

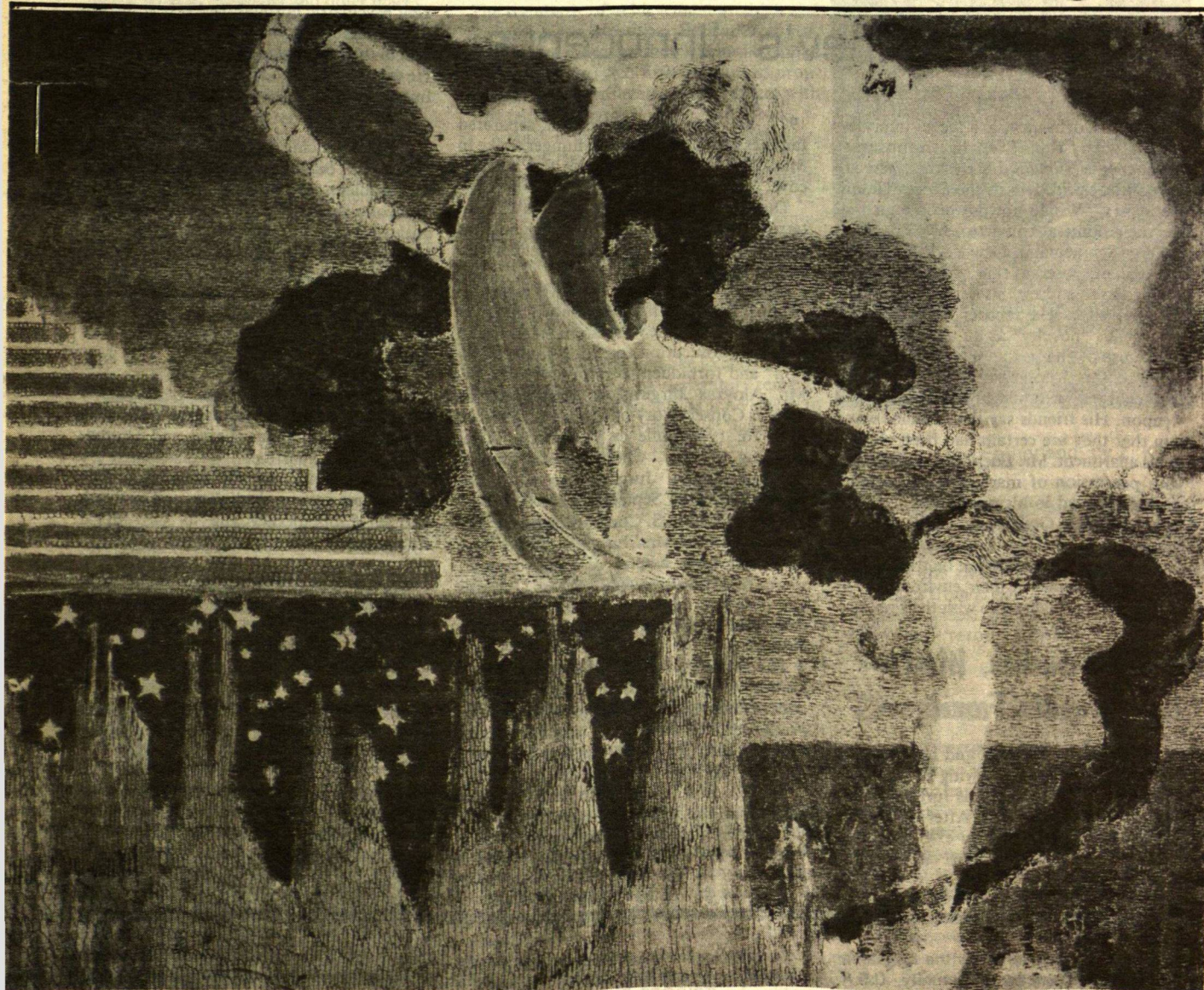
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# Bridges

LITHUANIAN - AMERICAN  
NEWS JOURNAL

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YEAR OF LIVING FAITH



## HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL!

In the universe of Lithuania's artist-composer Mikalojus K. Čiurlionis, the Angel of Self-Giving towers above the stars that glitter like an enormous Christmas tree in

space. The ideal of self-giving, from the fragile cradle to the final cross, became incarnate with the birth of the Christ Child.



## THE KREMLIN LASHES OUT AGAIN

Free-world Lithuanians, organizing on both continents to celebrate in 1987 the 600th anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization, have been informed that neither bishops nor priests of

Soviet-occupied Lithuania will be permitted to leave Lithuania during 1987. In addition, no groups will be permitted to come to the celebrations in Lithuania.

Lithuanian Information Center

## Mr. Gorbachev, Meet Dr. Algirdas Statkevičius

Dr. Algirdas Statkevičius' sister, who lives in Florida, has filed papers repeatedly inviting him to the United States. Statkevičius' requests to emigrate have been denied by Soviet authorities, even though he has U.S. citizenship. (Statkevičius' father was a naturalized American citizen).

Dr. Statkevičius is being held in a Tashkent psychiatric hospital. In 1951, at the age of 28, Statkevičius was arrested for participation in the Lithuanian resistance movement. He was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment, but amnestied 9 years later.

As a practicing psychiatrist in Vilnius, Statkevičius became interested in social issues and problems. His interest in such problems as alcoholism was viewed as anti-Soviet by authorities. It brought about his arrest in May 1970. He was interned in a psychiatric hospital for two-and-a-half years for writing "Critique of the Communist Manifesto", "Conclusions from Sociological Research in Lithuania" and "The ABC's of Social Living".

Following his endorsement of the Baltic 45 memorandum appealing for self-determination for Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, Statkevičius' apartment was searched by security agents on October 3, 1979. Documents against alcoholism and his book entitled "Sophocracy and its Geo-Moral Foundations" were confiscated.

The Lithuanian SSR Supreme Court heard the case of Dr. Algirdas Statkevičius in Vilnius on August 9-11, 1980. The defendant was tried in absentia and sentenced to compulsory treatment in a psychiatric hospital.

No one, other than his wife, security agents and witnesses, was admitted to the "open" trial.

(Hospital address - 700058, UzSSR, g. Tashkent, uchr. UYa-64-1Z-1, USSR.

Wife's address - Ona Statkevičiene, Carno g. 18-21, 232051 Vilnius, Lithuania.)

Elta

## Mikhail Gorbachev's 'Innocence'

Mikhail Gorbachev, in a recent interview with the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanite*, states that there are no political prisoners in the Soviet Union. He avows, "We do not put people on trial for their political convictions."

Serge Schmemmann, New York Times correspondent, observes that Mr. Gorbachev's willingness to address this issue is "something of a novelty." He reports that dissidents regard this "novelty" as an alarming trend - the use of charges unrelated to dissident activity. Mr. Kholmiansky, for example, was charged with illegal possession of a weapon. His friends say the evidence was a gun that they are certain had been planted in his apartment. Mr. Edelshtein was charged with possession of marijuana and opium, similarly found in his apartment.

According to Gorbachev, USSR does not put people on trial for their political convictions. In reality, they are put on trial for gun and drugs planted in their environment by communists who disagree with their politics.

## Mr. Gorbachev, Meet the Jurgutis Family

Mrs. Marija Jurgutis and her daughter Daiva have been trying to join their husband and father, Aloyzas Jurgutis, in the United States since 1974. After exhausting all official channels for an exit visa, Mrs. Jurgutis renounced her Soviet citizenship in

1977. She was also part of the separated families group that went on hunger strike in May 1982 in T. Lozanskaya's flat in Moscow.

During the hunger strike, Daiva was interrogated in Vilnius, and Mrs. Jurgutis was summoned back on the pretext that her case would be reviewed.

Instead, she was met by KGB agents in Vilnius, who told her that she would never leave the USSR. She was also threatened with criminal prosecution for "anti-Soviet agitation" and forbidden to return to Moscow. Mr. Aloyzas Jurgutis, a lecturer at the Vilnius Conservatory of Music, defected on May 16, 1974 while in Yugoslavia. After escaping to Italy, where he was granted political asylum, Jurgutis arrived in the United States on September 27, 1974.

Although the U.S. Congressional intervention on behalf of Mrs. Jurgutis seems to have saved her from a term of imprisonment, scores of official requests by Mrs. Jurgutis and others to allow her to leave the USSR have either been ignored or rejected by Soviet authorities.

The Soviets continue to obstruct correspondence between Mr. and Mrs. Jurgutis, confiscating registered letters and parcels. Following her husband's telephone calls, Mrs. Jurgutis would always be summoned for interrogation. In March 1975, in an attempt to isolate her completely, Soviet authorities simply disconnected her phone.

(Jurgutis' address in Lithuania: Taikos g. 15-3, Vilnius 232017, Lithuania, USSR.)

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## Human Rights Abuses

Cardinal Joseph L. Bernardin of Chicago, speaking before 250 Lithuanian-Americans, Oct. 25, called for the establishment of a U.S. national Church office to focus on human rights abuses in Soviet-occupied Lithuania.

"We need to give sustained attention to the moral and human travesties which occur daily in Lithuania and other places in the Soviet bloc," he said.

"This issue should be placed on the continuing agenda of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB) and the U.S. Catholic Conference (USCC). A specific staff person should be assigned to a special desk for this purpose."

The cardinal also told the audience that he would support a resolution from Bishop Paul A. Baltakis, bishop for Lithuanians outside Lithuania, that calls for a resolution of solidarity from the NCCB to the Lithuanian bishops and people.

Cardinal Bernardin was the principal speaker at a fund-raising dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, sponsored by Lithuanian Catholic Religious Aid, which was marking its 25th anniversary. The Brooklyn-based group has channeled more than \$1 million in material aid to the Church in Lithuania, subsidizes the shortwave broadcasts and publishes the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*, which is produced in the country and smuggled to the West.

The dinner, at which Cardinal Bernardin was given an award for his support of the Lithuanian community, followed a Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Archbishop Charles Salatka of Oklahoma City, who is of Lithuanian ancestry, was the principal celebrant. Concelebrants included Bishop Baltakis, Bishop Vincentas Brizgys, auxiliary bishop emeritus of Kaunas in exile, and Bishop Basil H. Losten, of the Ukrainian Catholic diocese of Stamford.

The homilist, Father J. Bryan Hehir, secretary for international peace and development of USCC, said that the Lithuanian people have managed to keep alive their "spiritual convictions" and their "cultural identity" in the face of almost total "political repression."

"The Church connects us in a worldwide community," he said. "The question comes down to what their struggle means to us and what we mean to them. The promotion of human rights is a religious task if there ever was one."

## Christmas in Lithuania

### No Room at the Inn

December 25th in Lithuania will be an ordinary weekday. Adults will go to work. Children will go to school. Absence on this day is regarded with suspicion by authorities who are quick to punish anyone suspected of celebrating Christmas.

School is a serious matter in Lithuania. The standards of achievement are high and students are competitive. Education is generally more thorough than it is in the United States. It is also rich with communist propaganda which infiltrates every subject with anti-religious barbs.

