect man from evil spirits and the patterns on the Easter egg symbolized the sun, moon, stars, love devotion, and faith. The high esteem accorded the Easter egg was not limited to one Christian tradition but existed also in Buddhist and Moslem traditions.

The Lithuanian nation actively contributed to the mythology and art form of the Easter egg. The peasants were particularly active in this field, firmly believing up to about the beginning of the 20th century in the egg's mystical power. According to some superstitions, the Easter egg could predict the turn of human fortune, that is to say, it could predict the wheat, fruit or honey harvests, and livestock breeding which it protected from witches' spells. Lithuanians, as tillers of the soil and worshippers of nature, believed that the Easter egg had power to avert misfortunes and it could provide a more pleasant way of life.

The myth of the Easter egg has been closely linked to the social and religious life of

Lithuanian peasants. The coloured egg feastdays, especially Easter and St. George's Day, were often occasions when young people met to socialize with relatives and neighbors.

The most important aspect of the Easter egg for the Lithuanian cultural tradition was its artistic features: the variety and softness of tone and the ingenuity of patterns, accumulated over hundreds of years, testify to the high degree of aesthetic culture enjoyed by the peasants. While in modern times we are losing many of the myths and traditions linked to the Easter egg, the art form will long remain as a living example of Lithuanian folklore.

The gift of an Easter egg played a role in the boy-meets-girl situation, in the growing friendship and courtship relationship. As soon as girls began to take an interest in boys and boys in girls, the traditional Easter egg gift gave them the ideal opportunity to draw closer together and to establish ties of friendship.

During the Easter season, maidens, following the ancient traditions, presented young men with eggs which they had coloured specially for them. These are the young men who, Palm Sunday, had struck the girls with willow branches or sprinkled them with water and to whom the girls had promised an egg at Easter. If the young man accepted the egg, this was a sign he wanted the friendship to grow. If he returned it, this indicated that there was no hope for the couple. In these instances, the Easter egg was also a love symbol.

Moreover, when the girls were colouring the egg with the intention of giving it to some young man, the work was carried out with great care, attention and affection. They chose the prettiest colour and decorative pattern and incorporated the appropriate symbols. Easter eggs decorated by young maidens in love stood out from all the others because of their richness of design and beauty. In this way they contributed to the furthering of the Easter egg art.

(Mr. Tamošaitis' intriguing and well illustrated 214-page book "Lithuanian Easter Eggs" is available at BRIDGES.)

Bridges is published by the Lithuanian American Community, U.S.A., Inc..

National Executive Committee, Brooklyn, N.Y. each month except July and January. Subscription per year \$7. Single copy 50¢.

Second class pending postage paid at Brooklyn, NY post office. Postmaster please send all inquiries to: BRIDGES Business Of-

fice, 341 Highland Blvd., Brooklyn, NY, 11207. Publication No. USPS 735-830 ISSN 8750-8028.

To subscribe or change address write to BRIDGES, Business Office: 341 Highland Blvd., Brooklyn, NY 11207.

Our writers' opinions do not necessarily reflect the views of the publishers or editor.

Unsolicited material must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope if return is desired. Send editorial material to: BRIDGES, Editorial Office: 79-18 Park Lane South, Woodhaven, NY 11421.

BRIDGES Administrator: Fr. P. Baniūnas
Assistant: E. Vaiculis

EDITOR: Demie Jonaitis

A LITERARY APPROACH TO HISTORY

THE AGONY - 1940

Jurgis Gliauda

Moscow used the death of Paris to seize Kaunas, Lithuania's temporary capital.

During the days of Lithuania's agony, the rest of the world directed its attention not toward the Baltic States but toward the large European nation that then died in the flames of war. The death of France overshadowed Lithuania's agony, and that event filled the world's newspapers from June 12 to June 17. Soviet Russia had perfectly chosen the time to have its way with the small Baltic States.

Lithuania died silently, without appealing for help from the rest of the world. Even before the Germans had crossed the Maginot Line, on June 10, as the Italian *Caproni* bombed the southern part of the Loire Valley, France shouted for America's assistance: Help us before it is too late!

There was no real help. They received only a belated word of consolation. On June 13, President Roosevelt replied to the declaration with a declaration: We promise to help France because we believe in the ideals of freedom and support those for whom the Allies fight.

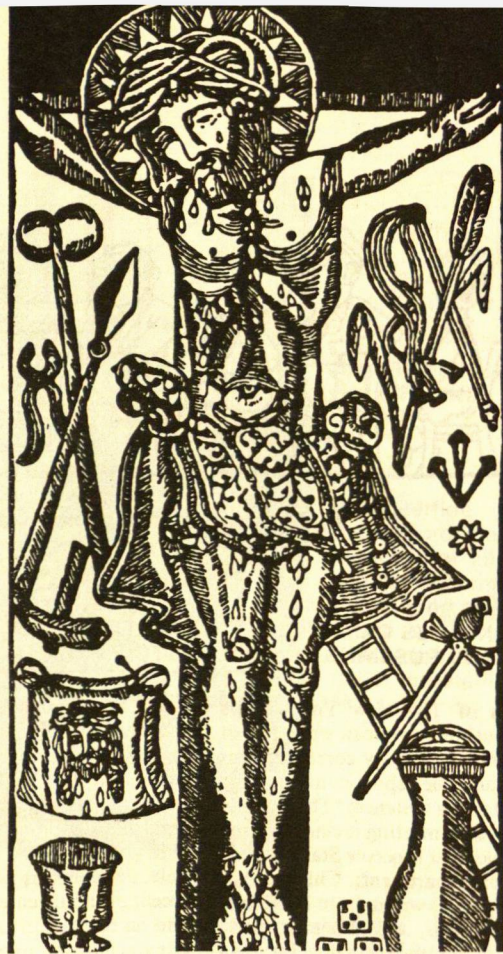
On June 14 (the hour of the Soviet ultimatum to Lithuania), France again cried for help. "Our divisions are now only one-tenth strength! The *Reichswehr* is marching to Paris. The only way now to save France, the outpost of democracy in Europe, and thereby save England with whom France marches, is by the immediate entry of American military might into the war. If you cannot, at this time, offer France the assurance that the United States of America will quickly enter the war, then the future of the world will be altered."

Their cries for help, though, were in vain. On June 12, the Germans cut across the Seine and reached Marne, not far from Paris. And meanwhile, as the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn received an order for war material for France, the German Army stopped near the outskirts of Paris.

Before the Germans stood a city filled with history, the strategy of war, champagne and women. According to pedantic German statistics, Paris held in its cellars 25,000,000 bottles of champagne (Veuve, Cliquot, Bollinger, Krug, Perrier-Jouet, Lanson, Heidsick), and, in its streets, 25,000 prostitutes.

On the evening of June 13, the Germans were already in Porte de Pantin, a Paris suburb. On June 14, German motorized divisions rumbled across the stones of the Place de la Concord, stones once trampled by the crowds of the Great French Revolution.

Paris was empty. Paris was *une ville morte*, because three million inhabitants had fled south, but after a few days of wandering and hardships they returned. "C'est les boches," murmured crowds of Parisians as they stared at the grandiose procession of German armored cars. The final spasm of France's agony was Hitler's triumphant jig in the Compiègne forest when he learned that Paris had been taken.



18th century Lithuanian folk art

L
I
T
H
U
A
N
I
A

That photograph became a part of history.

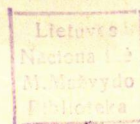
The Fuehrer immediately visited the conquered city. The visit was well arranged. It was to be short, but not cheaply triumphant. Two places were to be visited: the Madeleine Church and the Hotel des Invalides, where rested Napoleon's bones. The Fuehrer traveled with a small group of attendants, stopped farther back from all the rest and stood lost in thought alone near the deep crypt of Napoleon.

