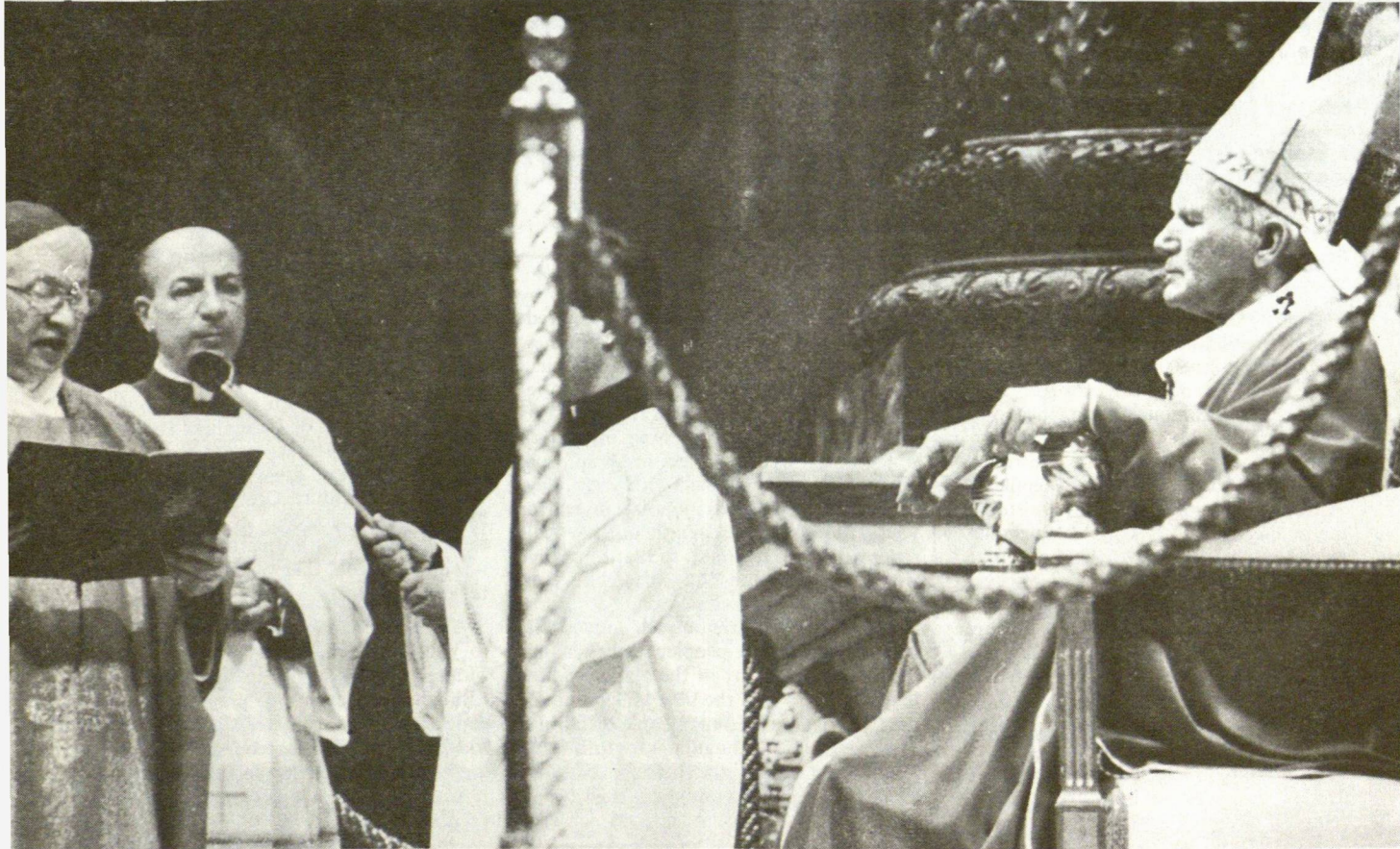


Bridges

LITHUANIAN - AMERICAN
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600th Anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization



MOMENT OF TRUTH

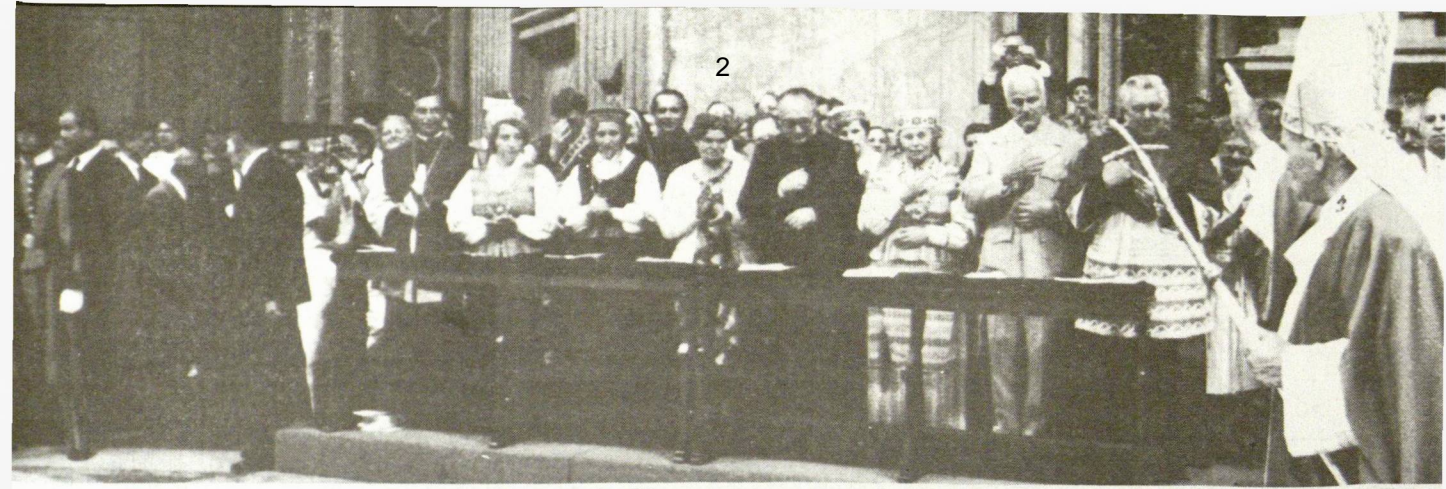
Morning of June 28, 1987

During the beatification of Archbishop Jurgis Matulaitis in St. Peter's Basilica, Pope John Paul II sat enthroned and pensive while Bishop Antanas Vaičius from Lithuania, whom Soviet authorities permitted to attend, read in Latin a review of the life of Jurgis Matulaitis.

In Vatican archives, the Lithuanian surname Matulaitis is still recorded in Polonized form as Matulewicz. He was appointed Bishop of Vilnius in 1918, the year when both Lithuania and Poland became independent with conflicting territorial claims, especially over the

possession of Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania since the fourteenth century. As the spiritual leader of two such bitterly opposing forces, he did not play politics but bore his cross with Christ-like self-negation, humility and social justice. His spiritual leadership has a special message for priests who live today in Soviet-oppressed Lithuania.

After the biographical reading, Bishop Vaičius lowered himself with meaningful humility to the earth and kissed the feet of the Pope. It was a moment that moved many onlookers to tears and all to astronomical applause.



Pope John Paul II and Lithuanians in St. Peter's Basilica

Jubilee Greetings to Lithuanians

Pres. Ronald Reagan:

It is a pleasure to send warmest greetings to the Lithuanian/American community as you join with Christians around the world in celebrating the 600th anniversary of Christianity in Lithuania.

I join you in commemorating the momentous events of 1387 when the Lithuanian rulers, Jogaila and Vytautas, introduced Christianity to the Lithuanian people . . .

Just as Lithuanian pagans resisted the marauding Teutonic Knights in centuries past, so today Lithuanian Catholics steadfastly resist attempts by the Soviet government to forcibly impose atheism, the state religion. Systematic discrimination by Soviet officials against believers has served only to unite the Catholic clergy and laity, who gather petitions of protest containing hundreds of thousands of signatures, documented instances of religious persecution in underground journals, and openly defy state decrees that seek to limit their religious rights. The Catholic clergy of Lithuania continue to faithfully execute their pastoral duties even though they are painfully aware of the imprisonment or exile of their most prominent members and are themselves subjected to an unending stream of harassment and abuse.

The current plight of the Church in Lith-

...The good seed sown so generously by Archbishop Matulaitis produced a hundred-fold, and the Church experienced a new spring. But he himself wished to become a seed which dies in the earth so as not to remain alone but to bear much fruit, and this is evident from this touching invocation which he left as a testament in his spiritual diary, and which I repeat with you today: "Jesus, grant that I may immolate myself for your Church, for the salvation of the souls redeemed by your Blood, so that I may live with You, work with You, suffer with You, and, die and reign with You" . . .

...I wish to address myself in a special way to your young people: in their hands they bear the destiny of the Nation, which they will carry into the new Millennium of the Christian era. Young people of faithful and generous Lithuania! Joyfully and trustingly take up the heritage of your fathers! Accept into your hearts the witness, the sometimes heroic witness, which they

uania makes this celebration of the 600th anniversary of Christianity in Lithuania a solemn one. But the events of the past are also a source of inspiration for the future. They remind us that the will of the Lithuanian people will not be broken by a foreign

Pope John Paul II:

have bequeathed to you, of love for Christ and the Church! Make this priceless treasure your own, and be worthy of it! In you, may it become the seed of a great hope. . . .

Turn your eyes with particular love, O God, to the youth of Lithuania. They bear in their hearts a great hope: make them strong and pure, so that with confidence they may build their future. Grant that in freedom they may be enabled to receive the gift of their ancestors' faith, that they may accept it with gratitude, that with generosity they may make it grow. . . .