A teacher writing in the Lithuanian journal *Soviet Teacher* describes how cleverly she teaches her art history class. The students become familiar with the paintings of renowned Italian artists, even the representations of the Madonna and the Christ Child. However, she stresses the background of each painting, the social setups, the physical aspects of the people, and the beauty of an ordinary mother-and-child relationship.

She adds that children like to laugh, so she manages to make a few derogatory remarks about the artists who misled the viewers to see a touch of the divine in the figures and, in this way, induced them to support the Church.

There is no room for the Christ Child or the Virgin in the Inn of the classroom in Lithuania.

### Gift Parcels

The flow of private correspondence is constantly impeded by Soviet authorities. Letters between the US and USSR often travel for weeks, sometimes months. Some letters simply disappear.

The shipment of gift parcels has been stifled by high custom duties. In August 1984, the USSR banned the sending of pre-paid-duty parcels to the USSR. The receiver must now pay exorbitant taxes. The shipment of larger packages is discouraged, because custom duties far outreach the actual cost of the contents - a price too high to pay by the average Soviet worker.

Soviet mail interference was revealed by the scores of Christmas greetings to Lithuanian prisoners of conscience in the USSR,



Prayer for the Fatherland, by Z. Kolba.

which were returned to their senders in the US. Despite the fact that the letters were personal, clearly not of any political nature, 90% of the cards sent last December by Catholics from greater New York, were not delivered. Most of the returned mail was stamped "retour inconnu" (addressee unknown).

### Christmas Cards

An underground press which operated for seven years in the city of Gargzdai, Lithuania, has been shut down by Soviet authorities.

Five culprits were caught in an illegal printing operation. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for one to three years each for their role in manning an illegal printing press, a photo enlarger and duplicator, which they were using to print up Christmas cards.

### ONE ANSWER TO THE KREMLIN

We free-world Lithuanians, living on both continents, protest the Kremlin's latest divisive scheme. We will demonstrate our solidari-

ty by joining the Pilgrimage to Rome in June 1987. (Please note advertisements on pages 16 and 17.)



## THE EMPTY CHAIR

Christmas Eve at home in Brooklyn, NY was a time of joyous fulfillment, when the four weeks of preparation during Advent culminated in the ceremony of *Kučios*, the traditional Lithuanian Christmas Eve meal. It was the most important family event of the year, when all its members, even those who had married and left home to live in far-away places, felt drawn to join in the ritual.

My wife and I try to carry on the *Kučios* tradition in our own family. When the bright star of Christmas Eve becomes visible in the winter sky, we gather around our table for family prayers. Then we kiss the family crucifix, share our Christmas wafers (*plotkelios*) and one large apple.

As years pass, I repeat the stories that accompany these old customs, just as my father used to do: of Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit, an act whose disobedience involved us all and required the birth of the Savior to redeem, and of the sharing the wafers and the apple, which symbolized the family's unity and its spiritual kinship with the rest of mankind through Adam.

One year, not too long ago, a chair at our *Kučios* table was empty for the first time. Our daughter, who was then studying at the University of Innsbruck, planned to visit St. Peter's in Rome on Christmas Eve for the midnight mass. She had asked that we keep open a place at the table for her.

Since the family *Kučios* began at 6 PM, it would coincide with the ceremonial opening of the Christmas Eve mass at St. Peter's celebrated by the Pope himself.

Looking at the empty chair, I remembered another in my parent's home on a Christmas Eve many years ago. The chair was intended for my grandfather who, for some unexplained reason, was missing. Grandmother couldn't be consoled and thought that some tragic accident had befallen her husband.

Grandpa was our favorite. We called him "Tėvukas" and always spoke with him in Lithuanian, as we did with our parents. He was tall, thin, and had a large gray mustache which curled up the side of his mouth. He had the irrepressible spirit of a young child deep within him, and would often come to our flat on Hope Street in Brooklyn to play "Radutai," a kind of "horsing around" that Tėvukas had indulged in as a youngster himself in Lithuania. It wasn't that he did so much with us, besides lifting us high into the air and catching us before we could hit the ground, but his infectious spirit of fun filled us with childish delight. By contrast, other grown-up folks usually treated us as if somehow we were adults who hadn't grown up through our own fault.

Sometimes, Tėvukas told us stories of the old country: how he watched over the sheep as a little boy, of the fearsome wolves who prowled nearby, of the proud lord on whose land his family lived and worked, of the lord's beautiful manor house and of his pretty daughter who spoke only Polish and taunted Tėvukas for being poor.

He told us he had once to go through a deep forest late at night to get home. On the way, he heard voices through the trees which warned him, "Vincai, Vincai, take the other way home." Tėvukas did. When he finally reached home, his mother embraced him and told him that one of the workers on a neighboring estate, who had gone beserk and had killed several people, was believed to be hiding in that very forest.

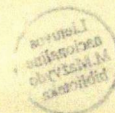
Other times, Tėvukas enchanted us with stories of amber castles below the waves of the Baltic sea, or frightened us with tales of haunted houses and evil spirits, and how in olden times, the people worshipped the tall oak trees, the serpents and the stones in the forests. But most of the time, the stories were happy tales of the peasant life he had lived as a boy a long time ago in old Lithuania.

One of Tėvukas's odd habits was to wash his feet in a tin bucket every Saturday night, so that he would be clean for church the next day. Sunday mornings, he would put on his old, shiny but well-pressed suit and top it off with a black derby, looking like a dapper "ponas" twenty years younger than he was. He always sat in the same pew, at the aisle-end, and attended what was called the "summa", the solemn high mass at 11:00 AM when the choir filled the old church with its beautiful singing in Lithuanian and Latin.

Tėvukas also liked to dance. At his granddaughter's wedding, when he was already 80 years old, Tėvukas danced with the bridesmaids to Grandma's stern disapproval. He said that he wanted to see if the young girls were as graceful and pretty as in Lithuania. He had to dance at least a half dozen times to make up his mind. Yes, they were, he finally admitted, but there was none that could compare with his little "Katuke," his affectionate name for Grandma.

We were all worried about Tėvukas that Christmas Eve but Grandma was beside herself. "Kur mano Vincas? Kur mano Vincas?" she wailed over and over again through the *Kučios* meal. We youngsters stole glances at one another and prayed all the harder in our hearts that nothing bad had happened to Tėvukas. At that point, we wanted nothing more than to see him again. It was the depth of the Great Depression, jobs were scarce and we couldn't even afford a Christmas tree that year. We knew presents would be few but all we cared about was Tėvukas' safe return. What made his mysterious disappearance even worse was that snow had started to fall the night before and had continued all during the day. Normally we would have been tickled pink with snow for Christmas but now we worried that Tėvukas was out in the blizzard.

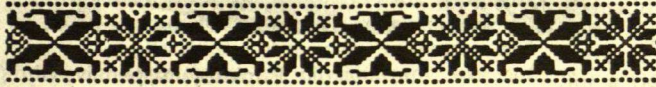
*Kučios* came to a melancholy close when father gave thanks for God's gift of food for us, and inserted a quick prayer for Tėvukas' safety. Suddenly, we heard a strange noise on the stairs leading to our flat. It had a peculiar,



swishing sound which grew louder as it approached our door. Then it stopped, and a loud banging ensued. Father opened the door. There stood a huge Christmas tree, full of snow and behind it, Tėvukas, all white too like a living snow man, his moustache frozen stiff.

"Tėvukai, Tėvukai," we all shouted at once. "Where were you? What happened?" Tėvukas smiled thinly through cracked lips and walked over to the stove in the kitchen to thaw out. Great globs of melting snow fell to the ground and mother rushed to wipe them up.

After some time, Tėvukas took a shot of "viritos." Then he told us that when he had awakened that morning, he saw the big flakes of snow. He knew that we couldn't afford a Christmas tree, so he dressed quietly not to wake Grandma and trudged out in the falling snow while it was still dark to the car barns, where the trolleys began and ended their journeys. Trolley car bosses were hiring men, as Tėvukas knew they would, to keep the tracks free of the falling snow.



## THE FAREWELL

Algirdas Počius

A SHORT STORY  
FROM LITHUANIA

**F**ragile, bent, leaning on her cane, Senele shuffles slowly into the room, and I am obliged to bend way down so that I might kiss her trembling wrinkled hand.

She is agitated: "I thought I'd never see you again." She turns her head sideways to get a better view of me. "I was ill. I couldn't even move. Still, God didn't take me. Maybe he forgot me. What does one do — bury oneself alive? And so I keep creaking around. But you, my child, are you well?"

Only our Senele knows how to say "my child" so tenderly. I have always been and I will remain a small child to her, even though I have a son of my own who wears long trousers. She has always consoled me. Her tender hands stroked my head when I was a child, and she pampered me with the most delicious morsels. But when I grew up, she rarely saw me.

Senele has become like an echo of those days when everyone, it seemed, spoke the happy language of childhood. Now, no longer having her grandchildren around her, she has grown more bent, much thinner, her toothless mouth drawn, her eyes clouded with the griefs of a long lifetime. Something sad and unearthly shines out from her calm countenance, as if she sees what we can not understand. It seems to me she intermittently returns to her past, to those she loved who are now on the other side of life.

"Let me carry this to the kitchen," I say, taking a small dish from her quivering hands. She does not seem to know where she intended to carry it. Accustomed to working hard

her whole life long, she can not find chores for her weakening hands. Sometimes she picks up an object and subconsciously transfers it to some other spot. Now, relinquishing the dish, she withdraws without a word to a corner next to the stove and sinks into deep silent memories.

When we were small, she would often tell us about her life, episode by episode. Now, glancing at her calm gray countenance, I can almost guess where her thoughts have gone.

Perhaps she is remembering her parents who died when she was little and left her to strangers. Perhaps she is again eighteen years old on a ship bound for faraway America, from which — after two years — lonely for the green fields of Žemaitija and the sad songs of Lithuania, she returns to Lithuania. Perhaps her melancholy thoughts go back to 1905 when the czar's Kazoki hacked her first husband to death. Or perhaps she is back to 1914 when her second husband went off to war and left her with small children in a farmstead teaming with foreign soldiers. She lived, it seemed, not merely in an isolated area of Žemaitija, but on the very crossroads of history where world events touched this gentle industrious woman cruelly, bringing pain and great hardship, and only rarely brighter days.

The years flowed by like water over stone. When the new war thundered in — the third in her lifetime — when all kinds of uniformed soldiers marched over the land and into our homes — she just shook her head: "How often events repeat themselves!" Nobody

Tėvukas worked all day and got enough money, he said, to buy us the biggest Christmas tree he could find. He said he had no more money to buy us anything else and hoped we liked it.

Well, we kids just jumped all over Tėvukas, kissing him and wiping the melting snow from him. Young as we were, we understood what a sacrifice he had made for us.

We thanked him over and over again.

We stood the Christmas tree in a bucket in the parlor. We were overjoyed with the evergreen, the largest we had ever come across. It was a wonderful Christmas present from Tėvukas. But the best present of all was that he was safe and he was with us. Christmas wouldn't have been Christmas without him.

So we all stood around Tėvukas as he sat in the no-longer empty chair, eating his share of the Kučios meal which we had saved for him, winking and promising to play "Radutai" with us later in the parlor.

considered her important, nobody asked her for documents; everything was recorded in her thin wrinkled face and her veined old hands. Now even death which raged and brought terror to all left her indifferent. When bombs burst over homes and everyone hid in rubble, she remained in her one spot beside the stove, as though this bloody game of younger people did not touch her.