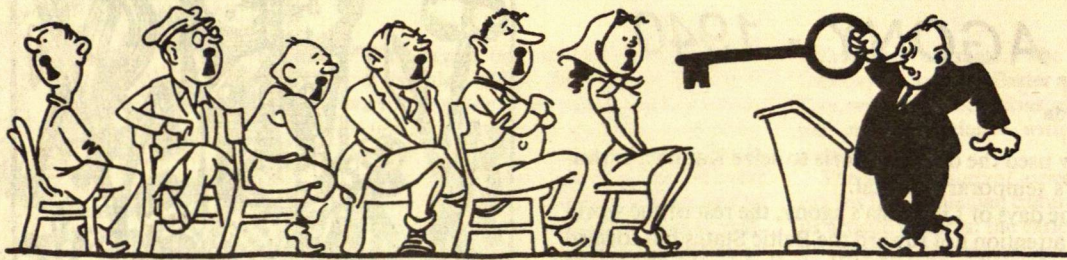
Later, Goering came to Paris in a shiny black limousine, dressed in a snow white uniform. Having driven through the streets of Paris, he went to eat in its best restaurant — La Cremaillere. Goering stayed at the Ritz. Goebels and his wife spent several days at the Elysee Palace.

On June 16, Britain supported France and their alliance with the declaration: "We are with you, in your hour of need. We stand by that courageous hope which incites the French government to resist."

The agonies of the Baltic States were quiet agonies, the most brutal of all, and yet totally ignored by the rest of the world. Only the United States made some mention: in the *Bulletin* of the State Department, during the anniversary of the week of Lithuania's occupation, Acting Secretary of State Sumner Welles, acting in behalf of the government, said that Uncle Sam did not recognize the Soviet occupation of the Baltic States.

(Mr. Gliauda's book "The Agony", translated by J. Zdanys, was published by the Lithuanian National Guard in Exile.)





In Lithuania: "Who else wants to express an opinion?"

J. Buivydas

(Courtesy of "Grafika")

NEW YORK TIMES CALLS LITHUANIANS RUSSIANS

The readers of The New York Times found out about the American writers' visit to Vilnius from a report by correspondent Philip Taubman. The report contained the following mysterious sentence: "The Russian writers at this year's meeting included Yassen Zasursky, the dean of Moscow State University journalism department; Chingiz Aitmatov, a young (sic!) writer from Kirghizia; Eduardas Mieželaitis, a Lithuanian poet; Mikolas Slutskis, a Lithuanian novelist; Ivan Drach, a Ukrainian poet; Albertas Laurinčiukas, a Lithuanian playwright and journalist..."

The writers of various nationalities who represented the Soviet Union at the conference were officially designated as "Soviet" writers. Mieželaitis, Sluckis, and Laurinčiukas write in Lithuanian and refer to themselves as Lithuanians. Aitmatov is a Kirghiz writer, and Drach is a Ukrainian. Whatever their political views, they are conscious and proud of their nationality. Their language, culture and history are not Russian. The state in which they live today is called the Soviet Union. By what magical transformation have they been transmogrified into "Russians?"

It is amazing that such absurdities can still see print in a distinguished daily newspaper, which prides itself of its accuracy and offers itself as a major source of information to many schools and universities. That this kind of nonsense can be easily avoided is illustrated by Gary Lee's article on the same subject in November 30 issue of The Washington Post, where he correctly uses the term "Soviet" throughout the entire text. The schools and universities that use The New York Times as their "window into the world" should give serious thought to switching to The Washington Post.

The New York Times, meanwhile, owes an explanation to its readers and to the people of Lithuania, the Ukraine, and other misrepresented countries.

Elta

ELTA'S REPLY TO P.E.N.

We appreciated receiving materials that show how much the American P.E.N. is doing to assist imprisoned and persecuted writers in U.S.S.R. These activities are known to us and we hold them in highest regard.

In your letter you wrote that the ELTA article, commenting on Mr. Norman Mailer's recent pronouncements on the Soviet system and on his visit in Lithuania "showed some consternation over President Mailer's friendliness toward the Soviet Union." We would like to correct this impression. "Friendliness toward the Soviet Union" is such an exceedingly vague phrase that one is not certain exactly who or what is the beneficiary of the friendliness. What our article pointed out was Mr. Mailer's numerous lapses of judgment, factual errors and logical contradictions. It is these that should be addressed.

Here is the American P.E.N. Center defending the imprisoned and brutalized writers - "letters, cables, public readings, and case sheets for letter-writing campaigns" - in continuance of its "traditional commitment to P.E.N.'s freedom of expression." And there is the new President of the American P.E.N., unable to distinguish between Russians and non-Russians, or between the KGB cogs in the Soviet Russian Writers' Union and the genuine writers: unaware that Lithuania is not "Russia"; proudly parading his failure to acquaint himself with the rudimentary facts of the history and culture of the Russian and non-Russian peoples; and strenuously apologizing for a system of terror and repression.

Reading Mr. Mailer's comments about the Soviet regime, one gets the impression that the imprisonment and torture of writers in the USSR is carried out by some Martians, Eskimos or New Guineans, but not only by those who wine and dine Mr. Mailer.

Of course, the American P.E.N. is not a "governmental entity" and is acting "impar-

tially of ideology." But individual American or other writers are following their consciences and not governmental guidance when they condemn totalitarian repression. And the P.E.N. Charter, which is indeed an admirable document, does call for "mutual respect between nations" and for the dispelling of "national hatreds," but it does not ask P.E.N. members to whitewash occupation of nations (Lithuania!) or to court keepers of psychiatric hospitals, as Mr. Mailer is doing.

The essence of the Soviet system is summed up in the slow murder of Vasily Stus, Gintautas Iešmantas, Irina Ratushinskaya, and thousands of others. Mr. Mailer's escapades amount to a trivialization of their suffering.

Elta

YOU CAN HELP

Legrete International Writers' Union asks that you appeal to the Soviet Union Government for the unconditional release of prisoner Balys Gajauskas on humanitarian grounds and that he be allowed to emigrate to the U.S. with his family.

Each letter should be sent via registered mail, signed, and include your own address.

Petitions on behalf of Mr. Gajauskas for the collection of signatures are available free of charge from LIWU. Specify the number you need and write us at the Post Office Drawer 1410, Daphne, Alabama, 36526, USA.

Letters and petitions to the Soviet Government should be sent to:

SSR Moskva
Generalnomu Sekretariu CK KPS
i Predsadieliu Presidiuma
Verchovnove Sovieta RSS
M. Gorbachev.



**SPIRITUAL HUNGER
IN LITHUANIA**

At Eastertide the overcrowded churches of Vilnius can not accommodate the surging multitudes of the faithful who worship under threatening skies

A stalwart hearty Lithuanian (not a Russian, sir) proudly offers her artistic Lithuanian Easter "verba" to appreciative Lithuanians outside the church



(Photos from "Churches of Lithuania" by Bronius Kviklys)

PRISONERS

The International P.E.N. Writers' Prison Committee in London has published a list of writers in prison, who deserve to receive cards and letters from people of goodwill all over the world. The list includes the following Lithuanians in Soviet prisons:

Balys Gajauskas - 15 years; USSR, 618263, Permskaya Obl., Chusovsky raion, Pos. Kuchino, Uchr. VS-389/36-1

Viktoras Petkus - 15 years; as Balys Gajauskas. Wife: ul. B. Dauguvicicio 10/1, Vilnius, Lithuania USSR.

Gintautas Iešinantas - 11 years; as Balys Gajauskas, only end is VS-389/36.

Vytautas Skuodis - 12 years; USSR, 431200, Mordovskaya ASSR, Tengushevsky r-n, pos. Barashevo, Uchr. ZhKh-385/3-5

Julius Sasnauskas - 5 years internal exile; USSR, 636600, Tomsk region, pos. Parebel, ul. Sovetskaya, 147a.

Antanas Terleckas - 5 years internal exile; USSR, 686410, Magadanskaya obl., Omsukchansky r-n, pos Industrialny, ul Sportivnaya, 5 kv. 17.

Dr. Algirdas Statkevičius - forcibly interned in a special psychiatric hospital; USSR, 700058, UzSSSR, g. Tashkent, Uchr. UYa-64/IZ-1.



Jurkunas Illustrations

By Bishop Motiejus Valančius (1801-1875)

of peas and we went through that too. As I fiddled around, crowds of dancers swelled, doing the *Blusa* (Flea), and the *Švirplys* (Cricket).

Towards nightfall, the dogs began to bark with excitement. We saw a group of youths and children. Into our midst came a goat with large horns, and together with him, came "Giltine" (Death). Giltine was wearing a furskin turned inside-out. Its hair was made of flax, its head was covered by a furskin with holes where the eyes were. It had an ugly beard made of horsehair. Hog bristles were glued with resin to its lips. And it sported a long tail made of rope.