And now, in a spirit of entrusting, I turn to you, sweet Mother of Christ and our Mother, joining my voice to that of your Lithuanian children who pray to you with confidence in your intercession. Mother of Mercy, this people has recourse to you, placing itself under your protection: do not reject its pleas in its necessities, save it from peril. . . ."

ideology that is forcibly imposed.

Nancy joins me in wishing you a truly memorable celebration. Our prayers are especially with you this day. *Telaimina Jus Dievas.*

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Spiritual Symbols

in St. Peter's Basilica

Soviet authorities barred Pope John Paul II from visiting Lithuania during its 600th Anniversary of Christianization. He, on the other hand, welcomed to the Vatican over 2500 Lithuanians from the free world, their Bishop Paulius Baltakis, and Bishop Antanas Vaičius with six priests whom the Soviet permitted to travel from Lithuania. In a symbolic link to similar ceremonies in Lithuania, the Pope timed the beatification

to coincide with the chiming of churchbells in SS Peter and Paul Church in Vilnius. Symbolic of the endurance of Christian love and forgiveness, the statue of the first Pope, St. Peter, stands on the right in the Basilica, arrayed in papal regalia.

(Bridges thanks Rev. Leonardas Andriekus for his kindness in sharing these jubilee photographs with our readers.)

The Crossed Flags of the Soviet and U.S.A.

In April, House Speaker Jim Wright of Texas went on Soviet television to praise "the greater freedom" in Soviet society and to declare that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. were equally to blame for the arm race. The full text of his speech is available in the *Congressional Record*. The speech merits utmost attention.

Soviet "Candor," "Honesty," and "Sincerity"?

Representative Wright maintains that Mikhail Gorbachev and members of his government answered the U.S. legislators' questions with "candor and honesty." He seems impressed by Gorbachev's "sincerity" and his "commitments to a better world." Meanwhile, the published reports of the exchanges indicated that some members of the delegation found the "candor and honesty" in rather short supply, and that Gorbachev's and his team's line, especially on human rights and world affairs, reflected a "commitment" to traditional disinformation.

The Difference Between Soviet and American Revolutions

"We have a great deal in common, citizens of the Soviet Union and of America," Wright told the Soviet viewers. "Both of our countries were born in revolution. Both continue to strive — in different ways — to achieve a better life for our people."

Would it not be more accurate to say that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. were born of two radically different revolutions? The American Revolution introduced a system based on inalienable human rights and a separation of powers. The Bolshevik Revolution in October 1917 destroyed the democratic February Revolution and launched the new Soviet state on a path of oppression, imperial conquest and genocide, whose victims are even more numerous than those of Hitler. It imposed on the Russians and on the non-Russian nations a totalitarian one-party rule, which is still in effect under Gorbachev and which he shows no intention of relinquishing. These differences between the "two Revolutions" are of vital importance.

"20 Million Victims" of Hitler and Stalin

While paying a visit to the Tomb of the Unknown Soviet Soldier, it came to Mr. Wright's mind that "20,000,000 of Russia's finest young people . . . gave up their lives that this country of yours might live." The House Speaker should have known that "In actual fact this 20 million gap in Soviet population includes non-Russians as well as Russians, people killed by Stalin as well as Hitler, and people who did not die at all but fled to the West," as Professor Rein Taagepera, President of the Association for the Advancement of Baltic Studies, has pointed out. He also estimated that, out of the famous "twenty million" Baltic citizens formed about 1.5 million. Among these, about 0.4 million fell victim to Hitler, 0.5 million fell victim to Stalin, another 0.6 million fled abroad to escape Stalin." Furthermore, the Soviet regime, which the House Speaker holds in such esteem, managed to annihilate more than 20 million Russians and non-Russians in peace time. All those and other

victims of the two totalitarian dictators simply vanish in Mr. Wright's account.

Crossed Soviet and American Flags

At the end of his speech, Mr. Wright, pointing to his lapel of crossed Soviet and American flags, invited listeners to write to him for a free pin "as a sentimental expression of our will to work together."

The Soviet Flag — a Symbol of Tyranny for Balts

Obviously, the House Speaker's researchers and speech writers have served him very poorly. American-Russian friendship is a worthy goal, but does the road to it lead with eyes closed to Soviet imperialism and by ignoring the Soviet-enclaved nations? The Soviet flag, which Mr. Wright crossed with the Stars and Stripes, flies over occupied Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia as a symbol of internationals murdered by Soviet soldiers from Soviet planes and tanks that proudly display the Soviet flag. That same flag remains a symbol of the Iron Curtain and of cultural and political subservience of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. The spectacle of an American legislator cheerfully displaying the flag of tyranny will be as puzzling and distasteful to the people of Central and Eastern Europe as a display of the Swastika would have been at the time of the Nazi domination.

Are Occupied Balts "Ethnic Minorities"?

Mr. Wright's comments after his homecoming were also less than helpful. Commenting about Gorbachev's lecture to the visiting U.S. Congressmen on the subject of "nationalities" and "minorities," the House Speaker said: "He was talking in terms of what they are trying to do in order to create more integrity for their ethnic minorities empire, composed not of "minorities," but of smaller nations that in each case were forcibly annexed against their will and are subjected to methodic Russification and exploitation. (Mr. Wright must be aware of the fact that the U.S. Government does not recognize the forcible annexation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia by the USSR.)

Should Not Soviet Claims be Put to a Pragmatic Test?

The House Speaker's instant euphoria and his choice of symbols will be viewed as extremely ill-chosen not only by Americans of Central and Eastern European descent, but by all who do not believe in a unilateral political and moral disarmament to a totalitarian empire at a time when Moscow is intensifying its Russification drive against the non-Russian nations of the USSR and is expanding its disinformation campaign aimed at discrediting the United States. Are peace and understanding served by suspending memory and judgment? Should the claims of police state officials be accepted at face value, without putting them to a pragmatic test?

While in Moscow or before his trip, Mr. Wright should have taken time to acquaint himself with the gist of the Soviet press statements. Of special value for him would have been the recently published excerpts from a new play by *Mikhail Shatrov*, a fervent supporter of Gorbachev's policies, entitled *Brestsky mir* (The Brest Peace). Shatrov

repeatedly compares Gorbachev with Lenin, a comparison that the Soviet CP Secretary General proudly accepts. Lenin's chief goal, as the House Speakers knows, was the destruction, by warlike or peaceful means, of something Lenin called "capitalism" — that is, of all the political and social systems that deviate from Marxism-Leninism. And that includes the United States, including the House of Representatives. Commenting on the play, the Moscow periodical *Novoye Vremia* (No. 12, 1987) said that the Soviet people, now as in 1918, will understand and follow the Party's policy of "storming" Capitalism "under the slogan of peace." Words to be pondered by the U.S. legislators.

Repercussions for the Democratic Party?

Mr. Wright's performance in Moscow may also have

repercussions for the U.S. Democratic Party. In the past few years, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority has done much to reclaim some of the votes of the political center which had been lost because of the Democratic Party's earlier flirtation with the radical chic during the presidential campaign of George McGovern and afterwards. American voters of Central and Eastern European descent form a vital part of the Center. The House Speaker's statements in Moscow will remind them of the days when Bella Abzug used to help editing the Democratic Party's platform on the Soviet-controlled part of Europe. These American voters — and all those who take peace, freedom, and totalitarianism seriously — may find it more difficult again to cast their votes for Mr. Wright's party.

Elta

WE MUST NEVER FORGET LITHUANIA

This Swedish writer observes, "Our countries are neighbors... yet it is almost impossible for my fellow citizens to imagine life in occupied Lithuania on the other side of the Baltic Sea."

Per Ahlmark:

One of Sweden's greatest novelists Sven Delblanc is publishing a new book "Moriah Land". It is a dark vision about Sweden under occupation, an exploited and oppressed country where Russians have moved in, a nation whose citizens are forced to be soldiers in the Soviet army and sacrifice themselves in its wars. According to the author, the way to exterminate a country is to erase its memory. In Sweden under the occupation, they destroy the books of the past. They deny the cultural heritage of the country. In papers and TV, they falsify its history in order to glorify the superpower that is now dominating its territory by enormous military means.

To Swedes, I guess, this book will seem to be too distant and too pessimistic. To you, it is almost too realistic. Your country, Lithuania, is suffering from almost the same fate that our great novelist sees as a possible future for Sweden if we disregard the threat. Our two countries are neighbors. However, they live on two different planets. It is almost impossible for my fellow citizens to imagine life in occupied Lithuania on the other side of the Baltic sea.

History is usually the history of the victors. Those who perish, nations which are crushed and dispersed and terrorized very seldom get the opportunity to tell their stories and the truth.

One thing is obvious. To use the words of a friend of mine, Elie Wiesel, the writer and the survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald and last year's recipient of the Nobel peace Prize, "Silence never helps the victim but always the murderer and the oppressor".

Thus, silence about the Baltic states will never help those nations but always the Soviet Union. So, let us state the facts. Lithuania was occupied when the Hitler-Stalin pact was implemented by the use of military force on June 15, 1940.

Ten minutes before midnight, in Moscow, Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov, presented the ultimatum to the

Lithuanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Urbsys. It accused the Lithuanian police of kidnapping and mistreating Soviet soldiers and said, also falsely, that the Lithuanian Government had entered into a military alliance with Latvia and Estonia, directed against the Soviet Union. And then, numerous Soviet Army units crossed the Lithuanian border. The country fell under complete Soviet control.

