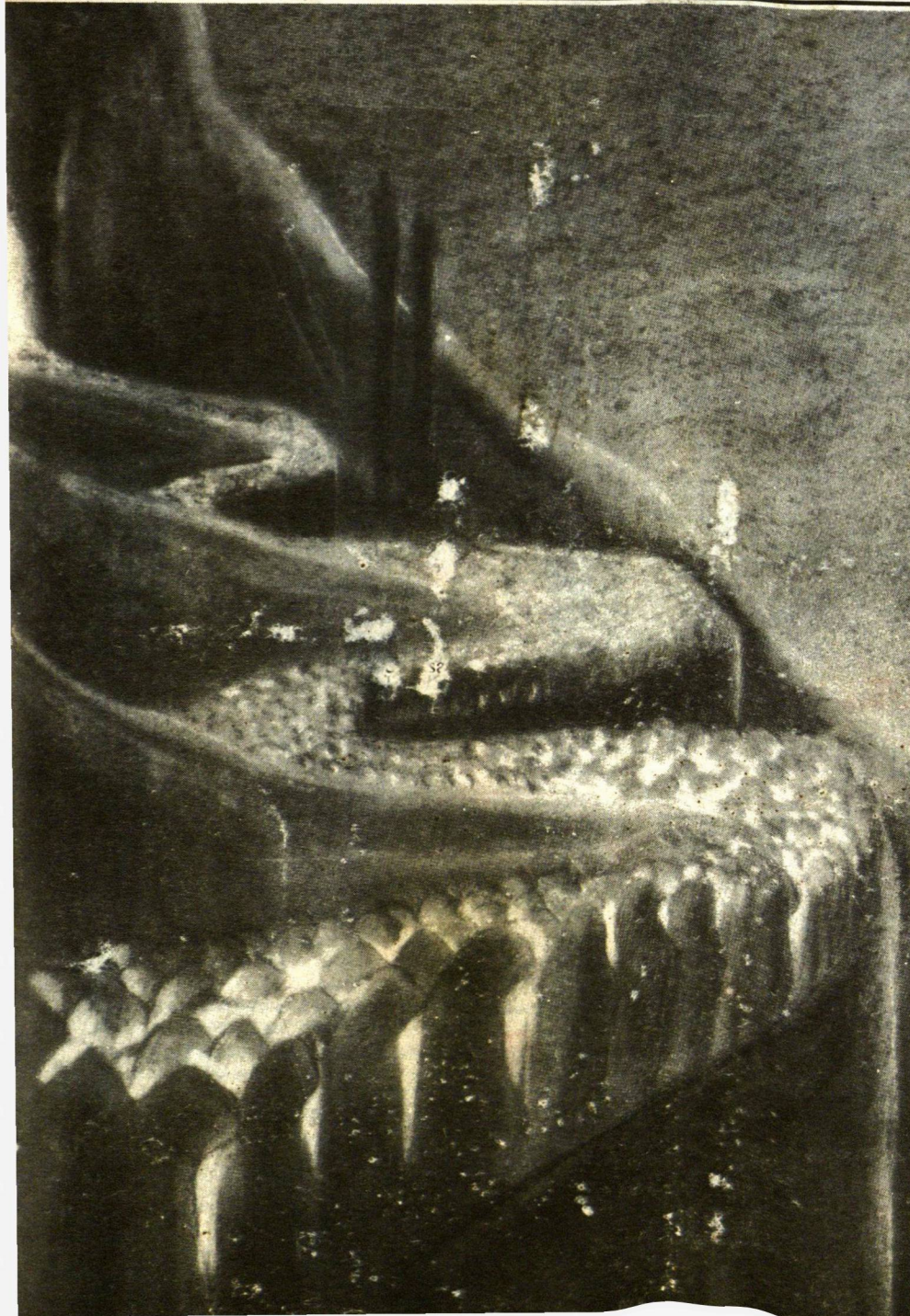


Bridges

LITHUANIAN - AMERICAN
NEWS JOURNAL

Vol. 10, No. 6 June, 1986

YEAR OF LIVING FAITH



BLACK JUNE:

THE DIASPORA
THE KREMLIN
PRECIPITATED
IN LITHUANIA
IN 1941.

“SYMPHONY
OF FUNERALS”
BY ČIURLIONIS

1875-1911





June 1941: the murdered and the grieving in Lithuania



Holocaust

In 1944 this letter from an old father in Lithuania was smuggled to West Germany and reached his son, a refugee in a displaced persons camp. The letter was later forwarded to Lithuanian organizations in the United States. It contained this message:

"...My beloved son, each day I thank the Almighty for sparing you the horror of Bolshevism. No matter how you live, you are well in comparison to our life here... We are no longer human beings. We are numbers, things shoved around and abused by our alien masters... When the Bolsheviks came, I was sitting at the entrance of our dugout.

The women were about to retire. A Russian, a Browning pistol in his hand, approached the dugout accompanied by a stranger who spoke Lithuanian; they looked inside and demanded that your sister Ona go with them. When she refused, they seized her by the arms and dragged her out. Her husband Kostas attempted to interfere. The Russian shot him in the head and Kostas died immediately. Ona shrieked: 'Father, father, save me!' I rose and signaled with the hand that they release my daughter. Maybe the blood-spattered man's dying gasps, maybe Ona's heart-rendering cries saved her this time—she was released...

"Night fell. We were busy discussing our plight and caring for the injured. Suddenly five armed Russians entered the house. By flashlight they inspected each of us. Two seized your sister Ona and, disregarding her cries for mercy, dragged her outside. I rose to defend her, but a blow on the head knocked me unconscious. When I regained consciousness, I was told that Ona had been criminally violated although it was evident that she was in the sixth month of pregnancy. That same night Bolsheviks raped seven more women...

"Four days passed in peace. On the fifth day, five Bolsheviks came and tried again to seize my poor Ona. She was frantic. Seizing an ax, she rushed at one of her attackers—one of them shot her. The swearing Russians left. I don't know how long I knelt before the crumpled body of my unfortunate child... In the evening, old G. helped me bury her. We buried her in the orchard beside her husband. I am now alone... My son, quite frequently I think, whose hands will close my eyelids forever? Will my bones rest in our beloved ancestral soil? Most of our neighbors were deprived of this last wish. Their bones will be claimed by the cold snow of Siberia. Our priest, our teacher and his family, the manager of the cooperative store, all were seized in the middle of the night and exiled...

This is but a little part of what happened to us... I pray to the Almighty to spare you from such 'liberation.' May He enlighten you so that in every Communist you should recognize the bandit who murdered your sister, your brother-in-law, your neighbors, and your neighbors' children.

(From "Soviet Genocide in Lithuania"
by Joseph Paiauiis-Javis)

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“Liberators”

Lenin decreed: “Three quarters of mankind may die, provided the remaining quarter become communists.”

Plans for the purging of Lithuania began soon after its illegal incorporation into the Soviet Union in 1940. Terror convulsed the country. The first mass arrests and deportation began June 14 - 15, 1941. According to Lithuanian Red Cross data, 34,260 persons were deported during the “black days of June.”

Families were seized between one and four in the morning, taken to the railroad stations, separated, and loaded into freight cars. Even children were separated from their parents. The windows were boarded up. The people, without air, food and water, had to wait several days until all the arrested were locked on the trains. The long journey into northern Russia, Siberia, and the Soviet Far East killed many of the weak and sick. The rest were confined in forced labor camps.

There are no published Soviet statistical data about the number of deportees. The Soviet census of 1959 reported a population of 2,711,445 in occupied Lithuania. Yet before the Soviet occupation at the end of 1939 the population had been 3,215,000. From 40 to 50 percent of the deportees to arctic camps died during their first year. The average annual average death rate varied between 20 and 25 percent. A 1941 deportee described the ordeal: “When we arrived in this hell, they took everything away from us which they possibly could. They clothed us in filthy rags, divided us into brigades, and set us on the road to a slow death... We began before dawn and ended after dark... Our food was the same everyday: soup made of frozen or rotted potatoes cooked in salted water with a bit of barley, 400 grams of bread a day... We had to sleep in unheated barracks without mattresses or blankets. The death rate was appalling...”

