

# Bridges

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600th Anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization



sculpture by R. Antinis

## EGLĖ the Queen of the Serpents

**E**glė, the heroine of an old folk tale, was a Lithuanian girl who married the Serpent King, bore him three children and, through the miracle of love, achieved a very happy marriage. Her brothers, however, were enraged that she had abandoned her own people and eventually they killed her husband. She and the children were transformed into trees.

The story can be interpreted symbolically in situations in which Lithuanians, like Eglė, abandon their own country and culture. The Big Brothers still rise today, up in arms against intermarriages with non-Lithuanians and the failure of children born outside of Lithuania to learn to speak Lithuanian.

Eglė's story has inspired many Lithuanian poets, composers and artists. Contemporary dramatist Algirdas Landsbergis has now published his play "Children in the Amber Palace" in which the legend of Eglė and the lives of several American high school students are brought together into the focus of modern experience. (See page 10.)



## Mass Demonstrations

Over 10,000 Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians held rallies in their capitals on August 23rd, denouncing the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact and demanding freedom for their Soviet-occupied countries. This mass outpouring was termed by the Western diplomats the largest anti-Soviet demonstration in the Baltic States since the Soviet aggression and takeover in 1940.

The demonstrating Balts marked the 48th anniversary of the 1939 treaty between Hitler and Stalin. A secret protocol, attached to that treaty, ceded the Baltic States to the Soviet Union. The Kremlin has been silent about the secret protocol and has tried to explain the pact itself as a simple ploy "to buy time."

Between 2,000 and 3,000 demonstrators gathered at the statue of Adomas Mickevičius (Adam Mickiewicz) in front of St. Anne's Church in Vilnius. Nijolė Sadūnaitė, a former "prisoner of conscience" opened the rally with a demand for "freedom for Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia." They sang religious and patriotic songs and the anthem of independent Lithuania. Police and KGB were present in large numbers but did not interfere with the demonstrators.

The police were rougher in Riga, where as many as 7,000 Latvians tried to reach the cordoned-off Statue of Liberty. Some 3,000 managed to gather around the memorial. Twelve demonstrators were briefly detained and some were roughed up.

Up to 2,000 Estonians gathered in a demonstration of remembrance and protest in Tallinn. No incidents were reported.

The Soviet media kept up a constant barrage of vitriolic denunciations directed at the demonstrators and the Western powers, which were accused of inciting the rallies. These charges were rejected by the Baltic speakers. Telephone contact between Western Europe and Vilnius was interrupted for about 16 hours, until the morning of August 24th.

## Moscow's "No-No"

Moscow has reprimanded the Lithuanian Communist Party for "serious shortcomings in atheistic education." This was disclosed in a report of the first secretary of the Lithuanian CP, Petras Griškevičius who

said that Moscow's estimate was "stern but just, and we all must draw the most serious consequences." This may be bad news for Lithuania's Catholics who would bear the brunt of the increased "atheistic activity."

Griškevičius hinted at increased national tensions between the Lithuanians and the Russians and other newcomers. He asked for "greater attention to the contemporary national processes both in the republic and in each work collective on the questions of the strengthening of patriotic and international education." The terms "patriotic" and "international" usually signify loyalty to Soviet Russia, at the expense of the allegiance to one's own nation.

The first secretary also lashed out at the Lithuanian media. Although still strictly controlled by the Communist Party, the media, encouraged by the calls for "glasnost," have been showing some critical spirit. Griškevičius said: Public criticism must be constructive and competent. One cannot make mistakes that are promptly exploited

## Will Christmas Eve Be Revived?

Griškevičius, expressed indignation about a "malicious" article on feasts and festivals that was published in a June issue of the Vilnius weekly *Gimtas Kraštas*. The secretary called the article an "impermissible error."

The article "More Genuine Feasts", is a transcript of a symposium on feasts and festivals, organized by *Gimtas Kraštas*. The participants were professors, writers, journalists, and representatives of the LSSR Ministry of Culture. They almost unanimously expressed deep regret over the extirpation of genuine traditional Lithuanian feasts and rejected the synthetic "new" holidays, manufactured by the regime. Sample statements:

We've very much lost touch with our heritage . . . We don't have the old customs any more . . . The family calendar holidays were replaced by state, professional holidays . . . Human beings were pushed out . . . ethical, moral aspects fell out . . .

It was the Soviet leadership that was afraid of traditional Lithuanian feasts, which were replaced by synthetic holidays celebrating the Soviet empire and the imported Marxist-

by the enemies of democratization and public airing. Unfortunately, our press has recently made some malicious mistakes, which cannot be justified by any unavoidable needs of restructuring. The weekly *Gimtas Kraštas*, for instance, expressed its opposition against Soviet Feasts, including the song festivals of the republic. Such errors are impermissible.

Griškevičius' report is an obvious attempt to set limits to "glasnost" by curbing the increasingly bolder critical utterances in the official Lithuanian press. It is also a manifestation of the mounting tensions to which the party leadership is exposed as it tries to watch over an inimical population, to curb the impatience of the younger and less Moscow-committed party members, and to placate the Kremlin, which is unhappy about the unflagging strength of nationalism and religion in Lithuania. Finally, the report contradicts the usual claims by the Lithuanian Communist officials and the party press that religion and nationalism are rapidly disappearing in the Soviet-occupied country.

Leninist ideology. Such destruction of authentic feasts is a typical function of the totalitarian ideology. Since Marxism-Leninism has declared that it would create a "New Man" and a "New World," the feasts associated with the old "rotten" world must be destroyed, because they slow down the march to Utopia. The Nazis, too, had started to push out religious and other holidays and to replace them with ideological feasts. Religious holidays are the main target, because ideology is supposed to replace religion. This claim of an ideology to the halo of religion and the artificial, compulsory character of the new holidays is hinted at by professor Genzelis: Weren't religious attributes simply taken over in the May First and October (Revolution) holidays? The church used to carry the pictures of the saints — we carry slogans and portraits of live leaders.

Algimantas Čekuolis, the editor of *Gimtas Kraštas*, said that the Lithuanian tradition of Kūčios, the Christmas Eve celebration, "should have been revived long ago and given citizenship rights and our socialist meaning."

ELTA

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# OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA

Rev. Timothy Burkauskas, O.S.P.

*They will not know the grace of salvation who do not live by love. Love spreads forth its goodness, pacifies the belligerent, unites those who quarrel, calms the angry and gives everyone the nourishment of peace.*

These words, taken from the opening statement of the Union between Poland and Lithuania, and signed in 1413, express the aspirations that once attempted to unite a people through the bonds of Christianity. Political tensions, exaggerated national pride and personal ambition, however, helped unravel these early hopes and dreams of Christian neighbors. But the shattered ideals of Christian dreams should never be overshadowed or abandoned because of a darkened past.

On March 7, 1987, a pilgrimage of more than 600 Lithuanians now living in Poland, gathered together in prayer at the famous Shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa in southern Poland. The Pauline Fathers, the spiritual custodians of that Marian Shrine since its founding in 1382, welcomed the Lithuanian pilgrims as they arrived by trains, buses and cars—many wearing their Lithuanian national dress.

The organizer of the pilgrimage was Fr. Alfonsas Jurkevičius, a Lithuanian priest working in Wrocław; and the celebrant of the Mass was Msgr. Ignacy Dziermejko, the pastor of the Lithuanian parish in Punska (Punskas). The Mass was celebrated in the Lithuanian language at the altar before the venerated image of Our Lady of Czestochowa, and the Jubilee Prayer was recited by all at its conclusion. In his sermon, Msgr. Dziermejko stressed the blessings that are the fruit of Catholic-living which can unite individuals by "the faith and love for the one God and His Holy Mother." No secular influence or political force can achieve this.

Several months later, on another and distant continent, the same monastic Order of priests, as at the Czestochowa Shrine in Poland, welcomed Lithuanian pilgrims to their American "sister-Shrine" in Doylestown, Pennsylvania for a Day of Prayer for Lithuania on Saturday, June 13, 1987. Like Lithuanians scattered throughout Poland, Lithuanians scattered throughout the eastern states united in prayer beneath the same image of Our



Saint Casimir, Blessed George Matulaitis, Pope John Paul II and Lithuanian pilgrims came to worship in Czestochowa

Lady as other Lithuanians had done earlier in Poland.

Those who attended the Doylestown event were transported back to a bygone era by the beauty of a traditional outdoor procession and solemn Mass offered for Lithuania by Bishop Paul Baltakis, O.F.M. The solemnities were enriched by the performance of a choir from New Haven, Connecticut that chanted with perfection the hauntingly beautiful Gregorian chants and a Mass by Palestrina. The singing of the Lithuanian hymns was led by Mrs. Ona Pliuškonis of Philadelphia. The homily, preached in Lithuanian and English with stirring emotion, was given by Father Casimir Pugevičius.