She never worried about herself. She worried about her daughter and grandchildren. In those days of terror, nobody new better than she how to console us and reassure us with her calm words as she tenderly wiped away our tears.

"My child," says Senele, inviting me closer to her stool beside the stove. "I ask of you — only this. Do not forget God. I know there is a heaven and a hell. Everything else is nothing."

Her voice seems stronger now. But it quavers with emotion. I remember the first years of the new government when a representative stopped at our house, Senele planted herself firmly at the threshold and, leaning on her cane, she declared, "Do what you like with your new government. But we have never rejected the Catholic Faith of holy Rome and we will never reject it!" Her voice rang out with a flash of anger.

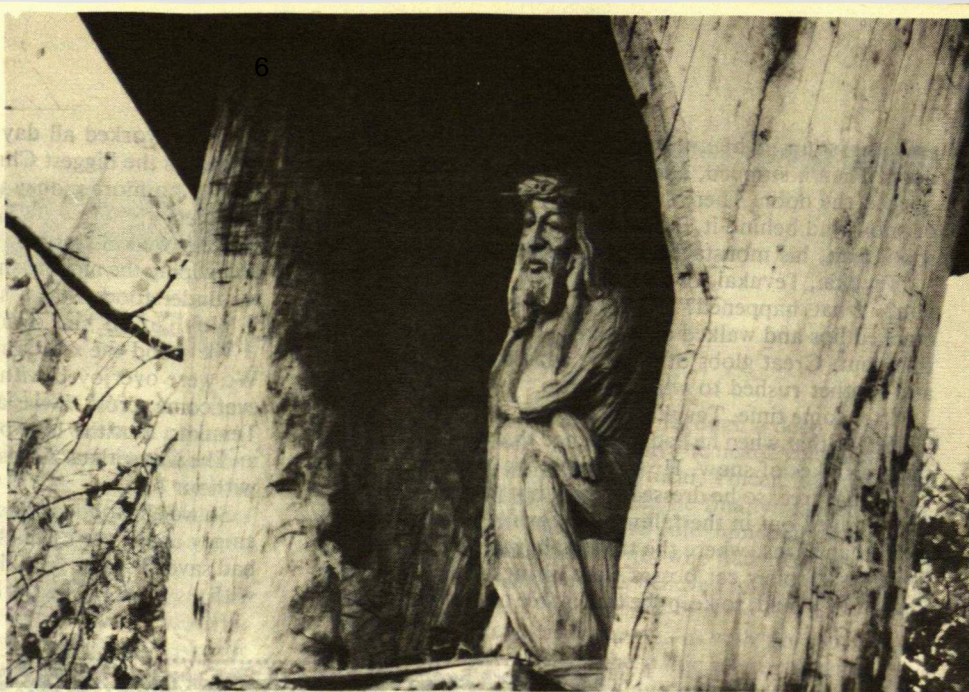
My father tried to control her. "This discussion," he said firmly, "has nothing to do with religion." But she was not impressed with the topic being discussed. She was concerned only about expressing her views

(Continued on page 19)

# SO NEAR YET SO FAR

Part Two

## THE PARISH CHURCH OF PUNSKAS IN POLAND



Rūpintojėlis, pensive Christ, broods in the hollow of a tree.

### Rev. Timothy Burkauskas, O.S.P.

The parish church in Punkskas, like an anchor, has held the Lithuanian community firmly intact through the changing tides of governments and boundaries. While political influences have tugged mercilessly at the very fabric of this little town, the parish church, because of a founding decree written in 1597, has been able to maintain the Lithuanian pulse of this community. Fortunately, when the parish was being established in the 16th century, King Zygmund III included a clause that the parish, which would be dedicated to the Assumption of Mary into Heaven, must always have a Lithuanian pastor, or at least a pastor that could speak Lithuanian.

The present pastor of the Punkskas parish, Father Ignas Dzermeika, seems to fulfill the requirements. Born of a Lithuanian father and a Polish mother in the village of Kreivėnai, and belonging to the parish of Liubavas (a small town in southwestern Lithuania), he was appointed pastor of the Punkskas parish in 1966. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Falkowski of the Lomża Diocese and speaks both Polish and Lithuanian. In his twenty years of pastoral administration he has renovated the church interior in a most impressive manner and has built a new rectory. In chatting with Father Dzermeika I found his manner to be warm and friendly. His assistant at the parish is a young Polish priest who does not speak Lithuanian, but is learning to at least say Mass in Lithuanian.

The church building is attractive and the yard surrounding it is well maintained and enriched by several Lithuanian shrines. At

the entrance to the churchyard one is greeted by the very familiar figure of the "Rūpintojėlis" (the Pensive Christ) niched into a rugged wooden chapel. Two handsome Lithuanian crosses inspire prayer within the churchyard itself. Lavishly detailed by the skill of a local craftsman, these Lithuanian crosses remind everyone that the roots of this parish, now situated on Polish terrain, extend far beyond present borders and are authentically Lithuanian.

The church structure one sees today was built one hundred years ago and is an impressive blending of stone and towering steeples. It appears sturdy and enduring — like the Lithuanians of this unique community who have withstood boundary shifts and political upheavals throughout the last 400 years.

On entering the church itself, I was greatly impressed by the interior which is brightly attractive and decorated in an unmistakable Lithuanian motif. The interior walls of the church are an artistic composition of warm colors and Lithuanian patterns — similar to those seen in Lithuanian weavings. This striking accomplishment is enriched by the light fixtures on the walls — each individually designed as a Lithuanian cross made of wrought iron.

The altars in the church are a symphony of intricate design and devotion. Carved from wood, they uplift the human soul to the glory of God and the memory of the saints, whose statues gaze down into the church from their lofty altar perches. The right side altar must be especially dear to the piety of the Lithuanians as it honors the Madonna of Vilnius, "Aušros Vartai".

Stained glass windows have recently been

installed over the altar area in the sanctuary of the church. Honoring the Mother of God, the windows explode with rich color, drawing one's attention to the "Vytiš" included in the window on the right side.

My footsteps echoed as I walked through the empty church on the warm summer afternoon. Refreshed by its ethnic beauty, I imagined the church filled with faith and worship as it is on Sundays and holydays. It was heartening to realize that within these walls the Mass and Sacraments are offered in Lithuanian for a people who living so near to their fatherland yet are residents of a foreign country.

I could not help but feel a certain fraternal sympathy for the pastor of this church. Since the parishioners of this parish are both Lithuanian and Polish, he must have to walk a tightrope of impartiality in a parish which Lithuanians and Poles can both rightly call theirs.

Blessing myself with holy water, I closed the church door behind me. As I left the church I whispered a prayer that this parish would always be a source of grace for the Punkskas community; and that it would lead all, Poles and Lithuanians alike, to a heavenly glory where boundaries and ethnic differences would no longer separate and divide.

My visit to this intriguing town had come to an end. I was sorry I had to leave so soon. As the taxi driver started the car, he began to speak of his fascination with "Punksk"; but to me we had been in "Punkskas". I wondered what to correctly call this community. Somehow I recalled the words of Shakespeare spoken by Juliet... "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."



An old Lithuanian staff  
symbolizing power

(Buračas archives)

Among materials of animal origin used in Lithuanian folk medicine, the *gyvatė* (serpent, snake,) was held in high regard. Desiccated, boiled, baked or steeped raw in whisky, the snake was used even up to the beginning of the 20th century for different ailments in both man and farm animals. For humans, it was used to relieve stomach pains, for anemia, protracted dizziness and to stimulate the appetite. Liver problems Lithuanian folk medicine treated with animal gall, while diseases of the lung, especially tuberculosis, were treated with dog or badger fat. The best protection against the evil eye or diphtheria, it was believed, was a *rupūžė* (Toad-*Bufo Vulgaris*), either dried or cooked. Sheep, goat and mare's milk were considered especially nutritive for those not able to eat heavier food. Other healing agents of animal origin used on occasion were urine and excrement, human and animal.

Knowledge of the value of massage and other forms of physiotherapy was not foreign to the *žynės*. For sprains and dislocated joints, they used "*niksto mezgimas*," a special bandaging procedure. Scalds and burns were treated with compresses of grated raw potato; running ulcers with baked onion or freshly baked bread, hot from the oven.

The *pirtis* was the scene where cupping was frequently practiced on the sick. This technique was used for drawing blood to the surface of the body to produce counter-irritation, or for blood-letting, by application of a "taurė", a glass vessel or cup from which the air had been partially evacuated by heat, thus forming a partial vacuum. A similar procedure was used for drawing the pus from a recalcitrant boil that refused to come to a head and burst of itself.

A stocking filled with hot ashes or flaxseed was bound about the neck for sore-throat. To ease pain from contusions and insect bites, a knife or whetstone, cold from the dew after having lain outside in the meadow overnight, was applied to the affected part. Many ailments, especially those of women, were treated in the *pirtis*, the Lithuanian bathhouse counterpart of the Finnish sauna.

Many other rational procedures, based on long-time experience, were common in the practice of Lithuanian folk medicine. For older patients, complaining of constant headache, the placement of leeches on the nape of the neck was recommended. Heart conditions like angina pectoris were treated with infusions of lily-of-the-valley, buckthorn or valerian. Anemic children were fed raw or cooked calves liver. To insure a

baby's being born with straight legs, the mother during pregnancy was required to consume the finely ground shells of 14 eggs, indicating a recognized need for an increased intake of calcium at such a time. The pregnant woman was advised to refrain from alcohol to avoid giving birth to a baby weak in mind or one with a skin unduly red. An infant with diarrhea was to be fed only by its mother's breast, the mother herself being advised to keep to a simple but wholesome diet.