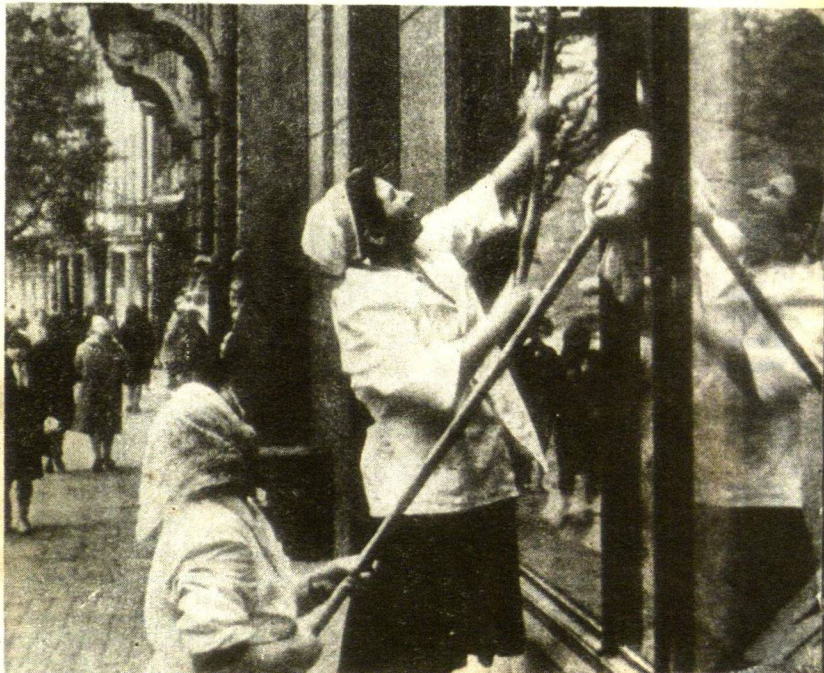
In 1941 when the Germans invaded the Soviet, the Soviet occupation of Lithuania was replaced by that of Nazi Germany. Altogether, Soviet and Nazi genocide decreased the Lithuanian population at least by 30 percent.

(Encyclopedia Lituanica)

For decades after World War II, emigres condemned travelers who chose to visit Soviet-occupied Lithuania. In a recent interview in *Akiračiai*, Bishop Paulius Baltakis stated: “Not to visit one’s relatives because they live in an occupied country is tantamount to refusing to visit an innocent man imprisoned on false charges.”



1986: “We’re building Vilnius”; “We’re cleaning Vilnius.”



The Carnage Did Not End with World War II



Angela Nelsas

Brad Harrington

Brad Harrington recently interviewed Angela Nelsas. His story appeared in the California *Lariat* and it was reprinted in *El Mundo*, a Caracas daily with a circulation of 260,000. This was done through the efforts of Dr. Vytautas Dam-

brava, retired U.S. Ambassador to several South American countries. He intends to get it published throughout South America. The Soviet Embassy in Caracas, he says, is not pleased.

The time is 1944; a world in convulsion, with nations and men at each other's throats, warring and killing each other in the bloodiest conflict ever to erupt in man's history: World War II.

The place is Lithuania, a small nation snuggled on the east shore of the Baltic Sea, bordered by Latvia, Russia and Poland. After having driven Hitler's forces out of eastern Russia, the Soviets are in the process of doing the same thing in Eastern Europe; once again subjugating Lithuania, as it had done many times in the past.

Luckily enough for Angela Nelsas, a mother and housewife who resides in California, she did not have to live (or die) in what was soon to follow—an everwidening spread of death and destruction. Nelsas and her parents managed to get out of Lithuania in 1944, when she was a small girl.

"The reason we fled Lithuania was because my father was about to be deported to Siberia," said Nelsas. "He was just a farmer, but he was educated and he owned property. Such people are considered dangerous by the communists."

After leaving Lithuania by traveling through the countryside, the family ended up

in what was soon to become West Germany, where they stayed until after the war had ended, arriving in the United States in 1949. Other family members, however, were not as fortunate.

"My mother's family was stranded in East Germany when it was overcome by the Russians," Nelsas said. "They were returned to Lithuania and deported to Siberia for 15 years in the labor camps. Before they had returned to Lithuania, my uncle disappeared. He never came back, and no one ever saw him again."

Many Lithuanians, however, were not so docile; when the Soviets seized the German concentration camps in Eastern Europe and tried deporting the Lithuanians back into communism, many of them committed suicide rather than return.

"It is hypocritical to see the Russians accusing the U.S. of being imperialistic, when they have overrun the three Baltic states as they have," Nelsas said. Nor do the Lithuanians take to such control very well, she said.

"Anti-Soviet sentiments are higher now than they have ever been before. The Russian language is required learning now, and

this even more oppressive atmosphere has its consequence in the intense nationalism of the Lithuanian people."

Having experienced national sovereignty in the past, Lithuania is not giving in, according to Nelsas. "It is fighting and surviving," she said. "The biggest testimony to this is the fact that, in 35 years, the Soviets have still not managed to stamp out the Lithuanians' belief in freedom, truth and religion."

Nelsas, along with her family and many other Lithuanians, is involved in the Baltic Freedom League and several other Lithuanian organizations, and has reliable connections in Lithuania from which she can determine what is going on.

After arriving in the United States via the National Catholic Welfare Committee, the Nelsas family settled first in Virginia and then in Chicago.

"We worked hard and saved a lot," said Nelsas. "When we came to this country we had no subsidies, no language—but we had an idea, a dream, a desire to better ourselves and, thinking that, we did."

Nor would they have accepted any subsidies if they were offered. Nelsas said. "It

is up to each individual to support himself. This idea of big government and handouts is pretty bad. That is what we fled from."

Nelsas has never regretted her family's decision, however, to come to the United States. "This country is an example of what can happen when the indomitable spirit of the human mind is set free," she said.

One of the many goals of the Lithuanians in America, said Nelsas, is to help in any way possible to set Lithuania free.

"The Russians are attempting to carry out a systematic policy of genocide with respect to the Baltic people," she said. "We know for a fact that this is so—the labor camps are still there and so are the psychiatric hospitals. A few years back, a human rights chapter in Lithuania was formed and now all the leaders are being exterminated one by one."

The Soviets' goal in Lithuania and the other Baltic states, according to Nelsas, is simple: "They want to eradicate the Lithuanian people because they want Lithuania to be a part of Russia," she said. "The Russification has been intensified in the last few years; what the Russians do not want is the truth—any truth. They are terribly afraid of the truth.

"I view this as our goal," said Nelsas, speaking of Lithuanians in America. "It is up to us to spread the truth."

Before one can spread truth, however, one must have a medium. Unfortunately, the press in this nation, for reasons best known to themselves, has chosen to ignore events taking place in the Soviet bloc. Why? It is not because the newspapers do not believe in opposing tyranny; the flood of news on

This gargantuan memorial, which communists erected in Lithuania to commemorate the 80,000 people Hitler slaughtered, is small in size and depth of feeling, compared with the spiritual memorial Lithuanians-in-exile bear in their hearts and minds for those whom the communists slaughtered.

the much less repressive South African regime demonstrates that.