A large portrait of Archbishop George Matulaitis greeted the Lithuanian pilgrims to the Doylestown Shrine from the altar area where it was enshrined with the Lithuanian tri-color, flowers and the Lithuanian motto of the Archbishop: "Bloga Nugalėk Gerumu", meaning "Overcome evil with good." Throughout the Day of Prayer, pilgrims could be seen kneeling before this altar with the Putnam Sisters, seeking the intercession of this champion of Christian virtue.

An exhibit of Lithuanian artwork, weavings, carvings and amber was on

view throughout the day, together with a display from the Lithuanian Catholic Religious Aid. An afternoon program of Lithuanian dances was presented in an outdoor pavilion with the youthful energy of the Philadelphia Dance Group, "Aušrinė."

Even the cafeteria of the Shrine, noted usually for serving Polish delights, catered to the appetites of their Lithuanian guests that day by serving homemade kugelis, cepelinai, šaltibarščiai, and Lithuanian bread—baked especially for the day in the convent kitchen of Putnam.

The liturgical devotions ended in Doylestown in the same way in which they had concluded at the Shrine in Poland—with the singing of the Lithuanian National Anthem. Somehow it seemed that the dreams of Christians living in 1413 had become real, if only for a brief time, during this Jubilee Year. For those who had participated in these prayerful events at the Pauline Father's Shrines of Our Lady of Czestochowa in Poland and in Doylestown, 1987 had become truly the "Year of Living the Christian Spirit" as designated by the Lithuanian hierarchy. May this Christian spirit renew and envelope the hearts of all—especially those who continue to protest, criticize and boycott such spiritual happenings.



## Silver Jubilee of a Golden Organization

One man's enthusiasm infects 5,800. Corporate capital mounts from \$0 to \$3,700,000. These figures are the statistics of another bestseller claiming a new method of actualizing the ever-evasive American dream.

In this case, the formula has proved to be quite simple: a worthy cause and a resolute individual to promote it. Twenty-five years ago, Dr. Antanas Razma approached some of his colleagues (economists, financiers, lawyers, physicians, businessmen, and other professionals) with a proposition: to found a \$1 million institution in the hope of contributing to the reconstruction of a free Lithuania. The fundamental principle of the organization consisted of the idea that the donated sum would not be touched, but would rather be saved for the day when Lithuania, one of the Baltic states occupied by the Soviet Union during World War II, would regain its independence. The earnings obtained from this capital would be used to fill the short-term needs of those who had emigrated.

The Lithuanian Community of the USA, having been informed of the plans to establish such an institution, abandoned its own similar project and chose to join Dr. Razma and his associates in this venture. The Board of Directors of the Lithuanian Community of the USA confirmed the statutes on February 4, 1962. The organization was incorporated in the state of Illinois on March 14, 1962 under the name Lithuanian Foundation, No. 17755.

Committees were immediately formed in the cities in which larger numbers of Lithuanians had settled, for the purpose of conducting membership drives. Bequests became a major source of funds. (At present, \$952,800 have already been willed to the Foundation.) The Lithuanian press, radio and prominent community leaders helped popularize the idea. The Foundation sponsored concerts, recitals, plays and banquets. Twelve years passed before the one million dollars were collected in 1974. With such an obstacle safely behind them, the founders decided to continue seeking contributions, since the Foundation's income was still insufficient to satisfy the incoming requests for support. The second million dollars was collected in 1980, in half of the previous donation period. The capital surpassed three million dollars in 1984, and the Foundation aspires to a grand total of four million dollars on the occasion of its 25th anniversary.

A Finance Committee is assigned the task of ascertaining that this capital is invested in the safest, most profitable manner. Investment counselors are employed in an advisory capacity. The Foundation owns real estate (158 acres of land

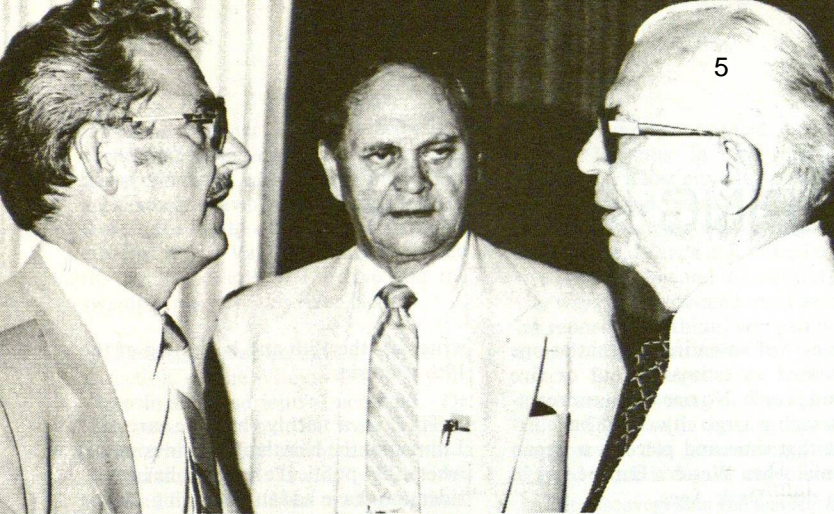
with buildings) and, through its subsidiary, the Lithuanian Institute for Fine Arts, some art works: 700 paintings by artist Pranas Domsaitis and collections of pieces by V. Dubožinskis and Viktoras Petravičius.

Both the Lithuanian Foundation and the Lithuanian Community of USA participate equally in the Grants Committee, each with three members and a substitute, delegated by the Board of Directors of the former and by the Executive Committee of the latter. This committee and a Scholarship Subcommittee hold a series of meetings once a year to evaluate hundreds of requests. Every year the deadline for general assistance applications is March 15th, while scholarship applicants must submit their forms by April 15th. During its brief existence, the Foundation has allotted \$2,048,000 worth of grants to worthy individuals and organizations. In each of the last two years, a phenomenal quarter of a million dollars was entrusted to the Grants Committee for distribution. Unfortunately, there are sufficient funds to respond positively, in whole or in part, to only about 42% of these requests.

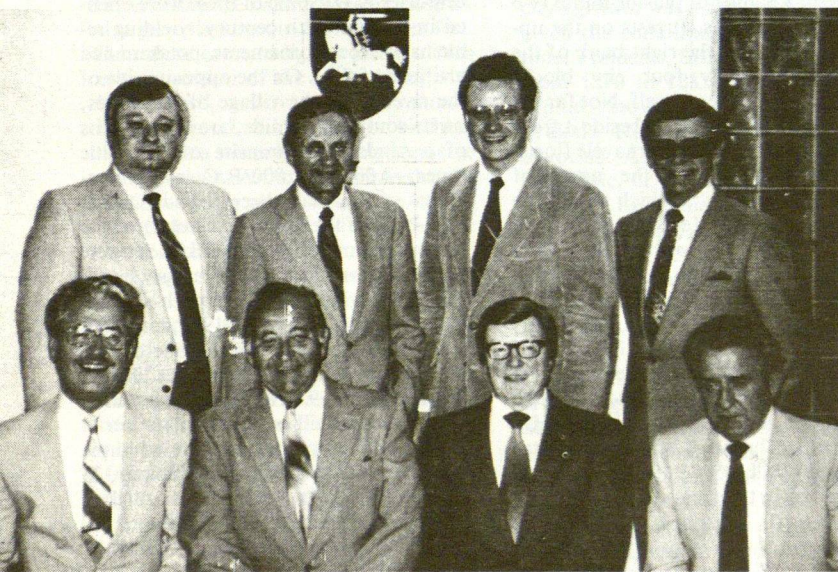
At the annual members' meeting, Lithuanian Foundation members receive one vote for each \$100 contributed to the organization. Members elect an 18-person Board of Directors and a three-person Audit Committee. Presently, Povilas Kilius is serving as Chairman of the Board and Marija Remienė as President of the Executive Committee. All of the Lithuanian Foundation leadership, excluding the salaried general manager and accountant, donate their time and effort to the organization.

Through their generous contributions, the members of the Lithuanian Foundation have demonstrated their commitment to preserving their ethnic heritage and national identity. Among the many who have benefited from the distribution of the Foundation's income number individual students, organizations and publications, the Lithuanian press and radio, language and cultural education institutions, Lithuanian arts, and various social events and programs. For the last 25 years, the Foundation has played a vital role in sustaining the American-Lithuanian community. More importantly, the success of the Lithuanian Foundation attests to the determination of people of Lithuanian descent both in the United States and abroad to see their motherland liberated from the Communist rule under which it has languished for over 40 years. It is hoped that the Foundation will continue to flourish and that it will someday succeed in attaining all of its ambitious goals.





← Celebrants at the Lithuanian Foundation's 25th anniversary: Dr. A. Razma; Dr. G. Balukas; A. Juodvalkis.



← The 1987 Profits Disbursement committee: Dr. A. Razma; S. Baras; Dr. P. Kisielius; V. Volertas; M. Drunga; Dr. G. Balukas; R. Vitas; Br. Juodelis.