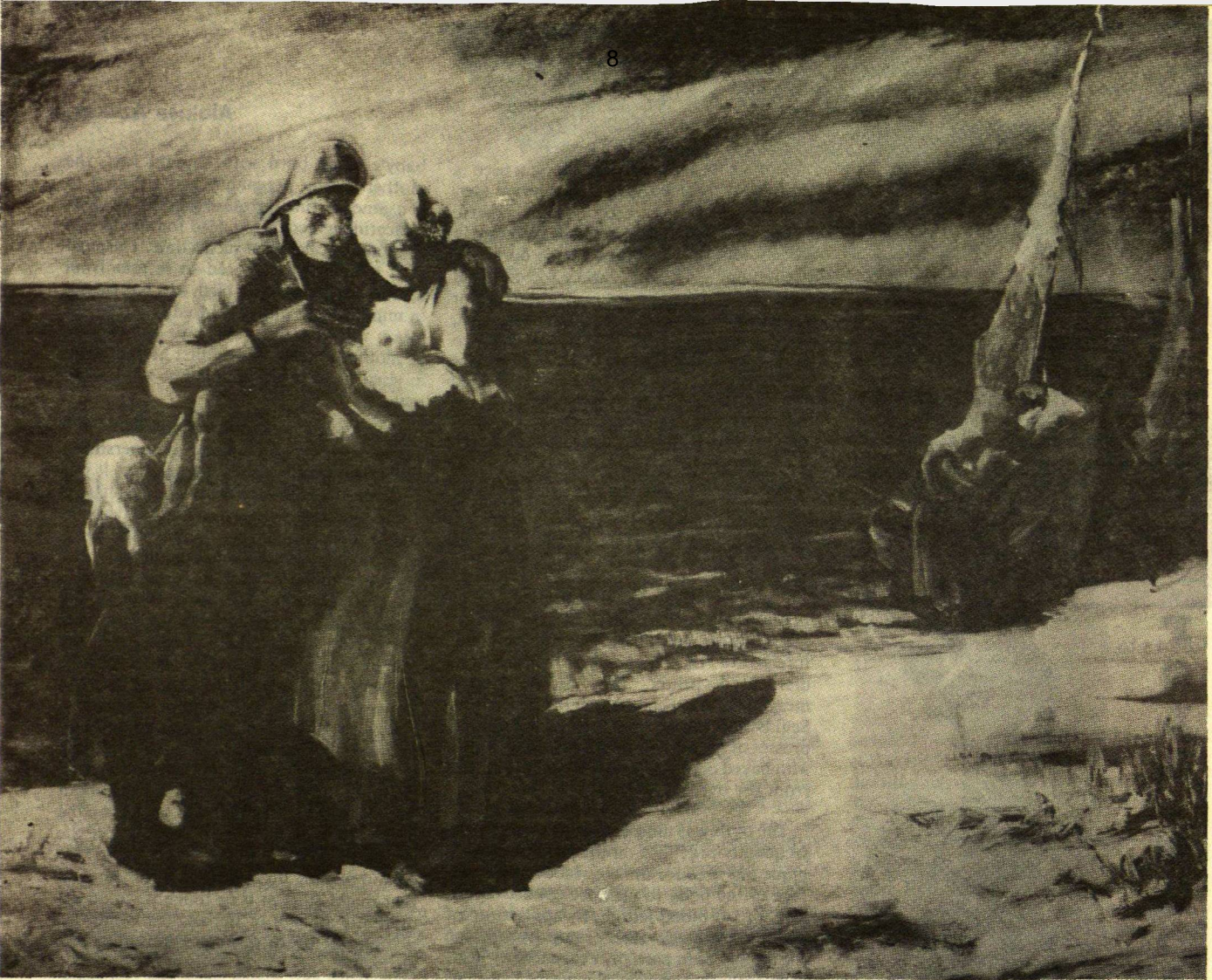
Intertwined with rational materials and procedures were all manner of superstition and magical procedures. At one time it was believed that illnesses were living things or spirits that could be driven from the bodies of the afflicted. Laying the possessed on a bed of straw and kneading mightily the stomach might succeed in forcing the evil spirit to abandon the body through the throat. Taking a patient wracked with fever for a ride in an empty wagon over the roughest country road would, indeed, shake the very devil out of him! Almost any object could be used as a *padėlys*, a charm to attract the sickness out of the ailing body to transfer it into some other person or thing or to destroy it entirely. In this rite one took an object, any object, rubbed it on or about the troubled area of the body, spat upon the object 3 times and then placed it on the ground near some well-traveled path. Any person picking up the charm or any animal that might sniff at it or touch it would acquire the ailment or the ailment would die a "natural" death through exposure to the elements.

Another charm could be a cord or string saturated with the sweat of a person in high fever. Tied about a tree, this string or cord would transfer the fever from the person to the tree. Such magical rites to be most efficacious were frequently performed with the rising or setting of the sun or during particular phases of the moon. A magical rite still taught young children who lose a tooth, requires that the lost tooth be thrown under the kitchen stove or some other appropriate place with the incantation: "*Pelyte! Pelyte! Šia tau dantis akmeninis, atiduok man geležinį!*" (O mouse, dear little mouse, here for you is a tooth of stone; replace it, please, with one of iron!)

Objects of the dead, especially their bones, also had a place in Lithuanian folk medicine. To cure sweating palms, one had only to hold for a time in one's hands the bones of some dear-departed. To stop the ache from a tooth cavity, it was recommended that you secretly acquire a bone from the body of a corpse, wash it, scrape it and stuff the cavity with the scrapings to make a filling.



The staff of Aesculapius,  
Greco-Roman god of medicine



The golden sunlight of Bagdonas' prize-winning painting "Home from the Sea" in Lithuania

## JUOZAS BAGDONAS' ODYSSEY BEYOND THE BLACK SUN

**J**uozas Bagdonas, Lithuania's first abstract painter whose 75th birthday we celebrate December 11th, looks at us with penetrating, deep-set eyes. He talks with us like a true Lithuanian Žemaitis; he has a strong sensitive mouth which avoids pointless talk and withholds his sharp observations until they crystallize into pure Žemaitis wit. These personal strengths have contributed to his achievements as an abstract artist.

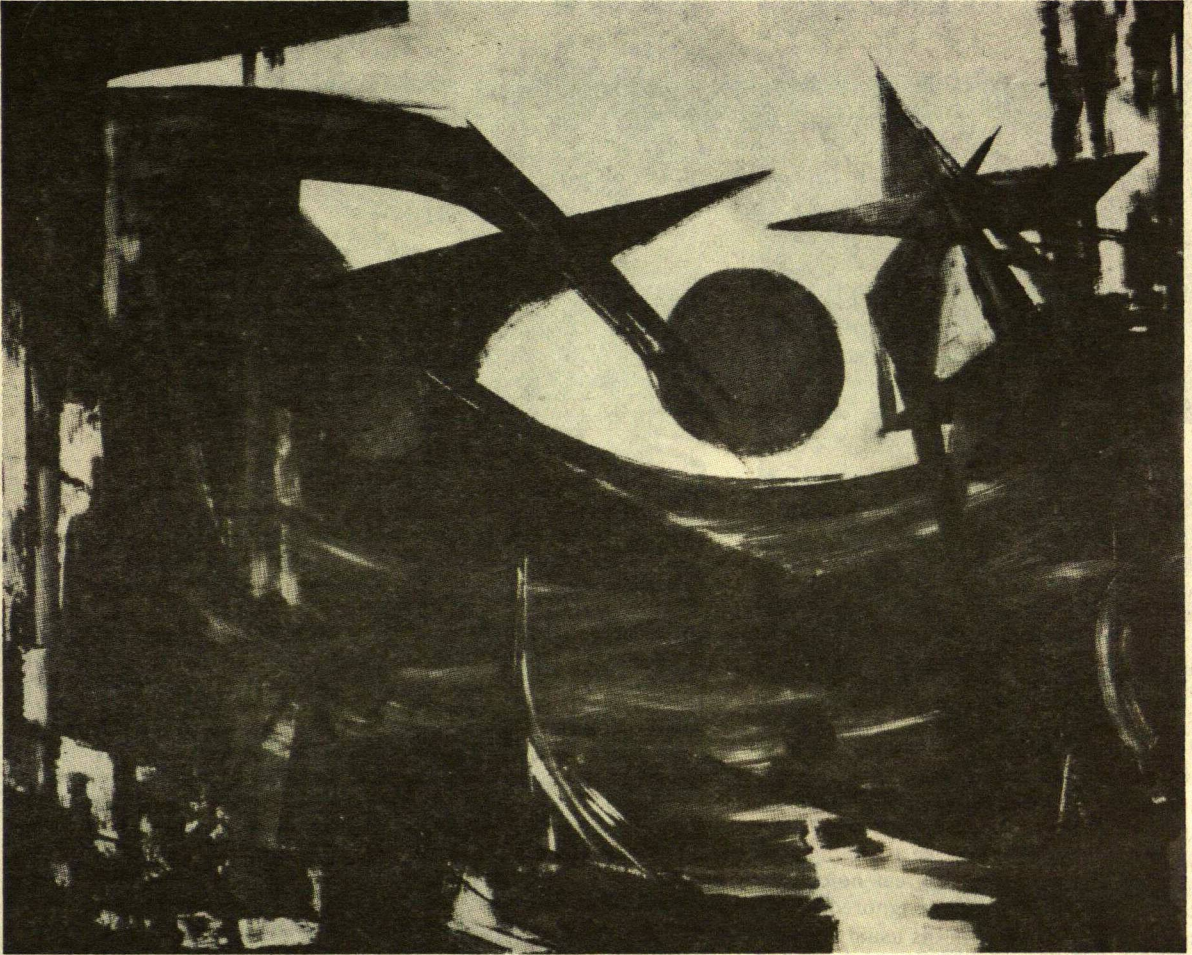
In 1938 in Kaunas, Bagdonas was given a state first prize for "Home from the Sea", a figurative painting which represents more than a fisherman who returns to his family safe from a stormy sea. We see the threatening clouds slink away, the sails of his battered boat point starkly at the sky, and the small golden heads of the welcoming children are reflected in subdued waters like glowing suns.

This was a youthful painter's view of his beloved country

when, after centuries of wars and foreign oppression, Lithuania became independent and, in a few precious years, astonished the world with her economic and social progress. During this period, he painted stolid Lithuanian peasants in their villages and farms, working in the fields, laundering linens by the river, and assisting one another in times of misfortune such as illness or fire. This mutual assistance, called "talka", was a vital part of Lithuanian culture which, in the storm of World War II fascists and communists devastating the land, was destroyed.

How did Bagdonas develop from a realistic painter to an abstract artist, creating enormous canvasses as though he were recording not only earthquakes, volcanoes and tidal floods, but the cosmic forces of the universe constructively at work in time-space? He traveled in Europe, lived for years in Columbia, South America, then Washington, D.C., and





"Black Sun": Gone is his homeland.  
Stormy waters and sails heave,  
star-crossed on the horizon.

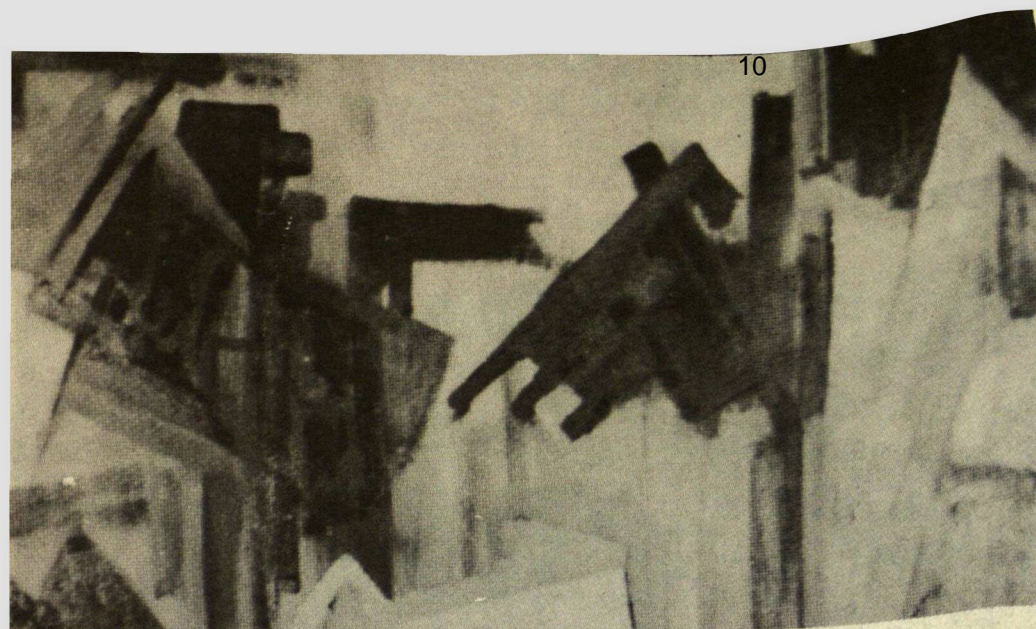
Bagdonas in his studio  
in Columbia, S.A.

now New York City. He ran an art gallery that received a favorable press and he gave impressive art shows in many American cities. But that was the external Bagdonas at work.