Then, in popped a crane with a long beak, shrieking *cheept-cheept*. The children grabbed at his beak, giggling *kee-kee-kee*. Thereupon I began to play my fiddle. Right away the crane began to dance, going *brooksh-brooksh bubuksh-bubuksh* with his beak. The goat also danced around, while Death, dancing too, sang a ditty:

*"Ei, opso, opso, opso - all non-dancers gape
Ei, opso, opso, opso - all non-dancers simper"*

We whiled half the night away. Finally the monstrous animals went out, discarded their costumes and turned back to being people. At the table we had a hearty supper *slurp-slurp*, drank down the beer, after which the visitors went home.

The next morning the Svilas family got up, not having had enough sleep. One daughter, who had gone to church, had brought back a handful of consecrated ashes with which the master smeared everyone's forehead. From then on, not only the people but my fiddle remained silent until Easter.

Palm Sunday arrived. As we went to church, we gathered branches of juniper, cowberry, oak with leaves still attached, and willows. These were then blessed in church. After Mass, children struck one another with the willow branches, *shmouksh-shmouksh*, saying:

*"Not I strike you, the rod strikes you.
It will hit until it breaks.
Until that joyous day next week...
Stay well - like a fish..."*

Wednesday, Thursday, and Good Friday, the priests chanted and chanted, and they prayed so long and loud. Finally, finished, they went thump-thump- with their prayer books over benches, and proceeded to go home. The children had waited for this moment. They had prepared for themselves a small board with a hole for inserting a rope. On the board they drew, with chalk or coal, a picture of a herring. One of them dragged the board around the church while the others beat it with willow branches.

That Easter evening we all went to church and we sang hymns the whole night through until dawn. The pastor Rusteika preached a very long sermon about the agonies of Christ. I observed that the people knew many hymns, but they did not have one hymn for the patron saint of their

JUZE TELLS US ABOUT OLD EASTER CUSTOMS

While I was busy tailoring for my host Mr. Svilas, some Catholic showmen came by with large bears. Children and dogs soon swarmed around them. The showmen did not practice sorcery or distract us with riddles; they just chanted a hymn, "Remember, Christian, what Jesus suffered."

One Saturday before Lent, I suggested to my host's eldest daughter, "You know, Shrovetide is coming soon and it would be good to have some fun. I know how to play the fiddle. Ask your mother if she'll allow it."

The mother agreed: "Be sure to invite the neighboring young people." The company began to arrive. The three daughters danced the "Šienas", (Hay). Soon I was asking six young ladies and eight young men, "What do you want to dance?"

"The Angleza!" While I fiddled, they kicked and jumped for all they were worth. The young men wore boots and the floor almost caved in.

Another evening, pretty Mrs. Svilas prepared some pancakes which we ate with gusto. Then she gave us a pudding

Fun before the long fast and the deep silence of Lent.

own church — the Apostle St. Matthew. So I wrote one. Then I sang it. This hymn pleased everyone very much. Right away they took copies from me and began to learn it.

During the Easter holidays I visited the parish of Pandelis where I saw a custom with which I was unfamiliar. From early morning, all the children walked around everywhere, carrying water which they poured on the hands of the masters, a service for which they demanded payment with Easter eggs. In addition, they *splish-splish* splashed all the girls, then giggled *kee-kee-kee* because the girls, being dressed in their holiday finery, shrieked, protesting.

Families and neighbors came visiting. The young people made swings and went swinging. This was the third day of fun and feasting. The entire family, together with the children, dug a hole in the ground into which they rolled Easter eggs. The player who rolled his egg into the hole and struck an egg that was already in the hole promptly claimed ownership of the egg he hit.

The fourth day which was called “the day of ice”, everyone celebrated and did no work, but gathered together and socialized. They played “pulling out the *ridika* (radish)”. While we were all seated, one individual who was pretending to ride a cane, left the room and began to make a big noise *girksh!*

Another player demanded, “Who is that at the gates of the manor?”

“It is I, *Kiburštaitis*.”

“And what is it you want?”

“My lady has a longing for a radish from Rome. I have come to pull one up.”

“Be sure to pick a good one.”

The player with the cane approached a seated player and gave him the cane which he held tight with both his hands. The two players pulled on the “radish” until one succeeded in pulling it away from the other. So went the game, from player to player, pulling up the radish for the lady.

When I observed that some were getting a bit bored with the game, I took out my fiddle and *dzen-dzen* I began to fiddle away. The eyes of the young folk lit up. First they danced the *Avietėle* (Raspberry.) Next they danced the *Blezdingėle* (Swallow). And then the *Lenciugėli*. (Little Chain.) Ten pairs of dancers twirled and bounced and jumped and kicked. Even my fingers began to get sore and finally, still playing, I too began *hop-hop* to dance.

The men did the *Kepurinka* (Hat Dance)... And then it became quite late. Mrs. Rimkunas came along and said, “Now, enough is enough. You are all so hot; what’s more, the room is as dusty as the barn at flax-threshing time.”

When I heard this, I stopped my fiddling and dancing. We sat down to a meal and then the guests went home and we to bed.

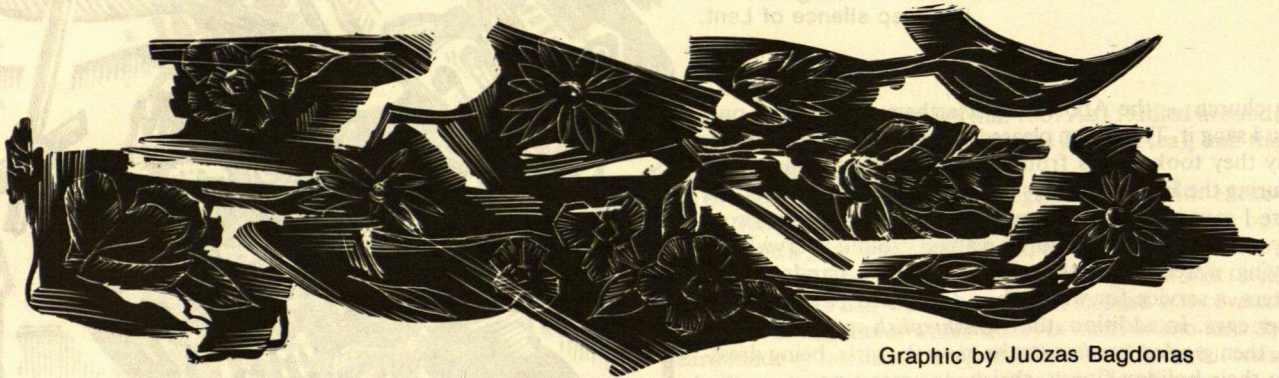
(Victoria Azuolas and DMJ trans.)

Fun after the long fast and the deep silence of Lent.



"ON PARISH FEAST DAYS THE HORTICULTURE DISPLAY WAS A TRIUMPH OF ART AND NATURE."

Albert Cizauskas



Graphic by Juozas Bagdonas

SISTER MATILDA

The old church was blessed in many ways. Not the least of these blessings came in the habit of the Sisters of Saint Dominic worn by the Lithuanian nuns who taught the children of the parishioners. Each of these remarkable women left her imprint in her own way upon the church and the children under her charge.

The old church school to which these nuns were assigned was the sole Lithuanian-supported elementary institution in New York City. The school building had a fortress-like appearance which then seemed out of place in the slums of Williamsburgh but would be just right in today's ghettos. Inside, however, the classrooms were large and adequate and the education received by the children was surprisingly good despite poor equipment and serious disciplinary problems.

How these women were able to teach large classes of fifty or more restless children from "deprived" families is a tribute to their dedication, courage and perseverance. Most of the children spoke Lithuanian at home but all subjects were taught in English and even those who knew no English prior to entering the school quickly became bi-lingual. That these nuns taught well is attested by the many of their students who went to high school and some even to college. Maintaining discipline with bamboo canes, they instilled a deep reverence for the church, taught good citizenship and gave those of us willing to go on the first push up the ladder. Neither sparing the rod nor spoiling the

child, they are proof that old-fashioned methods of education had much to commend them.

Sister Matilda

As usual in any group, one personality stands out from the rest. Dickens, the great master of the telling character trait, would have loved Sister Matilda. She was the restless doer, a Figaro here and a Figaro there who could be seen and heard bustling about the parish immersed in a dozen projects whose competing demands she generally managed to juggle without serious mishap.