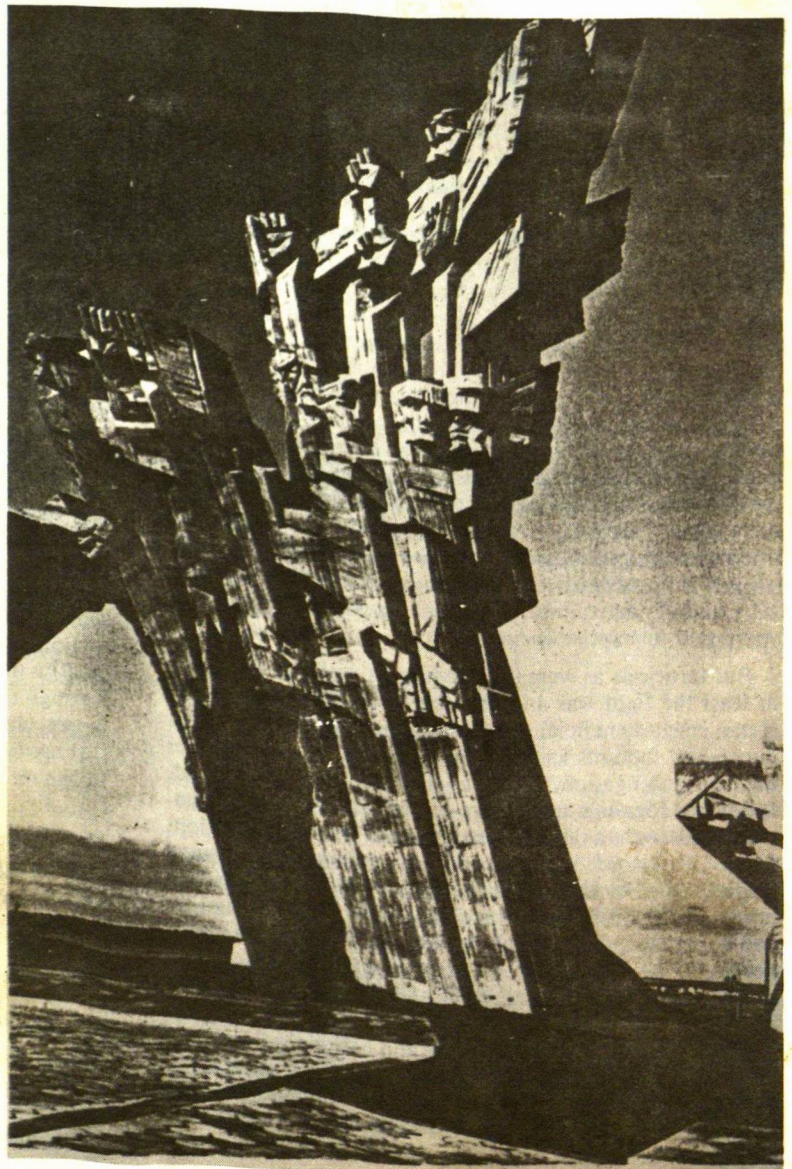
Why give front-page coverage to a few race riots in South Africa while the carnage that is taking place in Lithuania remains unmentioned and virtually unknown?

And what is it, if not the truth about much of the rest of this planet, that newspapers are busy speaking of instead? While people half a world away are fighting and dying for freedoms that we take for granted, the newspapers in this nation speak of the evils of capitalism and its exploitation of the com-

mon man; they speak of the alleged need for more constraints, more regulations, more controls.

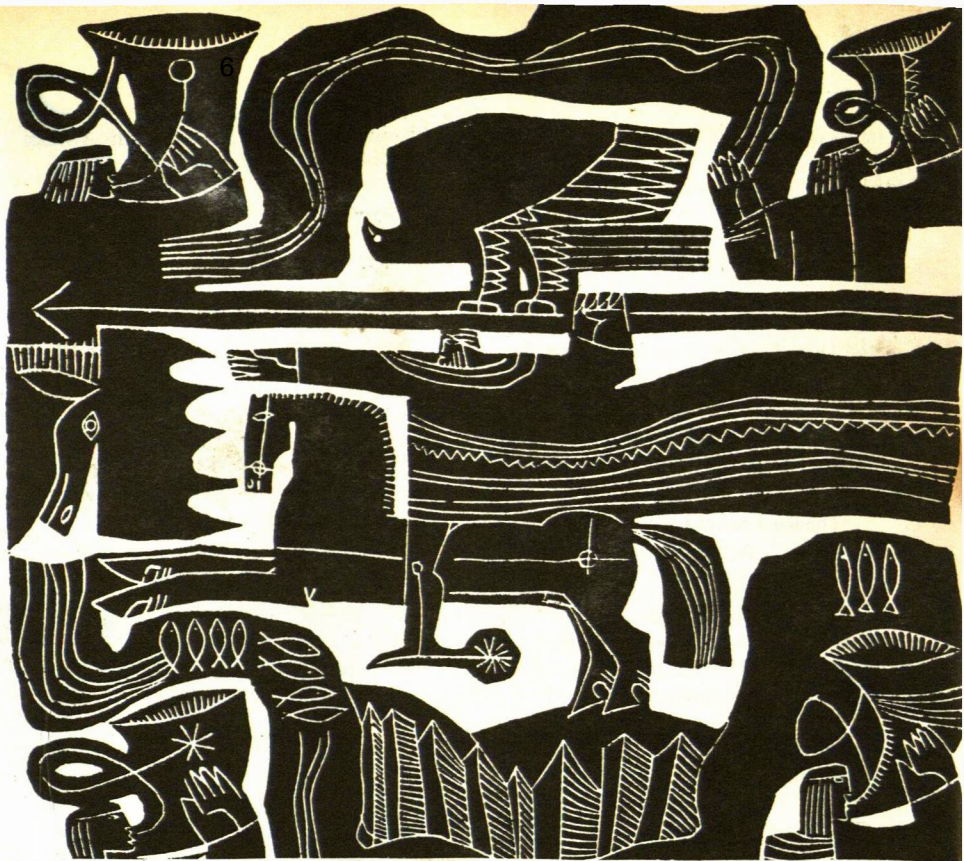
The failure of the press to inform the citizens of this country about such things cannot be the result of a lack of knowledge; since the beginning of the Soviet empire, the West has had a steady stream of dissidents supplying information on this subject: Solzhenitsyn, Bukovsky and many others.

No, ignorance is not the reason. Then what is? That, I believe, is the biggest story of the century—if someone would only cover it.



THE POLISH MASK

Albert Cizauskas



Arunas Tarabilda Graphic

In many ways, the trials endured by the Lithuanian nation in the name of Christianity were more trying, if less bloody, after Jogaila's conversion than they were during the two centuries of warfare with German militarism.

As related in the first part of this series about the politics of religion, Lithuania stubbornly clung to its pagan traditions, despite German efforts to Christianize it. The tragedy is that the various pseudo-religious military orders were making martyrs of the Lithuanians even before they attempted to baptize them.

But ferocious as were the encounters with the Germans, at least the fight was an open one. The struggle even had a perversely beneficial effect, since it forced hitherto independent factions to unite against a foreign enemy bent on their subjugation or annihilation. On the other hand, following Jogaila's acceptance of Christianity, the Lithuanians underwent a relentless campaign of de-nationalization, not by the sword, which would have provoked an armed response, but by the imposition of a Polonized clergy and liturgy. Had Christianity survived under King Mindaugas and his successors, it is probable that Lithuania would have developed as a Christian kingdom on its own, instead of playing second fiddle as a Grand Duchy to Poland's Kingdom.

The promotion of Polish culture and nationalism through the medium of Christianity, however, was not necessarily a premeditated act at first. There were simply no Christian priests in the land where Perkunas, the great god of thunder, had been worshipped since time immemorial. It was only

natural for the Polish clergy to fill the vacuum. But where the Poles can be justly faulted is that, in the words of Thomas Chase in his *History of Lithuania*, the Polish clergy for centuries afterward... "never seemed to be interested in learning the spoken word of the people they had come to Christianize."

The Polonized clergy in Lithuania thus exerted a powerful influence on the political future of the Grand Duchy. The higher clergy were eventually selected from the Lithuanian nobility and gentry but they were also educated and, in time, spoke and thought in Polish. The process was a lengthy one, but, like dripping water, it carved a channel through the bed-rock of the nation, dividing the Polonized upper classes from the peasants who remained wholly Lithuanian. Even Lithuania's patron saint, Casimir, spoke Polish rather than Lithuanian. It is not surprising, then, that Christianity, for centuries to come, wore a Polish mask.

The Protestant Threat

After barely 150 years, Christianity in Lithuania was rent by a tragic split in its own ranks. Like a sudden fire storm, Protestantism spread and almost consumed Roman Catholicism during the 16th century in the Grand Duchy.

By the early 16th century, large numbers of Lithuania's upper classes were sending their sons to European universities; at the very time that Martin Luther was nailing his challenge to Rome on the cathedral doors of Wittenberg. Luther's act precipitated a deep rupture in the intellectual and religious life of Europe. Inevitably, the sons of the Lithuanian nobles brought back the rebellious principles of

the Reformers to a land where Christianity was still a frail shoot entangled in materialism and paganism. Often without proper training and sometimes not even ordained, higher ecclesiastics, such as bishops, owed their appointment and allegiance to the King/Grand Duke alone. In the countryside, the peasants wallowed in a crude amalgam of Christianity and animism. Contemporary accounts describe the continued worship of Perkunas and the veneration of serpents, trees and rocks, side by side with a superficial acceptance of Christianity's external forms.