↓ A gathering of L.B. administrators: Prof. J. Račkauskas; Dr. A. Razmas; Mrs. M. Lenkauskienė; Dr. G. Balukas; Mrs. M. Remiene; V. Kaman-  
tas, V. Kutkus; Dr. F. Kaunas; V. Naudžius; P. Zelvys; Dr. K. Amrozaitis; P. Kilius; A. Juodvalkis; J. Vaznelis; Dr. V. Tauras; P. Sodeika; K. Barzdukas; P. Mazrimas; S. Baras; P. Zumbakis.





## REDISCOVERING KERNAVĖ

Last November Dr. Maria Gimbutas, Professor of Archaeology at the University of California at Los Angeles, arrived in Chicago to lecture at a DePaul University seminar on the "Creativity of Tradition." At that time there was a gathering of Lithuanian academicians in Chicago for an annual convocation of the organization "Ateitis". Dr. Gimbutas agreed to meet with the Lithuanians for an informal discussion of esoterically Lithuanian interest. While visiting Lithuania the previous month, Dr. Gimbutas had observed archaeological excavations which she found of great significance: the investigations at the cathedral site in Vilnius and others at the town of Kernavė.

Dr. Gimbutas began the discussion with the observation that in archaeology most discoveries are a matter of chance or coincidence, rather than of design or intention. Such was the case with Kernavė, a small town formerly not much talked about, but where, during land reclamation activities, workmen turned up in a swampland a quantity of hand-hewn timbers. Seeking an explanation for this discovery led to the inauguration of an archaeological undertaking of considerable magnitude, the uncovering of

the remains of an entire city that at one time housed an estimated four or five thousand people. No one has ever dreamed that such a large city could have existed at that time and place in a pagan Lithuania, when Western Europe was in its own deep Dark Ages.

Today's town of Kernavė, about twenty crow-flight miles northwest of Vilnius, is a community of what it seems always to have been: a hamlet of plus-or-minus two hundred inhabitants. It rests on the uppermost terrace of the right bank of the Neris river, hardly four city blocks distance from the river itself. Not far off is a swamp with a little lake beside it from which the stream called Kernavėlė flows. The swampland bears the name of "Pragarines Raistas", which might be translated as "The Infernal Fen" or "The Swamp of Satan". Nearby this little town of Kernavė there is a complex of our castle-mounds (*piliakalniai*) that date from the 8th to 15th centuries A.D., which comprise, together with a segment of the picturesque Neris Valley, the Kernavė Scenic and Historical Reserve. These five sites are designated "Castle Hill, Hill of Lizdeika, Throne of Mindaugas, Altar Hill and Vale of Pajauta", names popularized in the creations of romantic

writers of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries.

This is a richly historic area of Lithuania, the heartland of the country, where that political entity might be considered to have had its beginning. Along the banks of the Neris, between Kernavė and Čiobiškis, there are numerous barrows or grave mounds of the 8th to 12 centuries A.D. Some of these were opened in the mid-19th century, yielding remains of bronze ornaments, potsherd and artifacts of flint. On the opposite side of the river, near the village of Mitkiškės, on its southeastern side, are the remains of a sandswept campsite of Neolithic times—4,000 to 2,000 B.C.—where artifacts of flint have been found. On the right bank of the Šukra, a tributary of the Neris that flows through Mitkiškės, there is an abandoned 14th-16th century burial ground in which there are both skeletal and cremation burials. In 1911, mid-16th century coins were found in one of two skeletal graves that were opened. Then in the summer of 1933, a clay pot was unearthed in a sandhill near this same burial ground. It contained a cache of three 3-edged silver or silver alloy castings, 25 very small silvery coins and a silver



### THE POMPEI OF LITHUANIA

Andriejus Luchtanas, archeologist of Vilnius University, explains to visiting tourists the excavations which, since last October, have uncovered only one-twentieth of the lost city of Kernavė.



horseshoe fastener. However interesting such isolated findings might be, they are trivial compared with the few old timbers accidentally drawn from swamp, because these have led to discovery of an entire city lost in the Vale of Pajauta between the castle-mounds of Kernavė and the swamplands near the river Neris.

The diggings at Kernavė are under the direction of the Vilnius University archaeologist Andriejus Luchtanas. Dr. Gimbutas points out that from his name it is evident that Luchtanas is not a Lithuanian, but a "Gudas" or Belorussian, adding that he has made of himself a "real Lithuanian". Luchtanas, almost immediately discovered a street of the lost city and was able to determine that the timbers from the swamp were of those used to pave the street to a width of ten feet. Then there came to light a *pirtis*, a 14th century version of the steam bath, with its "*krosnis*", or stove, and its "*vantos*", the brushwood whips used for birching the body in a steam bath to help it emerge squeaky-clean. Around the *pirtis* there is a little walkway along which one can go to enter the bath-house and visualize how a body bathed itself a half millenium, and more, ago. In what had been the dwelling of an artisan were found small lumps of all sorts of metals and scraps of leather. Here, in a heap of trash lay the sole of some sort of foot wear and a half-sole approximating in size a man's size ten shoe. All sorts of craftsmen's tools lay round about the pots, spoons, ladles and a few still perfectly usable bronze sewing needles. There were, also, any numbers of spindles and three distaffs of wood in wellnigh perfect condition.

Most often in history books we read of princes and their courts in their castle halls, the battles won and lost, but little or nothing of the lives of the ordinary folk who lived and worked at the foot of the high castle hills. During the first season of digging at Kernavė a total of thirty some crates and boxes of various objects were collected. When these and the additional objects to be collected in the future will have been cataloged and analyzed we will be better able to paint a mental picture of the lives of ordinary people of Kernavė of the Middle Ages. As of last October, one twentieth of the lost city had been uncovered. It is estimated that a total of ten years will be required to uncover completely what was old Kernavė, if only funds be provided by the government. The Russians have excavated all of the old city of Novgorod, discovered old Ladoga. In many another old community in Poland and Germany, too, many cities of the Middle Ages have been excavated in

areas formerly occupied by Western Slavs. Perhaps in this instance, in Lithuania, a lost city may be completely excavated and restored. When the first streets and houses were brought to light at Kernavė, *Pravda* announced to the entire Soviet Union and the world that a lost city was being excavated. And when *Pravda* reports something, you can be sure it is an instance considered of real importance. So it might very well be that Luchtanas, a young and energetic man, will continue with the digging, with full support of the government, until the started work is finally completed.

The discovery that the lost Kernavė was so large is said to have been surprising. In retrospect, it would seem the surprise need not have been so great, because the city's growth was a natural development, given the conditions that existed at the time. Traidenis, Lithuania's Grand Duke from 1270 to 1282, made Kernavė his capital, moving it thence from Olde Trakai. He was, according to the historian A. Šapokas, the most nationalistic, or Lithuanian, and the most pagan of Lithuania's rulers. He was the most Lithuanian, because he made his first priority, not the conquest of additional lands, but defense of the lands of all the peoples referred to today as the "Balts". An accomplished warrior, Traidenis personally led his army on forays deep into Prussia against the crusading Livonian Order, assisted Skomantas, leader of the Jotvingians against those same enemies and gave succor to members of other Prussian tribes who fled the crusaders into Lithuania. But most of his military operations were against the Livonian Order's branch to the north in what is now known as Latvia. In the winter of 1270, Traidenis led an army in a raid on the island of Saaremaa far to the north in the Gulf of Riga. En route home with considerable booty, on the frozen ice of the Gulf not far from Kuresaare, the Lithuanians were confronted by an army of the Livonian Order. Destruction of the Order's forces left among the dead the Order's Master, fifty-two knights and six hundred soldiers. In 1274, during a period of truce, the Order built on the river Dvina the fortress of Daugpilis. Of this castle Traidenis is reported to have said that it was built within his very heart, but his attempts to destroy it, in alliance with some Russians, ended in failure. As if in retribution, the Order sought to destroy Kernavė in 1279. The Germans failed to take the city, but ravaged the area all about, slaying a great many people before turning homeward. Traidenis hurriedly gathered together his army and set out in pursuit, overtaking the retreating Germans at Aizkraukle in Lat-

via. In the ensuing battle, the Lithuanians emerged victorious, leaving dead the new Master of the Order, Ernest von Rasburg, 71 knights and many, many soldiers.

The extensive military activities of Traidenis called for the development at Kernavė of a relatively vast support activity which might very well have given rise to the growth of a city capable of housing four to five thousand inhabitants. It is also conceivable, that this growth process may have continued even after the death of Traidenis in 1282, since transfer of the capital by Gediminas to Vilnius did not occur until 1323. In addition to being the country's capital, Kernavė was something of a commercial center and may have continued to be such for a long time. It had commercial ties with Riga, a free city and a member of the Hanseatic League, which had "branch offices" in Kaunas probably in Kernavė, from which the offices might have been transferred to Vilnius when the latter became capital of Lithuania. We know, at any rate, from municipal records of Riga, that there were merchants from Kernavė resident in Riga, just as there were German merchants established in Kaunas, Vilnius and other towns in the country. The Germans in what is now Latvia were of three entities: the Livonian Order, the Archbishop of Riga and the Free City of Riga. They were in competition with one another, because in those days, just as today, business was business and each had a "bottom line" about which to be concerned. The Livonian Order was interested in territorial aggrandizement at the expense of the pagan Balts, the Archbishop was for saving their souls and the burgers of the city of Riga were ever-ready to trade anything to make another "taler".