Sister was assigned to teach the fourth grade but her true vocation was that of parish impresario. Her boundless energies were poured into such activities as staging the elaborate processions on the old church's important feast days; producing, directing and sometimes even composing plays for the parish stage; and orchestrating the annual graduation exercises in which, by some miracle, eight grades of fidgety children performed home-made skits for the edification of their Lithuanian parents. Not that she was the only nun to do things for the parish, but it was her guiding spirit which hovered over all these parochial works, generally bringing them to a successful conclusion.

When Sister Matilda wasn't engaged in her favorite role of mistress of parish ceremonies, she was the convent's Ms. Goodwrench, giving its frequent breakdowns a

quick fix before professional help arrived. And yet, in common with other nuns, she could often be found in the old church, telling the beads on the huge rosary that Dominican nuns used to wear at their sides.

Unfortunately, Sister Matilda was not a disciplinarian, lacking the heart to use a cane. She possessed little in her armory than the warning "Woe to you!" uttered in a high-pitched and impatient voice. Heard the first time, her threat was vaguely disconcerting but heard repeatedly, its hint of unspecified punishment, which seldom materialized, quickly lost its edge. One memorable day, a young hellion, sorely tempted by the spirit of rebellion that lies near the surface of every schoolboy, cried out in fractured Lithuanian, "Klatskees!" (roughly "Dough Balls!") and forthwith leaped out the window of Sister's ground-floor classroom. The cry, unrelated to anything that had gone on before, somehow fired the imagination of a number of other boys, who, without further thought, followed the leader.

The result of a moment of irrational inspiration became a rallying cry of youthful insubordination in Sister Matilda's fourth grade. But future would-be rebels wisely refrained from jumping out the window, remembering that the parish priests had rounded up the pioneers, soundly thrashing each of them, and had reported the incident to their parents, which resulted in a second, and undoubtedly more severe, thrashing.

Theater, Sacred and Profane

During the 20s and 30s, the school's large auditorium was a busy place, Sister Matilda producing many dramas on its stage. Sister either translated all the plays from English into Lithuanian, or else they were entirely the fruit of her fertile imagination. They generally dealt with biblical themes, such as the imaginary dream of Pilate's wife about the Man Whom her husband was about to judge, the later adventures of Veronica whose veil had the miraculous imprint of Christ's bloody features, and the Christmas story of no-room-at-the-inn. Lives of saints, such as Theresa and Bernadette, were also popular. Once she concocted a satire based on the gossipy habits of some of the women parishioners. They suspected themselves maligned but weren't sure. Such was Sister's cleverness that they were sure, on the other hand, that Sister's barbs were aimed at their friends and neighbors. Even though it hit home, or perhaps because it did, the play was an instant success and a welcome change from the customary religious fare.

Sister Matilda's creative enthusiasm for the stage, the high point of her career in the old church, kept the parish play pot boiling for close to two decades, during which she provided her audience with an entertaining and educational catharsis of their everyday problems.

One of my sisters was then the reigning star of the old church playhouse. She had a genuine talent for acting and was often able to induce tears from the audience with emotional renditions of tragic roles and was equally adept in provoking smiles and laughter with her comic interpretations.

One play I have good reason to recall was about a virgin martyr of Nero's reign. In the dramatic climax, when my sister was pleading with heaven to restore life to a dead child (played by me), I was to be pinched gently and punctually. At this signal, I was to rise up as proof of my sister's extraordinary virtue. But well before the command to rise, an attendant maid near the bier, envious of my sister's success, gave me a sharp rabbit punch at which I leaped up with a piercing yell of agony. My sister had the presence of mind immediately to lift up her arms to heaven at this miracle, premature though it may have been. The applause was heavy and my sister had scored another hit, overcoming in the bargain an unscripted bit of malicious show business.

Like most impresarios, Sister Matilda had an occasional flop. Somehow she dragooned me into playing the pastor's role in a series of vignettes, supposedly based on his sacerdotal life. The pastor, who had succeed-

ed Father Balandis, was a popular administrator so Sister Matilda wished to demonstrate the grateful affection of the parish by presenting him with a "surprise gift" on the occasion of his birthday.

I recall little about my role except that the boy who played the pastor as a youngster in primary school was considerably taller than I who portrayed him as an older seminarian. I can well imagine the pastor's embarrassment with anything so inept but he was noted for tact and actually thanked Sister Matilda for her generous, if misguided, gesture. I stayed away from the old church until the memory of this theatrical misadventure faded.

The Spirit and the Senses

Sister Matilda's artistic gifts spilled over into the old church itself. Together with other nuns, she would lovingly decorate the main altar with a profusion of the season's flowers. There was never a day when the altar was bare but on parish feast days the horticultural display was a triumph of art and nature.

It was the processions on the great feast days that were Sister's masterpieces. She arranged them with much care and a cunning eye to elicit the maximum emotional response from the parishioners. The processions began with band of ten boys from the first grade, dressed in white and carrying—in season—a white lily. These little seraphs were followed by massed ranks of sodality girls, also in white. Next came rows of older altar boys, after whom Sister, with an artist's instinct, inserted a score of young girls, the female counterparts of the seraphs, who strewed flower petals before the path of the pastor walking under a huge canopy. Directly in front of the priest were several altar boys walking backwards and incensing the Monstrance carried by the pastor.

The sacred tail of the procession would stretch more than one full length of the old church from its seraphic head, Sister running up and down the aisles to ensure its smooth progression, to prevent the various elements from getting entangled, and to match the tempo of all the marchers with that of the priest. Occasionally, there would be a clash of wills between Sister Matilda and the pastor. Once, chagrined at the slow pace of Sister's charges, he abandoned the procession and returned to the altar while Sister's angelic bands still had about two laps to go.

When these processions went well, which was most of the time, they fitted into the baroque spirit of the old church. Most unforgettable was the solemn procession at Easter dawn. The church was then filled beyond

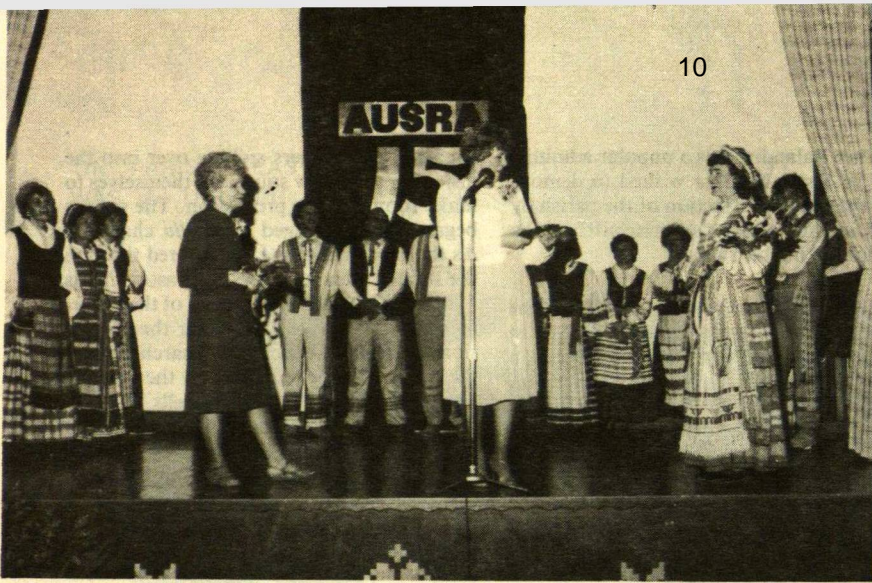
capacity, late-comers spilling over into the aisles but somehow squeezing themselves to make room for the procession. The service began with prolonged *a capella* chanting. As the first rays of the sun filtered through the stained glass windows, the pastor, in his rich baritone, sang out the news of the Resurrection. This was the signal for the procession to begin its triumphant march around the church. The choir took up the pastor's lead, joined by the church bells and the organ, silent since Holy Thursday, in the joyous exultation of the traditional Easter hymn, "Linksma Diena" ("O Happy Day"). The sweetly acrid smell of incense filled the church, the aisle floors were covered with petals as if colored by a Monet, and, at last, the pastor, bearing aloft the gold Monstrance, brought the procession to its sacred climax.