In such a religiously-debased atmosphere, the influence of the younger generation, educated in the new ideas of the Reformation, spread quickly. Many of the leading families began to dispute the authority and condemn the moral laxity of Rome and its adherents. The nobles, too, were not slow to realize that action against the royally-established Church benefices enhanced their own interests at the expense of the monarchy.

The rapid growth of Protestantism was strongly influenced by the example of the Polish aristocrats, many of whom embraced the tenets of John Calvin. The Radvila family, among the foremost in the Grand Duchy, followed the lead of the Polish magnates and even corresponded with Calvin himself. In their enthusiasm, the Radvilas established the first printing press in Lithuania, which they used to disseminate Protestant literature, including the first Bible to be published in Lithuania. All of these works, however, were in the Polish language.

By the middle of the 16th century, only about a quarter-century after its introduction, Calvinism had won over a majority of the Lithuanian nobility while the peasants, forced to accept rapid changes in their lords' religion, floundered in a state of moral uncertainty.

The Protestant Tide Ebbs

One important power center in the Polish-Lithuanian state did not support the Protestant cause. Historians give a large share of the credit for the eventual decline of the Reformation to the neutrality of the monarch, Sigismund Augustus III (by Polish reckoning, Sigismund Augustus II). Open hostility might have provoked a civil war or at least have stiffened the Protestant position. By fence-sitting, the still-powerful King/Grand Duke denied to the local reformers the ultimate sanction of the monarchy that was still needed to legitimize their version of Christianity.

It is to the credit of both the Poles and the Lithuanians that they were among the few, perhaps the only, peoples in Europe at the time enjoying total religious freedom. Paradoxically, however, tolerance was a two-edged sword for the Protestants. They soon split into a number of dissenting sects, diffusing their influence. The most important of these other sects was Lutheranism, imported from Prussia and its universities. Interestingly, German-inspired Lutherans published the first printed works in the Lithuanian language, among which was Luther's catechism. Lutheranism, however, remained a distant rival to Calvinism. It failed to attract any significant political support beyond the areas bordering on eastern Prussia. Once more, Polish influence, this time on behalf of Calvinism, played a decisive role in the religious life of Lithuania.

The neutrality of Sigismund Augustus and the splinter-

ing of the reforming sects prevented the Protestant tide from engulfing the whole of Lithuania. But it was the Jesuits who rolled it back. Invited in 1569 to Vilnius by the Bishop, the Jesuits spear-headed the Catholic restoration. From their base in the church of St. John, they vigorously counter-attacked the reformers, engaging them in public debate, preaching in Lithuanian, publishing Catholic literature for the first time in the Lithuanian language, and founding an institution of higher learning at Vilnius, which became Lithuania's first university and eventually one of Europe's most prestigious institutions. This was all part of the Jesuits' campaign to bring Catholicism to the common people as well as to the upper classes as part of their strategy of resisting Protestantism.

At about this time, Sigismund Augustus abandoned his neutrality by formally accepting the decrees of the Council of Trent which embodied a massive reform of the Roman church that lasted until Vatican Council II. As quickly as they had earlier espoused the new doctrines, Lithuanian nobles and gentry now abjured the heretical reforms of the Reformers and returned to the church of Peter. A son of the Radvila family, in an excess of zeal, even burned in public a Protestant Bible, an act which dramatized the rapid shift in religious allegiance of a family that a short while back had published Protestant Bibles.

The rise and fall of Protestantism in Lithuania ran its course in about 50 years. In its time, it almost overwhelmed the established Church, but it left behind a culturally-advanced and religiously-strengthened nation. On the other hand, the Protestant uprising hastened the Polonization of Lithuania's upper classes. Oscar Halecki, a noted Polish historian, in his *Borderlands of Western Civilization*, maintains that relations deepened between the upper classes of both peoples during the short-lived Reformation and that this greater intimacy "...shaped the political structure of the Commonwealth." His observation adds support to the theory that the politics of religion, like a recurrent motif, was a dominant theme throughout the history of the Lithuanian nation. It is interesting to speculate to what extent the Protestant Reformation, with its Polish bias, might have prejudiced the outcome of the Union of Lublin in 1569 which resulted in *de facto* Polish hegemony over the Grand Duchy.

The Benediction of Šiluva

Early in the 17th century, a miraculous event sealed the final defeat of Protestantism, pockets of which lingered on for a long time in Lithuania: The Blessed Virgin appeared to children in Šiluva at a forgotten site where Calvinists had once desecrated a Catholic church. Subsequent excavation unearthed vestments, sacred vessels and other sacramentals pointing to the previous existence of an altar on the very spot where Mary had shown herself. Since that time, the shrine of Our Lady of Šiluva has become Lithuania's holy ground, where miracles have attested to the grace which God has granted through His mother to the people who remained, and still remain, faithful to the Church founded by her Son.

(A later installment will deal with the renaissance of nationalism and religion in Lithuania despite the persecution by Czarist Russia and its atheistic successor, the Soviet Union.)

By Balys Sruoga



Sruoga (1896-1947) was a Lithuanian poet, dramatist, critic, theoretician in literature and drama. March 16, 1943, Sruoga was arrested by the Germans and with 47 other Lithuanian intellectuals was held hostage in connection with the refusal of Lithuania's youth to join the German Army upon the Nazis' announcement of mobilization in an occupied nation. The hostages were sent to the Stutthof Concentration Camp near Danzig. With his health ruined, Sruoga returned to Lithuania where he died. Till the end, he refused to cooperate with the Bolshevik demands to write propaganda for them. *Forest of the Gods*, a prose work of his remembrances from Stutthof, has been translated into Russian, Polish, French, Latvian. The English translation is by his granddaughter Aušrinė Byla.

THE FOREST OF THE GODS

Forest of the Gods!—that is what the people called it since ancient times. Once a long time ago, in this same forest dwelt the gods. Unique gods. Not Germanic in origin. Not Odin, not Thor. There lived the last of the Lithuanian gods: Perkunas, Patrimpas, Laume...

In 1939, The Forest of the Gods suddenly rallied...as if the ancient Gods had returned...

No,—it was not Lithuanian gods that returned. But the Germans, the Nazis arrived, setting up their Concentration Camp...

—Hey, you over there! Professors, lawyers, priests, prosecutors!— yells the wild Tyrolian Toni Fabro. —Hey, you, with the intelligence of a dog's tail, stand there, along the fence, on the right!

We stand along the fence, on the right.

—Hey, you pig snouts, go carry the dead. Lay them down by the hospital. But watch

out, don't lose them. I'll cook you a cereal from their snouts.

What can we do? We go and look for the dead.

—Uh, uh, sons of bitches, don't make faces! No need to. In a month you'll be the same! Faster, you dog shit!— foams the wild Tyrolian Toni Fabro.

You begin groping for the corpse's legs.

How in the world do you carry it? You can't figure it out, this corpse is so horrible, blue, black.

Finally, urged on by a guard's cudgel on the side, we cling to these corpses, not unlike cockroaches in jellied pigs-feet. It is all chance. Some have better luck —four men cling to one corpse, a man on each leg and arm— and the corpse swims away, his ass barely dragging. Today he is dragged by four, tomorrow I may be bounced around by one leg.

Two of us, my dear friend Jonas, the

Calvinist from Biržai and I, remain by one corpse. Jonas hefts the front end of the corpse onto his farmworker's shoulders; I hitch myself onto the corpse's feet, almost a plow to unearth the potatoes —we continue our concentration camp duties.

Along the way, our corpse sighs in a depressed distressed moan.

—Uh-oh— angrily mutters my dear friend Jonas, the Calvinist from Biržai — why are you sighing? Once you're dead, stay dead. Don't sigh for Pete's sake! No one's seen such a thing: dead —and sighing!

We sway another 30 feet and our little corpse opens his eyes and speaks out in such a quiet, gentle voice:

—I'm terribly uncomfortable... Choking... Friends, let me go... I'd rather walk myself...