Two weeks afterwards, the prime Minister of Lithuania was received by Mr. Molotov who made this prediction of Europe's dreadful future:

"You must take a good look at reality and understand that in the future, small nations will have to disappear. Your Lithuania, along with other Baltic nations, including Finland, will have to join the glorious family of the Soviet Union. Therefore, you should begin now to initiate your people into the Soviet system, which in the future shall reign everywhere throughout all Europe - put into practice earlier in some places, as in the Baltic nations - later in others".

And another two weeks after that conversation, Lithuania was annexed into the USSR. It disappeared as an independent nation on the 31st of August, 1940.

Some years afterwards, a commissar of one of the people's democracies met Czeslaw Milosz, the great writer who was born in Lithuania and seven years ago got the Nobel Prize in Literature. The communist official told him about the events in the Baltic region: "To tell the truth, all this is boring. I have already seen it happen in Russia. The stages are measured out in advance, and they succeed each other with mathematical precision. The only interest lies in watching the reactions of the human material".

And what we have seen for more than four decades is a long and ruthless process of destruction of three formerly independent nations. It is done in a very logical and determined way.

They try to annihilate the language, the culture and the national consciousness of three countries.

(Continued from page 5)

They have spread out in the vast Soviet empire and Gulag thousands and thousands of Balts, whom they suspect carry the knowledge about and the love for their countries.

They move hundreds of thousands of Russians into these lands, not because they or their host countries want them, but because their presence and increasing numbers might eventually annihilate the nations they gradually replace.

Fortunately, this immigration by force has, in Lithuania, not been carried out with the same determination as in Latvia and Estonia, or the resistance has been more effective there. Lithuania alone had a well-organized underground which fought both the Russians and the Germans. Before the arrival of the Nazis in 1941, widespread uprisings in Lithuania lead to the reestablishment of a national government for six weeks before the Germans squeezed it out of existence.

And when the Soviets came back, Lithuanian military resistance lasted, as we know, to the 1950's. Dissent was and still is strongest in Lithuania, as manifested in mass petitions, underground journals and demonstrations of various types. The Catholic church in Lithuania has often spoken for the people against the rulers, as has been the case also in Poland. The conjunction of religious and national feelings may be a major reinforcing and unifying factor, which in Lithuania has forged a surprisingly broad coalition among workers, farmers and intellectuals.

The percentage of Lithuanians in its country's population has held quite steady, around 80 percent from 1974 to this day. But, the ultimate goal is obvious. All three Baltic nations are to disappear.

I am a citizen of Sweden, a nation which is neutral in the sense that we do not belong to any military alliance. In the years between the world wars, in summertime, it was almost as natural to take a ship or a ferry from Stockholm to one of the Baltic countries as it was to take the train to Gothenburg on the Swedish West Coast.

However, since the Soviet troops and then the German troops, and finally the Soviet troops again occupied the Baltic states, to this day Vilnius, Riga and Tallinn are not close to us anymore. They belong, in a way, to another planet. Not because they have become prisoners in their own countries - or prisoners deported from their own countries.

They have seen their states being transformed into military bases for the strongest dictatorship in human history. They have witnessed friends being taken away for execution, imprisonment or deportation. They know that every day their children are being brain-washed in order to reduce the national feeling of the next generation.

Therefore, in the Copenhagen Manifesto, for the first time in an international forum, we stated the absolute uniqueness of the fate of the Baltic countries. Never before in the history of mankind and nowhere else in the world today are former parliamentary democracies occupied, annexed and colonized by the conquering power. I repeat this: former democracies occupied (by Soviet troops), annexed (being forced to be part of the Soviet Union) and colonized (increasingly larger parts of the population of these countries are now Russians which have emigrated to the Baltic states) - there is no such example but the three Baltic states.

Invitation

from Lithuanian Australians

Contrary to popular belief, Lithuanian culture is alive and well in Australia. This may come as a surprise to those Americans who imagine Down Under to be nothing more than a giant repository for kangaroos and koalas.

Do you know, for instance, that Australia has a Lithuanian population of 10,000?

Do you know that Australian Lithuanians congregate every year for a sports festival, while every two years, we celebrate our culture with a week-long convention that includes song, dance and politics?

We, in Australia, believe you Americans owe yourselves a vacation. Come to sunny Australia and discover a world of Lithuanians you perhaps never knew existed.

There are two good reasons why you should visit us soon. Number One: In December, our country will host the Sixth World Lithuanian Youth Congress. Number Two: Right now, your greenback is on a high relative to ours and Australia is cheap for you.

Back to "good reason Number One". If you are a fair dinkum (true) patriot, the Congress is a must. This applies to Lithuanians of all ages. If you are aged between 16 and 35, you can attend Congress either as a delegate for Study Week or as a participant at the Stovykla (Camp). Now, for those a bit longer in the tooth, you can come for the ride and see a fair whack (bit) of Australia at the same time.

You see, Congress will be much more than a couple of hundred young Lithuanians cooped up in a lecture hall voting their little butts off. It will also provide an opportunity to consider your roots—a chance to share experiences and ideas. To make this process all the more enjoyable, the Congress Organizing Committee has devised a number of tours to scenic parts of Australia.

For example, overseas guests will be able to visit the Great Barrier Reef—one of the world's leading natural wonders. Or how about an adventure in the continent's mysterious Red Centre—home of the spectacular Ayers Rock? There will also be bus trips through some beautiful Australian countryside.

Let's get to know one another at the Congress. Keep these dates in mind:

Dec. 18 to 20, 1987— Registration for Congress participants in Sydney.

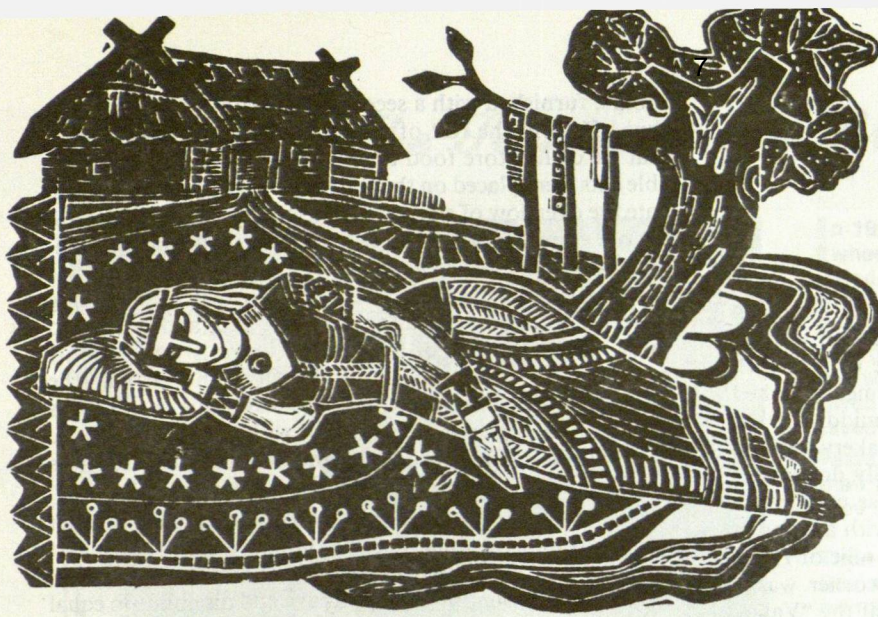
Dec. 21— Study Week begins for delegates in Sydney.

Dec. 26— Study Week continues in Canberra, the national capital. Tour to Great Barrier Reef, Ayers Rock and Adelaide. Tour to Canberra.

Jan. 1, 1988— Stovykla begins at Roseworthy College, near Adelaide.

Jan. 8 to 10— Closing festivities in Melbourne.

For details on how to book your seat to Australia, please contact World Lithuanian Youth Association President, Gintaras Grušas, 5559 Modena Pl., Agoura, CA 91301.



the Count and the Washerwoman

One day some washerwomen from a count's estate were out on the lake rinsing their washing, and they began talking amongst themselves.

"I will marry only a man who is tall and has blue eyes," said one.

"And I'll marry only a man who is rich," said another.

"I don't care if I'm showered with gold and dressed in silks, I'll never marry an old man and one I don't love," said the youngest and prettiest of them.

"Catch us believing you!" laughed her friends. "What if the count should ask you to marry him?"

"I'd rather die than live with that old fossil. I don't need his riches!"

Now, as fate would have it, the count happened to be walking along the lake just then together with his steward. Hearing what the washerwomen were saying, he said to him:

"Tomorrow you will bring the third of those maids to my palace. She is far too proud for one so poor."

On the following day the count opened his late wife's wardrobe and took out her best gowns and dresses of silk, her amber necklaces and her gold bracelets and earrings. His servants laid out all these riches in large hall of the palace and it was there that the steward brought the young washerwoman. The count showed her the silks and jewels and said:

"That is your dowry. Will you marry me?"

The girl bursts into tears.

"No, sir, I will marry only a man I love," said she.

The count was very angry that a sim-

ple girl, a bondswoman of his, should turn him down despite his riches and high birth.

"You will knit me three waistbands by morning," said he, "the first as bright as the sun, the second as bright as the moon, and the third as bright as the stars. If you fail to do this in time I will have your head chipped off."

The girl left the palace and went to the lake, weeping bitterly.

The *laumés* or witches who lived beyond the lake heard her and ran up to her.

"Why do you cry, pretty maid?" asked they. "Why do you sigh so heavily?"

The girl told them of her sorrow and the *laumés* began trying to comfort her.

"Here is a soft pillow for you," said they, "and a quilt and a shift. Do not grieve and go to sleep."