The inner man was on a spiritual odyssey of discovery. There are Bagdonas paintings of this period which portray the world blown up to smithereens so that nothing fits together any longer and the universe seems acute with bleak loneliness and abandonment. Then painting after painting, we begin to see an acceleration of movement, with nothing static, nothing dead. And a concentration of forms and their relationships evolves, creating moods and rhythms. In addition, Bagdonas experiments with color that is both earthy and cosmic.

The horrendous cosmic upheavals become meaningful in a mathematical and musical sense, with a constructive kind of rationality intrinsic in form and movement driving the





Lithuania's independence  
has been destroyed.  
Nothing fits together.

Nothing holds.  
Genocide. Exile. The  
ultimate loneliness: death

forms towards a new sanity unknown to mankind. Study the accumulative effect of these paintings and you experience cosmic space travel in which the presence of the ultimate unity of the universe grows manifest.

All this, certainly, grew out of the complex subconscious mind and intuition of Bagdonas. He did not set out deliberately to "photograph the universe" with his colors. Nature and spirit formed him; and he formed his paintings.

Attempting to translate his experiences into other symbolic understandable forms, we asked him, "Could one say that, somehow, through the great holocaust, you simply learned to walk on water?" He ignored the Christian symbolism, and he replied with his usual Žemaitis wit, "Me—walk on water? There have been water wings around for years; besides, more recently, we have had water skis."

We attended a private showing of his hundreds of paintings. It was a frightening experience. Here was the accumulated work of a powerful Lithuanian painter. What was it doing, stored away out of sight?

The American art world is interested less in good art than in promotion and money. Where does a gifted artist go? Some Lithuanian artists living in exile have compromised their principles and become opportunists; they arrange to bring their work "home" to Lithuania, thus acquiescing to the principles of the communist regime.

Bagdonas, a stubborn Žemaitis, a perennial warrior, refuses to let go of the dream of Lithuanian independence which he celebrated so happily in his youth in Kaunas with "Home from the Sea." He chooses the noble poverty of exile.

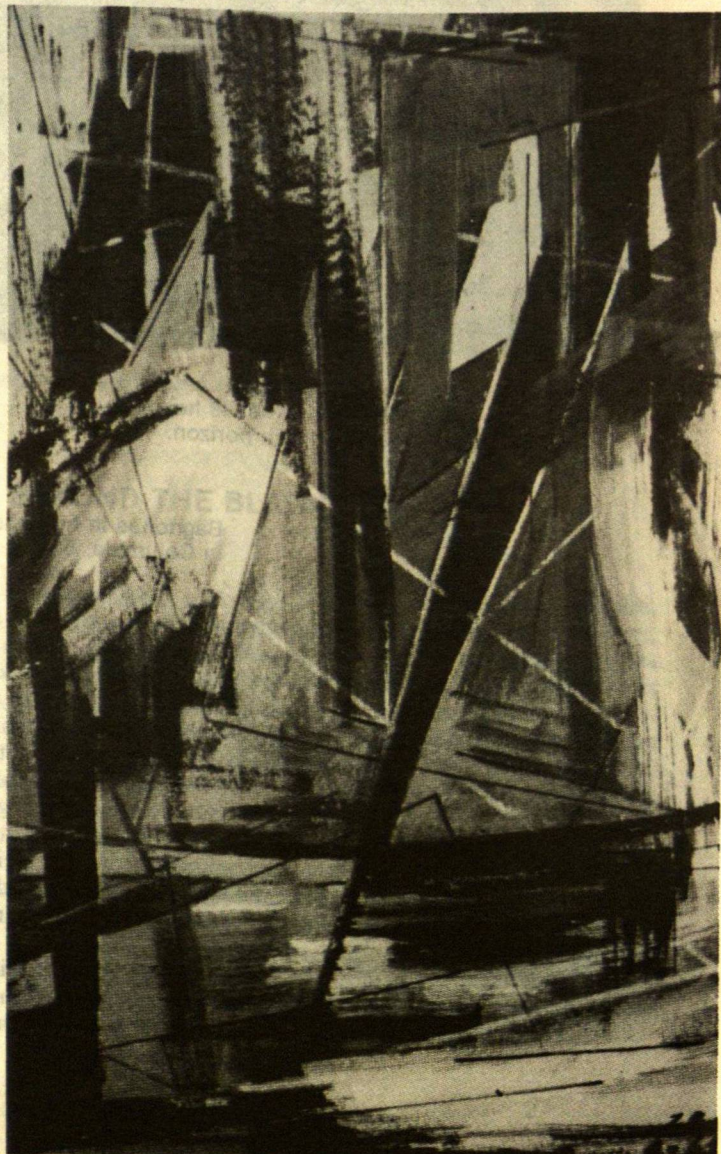
What can we, in the free world, do to save this enormous wealth standing and waiting, carefully dusted, in his attic?

A reader recently wrote a letter boasting of the numerous Lithuanian immigrants who have become millionaires in the United States. Would he be willing to form a Lithuanian Millionaires' Society for the Preservation of Lithuanian Art and Culture?

Do you have ideas?

**Demie Jonaitis**

Wave after wave of destruction.  
Storm after storm. Bagdonas discovers the creativity  
of the resurrective forces of the universe.





His canvasses become alive once more, with the regenerative vitality of motion and the relationship of forms.

In abstract painting, the artist constructs his sense

of reality in abstract terms, omitting concrete details; the viewer of his work identifies with the artist through motion and form, and emotionally fills in details with his own life experiences.

As Bagdonas developed in depth as an artist, his need for space increased; he began to create large murals. The cosmic

experiential scene of forms and motion on the right measures nine feet by twelve. There is a constructive logic in nature no man can deny.



# History in Soviet Style

## Kestutis Girnius

The Kremlin has changed Lithuanian history. Every Lithuanian achievement in the past must be portrayed as the result of Russian help. Almost all the important Russian chronicles have been published, while the *Chronicle of Dusberg* — the most complete medieval German account of the attacks of the Teutonic Knights upon Lithuania — has not, although its translation was completed ten years ago. Presumably the *Chronicle* is flawed in part because it details Lithuania's successful defence without mention of the fraternal aid granted by the Russian princes.

Lithuanians have asked why Aleksander Nevsky's victory in the Battle of the Ice, during which 20 German knights were slain, is widely celebrated, while the battle of Durbe in 1260, in which Lithuanians slew 150 knights, is rarely mentioned. Samizdat reported that Party functionaries were so incensed by some anti-Russian sentiments expressed in the works of the seventeenth-century historian Albert Kojalwicz-Wijuk that the preparations for the publication were immediately terminated.

Yet these clumsy acts of censorship tell but half, indeed the less interesting half of the story. Only one important work about the political and military history of the Grand Duchy has been published in the last 15 years because, as will be shown later, young historians are effectively discouraged from doing any research on such topics. Censorship is most effective when it ensures that there are no works to be censored.

A second sensitive era is that of the national renaissance in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Many of the writers and political activists of this period were strongly opposed to Tsarist policies, which they believed sought to destroy Lithuania's cultural and religious heritage and played a central role in the economic and political oppression of the Lithuanian peasantry. Moreover, many of the leading figures of the national renaissance where Catholicism was a citadel of reaction were completely indifferent to national aspirations.

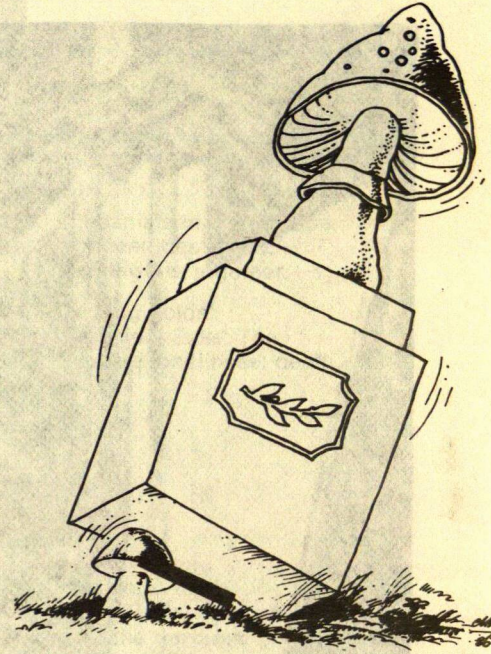
The results are interesting. In publishing two volumes of the collected works of the Lithuanian poet and Catholic bishop Anatanas Baranuskas, the editors announced that the cycle of poems *Kelione Petersburgan* ('Journey to St Petersburg'), which even Soviet authors have called the Lithuanian Marseillaise, would not be included because it was 'dominated by an ideology foreign to our readers'. In fact, the poems contain an impassioned denunciation of Tsarism and its efforts to keep Lithuania impoverished and illiterate. In publishing the

selected works of the writer Vincas Pietaris the editors omitted his novel *Algimantas*, which is not only his major work but also the first Lithuanian novel. The editors explained that *Algimantas* distorted historical reality because it 'depicted the endless battles that Lithuanians waged against the rulers of Russian lands', instead of writing about Lithuania. Samizdat has complained that writings of other major Lithuanian authors remain unpublished because they castigate Tsarism, while Russians who denounced the autocratic regime are hailed as democrats and 'the best sons of their nation'.

Such crude censorship of Lithuania's cultural heritage causes both fear and resentment among Lithuanian patriots: resentment that even the few eruptions of genuine literary talent in the nineteenth century must be sacrificed to protect Russian sensibilities, fear that these instances are but the sign of the Party's determination to destroy the memory, or reinterpret the meaning, of significant national achievements as a prelude to a policy of forced denationalisation.

The history of independent Lithuania is a third area subject to systematic distortion. Soviet authors greatly exaggerate the harshness of the authoritarian regime, the nation's economic hardships, the difficulties encountered in eliminating illiteracy or rejuvenating cultural and scientific life. On the other hand, every minor disturbance and strike is treated as a definitive indicator of deep-seated discontent with every aspect of social and political life, while the treatment of Lithuania's handful of Communists is more of a hagiographical than a historical exercise.