Jonas and I look at him. For sure. A dead man is talking. He shakes his lips, closes

them, rolls his eyes. He's dried like a skeleton and over the bones stretches blue-flecked skin.

Rolling along with the corpse, we carry him near the hospital. By its edge, corpses with eyes closed, others with open eyes, lie naked with a number marked with chemical pencils on the chest and belly. Exactly like on a parcel.

Other corpses are still clothed. Others shake their hands and legs — maybe even pondering on getting up and running? A few corpses sit up on the snow and with hazy eyes, as if gorged on loco weed, look around...

It's not good for the heart to be near these corpses, but it's also not good to move away from them...

Having left the corpses, my friend Jonas and I amble away to do our chores and to wait for the time when it will be our turn to lie down on the snow by the hospital window.

Having found an out-of-the-way spot behind the barracks, we hide and stare, not knowing what our corpses will do next.

One, perhaps remembering his young days, his mother, or his beloved country, not able to brace himself to stand up, begins groveling, crawling across the yard. Quietly, gritting his teeth as if he feels no pain, not — moaning — as if he wasn't trampled at night in the corridor, — as if he still has important business in the world.

According to his example, a second and a third starts moving...

Even if they're corpses, they still want to live a little!

For me and my friend Jonas, the Calvinist from Biržai, our hair stands up as in the middle of an electric current.

— The devil's shit... — he says in surprise. Even he can't curse more decently.

Suddenly, from the hospital door, out jumps the devil. A fact. A true devil, even if he is similar to a modern man, with a white apron across his entire belly. Spying the crawling corpses, he swears like in hell, like only the devils know how. Catching them by their feet, he vigorously pulls the corpses back into the pile. He pulls them back, lays them out in rows, batters their shins and heads, checks the numbers on their bellies. Satisfied with his work, he glances at them. For sure, his work is well done. Not a single corpse moves, blinks, stares.

— And you shitheads, bastards, what are you doing here? — My friend Jonas, the Calvinist from Biržai, and I feel the bumping of a stick across our backs — Do you want me to cut your intestines loose?

Only in the spring of 1944 was a reform passed concerning the matter of corpses. It was no longer necessary to pull them out by the feet from the blocks. Instead they would be undressed in the block, a number would be written with a chemical pencil on their

chests, they would be laid out on a wide board — on the same one which is used for slicing bread — a blanket would cover them, and four men, led by the block chief, would carry the body in an even march. If there happened to be more corpses, they would pile them naked, one next to the other, several layers high covered with canvas and drive them neatly and trimly as if they were a marmalade load.

Once in the neighboring block, a loud uproar began in the early morning hours. Screaming, shrieking, swearing like devils, even the barrack walls barked. Nine people died in the block overnight. The block secretary undressed them, wrote the numbers on their chests, lined them up neatly in the washroom, and presented the notice of the number dead with their appropriate numbers and the block chief's signature, to the camp government.

The block chief, having boxed a respectful number of ears, turns into the washroom to wash his hands. He hums "Marsz, marsz Dąbrowski." He glances over his shoulder at his numberlings lying in the corner like Northern Pike.

— Hm...hm... what the devil? — the block chief is amazed, — crazy?!

He quickly strides over to the corpses.

— One, two, three... seven, eight... Well, yes, eight! Of course, eight... Franciszek, Franciszek! — rants the block chief, calling his secretary, — Franciszek, why don't you croak in the john!

Franciszek canters up, breathless.

— You son of a bitch, you stuck me a piece of paper to sign, saying the nine had died today! There's only eight left — Of counting, pig, you're incapable!

— What do you mean eight? — Franciszek is astonished — There were exactly nine, cut and dry. I counted them myself.

— Then count, idiot, how many are lying there? — the block chief gets hot — For this prank I could lay you out like a dead cow in place of the ninth corpse!

Franciszek is visibly saddened. Looks here, looks there — there's no ninth, no matter what! What retards could have stolen a corpse? Having stolen it, maybe they started eating it?!

The heads of the entire block swarm and stream, not uncomparable to cockroaches being steamed. Milling around the room. Looking for the corpse. Looking under beds, along beds, grappling everywhere, anywhere it's possible to grapple... looking and swearing, swearing and looking. Meanwhile from the john emerges some kind of indefinite creation of the shadows, once perhaps similar to a man. Perhaps he once was a man, who knows. Now he is out of joint, crooked, doubled over, with protruding ribs, jutting cheek bones, naked, with a number painted on his chest... no — now he has very little left in common with a man.

The block chief, seeing him, bends over in the corridor like a bulldog readying for an attack on a gendarme's calf.

— You, dead man's crap, where are you hanging around now? Huh? Where's your place?

— Panie blokowy — meaning Mister block chief, complains the ghost, once similar to a man — My stomach hurts so bad, brzuch boli, hurts so bad — hurts so bad I can't stand it... I want... I'm sořry... panie blokowy...

— Tch, you pig slime, you dare to talk to me? Where's your place? March to your place! Hurry!

— I'm very sorry, panie blokowy — gasps the hunched-up ghost, once similar to a man, sighs and sways to his place.

He lies down naked on the cement next to the other eight corpses. A broom's bristles, he takes for a pillow. He curls up and dies.

In the concentration camp everyone obeys one law: he who is sentenced to death, dies. Oh, forget it!

Generally, in the camp, corpses are a fairly obedient group.

Another corpse has sewn on a healthy prisoner's number, not his own, and is probably getting ready to run. Now, the secretary's head aches from guzzling. It aches so bad that he isn't even able to correctly read off the number on a corpse. He writes down another number, sometimes that of a live man. The number of the corpse remains untouched in the books, crossed out is the number of the healthy and live man.

So, a citizen who ends up in the corpse count through this kind of misunderstanding, usually dies quickly in the camp, dies of all kinds of diseases, or a brick is aimed and hits the top of his head, or he falls very hard somewhere so even his bones crumble, or he usually hangs himself... Of course, if he wasn't smart enough to die at the right time, there turns up help. When this kind of volunteer corpse dies, the other number of the first corpse is crossed out in the books — the one for whom this one lays down his head. Now, both are dead, both numbers are crossed out in the books — the books stay clean.

The central camp headquarters in Berlin are informed that he is dead. At this point, a message should be sent out that a mistake occurred — Berlin could think that the camp administration is incapable of taking care of its responsibilities. Why is this necessary? Who enjoys this?! Anyway this is looked at, this type of walking corpse is a very undesirable element in the camp. For example, knowing that he is crossed out in the books as dead, he escapes from the camp. Then no one can trace who it was that escaped. Everyone will know: one is missing. Who is missing? No one knows. All the living are present. Some corpse is missing! How is it possible to find out which corpse is missing?

Bishop Motiejus Valancius

1801 - 1875

Domicèle Marries

Again, that same Dominykas came over to Šlapelis' house in the middle of the day with his friend John the match maker. He greeted his hosts, sat down at the table, spread out a white kerchief, and pulled out a wine bottle and glasses from his breast pocket. He held the glasses, then shouted: "Greetings, good father, we need Domicèle! Aren't you going to give her away?"

Hearing these words, Domicèle jumped out of the house into the yard and hid like a mouse under a broom.

Her father, lifting a glass, answered: "Well, well, perhaps we can agree, but you must ask my daughter if Dominykas will suit her. Go look for her."

When they found her, she came indoors. She blushed red like a boiled lobster; her heart beat thump-thump like a rooster flapping his wings when about to crow.

Straight off, her father said: "Well, my child, this young man wants to make you his wife. Does he suit you? Will you marry him?" Instead of answering, she began to cry.

Thereupon the matchmaker jumped up, put a hand on her shoulder and said: What about it, little daughter? Do you see the youth is young and handsome? He is straight and tall and better looking than the devil. He is a landowner with a good living of his own. What more could you want? What more do you need? Will you wed?" She glanced at Dominykas and answered, "Who knows? It may be I'll wed..." The matchmaker shouted, Good! Not for nothing did I make this trip. The young people will make a couple! Father, I won't ask you to pay for the wine you've been drinking; but if Domicèle had refused to wed, I'd demand payment." After this, Domicèle cleared the table, and then the future bridegroom and matchmaker settled down to stay for the night.