Kernavė's site was not a healthy location for the city, but the low-lying land beside the river, with a swamp and the little river flowing from it, plus the fortifications on the four castle-mounds, evidently appeared excellent protection against the ever-threatening onslaughts of the Order. However, when a particularly powerful army of the Order attacked the city in 1390, the attack was so much a surprise that the inhabitants were forced to flee, leaving behind their every possession. After this tragedy, the people never returned to the devastated site of Kernavė. Twenty years later the final and complete defeat of the Order and Žalgiris (Tannenberg) removed forever danger from that direction, but the people of Kernavė never returned to the old site. Those who remained in the area established themselves on higher ground on the opposite side of the castle-mounds, and old Kernavė slipped into oblivion.



# An Indian Initiation

## ALBERT CIZAUSKAS

My foreign service career started off on the wrong foot. At the end of a short indoctrination course during the spring of 1945, our class was requested to indicate preferences for its first assignment. Mine was one of the Scandinavian countries. I got Karachi.

The name did not, contrary to what one might expect, conjure up visions of houris and devious natives in smoke-filled dens. Instead, it conjured up nothing, since I didn't even know where Karachi was. An atlas informed me that it was located on the west coast of what was then British India, on the Arabian Sea. That didn't tell me much. I learned from the State Department's files that Karachi was a three-person consular post, which didn't tell me much more.

Still, it was exciting to feel that I would become a member of the far-flung Foreign Service (even though it meant being flung into Karachi, far from the glamorous centers—or even suburbs—of diplomacy). I began to cherish a sneaking hope that eventually I would write dispatches on the political situation in Karachi, which had assumed considerable importance with the rapid shift of U.S. military resources to the East after VE Day. Not even several weeks of training at the department on the more prosaic duties of a consular officer were sufficient to dispel this naive delusion.

Buoyed by such fantasies, I waited incommunicado for several days in a rented room, ready for the sudden call to the airport. The war with Japan was still on, so secrecy was enforced on all flights out of the country, which were the sole responsibility of the military. When the call finally came, I found myself on a prop job with bucket seats and a miscellaneous assortment of military officers. After several stops en route (including a 24-hour lay-over at Casablanca, where Humphrey Bogart had just closed his American cafe), I arrived at my destination.

My first chief in the Foreign Service, Clarence Stacy, waited for me in his jeep. Clarence was an unlikely name for the consul, a taciturn, rugged, middle-aged man.

*Albert Cizauskas, a Foreign Service officer for 26 years, took early retirement to join the World Bank where he worked for 11 years. He represented the bank at many semi-annual meetings of the Berne Union, an international association of official export credit agencies from over 30 countries. He is now a free-lance writer.*

Even more unlikely was his topi, the hard, helmet-like hat worn by the British in the tropics. He welcomed me gruffly as we set off for Karachi, 10 or so miles across the desert as the vulture flies.

Clarence said very little during the bumpy ride to town. My unease about Karachi grew when I saw the remains of camels strewn about on either side of the road. Clarence, sensing my unease, volunteered, "The GIs pay no mind to anything that gets in their way."

My unease mushroomed when I saw in the distance a circular tower with swarms of vultures hovering over its roof, raising sinister questions in my mind as to its purpose. Later, I learned the structure was a "Tower of Silence", where Parsees—a small but influential sect that followed the ancient teachings of Zoroaster—disposed of their dead by exposing the corpses on a grated roof to vultures that devoured the flesh. The bones then fell into a pit containing dissolving chemicals.

An uncommunicative consul, camels rotting in the hot sun, and vultures feeding on corpses were hardly reassuring omens for my first assignment in the Foreign Service. But much more awaited me. Karachi was no striped-pants, cookie-pushing post. With a population then of just under a million, the city was a melange of alien cultures: the beliefs and mutual antipathies of Hindus and Moslems united only in their hostility to the British Raj; the 19th century traditions of a colonial empire that would soon come to an end; and more recently, the mores and materiel of a major U.S. military staging area in wartime.

Odors of spices and excrement mingled in the air over the city as we entered it. We drove through the streets of a living bazaar, our jeep competing with cows, camels and horse-drawn vehicles for the right-of-way. On the crowded pavements, wan, child-like mothers, with emaciated infants slung over their shoulders, begged for "baksheesh" (a loose term for alms, tips, or bribes). Hindu holy men—totally naked and daubed all over with a white dust—squatted like immobile mystics in the midst of unheeded throngs. Sidewalk cooks, crouching over pans heated by cow dung, sold the Indian version of fast food. Billboards advertised Judy Garland in "Meet Me in St. Louis", next to other billboards of Indian women starring in domestic films. And through it all, GIs raced in their jeeps, oblivious of the anachronism.

The consulate was located at the top of a three-story building in the business quarter. As we entered the hallway and began to as-

cent the worn, wooden flights of stairs, I was shocked to see dried red blotches on the walls and floors. This must be the bloody handiwork of the Hindu-Moslem hatreds that periodically consue India, I reasoned. Not until later did I find out that the blotches were only the dried stains of betal-nut juice, the end result of a habit similar to that of devotees of tobacco chaws at home.

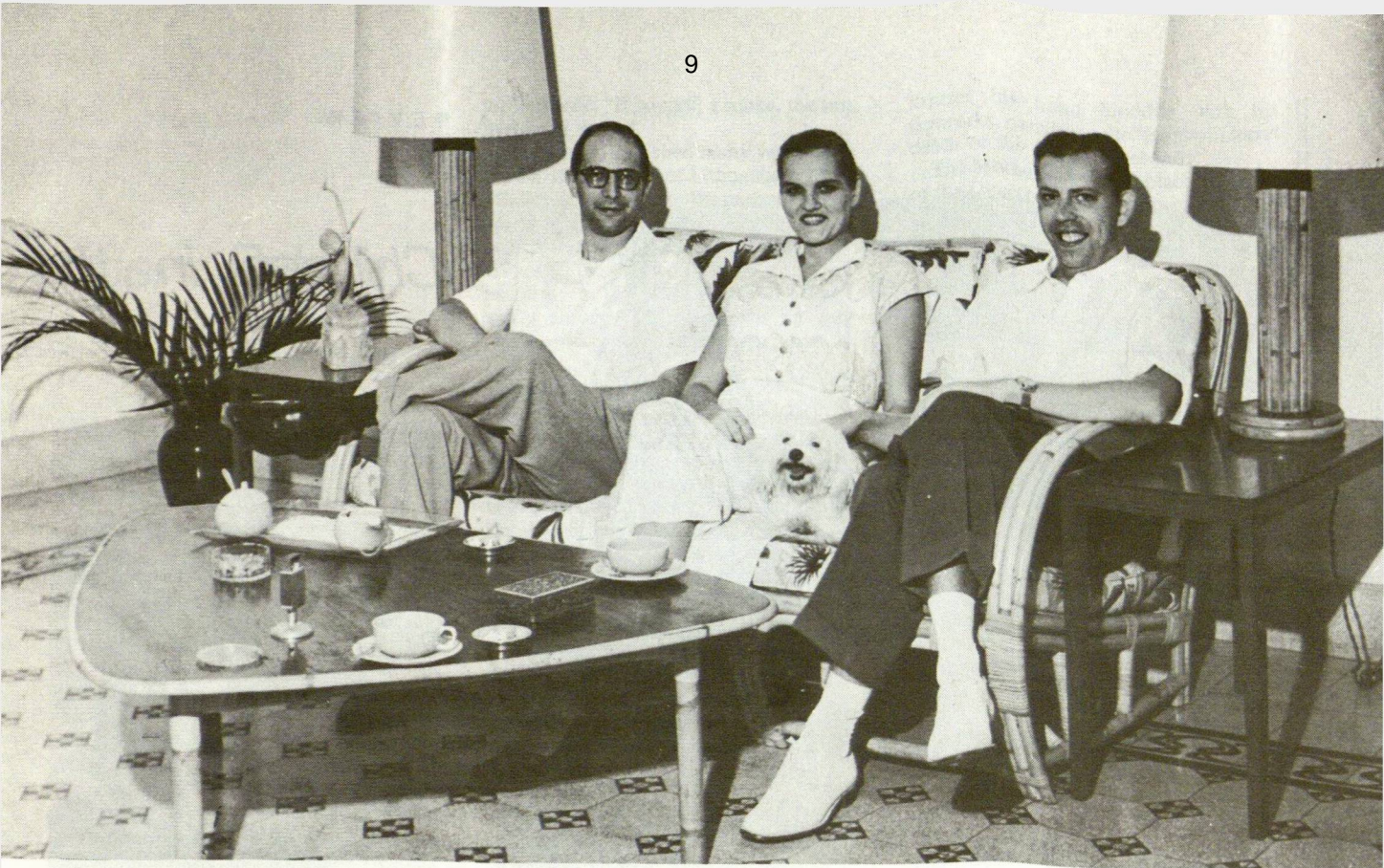
Before plunging into my duties, I was permitted a period of grace to find an apartment. In this, the senior vice consul, Joe Marks, was most helpful. His servant, Ismael—Joe's Figaro—was chief of the local clan of servants. He recommended one of his followers, Abdul, a mustachioed Muslim whose job as "bearer" was to look out for my welfare: wake me in the morning with a cup of coffee, draw my bath, buy the food, cook and serve it, clean the apartment, shine my shoes, wash and iron my clothes. Abdul represented my greatest culture shock—this was a far cry from life in my hometown of Brooklyn.