She slept very sweetly, and by morning when she opened her eyes, what did she see hanging on a tree branch and gleaming in the sunshine but three waistbands, their brilliance set off by the morning rays. One of the waistbands was as bright as the sun, the second, as bright as the moon, and the third, as bright as the stars.

The girl was overjoyed and took the waistbands to the count who, though he admired their beauty, was too hard of heart to be moved by it.

"You must bring me a coach by morning which can be hidden away in a nut-shell," said he. "When I ride in it there must be bright day ahead of me and dark night behind me. If you fail to do this in time I will have your hands chopped off."

The *laumés* heard her sighs, they surrounded the girl and asked her why she was weeping and wringing her hands.

The girl told them of her sorrow, and the *laumés* combed out her hair, laid her down on a soft bed and lulled her to sleep with their songs.

In the morning when she opened her eyes, what did she see but a rich coach standing before her. There were two horses harnessed to it and they were stamping the ground with their golden shoes. The girl felt something in her hand, she opened it, and there in her palm lay an empty nut-shell.

Just then a sun-beam fell on the nut-shell, and at once the coach and the horses rolled into it!

Overjoyed, the girl rushed to the count. She opened her hand and the coach and horses rolled out of the nut-shell. The count got into the coach and rode off in it, and it was bright day ahead of him and dark night behind him.

Said the count to the girl:

"All this is simple witchcraft. But if you are really clever, you will bring me a magic mirror in which I will see both my past and my future."

What was there to be done?

The girl went to the lake again and she wept and sighed as before. The *laumés* heard her, they came sliding over the water as over ice, and, surrounding the girl, began trying to comfort her.

The girl told them of her sorrow and of the count's whim, and the *laumés* said: "It is a difficult task that your master has set up this time. But never you fear. We will fix it so that after this he will stop plaguing you."

The *laumés* put the girl to sleep, and when she rose in the morning what should she see lying beside her but a beautiful mirror in which the sun and the stars were reflected in all their brilliance.

The girl took the mirror to the count who stared in it greedily, and, gluing his nose to it, cried:

"Ha! There's my uncle playing cards with the king and my brother talking to the queen! Why, I can see my whole noble family in this mirror! Now I'd like to see my future."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he saw himself in the mirror hanging from a tree.

So enraged was he by this that he flung the mirror down on a stone and shattered it to bits.

And from that day on he left the washerwoman in peace and never plagued her any more.

Albert Cizauskas

HOPE STREET

Hope Street in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, more than half-a-century ago, was a mixed-up street—both in its ethnic and its physical make-up. We had a number of Lithuanian families, living side by side with Irish, Italians and Germans. Four-story tenements pushed up against a men's clothing factory in the middle of the block. On the ground floor of the factory, a bakery released into the street a delicious aroma of fresh jelly doughnuts which mingled with the coarse stench of horse manure. A small, wooden-frame, country-style house, with a wooden fence about it, stood on one corner, a lonely relic of Hope Street's more rustic past. On the opposite corner was a somewhat dubious establishment, styling itself the "Valley Forge Social Club" (it was then the Prohibition era) which continuously spewed out a randy assortment of alcoholics.

Hope Street was a live-in playground for us kids, a place to escape from the grown-ups. Biographies are about people, but places, too, have lives and personalities of their own, with different meanings for different people.

One of the things I remember vividly was the one toilet located in the hall between two apartments, and shared equally by both families. I also remember mother telling us we were fortunate in not having to rely on outhouses which still existed in the backyards of some of the neighboring tenements. Still, one toilet for two families created traffic problems and minor irritations. Most troublesome was the lack of bathing facilities. Weekly trips to the municipal baths, a mile away, were as strictly enforced by our parents as going to church on Sundays. Occasionally, in the winter, when the weather was especially cold, mother would set up a large metal tub in the middle of the kitchen, place chairs around it draped with bed sheets to provide some privacy, and pour steaming hot water from a kettle into the tub for our baths. The kitchen then became a sauna, as we awaited our turn. The same water was used for more than one child, because of the long time it took to heat water on the kitchen stove. I always associated the white flakes in the used bath water with cold winter weather, imagining them to be something like indoor snow.

Our apartment was a "cold water" flat arranged in what was called a "railroad" style. From the hallway, one immediately stepped into the kitchen, which was the center of family life. It had a wood-and-coal-burning stove on one side (the only source of heat), an ice box to store food, and a tub next to the stove for the laundry, which also doubled as a sink. Here we spent most of our time in the apartment, eating, talking, doing homework on the large, round table in the center of the kitchen, reading the tabloids, and, yes, arguing—but not as much as one might expect. Propinquity compelled us to tolerate each other's foibles, not through a conscious effort but simply as a matter of survival.

The rest of this domestic "railroad" consisted of two bedrooms with a large parlor at the other end, which, for some reason, we called, almost with reverence, the "Room". It was seldom used, cleaner and more formal than the other

rooms, furnished with a second-hand sofa. The Room was shut off from the rest of the apartment, and was so cold that we could store food there in the winter. Several portable cots were placed on the floor of the Room to accommodate the overflow of sleepers, since we had seven in our family, not counting two young women relatives from the coal-mining country of Pennsylvania.

My father, brother and I were the only males, and, being heavily outnumbered, had to concede space and privacy to the womenfolk. One of the family stories is that, when I was about three years old, I accidentally wandered into the bedroom where one of the pretty Pennsylvania cousins was dressing. She was my favorite and, with a childish absence of embarrassment, I toddled right over to where she was putting on her underclothes and patted her backside.

Despite these privations, life for us kids, at least, was not as grim as it might seem. For one thing, we didn't know that we were deprived. For another, our parents, immigrants from the "old country" doled out love and discipline in equal doses so that few of us growing up on Hope Street seemed to have "hang-ups". Religion also played a central and stabilizing role in our lives.

And we managed to make our own fun, relying on what the Street had to offer us at any given time. There were some things we could always count on, like "bum baiting". Forbidden by parents, it became all the more a tempting pastime. Calling the "Valley Forge Social Club" the "Bums' Corner", we took turns running past it to taunt the drunks sprawled all over a sidewalk stained with stale urine and the effects of excessive drink. Then there were the old and no longer used outhouses, weather-beaten, with boards peeling off, secret hiding places where grown-ups didn't dare to venture.

My own favorite pastime was watching the horses on Hope Street. The motor age hadn't yet reached this small corner of Brooklyn in the 1920s and the ubiquitous horse-and-wagon was the common mode of transporting goods. Cars were still a curiosity and the occasional motorist who ventured onto our street was mockingly advised to "Get a Horse!"

I would imagine myself one of those fortunate men who held the reins of the horses in his hands and commanded them to do anything he wanted. I was also fascinated by what I took to be horse language, "Giddap" for "Go" and "Whoa" for "Stop". I adopted these terms into my own vocabulary, saying to mother, "I want to giddap outside." She tolerated this verbal idiosyncrasy and even used it to her advantage, warning me to "Whoa" when I transgressed beyond the clearly-demarcated lines of acceptable behavior.

One of the things I admired most about horses was their freedom to do things I was forbidden. Like eating from a bag suspended over their heads and relieving themselves *al fresco*. Mother was puzzled when one day I asked for an empty bag and dismayed when I poured my porridge into it. I then learned there were differences, big ones, between myself and the horses on Hope Street.

My love affair with horses received a severe jolt one day, giving me an early lesson in growing up. An overworked, bony nag just dropped down in its tracks, was casually unhitched by the driver, and left lying dead on our street for several days. It was then hot and humid, the customary

The Surprise from Brooklyn for Mamytė



Mamytė, seated in the center, was photographed in Lithuania in 1909. Her daughters Domicela and Rozalija were photographed in Brooklyn, N.Y. in 1910. The photos were combined into a surprise.

In 1910 Domicela and Rozalija wept copiously when they left their mother in Lithuania and sailed to join their father who was working in America to make his fortune. Arriving in Brooklyn, they maintained a flat for him, kept boarders, laundered, cooked and sewed, and worked long hours in a factory. They saved every thread and button. And Papa saved every penny they earned.

Tears would overflow whenever they thought of their beloved Mamytė in Lithuania. How could they let her know how much they missed her?

Then Domicela got the idea for the surprise. She and Rozalija went to a photographer, bringing with them a photograph of Mamytė taken in Lithuania. Domicela told the photographer, "Take a picture of my sister and me standing beside this chair. Then put our Mamytė in the chair." Rozalija added, "And put this beaded dress on her to make her look rich and American."

The photographer, a Lithuanian used to enterprising immigrants, draped the dress across Mamytė's lap and combined the two pictures into one. The sisters slashed a pocket in the cardboard backing of the photo, slipped in \$100 which they had secretly saved, glued up the pocket, and sent the surprise off to Mamytė in Lithuania. There was delight on both sides of the Atlantic.

Only Papa did not know. Afraid that he would disapprove of such an expensive gift, Domicela and Rozalija never told him about it. Years later he returned to Mamytė with his hard-earned fortune and bought her a mill. Their pride was short-lived, however. The communists came, confiscated their mill, and sent them to Siberia.

(DMJ Archives)

weather of a Brooklyn summer. As time wore on, I became aware of an overpowering stench and watched with apprehension the swarms of huge flies, buzzing over the bloated carcass. My last view of the dead animal was that of the Sanitation Department finally hauling it away. Why couldn't the horse just have gotten up and walked away on its own, I demanded to know. Mother's reply made no sense to me at the time.