In the morning Šlapelis invited two neighbors with whom he drove to look over Dominykas' property. They liked it. After refreshments they came home.

Then matchmaker and Dominykas appeared, this time bringing with them a barrel of beer, a couple bottles of wine and some "arielka" [booze]. The matchmaker set the barrel at his feet under the table, and the bottles he lined up next to him on the bench.

The parents welcomed the matchmaker and drank to his health; the matchmaker, pouring a glass from his own bottle, drank to the health of the father's and mother's young daughter. At that time Domicèle seriously promised to marry Dominykas. She had a gift for the matchmaker, and for Dominykas' mother.

These ceremonies being concluded, the matchmaker inquired about Domicèle's dowry. Having agreed on that matter, the mother brought to Dominykas a white kerchief in which was wrapped the bride's ring with a sprig of rue, and



"She moaned and wailed..."

Jurkunas

said: "I bring you this ring and rue herb. Accept these items as a pledge of my daughter's purity, whom I have raised and guarded from all evil." Then Domicèle came in, attractively dressed, in the company of three other girls and sat down next to Dominykas.

After this, Dominykas and the brother-in-law drove off to Kupiškis to the parish priest Kuzminskas for the banns.

The matchmaker remained behind with the womenfolk who set upon him, demanding he make sure that the drinks wouldn't run out. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough. The womenfolk tied a towel around his waist, brought in the barrow, up-ended it and insisted the matchmaker drive to the tavern to buy more drinks. When he came back with "arielka," beer and mead, the women folk drank to his health and sang to their hearts' content. Weddings customarily took place on Sunday. Saturday evening Šlapelis was asked if tomorrow he would allow the whole town to come riding over for the festivities. He answered: "Invite whomever you want, for praise God, we'll have enough bread". Sunday morning the matchmaker and his friends rode over to Šlapelis. The horses' heads and tails were decorated with flowers and bells. [This they do even in winter. In olden days they used to fire pistols into the air, but nowadays that's not permitted]. The bride wasn't in the main house, but in the granary with several maidens, all dressed up in white linens. As soon as the bride saw the guests ride along, she began to sigh and moan and wail: "O could these be invited guests who are filling up the yard? Why did they all come here? Do they need to borrow some fire? Or have they lost their way? My sister is here to give some fire; my brother is here to guide them on the way. If only, father, you had barred the gate, maybe these guests would have gone someplace else." The traditional dirge continued.

The matchmaker and Dominykas came in and walked, not in the middle of the house, but close to the walls, then sat down at the table in the best seats, in the corner opposite

the crucifix. Right away Šlapelis poured out a glass and shouted, "Welcome, matchmaker!" He drank and then poured one for him. The matchmaker drank, then filled the glasses with his own liquor, of which he had a whole keg. He shouted, "To your health, father! To your health mother!" Finally the matchmaker took his bottle and glasses and went to the granary.

There he found the maidens in their finery. He touched one and said "Hello there, daughter-in-law!" But he didn't happen to touch the bride, and the maiden sighed and said, "I haven't woven my linens yet, or filled my dowry-chest!" Right away the matchmaker accosted another girl, but again she wasn't the right one, and she said: "My mother hasn't yet given me flax or wool; I haven't woven my clothing. O woe to me, that nothing adorns me!" The third one he picked was the young bride herself, but she resisted; because the matchmaker, had taken the others first.

She now protested: "Matchmaker, pull away your cold hands! I'm not going to drink your glass of tar. Take your cold hands away from my white hands! My father is my guardian..."

Then Šlapelis came in, took Domicėlė by the hand and, singing the hymn "Mary, be praised," led her and all the girls into the house. The bride walked, not through the room, but along the walls, then sat down at the table on a bench away from the bridegroom. At this time the brother-in-law took up a "torielka" (a plate). On it he placed a wreath of rue, covered it with a white kerchief and handed it to the maid-of-honor.

She pinned the wreath to the head of the sister-in-law. Meanwhile the bride's mother came out of the store-room and handed out white kerchiefs to the matchmaker and all the groom's friends. And to Dominykas she gave a white kerchief, in which was wrapped a sprig of rue.

Thereupon the matchmaker, holding in one hand the "torielka" covered with a white kerchief, and in the other hand a glass, cried out, "To your health, father! To your health, mother! And to you, brothers and sisters of the bride!"

The bridegroom also toasted the parents and family of the bride. Also, to the bride and all her relatives, he gave a gift of sixty "skatikai" (penny-coins).

Domicėlė, receiving these gifts, sat at the table and, sighing and wailing, performed the traditional dirge: "Don't drink the beer of these guests, mother, because my young tears will suffice.

"Don't take, mother, these poor gifts; don't sell me, mother, into great misery.

"Don't drink, sisters, and don't separate me from your company, and from the green rue.

"Don't drink, brothers, the beer of these guests, and don't any of you take the gifts from these guests."

After participating in these rituals, all sat down and ate sumptuously except the bride and groom who had to receive the sacrament of Matrimony on empty stomachs.

When the meal was over, the bride fell on her knees and wailed:

"Bless me, dearest mother! Bless me, father who reared me! Bless me, sisters with whom I wore the green rue! Bless me, brothers, who today mingle in this crowd! Gather up, mother, a bouquet of green rue, which I wore as a maiden in the days of my youth! Bless me, all friends and neighbors! Bless me, all my sisters with whom I wore green rue!" Lamenting, she got into the wedding wagon. Then she looked back at her mother, imploring:

"Go, mother, in the middle of the day into the middle of the yard. Take a look at the rue garden. When the green rue wilts in the rue garden, then will the green rue wreath wilt upon my head."

Waiting, Domicėlė sat in the wagon with one of the bridesmaids. The other guests got in also, and, singing and making merry, they drove into Kupiškis.

The matchmaker remained at home to carouse with the old women.

Domicėlė, riding on to be married, was dressed up nicely with gray furs, and on her head she wore a wreath of rue and a pretty "kasnyka", a shiny cap trimmed with wide ribbons which hung down to her shoulders.

She was accompanied to the altar by one of the bridesmaids, called the "banytine", who stood by during the ceremony, wearing a hat in church. The marriage was performed by the rector Kuzminskas himself.

(Trans. by Victoria Azuolas from "Palangos Juze")



A modern Lithuanian wedding in Melbourne, Australia:
Birute and Girutis Kamantas



Perkunas,
God of Thunder

A Pre-Christian Lithuanian Song

The moon married the sun
in the first springtime

The sun having risen at dawn,
the moon wandered off

Alone and fell in love
with the morning star.

Perkunas thundered with rage
and cleft him with a sword.

"How dare you abandon the sun
for the morning star!"

In the old chronicles, we read about travelers who reported that the pagan Lithuanians were both warm and hospitable. They worshipped nature: trees, snakes, sun, moon, fire and thunder.

Perkunas, the god of thunder, was a formidable personage. Children were forbidden to utter his name. They ended up referring to him and his noisy visits as "Dundulis".

He was pictured as a powerful fellow with a copper beard. He drove across the heavens in a chariot with flaming wheels, pulled by a goat. He surveyed the behavior of the people below him.

He disliked self-centered, stubborn, overbearing, dishonest people. He swung his goodly axe at such individuals, he filled the air with thunder and lightning, burning homes, barns, people. When he was finished, the axe returned to him - for the next bout.

Sometimes he happened to kill a good upright citizen who - it was believed - went directly to heaven. Whom he really intended to harm was the devil himself. He was always devil-hunting. And the devil was clever enough to stick to a good man's heels or rooste on his roof.

People prayed to Perkunas with such recorded prayers as: "Perkunas, strike down a German - not a Lithuanian!" "Perkunas, strike down a Pole like a mad dog!" "Hurl your axe, dear Perkunas, and strike down my mean, grumbling husband!"

Getting Married in Lithuania



1936: a high-spirited wedding party with festive horses are off to Church in Alytus



1986: A civil marriage is transacted in the antiseptic, atheistic, mausoleum-like atmosphere of this elegant "wedding palace" in Vilnius.