The days were very hot when I arrived at Karachi that June, and the nights were not much better. I couldn't help recalling the words of the old consul general who was responsible for our Foreign Service orientation. His valedictory advice to us was to remember three rules for success in the Foreign Service: get plenty of sleep, drink plenty (presumably of water), and keep warm at all times. I may not have observed the first two rules too conscientiously, but the third was no problem.

My apartment occupied one-half of the second story of a building on the outskirts of town. It was spacious for a bachelor and luxurious by local standards. One curious feature was that in place of windows, it had glassless apertures with shutters that deflected the scorching afternoon sun and kept out bats and other unwelcome intruders.

The apartment on the other side was occupied by a covey of Red Cross women who ran a canteen for GIs on their way to fight the Japanese. The women were a bright and friendly group, assembled from all over the United States. I got to know them one evening when, in desperation, they begged me to rid their apartment of a bat that was terrorizing them. I was only too happy to oblige. I grabbed a broom and chased the bat around and around the apartment. The hapless creature was as frightened as its supposed victims, but I finally managed to flush it out through one of the apertures. The girls were so grateful that, as a consequence, I developed a friendly relationship with one of





Taking it easy in the residence of Vice-Consul Albert Cizauskas, Officer-in-Charge of the American Consulate

in Surabaya: Walter Guzzardi of USSIS-Indonesia; Mrs. ("Gene") Cizauskas; and Vice-Consul A. Cizauskas.

them. It was comforting to know that a bit of America—pretty and lively at that—lived right next door in Karachi.

As the junior vice consul in the three-man post, my function was to be generally useful, a sort of consular "go-fer". Consular responsibilities, while essentially the same as at any foreign post, also took on a local cast. For example, at one time or another I had to deal with frustrated Indian war brides, cryptography, diplomatic mail, and even a homicidal maniac.

When an Indian woman married a GI, one of my "go-fer" jobs was to help Joe Marks review the woman's visa application to ensure her admissibility into the United States under Congress' racially cumbersome laws. One difficult case was that of an Indian bride whose husband had already been shipped home wounded. It took more than a year of tracing the woman's mixed heritage before a sufficiently convincing case could be made for her eligibility. The irony was that, upon her arrival in New York, one of the city's tabloids pilloried the Foreign Service on its front page for keeping a bride away from her husband.

Another function, usually reserved for the junior officer, was the encoding of messages to Washington and vice versa. The easiest

code we had was something called the "brown book". It was based on a simple principle. Groups of five letters represented either extended and conventional phrases or substituted for another word. The Japanese captured a copy of the "brownie" while overrunning the Far East, but the Foreign Service continued to use it as a thrifty means of communication (probably causing the Axis powers to decode thousands of messages during the war that contained nothing more confidential than the reassignment of a Foreign Service officer or instructions on a visa case). For me, the chief distinction of the "brownie" lay in a puckish sense of humor its anonymous compilers had occasionally permitted themselves, designating the U.S. Congress, for instance, as "DEATH".

My most unusual experience as a neophyte consular officer was with an American businessman who complained in a very low, depressed, and conspiratorial tone that certain unnamed persons were "out to get" him and who, in a vaguely threatening manner, demanded the protection of the U.S. government. Eventually, we called the military police who quietly and efficiently "persuaded" the visitor to accompany them to the military hospital. The next day we learned

that the man had been diagnosed as a manic depressive with homicidal tendencies. He was returned to the United States in a straight jacket.

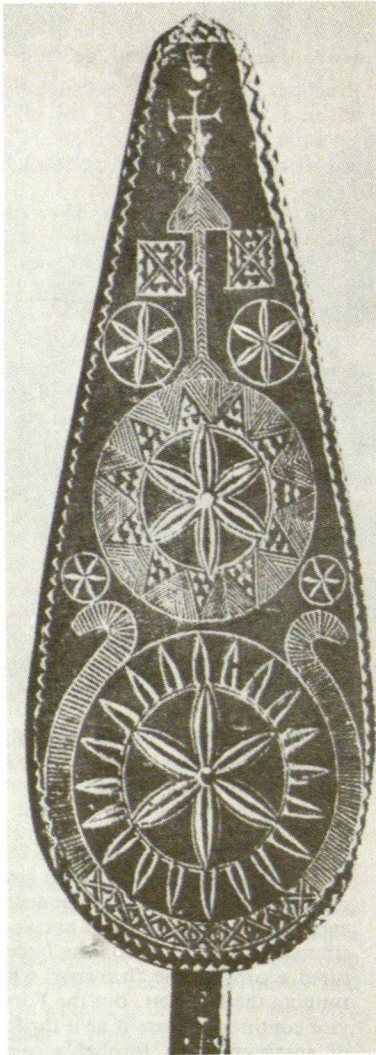
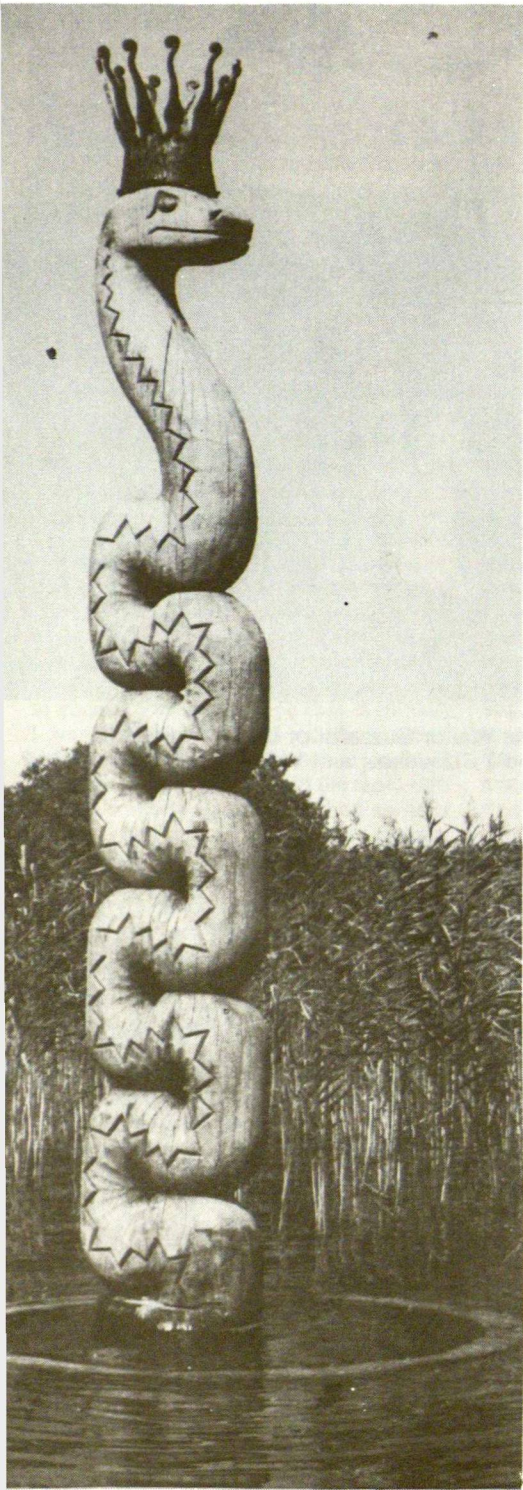
Consul Clarence Stacy was a typical specimen of the Old West who looked as if he might have ridden herd in his younger days on a long cattle drive and who spoke in a drawl reminiscent of John Wayne. He had one overriding idiosyncrasy, however, that seemed to go against the grain of his personality. He had been a doughboy in World War I and had seen service in France, rising to the rank of sergeant. The climax of his military career, he proudly proclaimed, was supervision of the mail. Taking care of mail somehow gave him a deep inner satisfaction which, over the years, developed into a passion that fishing or women arouse in other men.

Fortunately, he was able to give free rein at Karachi to this urge. During the war, Karachi was the mid-way point for diplomatic mail addressed to other posts on the Cairo-to-Colombo route. The mail was carried by a military courier weekly. Clarence happily assumed the role of mail overseer, personally sifting the diplomatic correspondence and processing it for the other

*(Continued on page 14)*



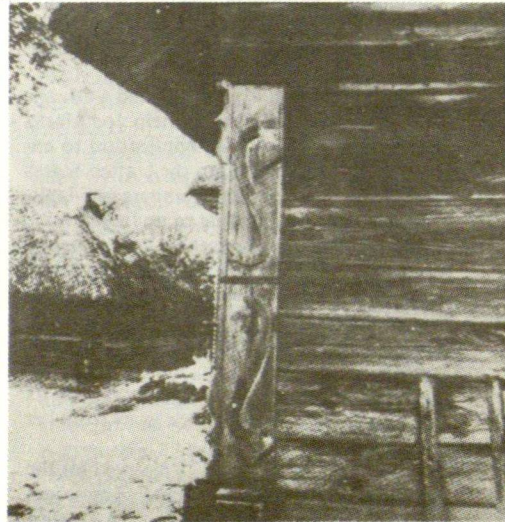
*Children in the*



*Eglė, Queen of the Serpents*

A Lithuanian distaff carved with snake and solar symbols

Snake decorations on an old Lithuanian farmhouse



*Kapočius photo*

King of the Serpents



# Amber Palace

by Algirdas Landsbergis

*A play in three acts  
English translation  
Légèreté Press, 1987*

In Landsbergis' refreshingly original and funny play, we meet six American high school teenagers who are familiar to us all. They reek of beer and marijuana. They cavort with ear-splitting rock music. They swagger and reject authoritative adults, especially "the parental Mafia," an old Lithuanian folktale, "Eglè, the Teenager Chris is a born leader who stars himself as a fireworks magician as he champions for "freedom". He deplors that his father, who used to swim in clear, pure waters in his youth, now wallows in a nuclear establishment. "Chris," observes a girl, "wants to put the world in order. But take a look at his room sometime."

The teenagers are as idealistic and lovable as they are headstrong. They live in a small tight world of their own. They seem unaware that multiple worlds exist on earth where their own world of youth grows older each day and must eventually shed its skin like a snake, to fit into the varied worlds of adult society. "Every world," remarks a character in the play, "is a prison."

Can it be, then, that "freedom" is the ability to enter into, observe and know as many worlds as possible?

Subjected to parental pressure, the teenagers reluctantly agree to work on the presentation of an ethnic play based on an old Lithuanian folktale, "Eglè, the Queen of Serpents". Here, they are immersed in the world of their pagan ancestors who worshiped the life-force in nature which, assisted by many gods and goddesses, generates the vast movement of the universe—from the stars, sun and moon to the very snake. To this day in Lithuania, some rooftop crossbeams of houses are decorated with carvings of reptiles to insure the well-being of the family.

The very name for snake in Lithuanian *gyvatė* is associated with the mysterious life force they worshiped (Lith. *gyvybė, gyvata*.) The pagans kept non-poisonous snakes in their home, fed them milk and prayed over them. To harm a snake was

unthinkable: "If you kill a snake, the sun itself will weep."

Paganism flourished many years after the Christianization of Lithuania in 1387. Missionaries cut down the pagans' sacred forest, extinguished their holy fires, and propagandized the "Christian" belief that "If you kill seven snakes, all your sins will be forgiven." Establishing a "Christian" world among the pagans was no easy task, especially when it was done in Polish, not the native language.

The teenagers are introduced to still another world—that of the Director of the ethnic play. He is a romantic character, an emigreé who was well known for his work in Europe, but had to flee like so many emigreés, and now hopes that Broadway will discover his talents. He does a fair job in handling the recalcitrant teenagers. He gets his first taste of success when Chris's girlfriend Vilia gets the leading role of Eglè and becomes infatuated with the "charming European."

Chris rebelliously veers off into research about the past. He begins to see the Director as the worst kind of offensive adult who even takes over playing the role of the Serpent King himself. He is, protests Chris, a snake; he is—the devil. Here, Chris is confusing the characters of the devil and the snake. The devil was a Christian innovation; the snake was a creature to be cared for, who would bring health and fortune to the family.

Playing the role of Eglè, Vilia goes for a swim in the lake and, when she returns to shore to get dressed, she finds the King of Serpents lying on her clothes. He refuses to budge until she promises to marry him. After her initial sense of revulsion, she begins to anticipate—like a true teenager—the challenging parent-free life she could lead in the amber underwater palace. She marries the Serpent King. And, here, the teenagers get a glimpse of still another world: that of romance, novelty, and even "true" love.

The climax in the third act of the high school play becomes a fireworks display illuminating the disastrous psychic pain that individuals suffer or inflict when, like snakes shedding their skins, they pass from one world into another. Vilia, both as Eglè and her own self, experiences the pangs of young love that is rejected.

The Director finds a job financially more commensurate with his ambitions, and he abandons the pagan play with its teenage actors. Chris rages: "He dashed off to stage a commercial show... A snake-oil salesman moving to another territory..."

Vilia suffers the agony of a lost love. Chris, who thought himself invulnerable,

injures his hand bloodily with his fireworks, paralleling the "foam of blood" death of the serpent husband.

The Mother is left to replace the work of the Director. She pleads with him, but he shrugs off the pain he is inflicting: "Young girls fall in love rather easily... Three months and she won't remember the shape of my nose." The Mother grows angry: "Love that transforms the worlds and oceans?!"

Early in the play, he warned Vilia: "Never trust stage people. We slip into any skin, and then we slough it off like a serpent." At this point Algirdas Landsbergis is saying in his own inimitable way what Shakespeare said before him: "All the world's a stage... and one man in his time plays many parts..."

We get insight into the parental worlds when the teenagers address a plastic effigy of "Mother". Ruth protests: "Your divorce papers were not yet signed, and you were already chasing a pair of pants!" Vito grumbles: "Seeing me happy about sports and cars made you miserable. Why?" Chris gives us even more insight into himself: "I was still a little kid; you already knew that Dad was playing around with others. Why didn't you fight for him? But all you did was beg and weep and let him drag you around on your knees. And then you simply died. Without one look at me!"

Rim sums up the teenagers' final verdict: "My parents don't understand anything, but they do love me..." The Eternal Mother who was in love with the Director herself and comforted Vilia through her miserable heartbreak, admits that she is "just good old pagan Death, the Mother of Mothers, who brings rest to the restless. I embrace them when it's done."

In the final scene we are given a glimpse of the Director, ten years older, a "Success", in the company of a glamorous New York blond who "joins his hypocrisy". And we see Vilia, now a recognized actress, to whom Chris—ten years older—brings flowers, hugs and kisses.

This is a comedy about love, from pagan times to the present. And love still remains a human problem. We are not very good, it seems, at handling that divine fire.

One can not but wonder how many viewers of this warm, amusing and poetic play in which Landsbergis is non-judgmental but lets us do the judging ourselves, will see themselves in the character of the Director who, having dedicated himself to guiding the young in their play, abandons them for a more self-glorifying job.

Demie Jonaitis



Owen Norem, D.D.

# Conflicts After Baptism

## CHRISTIANIZING THE PAGANS

In the year 1492 when the Lithuanians chose Alexander as their Grand Duke, it seemed there might be a resurgence of the warlike Lithuanian spirit. Alexander led his legions against the Russians and Teutons with marked success. The Poles viewed the situation with alarm and, although they hated to be so dependent upon their non-Slavic Lithuanian ally, could do nothing else than take the road of clever diplomacy and offer their crown to a Lithuanian. On October 4, 1501, Alexander became the King of Poland in addition to being the ruler of the Lithuanian empire.

In the year 1544, Sigismund Augustus was elected Grand Duke of Lithuania. In 1548 this ruler made the usual choice and became the King of Poland in addition to his other duties. By this time, however, the Polish diplomats and the nobility of both countries were speaking of the advisability of dropping the title Lithuanian Grand Duke. They argued that it would be mutually advantageous if the ruler symbolized more complete unity.

Certain Lithuanian dissenters did exist and did have a voice. In fact, the dissenters apparently had the greater amount of wisdom as subsequent events have shown. Prince Radvila leads the list of Greats who believed that Lithuania should assume greater responsibilities in this age of discovery with its emphasis upon Humanism. Arguments of expediency prevailed and good intentions went glimmering under the influence of a lackadaisical nobility and an attentive Church. Lithuania was to be merely a part of Poland although she supplied the dynasty for that country.

The armies were composed largely of the fighting nobility who were so intermarried that it became increasingly more and more difficult to say accurately whether a noble was a Pole or Lithuanian. These armies were led by a Lithuanian monarch who pressed his will and rule upon all portions. The increasing might of the Muscovite was felt and trouble brewed in the west.

In 1483 A.D. Martin Luther was born in Germany, a man whose teachings would eventually stir all of Europe from the Middle Age lethargy and cause a surging of national pride and prejudice that would last forever. Lithuania was to feel the influence of this movement but would remain firm and fast in the ranks of the Catholic Church, obedient to her vows.

It is well to remember the date October 31,

1517, whether we be Catholic or Protestant, for it marks a significant date when began a great conflict within the Church, which resulted in a tremendous benefit to Christianity through the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Both of these movements affected Lithuania.

It is an interesting commentary to the whole story that the sons of the Teutonic knights who had labored so long to either exterminate or convert the Lithuanian nation adopted the principles of the Reformation and became Lutherans. Thus Germany, Latvia, and Estonia became "Evangelical Lutheran"

During the first half of the 16th century, itinerant preachers came to Lithuania with a new religious idealism and sought to arouse interest in the message of the Bible. One must bear in mind that heretofore religion was coming down as rain upon the heads of the people or, in other words, from the nobility to the serf. There were of course, the pulpits of the various Churches. In Lithuania, however, the priests did not use the spoken language, and the masses of people understood little Polish. Only one thing did the people have and that was the Latin mass, the opportunity for observing the outward manifestations of the Church service. They understood neither the words nor the import of their baptism and merely thought it expedient to bring all children for the blessing. They were confirmed in most peculiar fashion by the lackadaisical clergy and married in the same manner. In short, the Lithuanian peasant had not had time to carefully consider just what it meant to belong to a great Catholic Church. For this reason Protestant preachers who arrived in Lietuva managed to arouse them somewhat, but the serfs had very little to say about a changing over from one form of Christianity to another. The matter was left to the nobles. These Protestant preachers and teachers did do one signal service for Lithuania, however, when they forced the use of the Lithuanian language upon the Polish clergy which had been assigned to stations within the land.

In 1547 A.D., the Catechism of Dr. Martin Luther was translated into the Lithuanian language. It was translated by Mazvydas Vaitkunas, a Lithuanian professor in the university of Koenigsberg. Many other religious works were shortly thereafter translated into the Lithuanian language. Since this was the medium of expression

used on the farms and in the streets of the cities, one can imagine the consternation that broke out in the ranks of the nobility. A learned theologian by the name of Kulvietis established, with the aid of Princess Bona Sforza, a Lithuanian College in the city of Vilnius. When this professor of theology accepted the new vigorous Lutheran teachings, he moved the school to Koenigsberg where he continued his efforts to include the faith into the minds of his people.

The great Lithuanian Protestant Prince was Radvila. I rather think that he was more fervently patriotic than religious, but he did strive desperately to arouse his beloved people against the perils of the Polish stagnation. Had they listened to his call and answered by rising up as true Lithuanians, the course of subsequent history might not have become so tragic.

Prince M. Radvila invited the Reformers to come to Lithuania and awaken the people. They came with their books and sought to educate the peasants, but at best the work went slowly forward. Schools were established at Vilnius and Biržai. The Prince established a printing house at Nesvez in 1558, to care for the needs of his country. He himself sought to interest the Lithuanian nobility in rising from their lethargy and asserting themselves; but it was to no avail. Derisively called the Black Prince by his adversaries, he was discredited by his contemporary nobles who, being more Polish than Lithuanian, saw only hardships and new campaigns if any change was to be brought about.

Prince Radvila was a man of vision. He saw only too clearly that the Lithuanian knighthood was selling its birthright for a mess of Polish pottage. His intuitive nature and keen reason sensed relief in the Reformation movement. To him it promised the restoration of his beloved Lithuania. He was willing to give his all that his country should not perish.

The vigorous Reformation conquered the Teutonic knights and their sons, who became Baltic Barons and present day East Prussians. It spread into the land of the Lithuanian cousins, the Letts, and extended into Estonia and Finland. The Scandinavian countries became Lutheran, and Prince Radvila sensed the growing importance of the Swedish State.

Prince Radvila sought earnestly for a true understanding of the Reformation. He listened closely to the messages that were



brought to Lithuania. The movement (Calvinism rather than Lutheranism) spread into the far reaches of the land, but the people were not prepared to receive it. The peasant became more confused than ever. He readily accepted the new rites but knew not the reason why. His allegiance to the new teachings was given as it had been given to the Catholic Church, i.e. with pagan reservations. However, it was enough that Lithuania bestirred herself, for the Counter Reformation set with a vengeance and Lithuania was again made into a bastion of the Roman Catholic Church. The Jesuit Order soon established itself at Vilnius to take command of the situation.

The Union between Poland and Lithuania made possible the successful prosecution of the Counter Reformation within the Lithuanian borders, and the country remained on the list of the faithful.

Lithuania gradually slipped back into a state of mental paralysis and prepared itself for the long wake. The Reformation had given it but a brief breathing spell. Forgotten were the missionaries of 1530 A.D., who had come with such great hopes. Forgotten was Tortylowicz, the parish priest of Kaunas who had been converted to the new religion. Forgotten was Abraham Kulvietis, member of the Lithuanian nobility, who found new strength in the Reformation movement and sought to influence others about him.

E.J. Harrison in his "Lithuania, Past and Present," points out that the evidence seems to indicate that the Polish priests had abandoned the traditions of the Church and set their home to the order of riotous living with continuous rounds of drink and pleasure.

Harrison maintains that the priest and Bishop made a display of politics and bent every effort to influence legislation in such a manner that their own pockets were filled. Salaries were not proportionate to their worth, and for examples, he mentions the Bishop of Kaunas receiving 5,000 florins of gold and the Bishop of Vilnius receiving 40,000 florins of gold. He adds: "Many of the priests had passed through the orders with only the most perfunctory preparations. They were not fitted to direct any sort of undertaking, least of all a Church. At this period, certain Jewish merchants received high appointive positions within the Church structure. The Lithuanian nobility and clergy were very often accused of suffering from the noble ailment (venereal disease)."

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**An Indian Initiation**

(Continued from page 9)

posts in India.

Clarence ran a tight ship and had limited tolerance for "learning on the job", as I was obviously doing. In what must have been for him a supreme test of my qualifications as a consular officer, he once passed some of the courier's mail to me for sorting. Somewhere along the line I blundered, which to Clarence was as serious an offense as if I had profaned the holy grail. I was never again invited to participate in the weekly ritual of the sorting of the diplomatic pouch.

Some time later, Clarence was compelled (much against his will) to entrust the mail to me on the Indian leg of the run when the regular courier fell ill and Joe Marks couldn't be spared. I was painstakingly coached on the inviolate responsibilities of a diplomatic courier, given a list of contacts, and warned, above all, against fraternizing with travelers.

The adventure began when I boarded a Royal Air Force plane early one morning for Bombay, where I stopped overnight at the well-known Taj Mahal hotel. My Bombay contact helpfully informed me that the hotel's architect had committed suicide when he realized, too late, that he had built the front of the hotel in the back and the back in front. I must confess I couldn't tell the difference, but I was troubled that night by dreams of the architect's ghost trying to shift the hotel around.

The following day, I flew RAF again to Colombo, but this time the military plane ran into severe disturbances and had to fly so high that the passengers almost passed out in the unpressurized cabin. This worried me, since Clarence had strictly warned me to remain conscious at all times when carrying the mail.

From Colombo the route led via RAF to Madras, where, after delivering and collecting the mail, I had to take an overnight train to Bangalore, a popular resort in the highlands of southern India. By now, I had begun to feel like Somerset Maugham's intelligence agent, Ashenden, who often traveled on secret missions. This feeling was encouraged by the knowledge that I would have a private compartment on the train for security.

Arriving at train side, I discovered a beautiful Indian woman in the compartment. Mindful of orders to avoid familiarity with fellow passengers, I reluctantly sought out the station master and explained the monastic rules of my mission. Fortunately, he understood and ousted my would-be companion, but not before she let out loud shrieks of outrage that she never went second class and besides, what could she do with the three large cats she had with her? The station master smiled as he answered her question.

From Bangalore, it was RAF once more to Bombay and then back to Karachi. The

break in routine was very welcome and happily all of it went without a hitch. Presumably Clarence was relieved, but there was no evidence of it from the high priest of mail.

Clarence Stacy's wife was his direct antithesis. She was an elegant and lively French woman who took delight in hinting of a colorful past. Without being explicit, she boasted that her husband—like the proverbial cowboy hero—had rescued her from the perils of a bohemian life in the hedonism of Paris after World War I.

Whatever the truth about her past, Madame Stacy was a good-looking woman who paid much attention to men, and they repaid the compliment. European society in this provincial town soon began to intimate that the wife of the American consul was rather generous with those she favored. Needless to say, the British ladies ostracized Madam Stacy, who in turn made no effort to conceal her own Gallic hostility.

There was no more incongruous sight than that of John Wayne and Madame Bovary together in one of their rare—and obligatory—appearances at a function in the governor's residence.

The local staff, as at all Foreign Service posts, was the heart of the consulate. It was these people who constituted the permanent core, the continuity, that enabled the consulate to survive the frequent changes of American staff that have always been endemic to the Foreign Service.

It was through the consulate's local staff that I became acquainted, in some small measure, with the real India. I spent many a Sunday in their homes, relishing their generous hospitality, eating their tangy dishes of curry and rice, relaxing with their numerous relatives, and developing an awareness of the local political situation. One of their views, in those tempestuous pre-independence days, was expressed with the exaggerated satire of a Jonathan Swift. They would say that, if all the Indians in India would spit at the same time, they would drown the British. It is a remarkable tribute to the British that they recognized the inevitable—contrary to other colonial empires—and left India with dignity a few years later.

After less than a year, the department transferred me from one colonial empire to another. I was sent to Jakarta (then Batavia), capital of the Netherlands Indies. But change was in the air. Hints of an independent and partitioned India were heard, but these seemed no more substantial than a midsummer night's dream. Other changes that did take place during these months in Karachi were those embodied in the Potsdam Conference, the start of the atomic age, and the Japanese surrender. Change was in the air for the Foreign Service, too, as the United States assumed global responsibilities in the post-war world.

(Courtesy of *Foreign Service Journal*.)



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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 harassment, 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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We are grateful for your generous donations and subscriptions. Unfortunately, *Bridges* does not make ends meet because of the constant increase in overhead. We must raise the yearly subscription to \$10 in order to continue publishing.

*Bridges* Administrator



## LETTERS

It has been a pleasure to read in *Bridges* the articles on Lithuanian medicine by Albinas Azukas. Do keep us informed with your expertise, for there are many of us herb lovers and naturalists who have been taught by the old folks and still employ many of the old methods. My grandparents came from Lithuania and practiced with us many of the old healing ways and preventive medicine. Today I am a practicing master gardener, herbalist, and greenhouse owner. My need for this kind of information is ever present and almost impossible to get. I am interested not only in the usable past lore, but also the very ancient spiritual methodology.

Theresa R. Gladu  
Jefferson City, TN.

Thank you for a very interesting journal. I grew up in Lithuania and I attended school there, but your journal has deepened my love for our motherland. I now take such pride in our country and everything that is Lithuanian. *Bridges* gives us much historical information which many Lithuanians do not have, and I am one of them. Each year I return to my beloved Kaunas where I grew up and visit my relatives and friends. I truly believe that one beautiful day Lithuania will be free again.

Galina Barkus  
New Kensington, PA.

I'm a new subscriber and wish to commend you for *Bridges'* wonderful content. Its excellent articles make me doubly proud of my Lithuanian heritage. They have inspired me to do a genealogical search of my ancestors, the large Klompus family of Palanga. I hope one of your future issues will highlight the resort city of Palanga. Keep up your outstanding publication.

Eugene R. Klompus  
Wheeling, IL.

The enclosed check is for a subscription to be sent as a gift to my granddaughter, a Harvard student, who is very much interested in the history of her grandparents who came from Lithuania.

Mrs. David Mankins  
Cambridge, MA.

Your article about the Lithuanian basketball player Sabonis was very interesting. Enclosed are some write-ups about my team fifty years ago who played in the largest hall on Long Island, owned by a Lithuanian, Mr. Klaschus.

George Blecka  
Huntington, N.Y.

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## Cooking

with Aldona Marcavage

### SMOKED SALMON MOUSSE

(Makes 40 Hors d'Oeuvres)

- 8 oz. cream cheese at room temperature
- 2 oz. smoked salmon (lox)
- Few drops lemon juice
- Pinch of cayenne or hot paprika
- 2 or 3 tb. heavy cream
- White pepper to taste
- 2 seedless English cucumbers

In the bowl of a food processor, combine cream cheese, salmon, lemon juice, paprika, cream, pepper and blend until smooth. Chill for at least 30 minutes. No more than 30 minutes before serving, remove the mousse from the refrigerator and soften it with a wooden spoon. Using a pastry bag fitted with a decorative tip, pipe the mousse onto cucumber slices—or small crackers.

### GOLDEN CARROT SOUP

- 8 tb. unsalted butter
- 3 lbs. sweet carrots, peeled and sliced
- 3 sweet red peppers, seeded and sliced
- 3 medium onions, sliced
- 6 cups chicken broth (home-made is best)
- juice of 2 oranges, grated rind of 1 orange
- 1½ cups heavy cream
- 2 tb. Grand Marnier (optional)

Melt the butter in a large heavy saucepan, and sauté the carrots, peppers and onions covered for about 7 minutes. Add the chicken stock and orange juice and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer covered until vegetables are very tender, 20 to 25 minutes. Set aside to cool. Purée the cooled mixture in food processor until very smooth. Add cream, orange rind and the Grand Marnier, if desired, and heat through. Do not boil. Garnish with a dollop of crème fraiche and serve immediately.

**Note:** If carrots are not very sweet, add 2 tsp. sugar to the sautéed vegetables after they have cooked for 7 minutes and cook 1 minute longer before adding chicken stock and orange juice.

### FRESH TUNA STEAKS

- 4 tuna steaks—about 2 lbs.
- 1 lemon
- salt and pepper
- pinch of ground allspice and nutmeg
- 4 tb. oil
- 1 cup white wine

Place tuna steaks in boiling salted water acidulated with lemon juice and boil for 1 minute. Drain and dry tuna, season with salt and spices. Slice onion and carrot rings. Heat oil in large skillet. Add layer of onions and carrots—place tuna on top of veggies, add wine, cover and cook about 15 minutes. Turn steaks over and cook about 15 minutes more depending on thickness of fish. It is done when center breaks easily with fork.

### CHEESY ZUCCHINI

- 1 small onion, chopped
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ tsp. oregano leaves
- 2 tb. margarine
- 4 cups zucchini in ¼-inch slices
- 1 tomato, cut in wedges
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese

In large skillet sauté onion, pepper, oregano in butter until tender. Add zucchini, cover and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Stir in tomato; fold in cheese. Heat until melted.

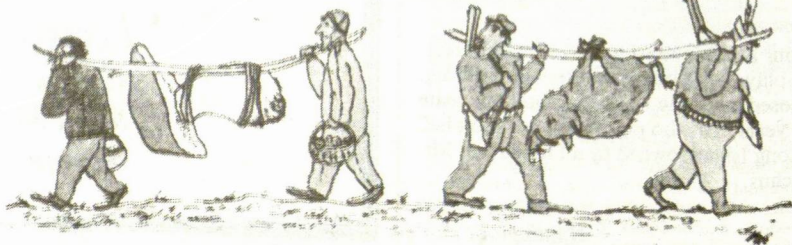
### HOT CHEESE STICKS

- ½ cup butter
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 2 tb. sour cream
- ¼ cup grated cheese (American, Cheddar or your choice)

Cut the butter into the flour until it is like coarse sand. Add salt. Mix the egg yolk with the sour cream and add a little at a time to the flour mix to make a stiff dough. Blend in the grated cheese. Roll out on a well-floured board to ⅛-inch thickness and cut in narrow strips. Prick the cut pieces with a fork and place them on a cookie sheet. If desired, cut into fancy shapes or twist strips. Bake at 350° for about 10 minutes—or until lightly browned. Yields 3 to 4 dozen sticks.

(Courtesy of L. W. Leonard)

National Sports



from Suota



## Dissident Vytautas Skuodis Comes Home

Tears welled in Vytautas Skuodis' eyes as he clutched a bouquet of flowers and listened to well-wishers sing "A Long and Happy Life to You."

"Ačiu, ačiu, ačiu," he said, Lithuanian for "Thank You, thank you, thank you," after he got off a jet at O'Hare Airport in Chicago.

For Skuodis, 58, a Chicago-born Lithuanian dissident, the past seven years have been long and unhappy. He spent them in Soviet detention camps after he was found guilty of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda.

Some 50 Chicago-area Lithuanians wearing traditional folk costumes greeted Skuodis and his wife, Irena, 54, and daughter, Daiva, 26, with songs and flowers. A second daughter stayed behind in Lithuania with her husband and children.

"I was born in the U.S. and I am an American citizen, but my whole life has been Lithuania," Skuodis said through an interpreter. "Now, I still feel like I have my homeland and my birthland."

Skuodis' parents returned with their young son to their native Lithuania before World War II, when their homeland was an independent nation. The parents were taken into custody in 1940 during the Soviet invasion and annexation of Lithuania.

Before his internment, Skuodis lectured on hydrogeology and geology at the University of Vilnius. In the United States he said, he will take any work he can get "but I first must learn English."

Skuodis was accused of listening to foreign radio broadcasts and producing underground literature on the repression of the Catholic religion in Lithuania.

He said he was shuttled from one labor camp to another in spite of years of efforts by the United Lithuanian Relief Fund of America Inc., individual Lithuanians and the U.S. government to free him.

He could have been released earlier than last Feb. 13, Skuodis said, but he refused to sign a statement that he was guilty and to make a public apology to the Soviets.

Tom Page Seibel  
(Chicago Sun-Times)

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