The truth of this statement can be seen from an analysis of the dissertations for the degree Candidate of Historical Science that were accepted in Lithuania during the period 1971-81. The subject-matter of such dissertations is an excellent index both of the subjects of the subjects the Party believes worth studying and of the training of young historians. During the ten-year period, 90 dissertations were accepted, seven of which dealt with problems of archeology and ethnology. The other dissertations can be classified by dividing Lithuanian history into three major periods: (1) the period prior to 1918, which is the year Lithuania regained its independence; (2) the period 1918-40, when Lithuania was occupied by the Soviet Union. Of the 83 dissertations dealing with purely historical topics, only 16 — that is, less than a fifth — are concerned with events prior to 1918. 21 of the dissertations were written about the interwar period, but only



The Kremlin's Monument to Peace

two of them do not focus on some aspect of the activity of the Communists. The absolute majority of the dissertations—46 in all—deal with Lithuania under Soviet rule. To put it somewhat differently, 18 dissertations were written about those aspects of Lithuania's past that were unrelated to communism, while 65 (or roughly 80%) analysed what could be called the history of the Communist Party of Lithuania. One ought to add that while Lithuania's history covers more than 750 years, its Communist Party has been in existence for less than 70.

What constitutes historical scholarship in contemporary Lithuania can be seen from the titles of the dissertations for 1981. There were seven of them: 'The Work of the Communist Party in Lithuania in organising Aid from the City to the Villages during the Years of Developed Socialism (1959-70)', 'The Class Struggle and the Work of the Communist Party of Lithuania during the Period August 1919-20', 'The Development of the Local Press in the Lithuanian SSR under the Conditions of Mature Socialism', 'The Preparation of the Academic Youth of the University of Vilnius in the Revolution Movement 1919-39', 'The Spiritual Cultural of Contemporary Lithuania (The Results of Ethno-sociological Research about the Rural Dwellers in the Lithuanian SSR)', 'The Work of the Communist Party of Lithuania in Developing the Productive Activity of Industrial Workers (1958-61)', and 'The Struggle of the Communist Party of Lithuania for the Unity of the Working Class against the Separatist Activity of Clerical Organizations (1919-26)'. The probability that such 'historians' will research seriously is slight.

## ROAST GOOSE for CHRISTMAS

Remove the fat from the inside of a 10-lb. goose and reserve for other use. Heat 1 tb. of the fat and sauté 1 large minced onion until golden. Wash 3 lbs. sauerkraut, drain well. Add the onion and fat, ¼ tsp. pepper and 1 tsp. caraway seeds. Bring to a boil, gradually adding 1 large grated raw potato, and ½ cup water or white wine. Do not let mixture get too moist. It should be quite dry and fluffy. Rub the inside of the goose with salt and pepper and stuff carefully with the sauerkraut-potato dressing. Roast in a moderate oven. Prick the skin to let the fat drain and baste the goose frequently. The gravy should not be thickened, but will be clear, brown and quite salty. To serve, transfer the stuffing from the goose onto a heated platter and lay the bird on it, surrounded by dumplings. Keep closely covered until ready to serve. Carve the bird crosswise across the breast in slices an inch thick and serve everyone a share of the crisp brown skin.

## SWEET AND SOUR PISTACHIO MEATBALLS

- 1 lb. ground turkey
- ½ c. fresh bread crumbs
- ½ c. chopped shelled pistachio nuts
- ¼ c. minced onion

1 egg, beaten — dash of salt  
sweet and sour sauce

Combine turkey, bread crumbs, pistachios, onion, egg and salt. Shape into 1 inch balls. Place in large (15X10) shallow pan. Bake at 400° 15 min. or until cooked. Stir into sweet and sour sauce, heat thoroughly, garnish with more pistachios. Makes 5 dozen appetizer meatballs.

## SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

Combine ¾ cup pineapple juice, 2 tb. each cider vinegar and packed brown sugar, 4 tsp. cornstarch and 1 tb. soy sauce. Cook and stir until thickened.

## CRAB AND ALMOND TART

Combine ½ lb. drained crabmeat with ½ cup dry white wine, and refrigerate overnight. Pastry:

- 1 cup flour - ½ tsp. salt
- ½ c. solid vegetable shortening—chilled
- 2 tb. chilled white wine
- 1½ c. shredded swiss cheese
- 3 green onions, chopped
- 3 eggs lightly beaten
- ¼ c. half and half (½ cream-½ milk)
- salt, pepper, nutmeg to taste
- ½ cup toasted sliced almonds

Combine flour and salt in large bowl. Cut in shortening until mix resembles coarse meal. Add 2 tb. wine and mix with fork until uniformly moistened. Make ball — flatten

# Cooking

into disc — wrap in plastic. Refrigerate overnight.

Preheat oven to 425° Roll dough out on floured surface into 12 inch circle. Gently fit into 9" round or a 10" square baking dish. Trim excess and flute edges. Prick bottom of pastry with fork. Bake about 5 min. or until edges are just crisp. Cool slightly. Sprinkle cheese over bottom of pastry. Drain crab well—reserve wine. Arrange crab meat over cheese. Top with green onion. Combine reserved wine, eggs, half and half, salt, pepper, nutmeg in medium bowl—blend well. Pour over crab. Bake about 40 minutes—until bubbly. Sprinkle toasted almonds over top and serve.

## HOLIDAY SALAD MOLD

- 1 tb. (1 envelope) unflavored gelatin
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 16-oz. can jellied cranberry sauce
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- ½ cup diced celery, 1 tsp. onion powder
- 1 tb. vinegar, dash of sugar

Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold water, add salt, stir over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Beat cranberry sauce until smooth. Stir in gelatin mix, cabbage, celery, vinegar and sugar. Spoon into mold. Chill until firm.

## BRAISED RED CABBAGE

- 1 med. red cabbage (2 - 2½ lbs.)
- 4 tb. butter
- 1 tb. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tb. grated apple
- ½ c. water
- ½ c. white vinegar
- ¼ c. red currant jelly

Wash cabbage and remove tough outer leaves. Cut in ½, cut away core, and slice fine. Preheat oven to 325°. Combine butter, sugar, salt, water and vinegar in stainless steel pan. When it boils and butter has melted, add cabbage and toss with wooden spoon. Bring to a boil and place in oven to braise for 2 hours. Stir occasionally. About 10 min. before cabbage is finished, stir in jelly and grated apple. Replace cover and complete cooking. The piquant taste of cabbage will improve if, after it has cooled, it rests in refrigerator and then is reheated on top

## with Aldona Marcavage

of stove or a 325° oven. Serve hot as an accompaniment to loin of pork or goose to complete a Christmas Dinner.

## COTTAGE CHEESE DILL BREAD

- 1¼ c. whole wheat flour
- 1¼ c. unbleached white flour
- 2 tsp. bkg. powder
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 2 heaping tb. minced fresh dill
- ¼ c. oil
- ¼ c. honey
- ¾ c. milk
- 1 egg well beaten and 1 c. cottage cheese

In a large bowl, mix flour, bkg. soda, salt and dill. In a saucepan combine oil and honey and heat until blended. Remove from heat and stir in milk, beaten egg and cottage cheese. Pour this mix into flour mix and beat until combined. Do not overbeat. Scrape into a buttered and floured loaf pan and press down with a spatula to prevent any air pockets from forming. Smooth over the top then give the pan a good thump on your counter. Bake at 375° for 45-50 minutes—until golden. Cool 10 min. over a wire rack, then remove bread from pan and continue cooling for one hour before slicing.

## LIQUEUR MOUSSE

Beat together 6 egg yolks and ½ c. sugar until thick and pale in color. Add 1 c. heavy cream, lightly whipped and 4 tb. liqueur (any kind—creme de menthe, creme de cacao, cherry, apricot brandy, blackberry brandy, krupniks, etc., etc.). Beat over cracked ice until mix becomes very frothy. Pour into a mold and freeze.

## CRANBERRY VODKA PUNCH

- 12 cups cranberry juice cocktail
  - ⅓ c. lemon juice
  - 2 c. orange juice
  - one 28-oz. or 3½ cups carbonated water
  - ½ c. sugar
  - 2 fifths vodka
- Combine cranberry juice, lemon and orange juice, sugar and vodka in punch bowl. Chill. Before serving, carefully pour in carbonated beverage. Stir gently. Makes about thirty 5 oz. servings.

# THE AMERICANIZATION of MIKE MALECKAS

**G**randpa. Everyone calls him that, even his wife of 56 years.

Around here, what grandpa wants he pretty much gets. His every request is attended to promptly, his every word savored.

He's 81 now and still as stubborn as the day 64 years ago that he walked down the gangplank at Ellis Island to meet the father he had never seen.

That stubbornness is part of the legend of Mike Maleckas; as much a part of him as the tales of a boyhood in Lithuania and stories of his Americanization.

On July 22, 1922, Mykolas Maleckas became Mike Maleckas. He was 17 years old, starting a new life in a new land after disembarking onto Ellis Island and a country where the people, traditions and language were diametrically different from those left behind.

Intimidating? Frightening? Nah, says Maleckas, with the bravado of a man who later eschewed anesthesia for a tonsillectomy, insisting that doctors perform the procedure without knocking him out.

"I was just glad to get off that ship after 17 days on the water," he says. "It was filled with seasick passengers."

Mike Maleckas' Lithuania was a land torn by war and strife. For five weeks, during the worst of World War I, his family lived in a forest, hiding themselves, their pigs, cows and chickens from the German and Russian armies that waged war around them.

By that time, however, repression had become a way of life. In 1908, when he was but six, he watched as his mother was arrested. The charge? Teaching Lithuanian, the world's oldest spoken language, while her country's occupiers-of-the-moment insisted that the populace be retrained to talk in Russian.

Maleckas' father had fled Lithuania years before, leaving his son to be raised by his determined mother and relatives. Finally, as Maleckas himself stood on the brink of conscription into the Lithuanian army, he set sail for America, where he met his natural father for the first time.

His mother, suffering from glaucoma, was not allowed to leave. Mike Maleckas never saw her again.

The education and subsequent Americanization of Mike Maleckas developed outside

the classroom. It took place at duPont, in watering holes and on baseball fields.

Baseball, he says, "helped me break the speech barrier. It got me away from the old-timers who didn't speak anything but Lithuanian and Polish. It got me in with the ones who spoke American."

On April 22, 1940, Maleckas received his U.S. citizenship. Every year since then, on that date, he has celebrated that fact.

Traditions became very important to Mike Maleckas. Not a holiday went by that the American flag wasn't placed in front of his home; no parade went unattended.

The most cherished tradition, and one that has carried through now to the fourth generation, has been the quest every Christmas for the "perfect tree."

Grandpa's sense of humor is enormous. Once he walked all the way from Kearny to Newark to buy his daughter ice skates because they only cost \$3. Then he wrapped them separately and placed them under the tree. She opened the package up and found one of them, and said, "There's only one!" And he said, "That's all I could afford." Later she found the other one on the other side of the tree.

## S P O R T S

### EBNOCH VERBLAZIS

**ANNAPOLIS** — The two senior middle guards are forever heckled about their names. They sound tough. Call them the Bronco Nagurskis of Navy.

"Hey, Ebnoc Verblazis," their teammates holler, and not one but two players look up. They have the best names on Navy's squad, no contest. Meet Enoch Blazis and Eber Verhovsek.

From a football standpoint, it should be enough to know that Blazis is the starter and Verhovsek is his backup and that at 253 and 238 pounds, respectively, they are a handful. Meanwhile, their names beg for explanations.

Blazis: "My father and my uncle came over from Lithuania after World War II and settled in Springfield, Ill. It was in Springfield that my father met my mother, who had come from Poland. They named me after my uncle, Enoch.