On the next block was a huge lot, filled with all sorts of urban junk. Among the reliables were twisted old bikes, skates, pots and pans scorched beyond recognition, soiled chicken crates from a nearby market, cast-out furniture, broken fences, lumps of coal, old-fashioned boots with loose, flapping soles like Charlie Chaplin's, even an occasional derby, and lots of discarded newspapers, all sorts of things with which we kids could build our own private play-world, where we could go exploring for hours, or find items to trade off to the local junkman for a couple of pennies.

There were also things which puzzled us, like used condoms at which the older kids would snigger and whisper together. With snow, we slid down one of the higher piles of debris on a couple of loose boards. On Thanksgiving Day, rather than Halloween, we scrounged up old rags from the lot, and daubed our faces with coal to go begging for pennies. Election nights were great fun. It was an old custom to have huge bonfires as the voting precincts were closing. The kids on the block would collect combustible material to build a roaring fire on the lot which the police tolerated for that one evening. We ran around the fire and even roasted potatoes on its fringes. Then, late in the evening, we watched the giant embers as they changed into glowing and winking phantoms to feed our imaginations.

This was Hope Street, a place of homemade fun with what the Street gave us, and where the ugly aspects of life, like bums and dead horses, were part of a grown-up world which we accepted, but didn't understand.

A REVIEW

A

RADIANCE IN THE GULAG

by Nijolė Sadūnaitė



Her wit exasperated interrogators and jailers

A Radiance in the Gulag, memoirs of Nijolė Sadūnaitė, edited and translated by Fr. C. Pugevičius and Marian Skabeikis. Trinity Publications, Manassas, VA.

The title of Nijolė Sadūnaitė's memoirs challenges one's credulity. What kind of "radiance" could possibly diminish the dark horrors of the Gulag with its mud, rats and inhumane guards? Prisoners are fed a single slice of bread, water and salt one day and only a dipper of thin soup the next. The labor forced upon them is exhausting but sleep does not come easily at night with their starving thinly clad bodies pressed against a cold damp prison wall.

A Radiance in the Gulag is a story of the communist conquerors and those who refuse to be conquered. The radiance is the spirit that emanates from Nijolė Sadūnaitė who, despite maltreatment and illness, remains strong and even amusing to the point that her jailers are at a loss at times how to handle her. They are unable to terrify her into revealing the names of her collaborators and they grow exasperated by her wit.

She was sentenced in 1974 to three years hard labor in the Gulag and three years in Siberia for helping circulate the underground journal *The Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*. Her manuscripts were smuggled out of Lithuania piecemeal over a period of years. They were translated and edited into a unified whole by Fr. C. Pugevičius and his assistant Mrs. M. Skabeikis.

The book is a testament to the power of the human spirit to withstand the communist manipulation of the mind. From early childhood she attended a school designed to instill atheism in children and ultimately destroy the Church in Lithuania. The school system not only failed to achieve its goals with Nijolė but served to strengthen the flame of faith that was so alive in her family and their friends. That "radiance" which empowers prisoners to survive despite degradation and agony is generated by the gift of love.

Nijolė manifests such love for others, even for her persecutors. It is a superb power released in the human being who

bears the Cross with humble unwavering faith. In this book, we see such "radiance" illumine not only Nijolė, but numbers of other prisoners like herself.

That radiance disconcerts the persecutors to the point at which what seems like great strength in them sometimes turns to idiocy. After one difficult session, when they failed to induce her to disclose the names of her collaborators, they lost control. She writes, "My morale remained good because I had not involved any one else...In thanksgiving to God, I sang hymns, and the guards banged on the cell door, shouting at me to be quiet. Because I would not obey them, they wrote me up in a report to the chief of the isolation ward and complained 'You've sent us this long-playing record, and there is no way to stop it!'"

One of the toughest interrogators, Pilelis, decided to break her down with his masculine charm; he tried flattery on this good looking, fascinating young



In exile in Siberia



woman. He said to her: "I have been working here for over twenty years. I have seen all sorts of iron men break down. For a week or two, they would maintain some spirit, but, after that, their chins would be dragging on the ground. It's already the fifth month that you, under these conditions, have been walking around from morning until night, smiling. We have never seen anyone like you...Now, if you would just give us a statement, we would let you go home."

His masculine charm failed with Nijolė, just as the communist education system had failed with her in her younger days.

She made statements of her own, but they were not what the persecutors wanted to hear.

During her trial she said in court, "This is the happiest day of my life. I am being tried in account on *The Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania* which is struggling against physical and spiritual human tyranny. That means I am being tried for the truth and the love of my fellow man. "What can be more important in life than to love one's fellow man, his freedom and honor? Love of one's fellow man is the greatest form of love, while the struggle for human rights is the most beautiful hymn of love...I will joyfully go into slavery for others and I agree to die so that others may live..." She urged the court to free from prison, labor camps and psychiatric hospitals all those who fought for human rights and justice. Then the slogan 'Man is brother to man' would become a reality.

With quiet eloquence, she told them "You claim religion is a citizen's private affair, and that all people have equal rights without regard to their beliefs. Your propaganda is beautiful, but the actual facts are ugly! The interrogators paid no attention to the crime committed by the school principal and the Education Department when they discharged the teacher who, while on a field trip to Kaunas with her students, permitted the children to use a toilet in the Kaunas park where Romas Kalanta had killed himself for Lithuania's freedom. It is not strange that you are still frightened by the ghost of Romas Kalanta, but how is the teacher to blame?"

Michael Bourdeaux, Anglican minister and founder of the famous Keston College, enthusiastically accepts a gift of "A Radiance in the Gulag". He authored "Land of Crosses", a book about Lithuania.

Nijolė's gift of love permits no barriers to separate humanity with labels of difference of nationality and religion. She has made innumerable friends throughout the world. She received so many letters and packages from abroad that the postmaster asked her why people from twenty countries were writing to her. She said, "They write that they love me and are praying for me." She explained: "I would repack the parcels I received and send them to political exiles whose conditions were more difficult than mine. The postmaster wondered why I sent everything not home to Lithuania, but to utter foreigners out in the backwaters of Siberia, Yakutia and Magadan. He asked ed who those people were. 'They are my brothers and sisters in trouble,' I would answer. 'Even you say that man is brother to man.' Girls in the communist Youth Organization would wonder and ask, 'If we fell on hard times like they, would you send us parcels too?'"

"Of course, if I had your address.' This seemed incomprehensible to them. After I returned to Lithuania, I received cordial greetings from them, saying that they could not forget me."

She remembers the Christmas Eve of 1977 when she learned that a newborn baby girl had been discarded to die in an unheated storeroom. "There lay the tiny girl, her face blue with cold. When I touched her, she began crying weakly. I baptized her. I asked them why they had thrown the innocent child out to die of starvation. Angrily, they retorted, 'It's none of your business. The doctor knows best who should live and who should die.'

"By killing their own infants, they were acting worse than the fascists. Everyone began to shout at me: 'Get out of here! You must have escaped from the nuthouse to feel sorry for everybody. This is our business—we do what we want!' The little girl lived until morning when the visiting obstetrician declared her dead: 'She should have been thrown out into the scrubbing bucket long ago.' "

The introduction to this moving book states, "This is a contemporary Catholic counterpart to the *Diary of Anne Frank*. It is the fragmentary story—in her own words—of a very courageous and deeply spiritual woman who at this very moment dares to stand up to tyranny and falsehood, and is willing to pay the price." *A Radiance in the Gulag*, which should be made available to every person in the free world, says much more than Anne Frank says in her diary. Anne was just a child developing into a physical maturity when she wrote her book; Nijolė Sadūnaitė has written her story in the full bloom of her spiritual being.

Demie Jonaitis

John Rakshys

Origins and Language of Lithuania

The ancestors of the Lithuanians are seen to move as wraiths among the mists of time. This is an ancient race, going back in time to the Aryan tribes that dwelt in an area south of the Caspian Sea, ancient Mesopotamia, where they shared a common language with other Aryan tribes of the neighborhood. Segments of these groups migrated to the north and east, entering the northwestern passes of what is now India and Pakistan, and then pushed southward through the Indian subcontinent, conquering the dark-skinned people they found there.

These Aryan conquerors brought with them their tribal gods, their myths, and their culture.¹ The accounts of their struggles with the indigenous inhabitants of the new land were recorded in their Rig Veda about 1500 B.C. The Veddas, the sacred writings of the Hindus, were written in Sanskrit, which today is read chiefly by philologists and other interested scholars.

Other primitive Aryan tribes, it is believed, migrated from the same homeland, but these turned to the north and west. It is these tribes of the western migration that are of interest to us. Their westward migration took place over hundreds of years and led them across a huge continental land mass, at this time probably empty of human life. It is possible that this trek commenced shortly after the recession of the last continental glacier that covered northern Europe—an occurrence which caused great upheavals not only among the aboriginal tribes that lived in the warmer southern climates, but also among the fauna and flora of the glacial zone. The melting of the glacial ice cap is given as the reason for the extinction of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, and even Neanderthal man, who depended upon these huge animals for survival.² The great expanses to the north, empty of human life, were ready for new settlers.

To pinpoint the period when the ice mass had melted might seem a difficult task, yet Baron de Geer, a Swedish scientist, and his students accomplished this piece of work. De Geer had his students make counts of varves (layers of soil deposits on the bottoms of glacial lakes). He determined that the Ice Age ended when the ice melted from a fork of the Angerman River in northern Sweden. De Geer established 6740 B.C. as the date. By this time, the Baltic area had been free of ice for some years, and Europe was enjoying a climate much like that of today.

It was in this area, on the shores of the Baltic Sea, that the Aryan tribes from the east halted at last. We do know that this

Baltic region was settled by three main groups of Lithuanian-speaking Aryans: the Old Prussians, or Borussians, who settled in the Vistula basin; the Lithuanians, who settled in the Nemunas basin, and the Letts, or Latvians, who settled in the Daugava basin.