The place and object which Perkunas struck were considered to have magical qualities. A lightning-demolished tree or stone could be useful in warding off evil spirits and treating such illnesses caused by the devil as a toothache, fever, fright, epilepsy, and insanity. A hunk of such material, secreted in the barn, could protect animals from illness and evil. Hidden in a ploughed field, it would destroy thistles and bugs.

The legends vary, often with an admixture of pagan and Christian beliefs. In the well known folk song that has come down to us from early pagan times, "The Moon Married the Sun", Perkunas hacks the moon apart with a sword because the wandering moon has proved unfaithful and fallen in love with the Morning Star. The concept of fidelity preceded the introduction of Christianity to pagan Lithuanians.



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Camp Dainava

August 16 - 24

Because of its great success last year, a practical Lithuanian language course for adult beginners and intermediate students will take place again this summer.

The date is August 16th through 24th at Camp Dainava, near Manchester, Michigan. The course will be given during the annual session of the Lithuanian Language Teachers Seminar.

Practical language lessons will take place each morning. The afternoons and evenings will be filled with Lithuanian Folk Dance lessons, songs and cultural programs, all conducted in the Lithuanian language.

The goal of this course will be to teach the

enrolled students a large, practical vocabulary. Students will be taught to utilize these words in 500 to 600 grammatically correct sentences. The course will be a language lab, a practical workshop.

The entire family can vacation at Camp Dainava. The price of the one-week course, including room and board is around \$90 per person. For children, it is less. There are family rates.

Those interested in registering for this opportunity to learn to speak Lithuanian are urged to register now, but not later than June 15th at the following address: Bronius Krokys, 1124 Hedgerow Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19115. Inquiries by phone may be made at (215) 671-0397. There is a \$5.00 registration fee.

Camp Neringa

August 3 through 16. For students 7-16 years old.

Lithuanian Heritage Camp at Neringa in West Brattleboro, Vermont, continues the work it began 17 years ago. It provides children with the opportunity to live with their age group in a Christian environment where the focus of each daily program is the culture of Lithuania. Weekly fee: \$80.00.

For registration and information:

Winter address:

Neringa, ICC, Putnam, CT. 06260.

Summer address:

Neringa, Box 134 C, RFD #4,
West Brattleboro, Vermont 15301

Camp Aušra

July 6 through 19. For students 8 years of age through 16.

Camp Aušra is special...it gives the children the opportunity to live within their age groups in a Christian environment where the focus of each daily program is to involve them in a greater love and appreciation of their rich Lithuanian culture. This includes Lithuanian Folk Songs and Dances, Language and Literature, Folk Art and Handcrafts, Drama, Discussions on Personal Growth, Liturgy, Prayer, Sports and various Evening Programs.

The Lithuanian Catholic Alliance Foundation is offering free tuition to the members' children for Camp this summer.

Sponsored by the Congregation of Sisters of Jesus Crucified. Directed by Sister M. Angela C.J.C. St. Mary's Villa Grounds, Elmhurst, PA 18416.

MEETING LITHUANIANS

Lilė Milukiene

This summer if you travel through New England, you will find there are two special places where you meet a lot of interesting Lithuanians.

Kennebunkport, Me., located beside the Atlantic Ocean, is a beautiful vacationland where our Lithuanian Franciscan Fathers have their Monastery and resort area. The grounds are filled with artwork by Lithuanian artists. There is an extraordinary chapel that was created by V.K. Jonas. Many Lithuanian cultural events transpire there, such as lectures, concerts, discussions. You can swim in the pool, play tennis, or go to the nearby ocean to swim. If monastery guest rooms are filled, there are many neighboring motels, that will accommodate you while you are staying for few days or just passing through.

Another place to stop for a day or two is Putnam, Connecticut where the Sisters of Immaculate Conception Convent are located and also near by there is Alka Archives. Alka Archives have hundreds and hundreds of items: Lithuanian folk dolls in Lith. costumes, amber art pieces, woodwork pieces that represent our heritage, historical maps, historical books, journals, newspapers, documents and many items that have been collected through many years from people who donated or sent to the archives as important historical artifacts. It is very interesting to walk through his building full of fascinating information about Lithuanians and their homeland.

TO PUTNAM, July 27

Dr. J.S. Kriauciuonas

This year, the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their founding in America. The anniversary will be celebrated at the main convent in Putnam, Conn. On July 27, at the Annual Festival, sometimes referred as Lithuanian Friendship Day, the fiftieth anniversary commemoration will be incorporated into the Festival activities. It is expected that this will draw many more visitors. The Most Reverend P. Baltakis, Bishop of Lithuanians in Exile, will co-celebrate the Mass and will lead in the dedication ceremony of Lithuanians and Lithuania to Blessed Mary.

There will be an exposition of the works of artists A. Galdikas and I. Manomaitiene. The traditional lottery will take place with many prizes: a painting by A. Galdikas, works of art made from sea shells, a cash prize, a hand-made bedspread, a man's watch, etc. Food will be available both at the convent and at stalls set up by various supporter groups. Supporters in communities

(Continued on page 16)

August 17, 1986

Proceeds will be donated to the Lithuanian College in Rome.



72nd Annual Lithuanian Day

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For further information, contact Mrs. Ann Carlitus
Box 192, Ringtown, Pa. 17967: phone 717 889-3839

PLAN TO ATTEND!

15

A DAY OF PRAYER FOR LITHUANIA

Saturday, June 14, 1986

"BALTIC FREEDOM DAY"



To commemorate the 45th Anniversary of the mass arrests and deportation of the thousands of Lithuanian people from their homeland begun on June 14, 1941.

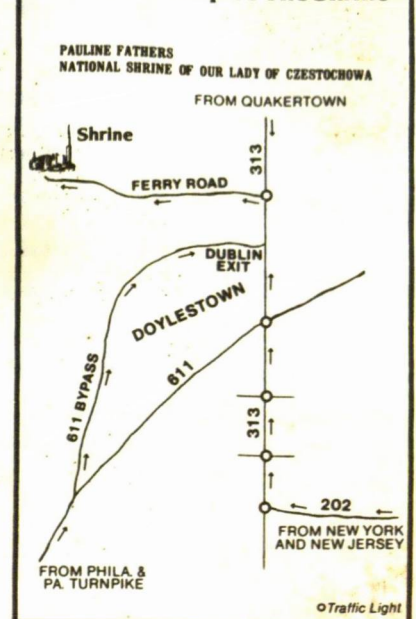


The Program will begin at 1:00 P.M. and will include:

- * Mass offered for Lithuania
- * Solemn Procession
- * Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

- * Display of Lithuanian weavings and artwork
- * Lithuanian food available in spacious cafeteria
- * Colorful participation of Lithuanian organizations, and parishes

Directional Map To The Shrine



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(From Page 14)

with larger Lithuanian-American population will organize bus tours. These cities include New York, Boston, Waterbury and Worcester.

It was decided to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary by commissioning a statue of Archbishop Jurgis Matulaitis which will stand by the main entrance of the convent in Putnam. It was the Archbishop's advice and support which enabled the Convent of the Immaculate Conception to be established.

The Sisters' work and sacrifices have brought benefits not only to Lithuanians and Americans of Lithuanian ancestry, but to many people of many national heritages.

To Washington, July 17-20

A group of Washington, D.C. Lithuanian American Youth Association members are organizing a political seminar for July 17-20, 1986, in Washington D.C. The conference will take place 5 blocks away from Capitol Hill. The agenda promises to be intense.

The purpose of the seminar is three-fold:

- 1) To present information and the tools which would enable young Lithuanian American urban professionals to work more effectively on various political issues;
- 2) to revitalize the Lithuanian Youth Association of America;
- 3) to discuss and finalize a workable 1 year agenda regarding local and national projects.

The seminar is geared toward college graduates who have started working within their respective careers as well as current college students. The seminar program will be comprised of a briefing by the White House staff; various members of the House and Senate will address seminar participants, and everyone will have an opportunity to visit Congressional offices.

Seminar registration is \$35.00. Hotel rates will be \$75.00 per night for double occupancy, \$80.00 per night for triple occupancy and \$85.00 per night for quad occupancy. The major portion of the seminar will take place at the Capitol Holiday Inn 550 C. St. Washington, D.C. 20024; Tel. (202) 479-4000. For further information call Asta at (703) 522-0435.

And We'll See You...

June BALTIC FREEDOM DAY
14: Day of Prayer for Lithuania:
 Shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa
 Doylestown, PA

June St. Mary's Villa Annual Picnic
22: Sisters of Jesus Crucified
 Elmhurst, PA

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12 Upcoming Projects for 1987:

600th Anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization

1. Organized efforts of spiritual renewal
2. A Lithuanian survey of Catholic doctrine
3. A historical study of Lithuania's Christianization, in English and Lithuanian, edited by Vytautas Vardys, Ph.D.
4. A popular history of Catholic Lithuania, in English
5. An updated Lithuanian hymnal
6. A history of Lithuanian church hymns
7. Books of religious education for children, youngsters and adults
8. Works of Lithuanian drama, poetry and novel
9. An exhibition of Lithuanian religious and representative art
10. Souvenir medals in bronze, silver-plate, gold-plate and in silver
11. Vatican commemorative stamps
12. The highlight of the Jubilee will be a **Papal Mass in Rome, June 14, 1987**. Charter arrangements are being planned.

Such ambitious preparations for this once-in-a-lifetime celebration require large financial outlays. The budget of the Central Committee is set at over

\$200,000. We are appealing to you to help us meet this goal.

We need **100 Jubilee Sponsors** to donate **\$1,000** each.

We need another **100 Jubilee Patrons** to donate **\$500** each.

And we need **500 Jubilee Donors** to contribute **\$100** each.

We would be grateful for any donation you can make.

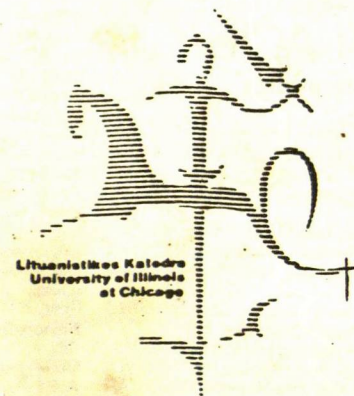
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Cooking

with Aldona Marcavage

STUFFED KOHLRABI

Mėsa Idarytos Kaliaropės

6 kohlrabies
1 lb. cooked or raw ground meat
1 chopped onion
4 whole allspice
4 whole black peppers
1 oz. butter
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
Salt

Clean and cut off tops of kohlrabies; with spoon scrape out insides, leaving thin walls. Stuff with filling. Put the top back on. Place kohlrabies in roasting pan, add some beef broth and fat, braise, baste frequently. When almost done stir in sour cream and serve with pan gravy.

STUFFING

To ground meat add finely chopped onion, salt, sauteed in butter kohlrabi bits removed from center, egg and pepper. Mix, stuff, bake and serve.

Lithuanian Cookery
I. Sivkevičiute

OVEN CHICKEN WITH CHEESE

(Kepta Višta su Suriu)

¾ c. bisquick flour mix
½ c. parmesan cheese
1 tsp. paprika
About 1 three-lb. broiler chicken
cut-up
5 oz. can evaporated milk
¼ c. melted butter

Mix bisquick, cheese and paprika. Dip chicken into evaporated milk, coat with cheese mix. Place skin sides up in ungreased 13 x 2 pan. Drizzle with melted margarine or butter. Bake at 350° about 1 hour. Serves 6.

MASHED PEAS

(Žirnių Košė)

2 cups dried yellow peas
4 oz. bacon
1 onion
1 tb. bread crumbs
Salt & Pepper

Pick over peas, wash, soak and cook in unsalted water. When done force peas through a sieve, add sauteed chopped bacon and onion, bread crumbs, salt. Heat, stirring constantly until mix boils.

Mashed peas may be served with meat, or as an entree, poured over with sauteed bacon bits.

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St. John's Feast - June 24th

Lithuanians all over the world celebrate this holiday, in modified form, when they go partying in honor of all whose names are John or its feminine counterpart.

Lithuanians enjoy large parties, like old-time villagers who used to celebrate weddings and holidays en masse.

Festivities began immediately after lunch. The young people went out in groups to thwart witches and gather wild herbs. They sing special herb songs as they hunt. When night fell, they built bonfires, usually on hilltops, lighting up the fields. It was said that witches and evil spirits roamed that day and night, intent on harming the crops, animals and people. The ashes of the bonfires were spread over the fields.

The young people danced in circles around the bonfires, singing special folk songs. They did not go to sleep that night, but caroused, feasted and sang and went swimming in rivers and ponds - especially the girls who expected the swim would make them prettier. Before dawn, it was customary to go around naked in the dew to forestall any pains, aches, pains, and skin eruptions.

The main householder, also naked, whatever his age - ran around his field several times - or rode on the branch of a tree - to counteract any evil that might threaten his household.

Letters to the Editor

I got your address from our Lithuanian scouts here in Hawaii. You come highly recommended!

Wally Barauskas
Hawaii

The theme of "silence" in your April issue on pages 2 and 3 had a most striking impact. Your creative talents as editor make BRIDGES the fine publication that it is.

Rev. Timothy Burkauskas, O.S.P.,
Doylestown, PA

We love your "News-Journal" in our family.

Josephine Zukas
Port Washington, NY

I find that BRIDGES has enriched my knowledge of the many meaningful, historical cultural traditions of my heritage of which I am very proud.

Aldona Noreika
Buffalo, NY

Although it would not be obvious from my surname, I am a member of *Didziosios Britanijos Lietuviu Jaunimo Sajunga*. My Lithuanian connection is ancestral and remote. I am not a Lithuanian speaker. I am nevertheless very interested in Lithuanian history and culture. I am keen to subscribe to publications about Lithuanian communities abroad, their maintenance of Lithuanian ethnic awareness, preservation of folk art and music and participation in the politics of the countries of settlement. If your publication could assist me in this regard I should be pleased to subscribe to it. I shall look forward to hearing from you. I was given your name and address by Mr. Bronius V. Krokys, of the Lithuanian-American Community of the U.S.A. Inc., in Philadelphia.

Michael Manning Lobb
London, Britain

I regret that my mother, Elizabeth Adauskas, already died before I became aware of your journal; she had the most fierce loyalty to Lithuania of anyone I have ever encountered and had never set foot on its soil; must be in the genes!

Antanas D'Alfano
Philadelphia, PA

Your editor and staff are to be commended for the fine work you are doing with BRIDGES. Well written, informative and nostalgic, your publication is a very welcome visitor in our home. Please continue your dedicated effort, and be assured that they are indeed appreciated.

Paul J. Slick
Rest City, PA

A number of years ago I was introduced to your publication by both my sister and my late mother. I had attended Saint Casimir's School in Worcester, Massachusetts and had

a fond memory of the many Lithuanian gatherings in Worcester, Brockton, Putnam, Connecticut, and with the Lithuanian Franciscans in Maine. Since then I had moved to central Ohio. Here I found a veritable wasteland where I could not find any Lithuanian group to meet. The closest Lithuanian parish is in Dayton, a 104 mile round trip. I had wasted away for want of some contact with some fellow Lithuanian. I was approached by a Lithuanian group and remained a member for one year. But I dropped out of this group for various reasons, among which was this group's inability to correctly spell "Saint Casimir", "Lithuania", and "Lietuva."

I was then introduced to BRIDGES. Your monthly magazine has been read religiously by me from the very day of its receipt. I have found many a recipe which I remembered my mother preparing. Since her death I believed these to be lost. Now I have a number of my old-time favorites. Somewhere in Lithuania I have some relatives. While I can understand Lithuanian as spoken, I cannot write it and speak it with difficulty. I diligently read all articles about Lithuania today. Recently I was informed that one of my distant relatives is in school and is taking English. I now have the opportunity, however tenuous, to maintain contact.

No matter what the price, BRIDGES would be well worth it. My only regret is that it is a monthly and not a bi-monthly or weekly magazine. Please continue the good work of maintaining our ethnic heritage with those many Lithuanian-Americans who cannot speak Lithuanian or speak it with difficulty. Labai aciū.

John F. Adamonis
Whitehall, Ohio

Please Take Note:

We regret to inform our readers that the publishers of *Bridges*, the organization known as the Lithuanian American Community, USA, Inc., has decided to raise the subscription rate to \$8 a year beginning with the July-August issue.