Verhovsek: "It's a Yugoslavian name. One of my grandfathers came from there. Eber, well, it's a Biblical name; a grandson of Noah was named that. My mother heard it in

church once and liked it."

Blazis and Verhovsek wouldn't have become the Middies' one-two punch at middle guard if Blazis hadn't been a disgruntled reserve defensive tackle last season who was on the verge of quitting the team. Then a thought flashed through his mind: Since last year's middle guards, Dirk McFarland and Dave Pimo, graduated, why not ask for a transfer?

"At a meeting, I said, 'I want to play nose guard,'" Blazis said. "The coaches agreed, just like that. They must have had it in their heads."

Blazis had such a good spring practice that he not only moved ahead of Verhovsek, a returning middle guard, but won the Vice Admiral William P. Mack Award as the team's most improved player.

Blazis almost didn't come to the academy, which, like his name, is a story in itself. Armed with a football body and a 3.87 grade-point average, Blazis was recruited by Yale, Penn, Duke, Northwestern and Northern Illinois, as well as Navy. He narrowed it down to Yale and Navy, and began to agonize.

"I was relatively new to football because my three older brothers were small and not involved in sports, and my father had died when I was 2," he said. "I didn't know where

to go. I kept asking mom and she said it had to be my decision.

"I was torn between the better football here and the liberal atmosphere of Yale. Finally, I decided: Yale. I called Coach Tranquill the night before induction day at the academy and told him.

"Then I had second thoughts. I was talking one night back home to a former Navy officer and he encouraged me to come here. That night at midnight my girlfriend and one of my brothers and I left Springfield and drove all night.

"When we got to Annapolis, I called Coach Tranquill and asked, 'Can I still come?' This was four days after induction. He checked and said I could if I would give up the week in August; some of the plebe players were getting off to play in high school all-star games. That was no big deal, an all-star game."

Still, when he went home for Christmas during his freshman year, he had a temptation to quit after running into a high school friend who was at Yale.

"Why don't you transfer?" the friend said. "The Yale coaches are still talking about you."

"I told him no, that I wasn't going to start over," Blazis said. "Looking back, I'm glad I didn't."

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## THE "SVAJONĖS" PHENOMENON FROM AUSTRALIA

The "daydreams":

Virginija Bruožytė  
 Birutė Kymantienė  
 Zita Prašmutaitė



The cultural life of Australian Lithuanian youth has been undergoing a revival. The current surge of activity originated in 1984 with a youth concert which formed part of the biennial Lithuanian convention. Canberra was host then. Lithuanian Youth Association groups from four Australian capital cities produced theatrical performances, all of a high standard. This year the conference will be held in Sydney and more outstanding productions are anticipated.

In 1985 Melbourne youth wrote and performed a play in commemoration of Romas Kalanta — the young Lithuanian who immolated himself in protest against the Soviet occupation of his homeland. Just recently, the same author completed an Australian tour with "Telekrizė" — a full-length comedy in Lithuanian. The show was so well received that critics suggested an international tour.

This cultural revival has not been confined to theatre. Debuting at that seminal Canberra concert was the singing trio Svajonės, which means "day-dreams" in English. These three talented young women, Virginija Bruožytė, Birutė Kymantienė and Zita Prašmutaitė, went on to perform before packed houses across the whole of Australia.

Now, to help make the Sixth World Lithuanian Youth Congress a success, which as

you surely know, will be held across Australia in 1987 and 1988, Svajonės decided to devote their time and talent to produce a musical program guaranteed to coax any self-respecting Lithuanian patriot from his castle. This they achieved with panache and alacrity in Australia. They are versatile, as much at home with contemporary Lithuanian music as they are with stirring folk-songs. There is something for everyone in a Svajonės performance.

North America, now it is your turn to witness the Svajonės phenomenon. The talented trio is embarking on a tour in their quest to publicize the Youth Congress through song. By coming to their concert you will experience a slice of culture — direct from Australian Lithuanian youth. And of course, all proceeds will go to help the staging of the all-important Congress.

These are Svajonės' provisional touring dates: Hartford, Nov. 29; New York, Nov. 30; Hamilton, Dec. 4; Toronto, Dec. 6; Montreal, Dec. 7; Cleveland, Dec. 13; Chicago, Dec. 14; St. Petersburg, Dec. 17; Baltimore, Dec. 20; Boston, Dec. 21; Grand Rapids, Dec. 27; Detroit, Dec. 28; Los Angeles, Jan. 3, 1987.

**Jonas Mašanauskas**



## JOIN THE PILGRIMAGE TO ROME IN 1987

The Lithuanian Christianity Jubilee committee is preparing for a pilgrimage to Rome in 1987. All Lithuanians are asked to join in the Jubilee celebration, which will include an audience with the Pope, the Holy Father's Sunday Mass at St. Peter's Basilica, Archbishop George Matulaitis' beatification ceremonies, an academic conference, a religious Lithuanian art exhibit and a banquet in the Castel Sant'Angelo.

There will be optional one-day tours available: Tivoli, Assisi, Florence and a tour of Neapolis/Pompeii/Sorrento. One-week extensions will also be available: Northern Italy, Vienna/Budapest/Munich and Lourdes/Paris. There are additional charges for the optional tours and the one-week extensions.

The committee is arranging travel and hotel accommodations at the very lowest costs. The basic plan for the trip is one week. Travellers may choose from one of three plans: Plan A - deluxe accommodations, Plan B - first class accommodations, and Plan C - a pensione.

**For more information, send your name and address to: Regina Krutulis, 2636 W. 71st St., Chicago, IL 60629. Or call (312) 436-5566 (in Illinois) weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; or call toll-free 1-800-331-3903.**

## WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH

There is the maxim that says: "Words teach, but examples draw." If that be true, then Lithuanian Catholics should be drawn to a more active and prayerful concern for Lithuania by the examples given by the Church's hierarchy and priests in their concern for Lithuania.

Cardinal John Krol, for example, one of the leading prelates of the Catholic Church in the United States, solicited the prayers and concern of an entire archdiocese for Lithuania this year by designating June 14, 1986 as a "DAY OF PRAYER FOR LITHUANIA" within the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

From the pulpits of the more than 300 parish churches within the Cardinal's jurisdiction, Sunday church-goers heard their priests read the Cardinal's letter about Lithuania at all their Sunday Masses during

the weekend of June 7-8. The Cardinal stated in his letter:

Lithuania stands isolated as the only Catholic Baltic Republic forcibly absorbed into the Soviet Union. Despite continued intimidation, persecution and suffering, the Lithuanian people continue their heroic struggle to live their Catholic faith with bold resistance to their atheistic oppressors. They look to Catholics of the free world for moral and spiritual support.

This outstanding gesture of concern for Lithuania also motivated Cardinal Krol to direct that the parishes include a specific prayerful petition in their "Prayers of the Faithful" for Lithuania in their Sunday Masses of June 15th. In addition, the letter of Cardinal Krol about Lithuania was printed in full in the archdiocesan newspaper of Philadelphia (The Catholic Standard and Times) which has a circulation reaching far and beyond, not only the boundaries of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, but the United States as well.

Located within the Archdiocese of Philadelphia is the National Shrine of Our Lady

of Czestochowa. This modern and spacious Shrine, situated in Doylestown, since its dedication in 1966 has been the site of days of prayer for the Polish, Hungarians, Vietnamese and Italians. It was the Pauline Fathers, who built and staff the Shrine, who hosted a "DAY OF PRAYER FOR LITHUANIA" this year in observance of Baltic Freedom Day. The organization of such an event by this religious community of priests was another example of concern for Lithuania.

From Rome came another example from the Holy Father himself. Pope John Paul II showed his intense desire to encourage the faithful to pray for Lithuania by sending the following telegram to the office of Cardinal Krol before the "DAY OF PRAYER FOR LITHUANIA" was held in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia:

The Holy Father was pleased to learn of the day of prayer for Lithuania to be held in Doylestown and he wishes to assure the participants of his union with them in thought and prayer. His Holiness invokes upon them grace and peace in our Savior Jesus Christ and



## 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 28, 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.**

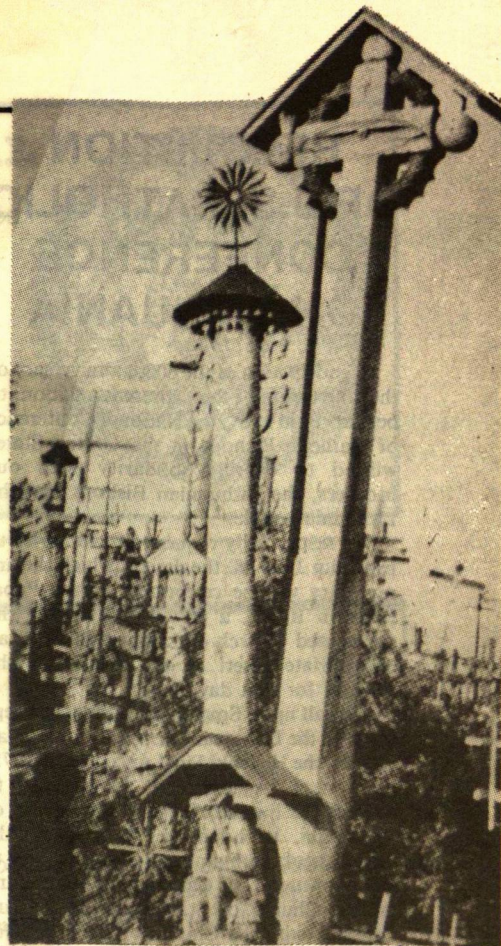
**We need another 100 Jubilee**

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

*Please send donations to:*  
**Lithuanian Christianity Jubilee**

**7218 So. Fairfield Ave.**

**Chicago, IL 60629**



cordially imparts the requested apostolic blessing.

Cardinal Casaroli  
Rome (June 6, 1986)

Cardinal Krol's "Commission on Human Relations and Urban Ministry" sponsored a conference in Philadelphia on September 25, 1986 dealing with the topic: "Religious Persecution in the USSR 1986." This enlightening conference was co-sponsored by the Philadelphia Chapter of the Lithuanian-American Community of the U.S.A. and included a presentation by Ginte Damusis from the Lithuanian Catholic Religious Aid, on the persecuted church in Lithuania. The conference was well attended and ecumenical in its attempts to rally all faiths together in concern for religious persecution in the USSR.

Lithuanians are grateful to Cardinal John Krol and the Archdiocese of Philadelphia for such examples of "Living Faith" in this year of preparation for the approaching Jubilee Celebration of Lithuania's Christianization. May this spirit spread and draw other diocese, bishops, priests, religious and the faithful into active concern for Lithuania. "Words teach, but examples draw."

**Fr. Timothy Burkauskas, O.S.P.**

## MOTHER TERESA

**T**he time and space machine we enter to take us back to Christ's time is a heart that will open and reach out to all who suffer in his name today.