The migration of this racial group in itself would not have been of any great significance to us today—there have been many such migrations recorded in the history of mankind—were it not for scholars who were seeking the origins of these tribes. In pursuit of their researches they made an interesting discovery regarding the language spoken by these people. For these Lithuanian-speaking Aryans spoke a language very much like that spoken by the eastern Aryan migrants who had entered into Pakistan and India—ancient Sanskrit. One can readily surmise that these two branches of Aryans must have been living, at some time in the past, in close proximity to each other—might even have come from the same primeval stock. How else could one account for the similarity of two languages whose speakers dwelt thousands of miles away from each other?

The German geographer and travel writer, Johann Kohl (1808-1978) wrote of the similarity he found existing between Sanskrit and Hindi, its derivative, on the one hand, and Lithuanian:

“Lonely and unconnected with any of the surrounding nations, they occupy their little nook of northern land, evidently unsimilar and unrelated to any European nation, and bear affinity only to the tribes that inhabit the East, at the foot of Dawalagiri, or on the shores of the Ganges. ‘Esmi,’ I am, says the Lithuanian; ‘Asmi,’ I go, says the Let of the Baltic; ‘Aimi,’ I go, is the Hindu word for expressing the same idea. On the Nieman (Nemunas) ‘Dievas’ is the word for God; on the shores of the Ganges, ‘Daivas’ signifies the same... The languages are the same in form; the pronouns, adverbs and numerals are similar, the names of the commonest animals, of the different parts of the human body, etc., are the same in Sanskrit and in Lithuanian.”

Early interest in the Lithuanian language as a source of philological reference was evinced by other researchers in this area. B.D. Dwight, a 19th century British philologist, writes of the relationship between Lithuanian and Sanskrit:

“This (the Lithuanian language) . . . is the most antique in its forms of all living languages of the world, and most akin in its substance and spirit to the primeval Sanskrit. It is also at the same time so like Latin and Greek as to occupy the ear of the etymologist . . .”

Within the fastnesses of the forest belt of northern Europe, the Lithuanians enjoyed a peaceful existence free from the marauding bands which characterized so many of the European lands. Their isolation enabled them to retain the purity of their language that when Rasmus Rusk, a Danish philologist, first heard it spoken, he thought it to be some dialectal form of Sanskrit.

There has been much theorizing as to the origins of the Lithuanians themselves. These theories have in common a reference to the Lithuanian language as a clue to the definitive homeland.

One theory that received much support in the past relative to their origins states that the Lithuanians were akin to the ancient Greeks, and came from the same birthplace. As far back as the thirteenth century, Albertas Stedinas, a Lithuanian writer, wrote that after the death of Alexander the Great, some of his commanders wandered to the Vistula basin and settled there. Jan Dlugosz (1415-1480), the Polish historian, claimed that the Old Prussians, though related in their customs and language to the Lithuanians, were descendants of Prusias, king of Bithynia. Prusias, with his followers, migrated to the Vistula basin after being defeated in his own country. Prussia was named after him. Dlugosz also noted the similarity between the Greek and Prussian languages: “The Prussians can . . . understand the Eolians, Dorians, Athenians and Ionians.”

Much more recently, Dr. Jonas Basanavičius, Lithuanian statesman and scholar (1851-1927) espoused the Thracian-Phrygian theory. Dr. Basanavičius pointed to the similarity of Thracian words and place names to the Lithuanian language. He concluded that all of Media in the East (all southern Europe up to the Atlantic) was inhabited by Thracians who were closely related to the Lithuanians, who had come to their habitat from Asia Minor, and that the epics Homer sang about were about deeds of the ancestors of the Lithuanians!

E.J. Harrison, in his *Lithuania—Past and Present* agrees with the “opinions of expert investigators” that the Lithuanian tongue offers proof of a primitive connection be-

tween the Lithuanian tribes and the Greeks. He writes:

"It is therefore not impossible that, at the dispersion of the ancient Aryan family, these two peoples for some time pursued a common route towards the west. Subsequently, their paths diverged. The Eolians, Dorians, Ionians and Thracians, tribes of pure Hellenic race, drifted towards the south, whereas the Astians, or Balts, traveled north and established themselves on the shores of the Baltic."

Still another group of writers were convinced that the Lithuanians were kinsmen of the Romans. The pole, Dlugosz, who claimed that the Old Prussians were descendants of the Bythnian king, Prusias, also claimed that the Lithuanians were descendants of Romans who fled from Rome during the civil wars of the first century B.C. Perhaps his source for this position was the *Chronicles of the Grand Duchy and Samogitia* which contained the information that the Roman Duke, Palemonas, sailed up the Nemunas, settled at Seredžius, and established the dynasty of Lithuanian dukes. A Polish historian, Strykowski, in *Kronika Polska, Litewska, Zmozka y Wszystkie Rusi* (1582) even gave the genealogy of the Lithuanian dukes, starting with Palemonas.

Still another advocate of the Roman Connection, Michola Lituanus, wrote a memorandum titled "Nicholonis Lituani de Moribus Tartorum, Lituorum, et Maschorum" which contained an account of the Roman origins of the Lithuanians. He compared Lithuanian and Latin words which have similarities in form and meaning. He gave as examples the Lithuanian word for "God" — "Dievas"; the Latin word "Deus"; for the Lithuanian "vyras", Man, the Latin "vir". There were other examples as well.

Cornelius Tacitus (55?-177 A.D.), a Roman historian, made no mention of those expatriates who fled to the Baltic during the civil wars. He was, however, acquainted with the Lithuanians, whom he called "Esti" or "Aestians". He noted that the Lithuanian language was different from the German, and that while the Lithuanians knew of iron, they made little use of it. The Lithuanians were better grain-growers than the Germans. These sparse references would seem to indicate that the Lithuanians were little-known to the Romans. Furthermore, the Roman civil wars referred to by Dlugosz had taken place only a few generations before the lifetime of Tacitus. Dlugosz should have been more prudent in his claims.

It is true that there are some words in the Lithuanian language that are similar to words appearing in the Latin, for both tongues belong to the same language family — Indo-European. That there must have

been some relationship between the two peoples is quite possible for this reason. If we go back in time to the great dispersal of the races who spoke the root Indo-European tongue, we can admit the possibility that the Aryan stock which later became the Romans may very well have accompanied the Lithuanians on their journey to the new homelands, just as some writers theorize that the Aryan Greeks may have accompanied the Lithuanians. If so, this event must have occurred in the dim recesses of antiquity.

Some researchers have advanced the hypothesis that the homeland of the Lithuanians could be determined by examining the Lithuanian place-names of locales lying to the east of Lithuania itself. In 1897, the Russian, Aleksander A. Kochubinski arrived at the conclusion that Byelorussia was originally inhabited by Lithuanians, and that the Lithuanians had once inhabited the Pripet marshes and the headwaters of the Dnieper. Alexsei Al Shakhmatov (1864-1920) places their homeland at the headwaters of Nemunas. Jonas Puzinas, author of "The Origins of the Lithuanian Nation", a section of *Lithuania—700 Years*, Albertus Gerutis, Ed., states "Kasimiras Buga . . . by using linguistic data based on studies of place-names and loan words . . . found many Baltic river names in the areas of Minsk and Smolensk, and to some extent in the regions of Vitebsk and Mogilev. Basing his conclusions on these Baltic place-names, he demonstrated that the ancestral homelands of the

Lithuanians and Latvians are to be found north of the Pripet . . . and in the Smolensk region."

The place-name studies serve only to confirm the theory of a migration across the face of what is now modern Russia. Minsk; Vitebsk; Smolensk; Moskva; the Pripet; the headwaters of the Dnieper; all these regions lie on a route that leads back to the Caspian Sea and ancient Mesopotamia. They are locales where the Lithuanian-speaking tribes tarried long enough to give names to the rivers, the lakes, and other physical features that could serve as landmarks for them as they traveled onward toward the setting sun. As for place-names farther to the east, these may have been lost in the passage of time, as even some of the geographical features themselves may have been lost to natural cause such as earthquakes that change the courses of rivers, or climates that create deserts out of fertile valleys.

¹Recent archeological excavations at Mohenjoro and Harappa in the Indus Valley of Pakistan reveal the existence of a civilization there as long ago as 3000 B.C. The discovery may very possibly be linked to the migrating Aryan tribes of Mesopotamia.

²Valerius Geist, in an article, "Neanderthal, the Hunter", *Natural History Magazine*, January 1981, theorizes that Neanderthal man, who lived off the huge animals of the Ice Age, became extinct when these animals also perished because of the loss of their forage. Because man could not cope with the smaller, more agile animals that replaced those of the old climate, he, too, perished when the ice cap melted.

The Rejection

Bishop Julijonas Steponavičius, Apostolic Administrator of the Vilnius Archdiocese, turned down a request by fellow bishops in Lithuania to lead the faithful on June 28 in a solemn Mass in Vilnius commemorating the 600th anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization.

Bishop Steponavičius was exiled to the small Lithuanian town of Žagarė in 1961 for objecting to Soviet interference in Church affairs. Widely believed to be a cardinal secretly appointed by Pope John Paul II, the bishop indicates in his letter to the Lithuanian bishops' committee planning solemnities in that country, that his exile status played a significant role in the decision to refrain from leading the Christianization anniversary solemnities.

In a March 28 letter to Archbishop Liudvikas Povilonis, president of the Lithuanian Bishops' Conference, Steponavičius lists three reasons for his decision: 1) his exclusion from jubilee planning sessions held by the Lithuanian Bishops' Conference (the

bishops are largely under control of the government Council for Religious Affairs); 2) his inability, as an exile in Žagarė, to consult with Christianity jubilee commission members and with the pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, where the Vilnius Mass will be celebrated; and 3) his disapproval of restricting the Vilnius solemnities to one relatively small church.

Bishop Steponavičius said the ideal location for the jubilee Mass would be an open-air stadium. Barring that, a maximum number of believers could be accommodated by scheduling simultaneous Masses in six Vilnius churches, each led by a different bishop.

These suggestions, coupled with Bishop Steponavičius' refusal to lead the solemnities, are viewed as a sign of the bishop's strong displeasure over Soviet moves to restrict the scope of the religious celebration and, perhaps, of his apprehension that the solemn occasion would be severely diminished as a result.

(Lithuanian Information Center.)

Defector's Opinion

Saulius Kondrotas, one of our outstanding prose writers, defected to the West in September 1986. He comments on Gorbachev's reforms during an interview in *Akiračiai*:

"The universal enchantment with Gorbachev should not disguise the essence of the situation. All that is being done is not coming 'from below', not through the efforts of the people, but thanks to an 'enlightened' despot. This is the most tragic aspect. Were Gorbachev to be removed, as it happened with Khrushchev, all the screws could be tightened in several days, everything would be returned to the old grooves.

"The rulers may change, but the system remains the same. There are many things that need to be accomplished: to change the political and economic structure, to free all political prisoners, to unshackle the press by separating it from the state, to allow people to speak about absolutely everything (religious questions, criticism of the system and of the party still remain outside the borders of the 'glasnost' policy), to remove the Iron Curtain, and to open the borders. After all this is done, let us wait some fifty years to allow the people to recover, get used to it all, and stop being afraid. Then it will be possible to measure Gorbachev's real importance."

Gorbachev Educates Americans

Twenty visiting American Congressmen in Moscow were lectured by Gorbachev on nationalities, minorities, and against "American interference in Soviet human rights practices." He suggested that the U.S. "solve its race problems by setting up

separate states for blacks, Puerto Ricans and Polish-Americans." Gorbachev also said that the Soviet Union's system of republics was based on "ethnic background" and culture. Representative Mickey Leland, a black Democrat from Texas, told the press that he found the remarks "offensive" and Gorbachev "rather uninformed about the aspirations and desires of black people in America."

"Nations" — not "Minorities"

Gorbachev is obviously uninformed about the "aspirations and desires" of the nations that form the Soviet empire. By comparing Soviet "minorities" with U.S. "minorities," he was regaling his guests with inaccurate information. The states in U.S.A. are regional administrative subdivisions that have nothing to do with nationality or ethnicity. The so-called Soviet "republics" — a blatant misnomer — are actually nations annexed by Moscow in the course of Russian and Soviet Russian history. The Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians, for instance, live in their ancestral homelands where they are still "majorities," despite the relentless tide of Russification. They are not "ethnic minorities," as those in the U.S., a nation of immigrants; they are occupied nations.

The "Big Lie" on Human Rights

The Soviet official's flippant and arrogant approach to the human rights problem must have had a sobering effect on the visiting Congressmen, who could not but realize that the main difference between the two systems was not "capitalism" versus "socialism," but the Soviets' continuing use of the "Big Lie". Rep. Steny H. Hoyer (D-Md.) struck the right note when he said that a "serious Soviet approach toward human rights offenses" was a "litmus test" for the "Credibility of Soviet democratization and economic reform." National self-determination is a fundamental human right.

Elta

Cartoon from *Šiuoia* (uncaptioned.)



"If Mrs. Gorbachev can choose to look smart, then so can I!"

Albert Cizauskas

Harry Truman's Last Word

Occasionally, we read about the small incidents that illuminate and humanize larger historical events. One of these had to do with President Truman, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States and the Lithuanian Minister, Povilas Žadeikis.

Recently, I was browsing through a fascinating book of memoirs by Dean Acheson, *Present at the Creation*. As usual, I checked the index to see if Lithuania were mentioned and sure enough it was. It seems that, early in 1946, President Truman decided to reinstate the annual diplomatic dinner at the White House, discontinued during the war. Due to a slip of protocol, the Soviet Ambassador, Nicolai V. Novikov, was to be seated next to the Lithuanian Minister. Because the Soviet Union had, as Acheson puts it, "swallowed" Lithuania, while the United States continued to recognize it, the Soviet Ambassador sent in his regrets that he would be unable to accept the invitation, citing a diplomatic case of "ill health."

The next morning, President Truman, a feisty man who did not brook lightly what he regarded as an insult to his country, or to Mrs. Truman, the hostess for that particular affair, called in Dean Acheson, then Undersecretary of State. He told Acheson in no uncertain terms to inform the Soviet Ambassador that he was no longer welcome to the White House, so long as Truman remained President.

Bess Truman, however, knew her Harry and his short fuse. She called on the phone while Dean was with the President, trying to dissuade him from making a fool of himself. After a while, Truman handed the phone over to Acheson. The President's wife pleaded with Acheson to persuade Truman to cool it. "This gave me an idea," Acheson wrote. He then pretended to repeat what Mrs. Truman was saying about the President to him, using such phrases as "above himself", "delusions of grandeur" and "too big for his britches."

The President finally gave in, saying, "All right. When you gang up on me, I know I'm licked. Let's forget about it."

But as Dean Acheson was leaving, Harry Truman had the last word, "Tell old Novacain we didn't miss him!"

And so ended one of the lighter incidents of the Cold War that was soon to heat up.

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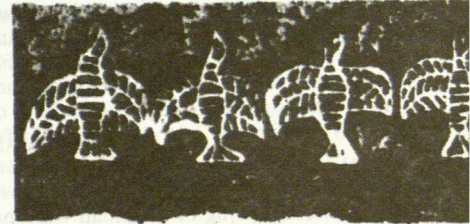
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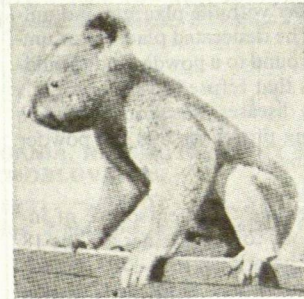
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Lithuanian Folk Medicine

Many of the rules of hygiene dictated by Lithuanian folk medicine helped to prevent infections, wittingly or unwittingly. For example, after a corpse was bathed, the water was isolated by being buried in a hole dug for that specific purpose. Seating a child upon a dog was prohibited, since such a playful act could cause an outbreak of boils on the child. Laundered swaddling clothes were to be dried in the light of the sun or in intense cold to avoid rashes on the infant. Before giving birth, a woman in labor was required to wash the hands of the attending midwife. And people were enjoined against picking up and using articles of clothing they might find, since they might be *padėliai* or charms deliberately laid down to transfer evil.

The wedding ring of a woman was once an item possessed of attributes of magic. By rubbing such a ring around offending warts, moles or red spots on the skin, these could be made to disappear. Other strong medicines were the linens used at the birthing of a baby, together with the placenta and umbilical cord. The desiccated placenta or umbilical cord, ground to a powder and sprinkled on wounds that refused to heal on boils and other skin diseases, was thought to have unusual healing properties and the powder to stop bleeding.

Possibly the oldest written source of information on our folk medicines are the 18 books of M. Praetorius, 1631-1707, grandson of J. Bretkūnas, entitled "Deliciae Prussicae oder Preussische Schaubuhne" but the manuscript has never been published. Extracts, however, were published in 1872 by a J. Pearson in Berlin. Theodore Lepner, 1633-1691, furnishes us information in his "Der Preusche Littauer", 1744, II Edition 1848, a work of describing the culture of the East Prussian Lithuanians, which was a source later used by Daukantas and others in writing works concerned with Lituania. Since those early times, much on the subject has appeared in a wide variety of publications in Lithuania. It is likely that some of our readers have some particular knowledge of Lithuanian folk medicine, brought to the Americas by parents, grandparents or great grandparents, which knowledge they'd like to share with *Bridges*. If this be so, please do write us of it!

Cooking

with
Aldona Marcavage



Man Cooking in Lithuania

Šiuota

GARDEN FRESH BREAD

1 cup flour
 ½ cup whole wheat flour
 ⅓ cup quick cooking rolled oats
 1 tsp. bkg. soda
 ½ cup butter
 ½ cup sugar
 2 eggs
 2 tb. milk
 1 tsp. vanilla
 ½ tsp. finely shredded lemon peel
 1 cup finely shredded zucchini, carrots or peeled pears or finely chopped, peeled peaches
 ½ cup chopped walnuts

Combine flour, oats, and soda; set aside. In large mixing bowl beat butter on medium speed for ½ minute. Add sugar, beat until fluffy, scraping sides of bowl often. Add eggs, milk, vanilla, lemon peel; beat well. Stir in veggies or fruit. Add flour mix ⅓ at a time—beating on low speed till combined. Stir in walnuts. Spread batter in a greased 5½ cup ring mold or a 9x5x3 loaf pan. Bake in a 350° oven 35-40 min for ring, 55-60 min for loaf pan or till a wooden toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cover with foil the last 10 min of baking. Cool 10 min. Remove from pan cool on wire rack. Wrap and store overnight for easier slicing.

ZUCCHINI PINEAPPLE CAKE

2 c. sugar
 1 c. oil
 3 eggs
 2 c. zucchini grated and drained very dry.
 3 c. flour
 1 tsp. bkg. powder
 1 tsp. bkg. soda
 ½ tsp. salt
 1 c. chopped nuts
 ½ c. raisins
 1 20 oz. can crushed pineapple—drained

Beat sugar and oil. Add eggs one at a time, beat until fluffy, mix in zucchini—add dry ingredients, nuts, raisins and pineapple. Pour into 2 greased bread pans (9x5x3). Bake at 350° for one hour.

BARBECUED HAM STEAKS

6 one-inch ham steaks
 4 cups sherry wine
 ½ cup butter, melted
 ½ cup dry mustard
 ½ cup brown sugar
 2 cloves garlic—minced
 1 tb. paprika

Marinate ham steaks at room temperature for 2 hours in combined sherry, butter, mustard, brown sugar, garlic, and paprika. Turn steaks once or twice and baste with marinade. Broil for 10 min. on each side, basting frequently with the marinade. Serve with fresh cole slaw and potato salad, and/or baked beans.

SWEET POTATO MUFFINS

¾ cup hot water
 ¾ cup raisins
 1 cup cooked, mashed sweet potatoes
 3 tbs. corn oil
 1 cup cornmeal
 2 tbs baking powder
 1 cup rolled oats

Soak raisins in hot water until puffed. Add mashed sweet potato and other wet ingredients. Mix well and add to dry ingredients. Mix. Fill greased muffin tins ¾ full. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes.

MARIA'S RICOTTA CAKE

1 box yellow cake mix
 2 pounds ricotta cheese
 1 cup sugar

Make the box cake mix as directed on the box. Combine all other ingredients and set aside. Pour cake mix into a 13x9 greased pan. Spoon cheese mix over top of cake batter. Bake in a 350° oven for one hour.



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A RADIANCE IN THE GULAG

In 1975, a thirty-seven-year-old Lithuania woman was sentenced to three years of hard labor and three additional years of exile in Siberia for helping to circulate copies of the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*. Her crime was her devotion to the Catholic Church and her attempts to spread the truth about the sufferings of Catholics under the Communist regime. During her lengthy interrogation, imprisonment and exile, the masters of the Gulag continuously attempted to break her spirit and get her to betray her faith



and her fellow Catholics. Despite six years of harrassment, persecution and illness, she did not break. Since her release, she has been shadowed constantly by the KGB, yet she continues to aid the Church by disseminating the truth, including all the details of her trial which the government tried for ten years to suppress. Smuggled out of Lithuania, this is the story of a woman feared by the KGB—the story of Nijolė Sadūnaitė. Includes photographs.

c130pp. 1987; Published by Trinity Publications, VA.

The book is available at *Bridges*, 341 Highland Blvd., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207; \$6.00, soft cover.

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August 16, 1987
in Moosic, Pa.

73d Annual Lithuania Day
Rocky Glen Park, Moosic Pa.
Mass at 12 noon. Program at 2 p.m.
Information:
Mrs. Ann Carlitus
P.O. Box 192
Ringtown, Pa. 17967
Phone: 717 889-3839

The 73d Annual Lithuanian Day in Moosic, Pennsylvania, is the oldest ethnic celebration on the east coast. It was started in August of 1914 by the early Lithuanian American immigrants and was held at Lakewood Park in Barnesville until the park

closed. For the past three years, it has been held in Rocky Glen Park.

This year's August 16 picnic is co-sponsored by the Anthracite Council 144, Schuylkill County, Pa. and St. Casimir's Council 143, Pittston, Pa. Proceeds will go to the Lithuanian Seminary in Rome, Italy, the only seminary for Lithuanians in the free world.

There will be a Mass at 12 noon with the principal celebrant Msgr. Algimintas Bartkus, Rector of the Lithuanian College in Rome. Music will be provided by St. Casimir's Choir of Pittston. A program will follow at 2 p.m. and then there will be dancing.

← **STUBBORN
IN LITHUANIA:**

"You want me to move over? You're kidding. This is my field. I won't budge. Not even an inch!"

LABAI AČIU

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- 7.00—Edward Drukteinis MD, Palm Harbor Fl; W. R. Sebastian, Chicago Il.
- 5.00—Mrs. S. Cassano, Lakewood, NJ; Helen Matulonis, Maspeth, NY; Adele Mojher, Teaneck, NJ; B. Kondratas, Quaker Hill, CT.
- 4.00—Gail Barkus, New Kesington, PA; Romas Dovydaitis, Dalton, PA; Augustinas Laucis MD, Mt Olive, IL; Mrs. K. Zemeckas, Indianapolis, IN; Ger-da Maceikonis, Sterling NJ.
- 2.00—M.Y. Aubrey; Leonard Balkus; Vincent Barr; A. Adams; John Baltrus; Dolores Bosustow; Thomas Bruzga; Joanne Chapuk; I J Gavas; Helen Igras; Anthony Gudaitis; Amelia Jureckis; Joseph Kairys; Don Kisielis; Michael Kidzus; Mrs. J. Kern; M. Kapociunas; Anthony Kairaitis; John Karpus; Zig-mand Lukas; John McCloskey; Vincent Mackelis; Genevieve Mazur; B. Nauseda; V. Silas; S. Skirman-tas; Helen Skornik; Anne Szeiva; A. Shnerpunas; K. Waitelis; Mary York; Ben Zickus; Fr. Eugene Zwohl; Eugene Birmantas; Mary Brozauski; Charles Buben; Frances Cheatham; Ruth Hudson; Virginia Janonis; Emily Jones; James Murphy; An-thony Oakes; Charles Purduski; L.V. Shemaitis; Peter Sluskonis; George Sugintas; Raymond Visgrida; A Kalashnikov; Michael Kattchee; Aldona Liutas; Mrs. Angie McMasters; Mrs. Margaret Picard; Mrs. William Pikutis; Edward Povilonis; V. Prizgintas; Nellie Bayoras; Hedy Sarcew; Algis Simonaitis, Edward Zurinskas, K I Civinskas, Cleveland Oh; A Kovalesky, Lakeview Terrace Ca; Carolyn O'Neil, Bellaire Tx; Florence Stadalnick, Waterbury Ct.

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Applicant must be knowledgeable about current and past Lithuania, willing to learn, adaptable, and dedicated to rallying Lithuanian Americans to work towards the goal of liberation for the people of Lithuania. Please send resume and sugges-tions to:

Demie Jonaitis Editor of Bridges
79-18 Park Lane South
Woodhaven, N.Y. 11421



In Loving Memory of
RAYMOND P. VAICHUS
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March 4, 1987
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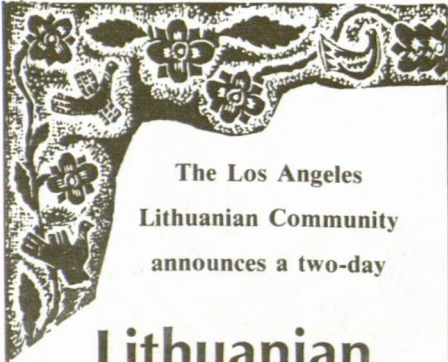
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I enjoy your magazine so much I want all my relatives to have it. I've subscribed for eight of my relatives so far, and they are all keeping up their subscriptions. Thank you for a beautiful book about Lithuanian culture.

*Helen V. Novak
Garelem Grove, CA.*

Your publication certainly has very interesting articles. It's amazing the knowledge one can discover in your informative magazine.

*Margaret Blozavich
Sun City, AZ.*

Thanks for a fine periodical. May it continue to inform the American public about an ancient people of a once happy and peaceful land.

*Prof. Martin Trautrimas
Fremont, Ne.*

Thanks for this magnificent work. It is just a classic. I save all the issues.

*Susan Zemaitis
Kansas City, Ms.*

Keep up the good work! Especially your fascinating articles on Lithuanian history.

*George Gayes
St. James, N.Y.*

Poor record keeping or destroyed records leave unanswerable questions. *Bridges* printed the article about Archbishop Jurgis Matulaitis, Matulevičius (Matulewicz—Polonized.) My mother's name was Matulevičius (1880-1938), born in Marijampole, emigrated to Scranton, Pa. Rev. J. Kuras (deceased) of Švento Juozapo Lietuviškos Parapijos knew the Archbishop and used to say he was Mother's brother. Other parishioners said he was her uncle. Quite a puzzle.

*Petras Kantakevičius (Peter Kanton)
Syracuse, N.Y.*

With each appearance of "Want Ad for Editor for *Bridges*", I see "red"... Ever since your first issue of *Bridges* 4 years ago, you have bonded us totally in bringing Lithuanianism back to life in our family circles. This, in itself, is a treasure which no one can steal from us. Familiarizing your readers with such material brings us closer to the full meaning of regaining a "Laisva Lietuva" and the desire to fight for its independence. The list of donations seems to grow in each issue. Therefore, my suggestion is "continue to remain as Editor" with the stipulation that you be remunerated accordingly.

*Helen Matulonis
Maspeth, N.Y.*

I think that it is remarkable that you can do what you do with *Bridges* with just a one-person staff!! Most of us readers did not realize that. If there is something I can help with (besides an article now and then), I'll be glad to do so. Time and effort I can contribute.

*Ed Budelis
Eldersburg, MD*

Dear Readers,

Your letters of appreciation are a delight. I wish *Bridges* had room in which to print them all. I also wish I had time to write you personal letters in response to some of your questions. For instance, Josephine Bruzzis of Secaucus, N.J. writes: "May I inquire if you have a Lithuanian Singles Club—or where I can get in touch with one?" Would some enterprising reader be willing to write Josephine an answer? Send it in care of *Bridges*.

Editing *Bridges* means complete immersion in a continuous day-night, all weekend, no-holiday labor of love. What we need is a remunerated editorial staff which I am requesting our publisher Bendruominė to establish.

*Demie Jonaitis
Bridges Editor*