Such scenes were among the glories of the old church, recapturing for our parents the rich traditions of their homeland and bringing beauty for a time into their lives. Moments like these illumined the old truth that the spirit is approached through the senses.

Times changed as the old parishioners declined. Sister Matilda's services became less appreciated and her creative vigor visibly ebbed. The processions themselves gradually became less elaborate and then were terminated as the church moved into the era of Vatican Council II. Slowly, Sister slipped into the limbo of a passive spectator at the old church. For a long time, she could be seen in the nuns' balcony to the left of the main altar, her eyes sad but still expressing impatience at the thought of all that church and no procession.

Eventually, even the school was closed, ending a memorable chapter in the life of the parish. But those of us who remember the days of Sister Matilda and her sister nuns can still sense their presence when we visit the old church.





NEBRASKA

Omaha's folk dancers "Ausra" celebrate their anniversary with the noted "Aidai" dancers from Kansas City.

Photo by V. Sarka



Around The Globe

SOUTH AMERICA

Beautiful Lithuanians at a kiosk serve portions of the famous tree cake, baumkuchen.

Young Lithuanians from Argentina and Uruguay enjoy a cultural intervisit:

Gaiety bubbles up, demoniacally eyed by traditional Shrovetide masks.

Photos by Dr. Alfredas Stanevicius
Courtesy of "Pasaulio Lietuvis"



WASHINGTON, D.C.

Valdas Adamkus, Environmental Protection Agency administrator, is honored by Pres. Ronald Reagan: "The President of the United States of America has conferred on Valdas Adamkus the rank of distinguished executive in the senior executive service for sustained extraordinary accomplishment in management of the programs of the United States Government and for leadership exemplifying the highest standards of service to the public..."



LITHUANIA

Basketball superstar Arvydas Sabonis is voted the best athlete in Europe.



GERMANY

Lithuanian celebrities marry: soloist Lilija Sukyte and physicist-musician Vytautas Vasyliunas.



CHICAGO

Eva Tamulenaite of Germany and accompanist Raminta Lampsatyte end a successful concert.

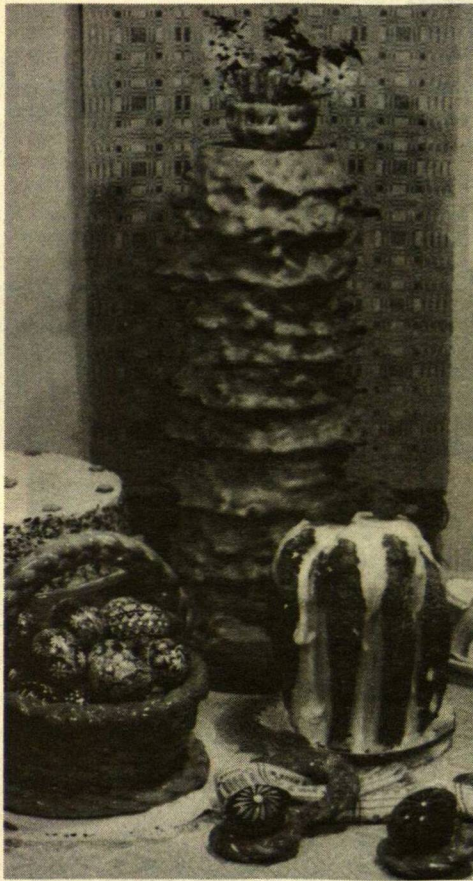
INTERNATIONALLY

Sisters of Jesus Crucified admire the book published by their Community "Praise the Lord, All You Nations."



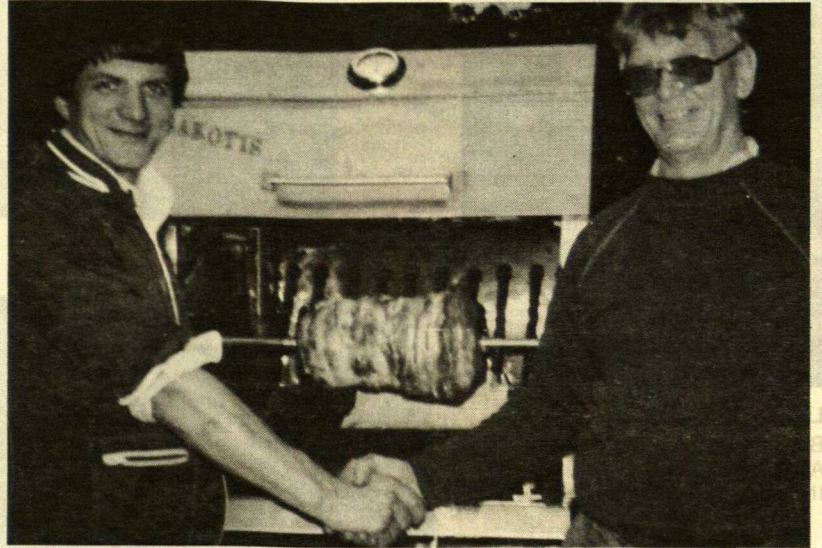
U.S.A.

Irene Vaishvilla receives her Second Lieutenant's gold bars from her father, Lieutenant Colonel George Vaishvilla, and her sister, a captain in the U.S. Army. The father was born in Lithuania.



Lithuanian Easter table with coloured eggs and the spectacular baumkuchen, the tree cake

Aldona Marcavage



Engineer Russ Turner and Jonas Stankus with the spit they built for the baumkuchen

A Tree Cake for Easter

We enjoyed our first Tree Cake when we visited Lithuania. It was a delightful gourmet experience. In Lithuanian it is called *sakotis* or *raguolis*; in German, it is a *baumkuchen*. The process of preparing such a cake involves cooking on a spit over an open fire and goes back to the beginning of time.

The oldest, most original form of this bakery product developed in ancient Greece. It then spread across Europe and, by the end of 15th century, it was being produced professionally in Germany. Starting first in monastery kitchens, these cakes soon found their way into the homes of the wealthy, and eventually into middle class kitchens.

Baumkuchen is one of those wonders of the professional baker's art that could never be even attempted in a home oven. It is an imposing cylindrical cake made on a specially

constructed horizontal spit that revolves in front of a hearth or open broiler. The baker begins by pouring a small amount of batter over the spit as it turns; it quickly cooks sufficiently to cling to the spit in a thin, lightly browned layer. As one layer is cooked, another and then another is applied, until a cylinder some 6 to 8 inches in diameter has built up along the length of the spit. When the finished cake is sliced, dozens of layers are revealed, as finely marked as the annual rings of a tree trunk.

Last spring I learned about Jonas Stankus who organized the preparation of a Lithuanian table for the 46th banquet of the International Institute in Boston. Twenty one countries participated and Mr. Stankus' table won first prize.

The Boston Globe reported: "The cuisine of Lithuania was the hit of the International

Institute, dumbfounding gourmets and sending nobs to their almanacs to find out where in the world Lithuania is located.

"Lithuania, as it turns out, was subsumed into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in 1940 with two other Baltic countries, Latvia and Estonia."

The Lithuanian table, which won first prize for food presentation and sales, was one of the countries providing "a mosaic buffet of international culinary delights," as the party's prepublicity described it.

Mr. Stankus, who works at the new Marriott Hotel, creates baumkuchen on a special spit which an engineer helped build. The not inexpensive, spectacular delicacy can be ordered by mail for special events. For detailed information, you can write to me at *Bridges*. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Diary of a Teacher

There are only two days left until Easter vacation! I have a bunch of school papers to grade, but the day is dark and gloomy and I am tired after the long schoolday. It is hard to teach with no library, no books, and no workbooks for the students. But we are all happy that the group of devoted teachers got together and organized the school. This spring we will be having our fourth graduation; the first graduates are far advanced in colleges. The children have an opportunity to study even if many parents and relatives are sceptical about the future. Many displaced persons have already emigrated to USA and Canada, and their children got accepted to colleges with highschool diplomas earned in our schools.

We live in a DP camp located in South Germany in a former army barracks. It is made up of nine big, grey cement buildings situated on three sides of a large square. On the fourth side are the warehouses. One is used for meetings, the other as a church. No grass or trees grow in the square, everything is drab and cold. The smaller rooms are given to families with children and sick persons. At first the administration personnel was considered, but finally everybody had to be placed in large rooms with two or three families together. With the help of cupboards and blankets we try to get some privacy. You are lucky if the neighbours are decent and peaceful people! But if your neighbours are very sociable and love constant partying, try to study in that smoke filled room full of singing or telling of off-color jokes!

Yesterday a letter came from our friends Petras and Ona from Munchen. They had invited us to spend Easter with them, but now they have to leave for a special camp on the way to USA. Our invitation is off. We have no relatives in USA and there is no hope of emigrating. So we promised to keep in touch with several friends who did not know where they will be living in USA.

Now I continue to correct and grade homework; I think about the Easter holidays. My pupils are about fifteen years old. They left Lithuania when they were ten or eleven. Most live with their parents, some have grandparents. Their memories are still quite fresh, renewed by parents. For older children, it is harder, especially the ones without relatives. They live in one room, eight of them! There is no supervisor,

because there is no money for a salary (we are so poor-with no salaries for teachers, kitchen workers, office help, - only added food rations and cigarettes!). So the teachers whose classes these boys attend take special care of them.

It is getting dark. I sit at the table and let my thoughts wander to the time when in my own country we celebrated the Easter holidays. The beginning of lent was 7 weeks before Easter, and it marked the approaching spring holiday. *Užgavėnės* (Mardi Gras) was a holiday of merry - making and eating. The Lithuanian *misle* - riddle: "A seven mile long bridge, and a sun rising at the end" describes the lenten period.

During lent, strict fasting was observed. On Palm Sunday the first to wake up had the right to beat the sleepy heads saying: "*Ne aš plaku, verba plaka. Už nedėlios bus Velykos*". "Not I beat you; verba beats you: next week will be Easter!" Everybody went to church, carrying "*verba*" which consisted of pussywillow branches and some evergreens. In Vilnius people made very ornate *verbas* of dried wildflowers. The *verbas* of Vilnius are regarded even today as art work; they are sold at *Kaziuko mugė* (St. Kazimir's Fair) in spite of the fact that the current rulers do not believe in God and Easter.

Holy week was a prayer and cleaning up time. On Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday we went to church to attend special Holy Week celebrations. On Good Friday after the water and fire were blessed, the young boys eagerly rushed home with a spark of blessed fire in a sponge. The fire in the stove would be extinguished and, with the blessed spark, a new fire would be started. The whole house was cleaned, every farm building sparkled, the yard was swept and cleaned. Women baked bread, and cakes, and prepared different meat dishes for Easter Sunday. The older ladies, sometimes men too, were in charge of preparing *margučiai* (wax-decorated Easter eggs). With the help of children, they worked for quite some time because lots of *margučiai* were needed. The most beautiful *margučiai* were put at children's bedside by the mothers leaving for *Prisikėlimas* (Resurrection Mass) while the children slept. They were told in advance that good children would be visited by *Velyku Bobutė* (Easter Old Woman) who brings good children a beautiful egg early Easter morning. She comes in a glass cart

driven by a wax mare. That's why she has to finish her trip before sunrise!

On the way to church, women brought cake, ham and eggs for the poor. Another package containing some cake and eggs was blessed after the Mass and brought back home to start the Easter breakfast. The Resurrection Mass started with a procession around the church three times while everybody sang "*Links-ma diena...*" "A joyous day has dawned...". After the Mass everybody rushed home. It was believed that the one who comes home first would finish all farm work first. The Easterfeast followed. All the goodies that had not been seen during the lent were plentiful and everybody enjoyed the holiday. *Margučiai*, like a token of appreciation, were given to children, to friends, to godchildren, and to sweethearts... Young people liked to prepare swings outside if the weather was warm and they enjoyed whole day.

Deep in my thoughts, I did not see the twilight darken and only my husband's return brought me back, reality. He was radiant and reported that he had received a letter from Vytautas, our dear friend in Brooklyn, who wrote that his aunt's friend has agreed to provide us with needed documents to come to USA. A hope for new life fills our hearts. The Easter will be very happy!



PROCESSION

OUR PRIDE:

THE BALZEKAS MUSEUM

of Lithuanian Culture



MAN
OF
THE
YEAR

Rev. Dr. Joseph Prunskis

The Balzekas Museum of Lithuanian Culture is located at 4012 Archer Avenue in Chicago. As it approaches its 20th anniversary, the Board of Directors is happy to announce the proposed acquisition of a new Museum building on South Pulaski Road, a three story building (28,750 square feet), with adequate parking facilities. The building is in excellent structural condition.

The Board of Directors is meeting on a daily basis to seek the advice of professionals in the architectural and museum design fields. A few individuals have volunteered their time and expertise in the advisory session. Additional help is going to be needed in the preservation and expansion of the library, archival, and art departments. Adjoining the new main exhibit hall, rooms will be renovated to house our permanent collections from the amber, map, numismatic, textile, and philately departments, etc.

Plans are being made to expand the Children's Museum and its related programming. The art gallery will be able to exhibit the works of renowned artists. The Women's Guild, which has been a vital supporter of major activities of the museum, is planning to expand their collections and provide additional programming relating to Lithuanian culture. Future long range plans are to expand the Museum's 22 departments to include a new performing arts facility and related programming.

Each year the Museum honors one individual whose achievements have helped realize the purpose of the Museum. This year the Museum is pleased to present its "Man

of the Year" award to Reverend Dr. Joseph Prunskis who graduated from the Theological Seminary of Kaunas, Lithuania, and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1932; in 1935 he received his licentiate in canon law from the University of Kaunas; and in 1945, he took his doctor's degree in canon law at the Catholic University of America in Washington, having written the dissertation on Comparative Law, Ecclesiastical and Civil, in the Lithuanian Concordat.

In addition to his pastoral duties, he has been active in journalism since the 1930's. He has written more than 10,000 articles for newspapers and journals, and numerous books.

Reverend Prunskis has received special awards from the Captive Nations Committee. His concise biography is printed in the recent edition of Who's Who in the Midwest and also in The International Who's Who of Contemporary Achievement. He served as editor of the daily *Draugas* Lithuanian newspaper and the monthly, *The Marian*.

He was observer at the Helsinki Monitoring Conference in Madrid and contacted Western and some Eastern Delegations regarding Lithuania. He also was an observer at the session of the European Parliament in Strassbourg, France, when the resolution concerning the freedom of the Baltic states was accepted.

Founded in 1966 as a repository of Lithuanian history, the Museum is dedicated to the preservation and perpetuation of Lithuanian art and culture. It promotes the active study and appreciation of the diversity of America's ethnic cultural heritage in order to develop greater understanding among all people, the Museum works in close cooperation with other ethnic cultural and educational organizations, museums, fraternal orders, religious and governmental institutions.



JUOZAS BAGDONAS

IN MEMORIAM

Enclosed is a memorial gift to BRIDGES in honor of my mother, Salomeja Russelewich. She left Lithuania at the age of 15 and died at the age of 86, always a Lithuanian at heart in those years of separation from her family and homeland.

After many months of waiting, we received permission to take her ashes back for burial in her home village in Lithuania. It was a most emotional event. The villagers turned out en masse to the little village church to "welcome back a daughter who finally returned to her home."

This was movingly expressed by the priest who conducted the service and we shall never forget the beautiful traditional Mass, the choir, the people who attended and the procession to the cemetery for burial. That fulfilled my mother's deepest desire and I truly never expected to be able to fulfill that desire!

Eleanor and Harry Clemons
Reno, Nevada

LITHUANIAN FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

KASA

LIETUVIŲ FEDERALINĖ KREDITO UNIJA

New York — Chicago — Cicero — Detroit — St. Petersburg

KASA Credit Union pays 7% dividend for passbook savings accounts, gives you the highest interest rates for Share Certificates and IRA accounts and issues all types of loans at reasonable rates and convenient terms.

Every member account is insured by Federal CUNA Agency to 100,000 dollars.

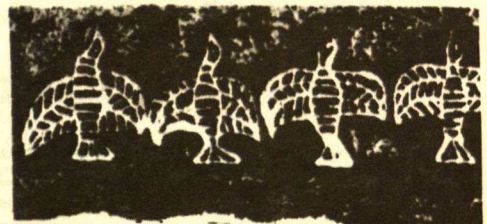
For more information, apply to KASA home office
or to one of our branches:
2615 W. 71st St., Chicago, IL 60629 (312-737-2110)
1445 So. 50 Av., Cicero, IL 60650 (312-656-2201)
(Detroit) P.O. Box 267, Franklin, MI 48025
400 701 Ave., St. Petersburg Beach, FL, 33706 (813-367 -6304)

Home Office:
86-01 114 St.
Richmond Hill, NY, 11418
(Tel. 718-441-6799)

Visi lietuviai taupo lietuviškoje Kasoje

KASA

CURRENT ASSETS:
49 MILLION DOLLARS



In support of the Community's Activities
for Freedom of Lithuania and Human Rights

I have enclosed a check for \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

(Please make all checks or money orders payable to the Lithuanian-American Community of U.S.A., Inc.)

Lithuanian-American Community of U.S.A., Inc.
912 Plainfield Road
Downers Grove, IL 60516



1986 TOURS TO LITHUANIA

10 TO 17 DAY TOURS WITH 7 DAYS IN LITHUANIA

10 DAYS LITHUANIA & FINLAND

TOUR #421	April 21 — April 30	\$1,389
TOUR #915	September 18 — September 27	\$1,449
<i>Itinerary: Vilnius, 7 days; Helsinki 1</i>		
<i>FINNAIR via JFK</i>		
IT5AY1B020		

12 DAYS LITHUANIA, POLAND & GERMANY

TOUR #512	May 12 — May 23	\$1,439
<i>Itinerary: train, Warsaw to Vilnius; Vilnius, 7 days; train, Vilnius to Warsaw; Warsaw, 2; Frankfurt, 1</i>		
<i>LUFTHANSA via JFK & BOSTON</i>		
IT4BA1A032		

14 DAYS LITHUANIA, UKRAINE, RUSSIA & HUNGARY

TOUR #610	June 12 — June 25	\$1,669
TOUR #708	July 10 — July 23	\$1,669
TOUR #819	August 21 — September 3	\$1,669
<i>Itinerary: Kiev, 2 days; Vilnius, 7; Moscow, 1; Budapest, 2</i>		
<i>SWISSAIR via JFK & BOSTON</i>		
IT6SR1B0515		

14 TO 21 DAY TOURS WITH 10 DAYS IN LITHUANIA

14 DAYS LITHUANIA & RUSSIA

TOUR #716	July 6 — July 29	\$1,699
<i>Itinerary: Moscow, 1 day; Vilnius, 10; Moscow, 1</i>		
<i>SWISSAIR via JFK & BOSTON</i>		
IT6SR1B0515		

15 DAYS LITHUANIA & FINLAND

TOUR #101	FOLK ARTS & CRAFTS TOUR, October 1 — October 15	\$1,599
TOUR #126	NEW YEAR'S EVE TOUR, December 26 — January 9	\$1,499
<i>Itinerary: Vilnius, 10 days with Kaunas 2 days; Helsinki, 2</i>		
<i>FINNAIR via JFK</i>		
IT5AY1B019		

18 DAYS LITHUANIA, RUSSIA & FINLAND

TOUR #812	August 12 — August 29	\$2,059
<i>Itinerary: Moscow, 2 days; Vilnius, 10; Leningrad, 2; Helsinki, 2</i>		
<i>FINNAIR via JFK</i>		
IT5AY1B019		

21 DAYS LITHUANIA, SWEDEN, RUSSIA & FINLAND

TOUR #514	YOUTH GROUP TOUR, May 13 — June 2	\$1,949
<i>Itinerary: Stockholm, 2 days; Baltic Sea liner, Stockholm to Helsinki; Moscow, 2; Vilnius, 10; Leningrad, 2; Helsinki, 2</i>		
<i>SAS via JFK</i>		
IT1SK6LT		

13 & 14 DAY TOURS WITH 5 DAYS IN LITHUANIA

13 DAYS LITHUANIA, RUSSIA & ITALY

TOUR #511	May 11 — May 23	\$1,799
TOUR #920	September 21 — October 3	\$1,799
<i>Itinerary: Moscow, 2 days; Vilnius, 5; Rome, 4 with Florence 1 day</i>		
<i>ALITALIA via JFK & BOSTON</i>		
IT6AZ1B0028		

14 DAYS LITHUANIA, RUSSIA, AUSTRIA & BAVARIA

TOUR #611	June 11 — June 24	\$1,829
TOUR #722	July 22 — August 4	\$1,829
<i>Itinerary: Moscow, 2 days; Vilnius, 5; Vienna, 2; Munich, 3</i>		
<i>LUFTHANSA via JFK & BOSTON</i>		
IT4BA1A032		



BALTIC TOURS
293 Auburn Street
Newton, MA 02166
(617) 965-8080 or
(617) 969-1190



Algis Silas

The Joint Baltic American National Committee

What is the purpose of Ad Hoc Committee on the Baltic States and Ukraine? The Ad Hoc Committee systematically brings Baltic and Ukrainian issues to the attention of Congress and the public. The Committee's main function is to raise the consciousness of the American public and the Congress, and to make the Soviet Union aware of the fact that people in public offices are concerned about the fates of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine.

The most outspoken Ad Hoc Committee member during 1985 was Congressman Don Ritter who wrote to the "Globe-Times", which not only distorted facts about him, but also glossed over the U.S. non-recognition policy of the illegal incorporation of the Baltic States into the U.S.S.R. The following is an excerpt of Representative Ritter's letter:

"The story to which I refer was one in which I was alleged to have intervened to help prevent the deportation of an alleged Nazi war criminal by writing a letter to Secretary of State Shultz. I firmly believe that no room exists in America for war criminals, including those who entered this country illegally to escape prosecution for their role in the Holocaust.

"The fact is, I do not object at all to the deportation of such a person from this country. But I do object to the deportation of Baltic nationals to the Soviet Union, since it would violate the long standing American policy of not recognizing the forcible Soviet communist annexation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

"...Estonian born Karl Linnas is a Baltic national, and according to a Justice Department investigation building upon a Soviet investigation, is a Nazi war criminal. The real question is where to deport Mr. Linnas. Why not to Israel?

Why give one of yesterday's Nazis to today's Nazis, the Soviets - the world's most anti-Semitic regime - at the expense of the hopes and dreams of millions of repressed people living in the Baltic States? Where is the compassion for those millions who do not want to be dominated by Soviet communism?"

Congressman Ritter was also one of the first to demand that Attorney General Edwin Meese look into the matter of the Ukrainian defector Myroslav Medvid.

"Myroslav Medvid is a marked man. If the experiences of Simas Kudirka are any guide,

he's in for big, big trouble back in the U.S.S.R.," commented Rep. Ritter at a press conference.

"...For Americans of Ukrainian heritage, and for all those Americans who trace their roots to lands under Soviet domination, this experience serves as a massive insult."

The next general election takes place in November of 1986. All 435 Congressman and women, and 1/3 of all Senators, face re-election. Therefore, beginning in January of 1986, these individuals will be seeking sup-

port from their constituencies. This is an ideal time to approach non-members of the Ad Hoc Committee with requests that they join, since membership in the Ad Hoc Committee will be viewed favorably by their Baltic and Ukrainian constituencies. For further information apply to:

Joint Baltic American Nat'l. Committee
P.O. Box 4578
Rockville, MD 20850
301-340-1954

DOCUMENTARY FILMS FROM LITHUANIA

LITUANIKOS SPARNAIS— The tragic pioneering flight across the Atlantic of the two Lithuanian-Americans, Darius and Girenas.

ŠIMTAMEČIU GODOS— Interviews with men and women in Lithuania who are over one hundred years old.

ŠVENTEN— Preparations for a Lithuanian folk song festival.

GYVENU SAVO SAPNA— Young Canadian-Lithuanians visit Lithuania and discuss their impressions.

IEVA SIMONAITYTE— Portrait of a Lithuanian writer as she reminisces about her life.

IEŠKOM KLAKSONU— Antique car buffs in Lithuania, with background music by Sabaniauskas, a popular Lithuanian singer of the 1930s.

All films are in black-and-white, 20 min. long.
\$29.95 per film — \$39.95 with English subtitles
(Please add \$2.50 per video cassette for mailing costs.)

Make out checks or money orders to: **IVI**

INTERNATIONAL VIDEO INSTITUTE, INC., DEPT. 106

c/o Juozas Kazlas
68 W. 69th St., New York, NY 10023



FAVORITE LITHUANIAN RECIPES

contained on a VHS format video cassette tape. It shows you everything you need to prepare Lithuanian specialties.

Filed in English. Price \$24.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. Send check or money order made out to:

AMERICAN DREAM VIDEO

P.O. Box 82, Dept. LR
Jacksonville, AR 72076

LABAI AČIŪ

Donations

- \$100.00—Eleanor and Harry Clemons, Reno, NV
 \$20.00—D. Balciunas, Los Angeles, CA
 13.00—Gene Rimkus, Western Springs, IL
 11.00—Nijole Brazenas, M.D., Sparkhill, NY
 11.00—Joseph Dombrowski, Oak Park, IL
 10.00—Mrs. Irene Maladra, Morristown, NJ
 10.00—Mrs. John McMillon, Leominster, MA
 10.00—A. Blazelevicius, Milford, DE
 10.00—Mrs. William Karrytais, Worcester, MA
 10.00—Adele Mojher, Teaneck, NJ
 10.00—Mrs. Albert Petraitis, Hartford, CT
 10.00—Maria Vidunas, Worcester, MA
 8.00—Albina Znotas, Kearny, NJ
 6.00—Aldona Affleck, Annandale, VA
 6.00—Marchelle Bakken, Lancaster, PA
 5.00—Mr. J. Kiausas, Harrison, NJ
 5.00—Eva Simmermon, South Lyons, MI
 3.00—Adele Bigley, Bethel Park, PA
 3.00—Helen Campbell, Philadelphia, PA
 3.00—Aldona Galdikas-Franz, Camarillo, CA
 3.00—Virginia Janonis, Chicago, IL
 3.00—Mrs. S. Kecioris, Carmel, NY
 3.00—Patricia Krause, Marlton, NJ
 3.00—Eugene Molis, Union Lake, MI
 3.00—R. J. Rasmussen, Betteldorf, IO
 3.00—Vytenas Silas, Chicago, IL
 3.00—Jonas Stunza, Methuen, PA
 3.00—R. Viliamas, Suitland, MD
 1.00—Mrs. I. Juodaitis, Holden, MA
 1.00—Birute Tamulis, Los Angeles, CA

A GIFT

ENCYCLOPEDIA LITUANICA

— In English —

Edited by Simas Suziedelis
 6 Volumes, over 600 pages per
 volume. \$135., plus postage.

Available at BRIDGES
 341 Highland Blvd.
 Brooklyn, NY 11207

FOR THE FAMILY

The King Who Had to Steal

AN OLD FOLK TALE

Once there was a king who ordered his subjects to take all hundred-year-old men deep into the forest and leave them there to die. One day a young boy watched his father push old grandfather in a cart and trundled him off to the forest where, reaching the top of a hill, he let the cart go plunging earthward.

"Papa, why are you leaving the cart?"

"We won't need it any more."

"But when you grow old, papa, with what will I take you away?"

They packed grandfather back into the cart, took him home, and kept him hidden in the barn.

Soon famine fell on the land. Food was scarce. Grandfather told his family:

"Search under the eaves of the roof. One very good year when I was young, I stuffed it full of unthreshed rye. Put it all into a bag, mount the fastest horse, ride into the field and sow the rye."

The son did as he was told. When autumn came, nothing sprouted. He complained to his father who advised, "All will be well. At night go to the field, put your ear to the earth and listen to what the rye is saying."

The son went and listened, but all he could hear were the seeds grunting, "U,U,U."

"Good," said grandfather. More time passed and grandfather told him to go listen once more. This time he heard the rye grumble, "Move over, move over; give me room."

By Shrovetide the rye sprouted and by St. John's Day the growth looked like a wall.

The country was in the throes of famine. People made an appeal to the king who drove out to take a look at the fields. He was surprised to find one field with a wall of rye growing.

"From where did you get the seeds?" he asked the farmer. "In my whole kingdom there's not another field like this one."

The farmer confessed he had been hiding the old grandfather who had given some good advice.

The king confronted the grandfather: "If you are so wise, old man, tell me when you will die."

"Christmas Eve, your highness."

"And when will I die?"

"The first day of Easter, your highness."

"Is there no escape for us?"

"Not for me. But you might escape your fate if you go out and steal."

The king laughed at such nonsense and drove home.

However, he could not get the old man out of his mind. When Christmas arrived he sent his servants to see him. They returned, having attended his burial.

As Easter approached, he became increasingly worried. He could not eat or sleep. Holy Saturday he put on the tattered rags of a beggar and went off to town. Passing a fence, he was startled by a tramp. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am what you are," said the tramp. "Shall we go steal together?" "We could rob the king. I know the layout of his chambers." The tramp boxed one ear, then another: "What! You want to rob our king? He has given away so much of his wealth during this famine. I myself would be dead by now if he hadn't helped." "Very well," said the king. "Let us go rob the rich lords who make our people suffer so much." They came to a brightly lit manor. "Let's climb up there to hear what they're up to," said the tramp.

"But I don't know how to climb up the side of a house."

"What kind of thief are you." The tramp boxed the king's ears again. He climbed up himself and, when he returned, he reported, "The wretches! They're planning to murder the king tomorrow at a banquet where they will give him a chalice of poisoned wine."

The thief again climbed up and when he returned, he had several coffers of gold which he shared with the king, worrying, "How can we warn the king?" "I will take care of that."

The next day when the king received an invitation to a banquet, he ordered his army to surround the manor. In the great hall where he was served a chalice of wine, he said, "Everyone who offers a guest a drink, must first drink from the chalice himself." What to do? They drank and dropped dead on the spot. He summoned his soldiers and ordered them to kill the lords who had plotted his death.

He found the tramp and made him lavish gifts and provided him with a good living so that he didn't have to steal anymore.

Then the king issued a new edict to his people, forbidding them to kill old men. "Henceforth," he ordered, "young men will spend their time working. The old men will stand by with their wise advice."

THANK YOU

for your letters

BRIDGES has indeed become the best link between different generations of Lithuanians. Moreover, many of our "lost" Lithuanians have been finding their roots through BRIDGES and they are rejoicing.

*Antanas Valiuskis,
Barrington R.I.*

Lithuanians are of rugged stock. Has any study ever been made regarding longevity among Lithuanians in America? My mother (Anne Pashkus), who is living with us, was 102 February 2. I wonder how many more years she must live to break a record? Her hair is beginning to turn gray and her eyesight is failing, but she is able to walk up and down stairs unassisted, takes no medication, and has never been in a hospital or used her Medicare card. We are quite proud of her determination to be self-sufficient...a quality I associate with most elderly Lithuanians.

*Casimira Pashkus McIntire,
South Portland, Maine*

I enjoy BRIDGES so much. I grew up in Rumford, Maine. I remember the town then had 600 Lithuanians, two societies, a Lithuanian band, and a Theatrical Group. It was a happy town then. I am 86 years old, still a strong Lithuanian.

*Thomas A. Levi,
Hollywood FL*

I love your journal. I wish I could have found it years ago!

*Pat Frappier,
Kettering OH*

I really enjoyed the Christmas issue. I was especially enriched by the art work. The article on "Red October" was so informative--one does wonder how an Irish writer could have so much personal knowledge about the Lithuanian character. Keep up the excellent quality of the magazine. Your work is appreciated by all.

*Marcia A. Heyburn,
Stonewood Ill*

One does not say "Aciu Labai" for "Thank You" in Lithuanian, but "Labai Aciu".

*D. Petrutyte,
Chicago Ill.*

17 DAY TOUR TO CHINA

JOIN OUR LITHUANIAN GROUP

September 5, 1986



13 DAYS
IN CHINA
AND 4 IN
HONG KONG

intriguing shopping
fascinating people
exquisite cuisine

For brochure
and information
write or phone



**Mrs. Birutė Zalatorius
Travel Advisers, Inc.
1515 N. Harlem Ave.
110 Oak Park, Ill. 60302 (312) 524 - 2244**

Cut out this form and mail it to *BRIDGES* — Lithuanian American News Journal. A year's subscription (10 issues) is \$7.00

Name

Street Address/Apt. No.:P.O. Box

City, State and Zip Code

Mail to:

BRIDGES 341 Highland Blvd. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207

Readers whose subscriptions have expired and who do not respond to our reminders to renew their subscriptions will no longer receive BRIDGES.



**A
Happy
Lithuanian
Easter
in
the
Free
World**