Albania, whose most famous daughter today is Mother Teresa, has suffered forty years of a most systematic and brutal anti-God, anti-religion rule. Even the Soviet Union and Mainland China are lenient in comparison. In its Constitution, Albania recognizes no religion whatever and "supports atheistic propaganda for the purpose of inculcating the scientific materialist world outlook in people." As a result of Communist persecution, according to figures released by the Vatican in 1983, 137 priests have perished between 1945 and 1981. Amnesty International reports that human rights are violated by trials of suspects who never have a chance to defend themselves. With rubber hoses filled with gravel, "confessions" are beaten out of those suspected of practicing religion.

The Soviets have waged active war against religion for over half a century, yet there are

probably thirty-five to forty million Orthodox in Russia, several million Baptists and Pentecostals, and, tak<sup>ing</sup> Ukrainians (the first victims of Soviet <sup>socialist</sup> aggression), Lithuanians, and L. <sup>ivians</sup> together, there would be about ten million Catholics living directly under the Soviet rule, according to the Reverend Michael Bourdeaux of Keston College (England), which specializes in the study of religious communities in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Both Lithuanian and Ukrainian Catholics put up determined resistance to the anti-religion Soviet policies. Both publish underground chronicles of the violation of human rights bound up in the anti-religion campaign of the Soviets.

Besides identifying with Christ as he suffers in those whom the Communist regimes persecute, we should raise our voices to protest. Perhaps those who are so vocal about the alleged failure of Christians to protest Hitler's outrages will be moved to support protest against human rights and liberty occurring today.

**Fr. James Higgins, C.S.S.R.**

*(Courtesy of the Liguorian)*

## RESOLUTION OF U.S. CATHOLIC CONFERENCE ON LITHUANIA

In anticipation of the 600th anniversary of the conversion of the Lithuanian nation, to be marked in 1987, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in the United States wished to express solidarity with our brothers, the Lithuanian Bishops and the Lithuania people.

We respectfully request all ordinaries to proclaim June 28, the day on which the anniversary will be celebrated with a Papal Mass in Rome, a day of prayer for the persecuted Church of Lithuania, with an appropriate insert in the prayer of the faithful for that day.

We call upon Soviet authorities, in keeping with the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, the Helsinki Final Accords of 1975, and other international agreements, to respect the human rights of the people of Lithuania, to honor the request of the Bishops of Lithuania for restoration to religious use of the Cathedral of Vilnius and of the Church of St. Casimir in Vilnius, together with the Church of the Queen of Peace in Klaipėda.

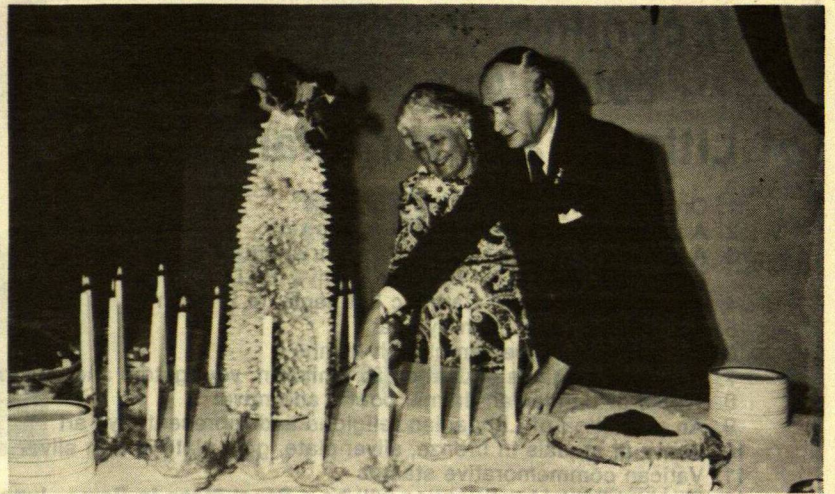
We also call upon the Soviet government to honor the request of the Bishops of Lithuania to allow publication of a new Lithuanian translation of the Scriptures.

Passed unanimously November 12, 1986, with 290 bishops in attendance.

## LABAI AČIU

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Lithuanian Canadians celebrating with a tree cake "raguolis"

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I found a disquieting letter from Vilnius in my mail. The young man with whom I formerly exchanged books and recordings writes that he hasn't heard from me since I returned home from Lithuania, although I've written twice and sent him two very expensive art books, one on Braque, the other the Norwegian Munch, each of which cost forty-five dollars plus nine dollars for insurance and postage. This business of poor delivery of mail always angers and saddens me no end. My friend wrote further that four old books I asked for six months ago are to become available, but the fact that they were published more than 20 years ago means they require a permit before they can be sent, plus a payment of 200% customs duty. Then there Russians are certainly milking the poor Lithuanian-Lithuanian/American-Lithuanian cow for all it's worth!

Name Withheld  
Hoboken, N.J.

I enjoy every issue of *Bridges* and wanted to give a donation but when I thought why not give gift subscriptions to *Bridges* with hopes my friends would continue the subscriptions for years on their own. Enclosed is a check for fifty-six dollars.

Helen Venis  
Woodhaven, N.Y.

Enclosed please find my remittance for the renewal of my subscription to *Bridges* which I dearly love as much as my Lithuanian heritage. Also find my Christmas donation. I, like all faithful Lithuanians, yearn for the freedom of the Baltic States, especially of course, Lithuania. I would like to share with

you a little prayer which I composed and say for this intention:

Lord, please free Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Let them once again emerge in sunlight of freedom intact with their ethnicity, language, people, culture and land and be able to love You and praise You in the sunlight as they do now in fear in secret and in the darkness. Amen

Holy Mother Our Lady of Vilnius and of the Gate of Dawn intercede for us with your most divine Son our Lord, Jesus Christ and ask him to grant this petition. Amen.

I hope this will express for you the feelings and hopes and trust in God that it does for me.

Robert M. Wallak (Valentukievičius)  
Buena Vista, Ca.

I am a Lithuanian Christian. I am not a Catholic. I believe if we would follow the word of God and Jesus, instead of the words of St. Casmir and the Pope we would have our country and with success. Exodus 20:5; Psalms 33:12.

George Bedro  
Westland, Mi.

Only recently I was made aware of your very informative magazine and was amazed at how much information of so much interest it contains. I am corresponding secretary for the Lithuanian American Club of Phoenix and in this month's letter I publicized your magazine. We have many affairs combined with the Lithuanian Community Club, yet until this month knew nothing of *Bridges*.

Aldana Kweder Wentz  
Sun City, Az

## SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 5)

on the one issue she wanted all to understand as they formed their new government.

Now that time grows shorter and she is almost a hundred years old, Senele no longer asks us about our personal life and involvements. She never fails, however, to ask us about our relationship with our neighbors and with God. It is her one burning concern. Certain that heaven and eternal peace are her destiny, she longs to have us all, as a family, heading for the same fate.

It is hard for any of us to say anything contrary to her beliefs. One has to find words which do not hurt her. Sometimes the encounters are amusing and even painful.

One of her favorite granddaughters once came to visit Senele and hurt her to the core. The granddaughter is a teacher who can never miss the opportunity to teach. She told Senele about Darwin and evolution, about the heavens and the cosmonauts.

Senele, shaken up, warned, "You will never convince me. You will simply end up making a fool of yourself. You will eventually understand in the hour of your death, but then it will be too late. Nobody will be able to help you then."

The granddaughter laughed lightly, failing to see the pain she was causing. Still cheerful, she walked off with a basketful of apples from Senele's orchard.

Deeply offended, Senele remained silent a long time. She crouched on her stool beside the stove and said nothing. When everybody was ready to leave, she tapped with her cane and approached her granddaughter, the teacher. She spoke calmly with words of wisdom which she had summoned up during her long silence of meditation: "Be what you choose to be. But do not lose the choice of being a good person. In goodness — there is God..."

The granddaughter embraced Senele, pressing her close to her heart and kissing her graying forehead.

At that moment, I was not the only person in the room who felt a choking in the throat and an inability to speak. Saying farewell to one's family is always painful. Even if it's only for a short time.

This time I sensed the threat of impending doom. It was as if some power were telling me that the next time I came home I would no longer find everything here.

One by one, our family group drove off down the road. Senele, leaning on her cane, followed us with her kindly faded eyes until she could no longer see us.

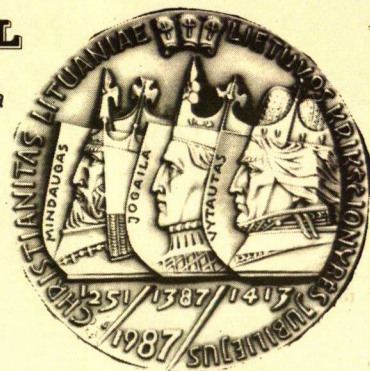
As we disappeared down the road, I knew that Senele stood troubled with pain, not knowing where we would end up traveling in that fog.

(trans. by Damian Unitas)

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**BRIDGES' Administrator**  
**Fr. Peter Baniūnas, O.F.M.**  
**and Editor**  
**Demie Jonaitis**

**M**ost of us standing on the grass at the Franciscan Monastery Saturday night were holding candles. They were plain white tapers which volunteers had handed out at the entrance to the stone-walled sanctuary off Kennebunk's Beach Street.

There were about 2,000 of us, dressed against the damp night chill and ready to sing. We were scattered in a semicircle on the grassy slope ringing the Lourdes Shrine.

The candles flickered in the wind as we stood facing the floodlit shrine, a stone grotto. The brothers were assembled on its top step.

There perhaps were a dozen. Most wore the traditional hooded brown robe, tied at the waist. A few wore street clothes.

It was Christmas Prelude weekend, and the monastery had organized the candlelight choral sing as the brothers' contribution to the event.

As the moon and stars beamed brightly overhead, the chorus sang and we joined in. There was a variety of songs about the season.

Leading us all was a slender, bespectacled man standing off to one side in his robe. Father Bernardino, we had learned, has a keen sense of humor.

Microphone in hand, he belted out each

song in his heavy Lithuanian accent. When not singing, he served as benevolent master of ceremonies.

He'd explain a song's origin, fit in an anecdote, tell a joke.

When the brothers sang Jingle Bells, for instance, he said they would have to leave out Miss Fanny Bright. As he explained with a chuckle, brothers don't dash through the snow with young ladies.

He also told us about the monastery's mascots, two goats and a cat called Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson had been elevated to a higher status, he said jokingly, after being found asleep in the nativity scene's manger one year.

And wasn't tonight's weather (in the 40s) nice, he said. The warmer it was, the more the brothers felt like vocalizing.

Some years ago, according to Bernardino, it was in the 70s during a similar event. They could not stop singing, he quipped.

Between his jokes, we all sang. And the

chorals from the pious voices in the grotto mingled with those on the lawn to rise into the sky. It was a feeling that warmed hearts and cut the evening chill.

About an hour after we had begun, the candles began to burn low and Bernardino said he was glad to be here. It was his 37th year in America, he said.

He told us how he had tried Rome and then New York, but that he liked it here best.

You could imagine places around the world not so safe and comfortable: Poland, Ethiopia, El Salvador and Lithuania.

And then he led us into the final song of the evening, America the Beautiful.

The words took on a special significance as we sang them with the brothers in their sanctuary by the sea. It was a place founded by those who fled their homeland to be free.

Then we put out our candles and went home. As we left, it's a safe bet there were few dry eyes in the crowd.

**Jeremiah Turner**

## A Night to Remember

IN KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE