

Bridges

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600th Anniversary of Lithuania's Christianization



Heights of Heroism

During an expedition in Africa last year, Auksuolis Valiūnas of Toronto, Canada, climbed to the top of the highest peak of Kilimanzaro Mountain where he raised the flag of Lithuania. This gesture told the world that Lithuanians all over the world—

the young and old—will not rest until independence is restored to occupied Lithuania. Valiūnas reactivates the spirit of the beloved poet of Lithuania's national reawakening, Maironis who wrote:

“With deeds, awaken the land of Gediminas! With pride recall the conquests of Vytautas the Great! And honor the language for which our forefathers fought!”

The Glasnost Smile Becomes a Grimace

Mikhail Gorbachev, suave and intelligent, confuses those who do not know Russian history. His big project *glasnost* (openness of communication) has led some wishful American thinkers to believe that this is a genuine move toward democracy. Such a self-image is dear to his heart. He wants to be considered a modern, democratic, world leader. He is not unlike his predecessor Peter the Great, the brilliant czar who changed Russia by modernizing it with Western culture. There is no foreseeable chance, however, that he will extend independence and freedom to the occupied Baltic States. Peter the Great himself declared that the Baltic countries must be kept as a necessary protective wall for Mother Russia.

The Kremlin, reports Elta, has been making enormous efforts to convince the world that the Soviet system is undergoing essential democratic changes, but as soon as some courageous Balts dare to raise the question of Baltic freedom, the "glasnost" smile congeals into an imperialist grimace.

The Baltic demonstrations in August were not a gift of Gorbachev's new "glasnost" policies, as the Soviet media insisted and some Western voices agreed. Despite the impression of freedom, taking part in the demonstrations required unusual courage. Those who dared to demonstrate, took enormous risks: to lose their jobs, to ruin their careers, to be expelled from the university, and to be entered in KGB's "Black Book." Three Lithuanians associated with the demonstrations in Vilnius were kidnapped and physically assaulted shortly afterwards, in the traditional Bolshevik manner.

Many participants wept at the demonstrations as they sang patriotic songs, religious hymns, and the forbidden Anthem of Independent Lithuania. Many wore black armbands, mourning their loved ones lost to Soviet terror. The police did not intervene, but KGB agents in civilian clothes were busy in the crowd whom they filmed and photographed from adjoining houses.

Terrorization

Three leaders, participants in the demonstration in Lithuania, have been warned they may face criminal prosecution. Nijolė Sadūnaite, Rev. Rokas Puzonas, and Robertas Grigas have received warnings from the Procurator's Office of the Lithuanian SSR. Nijolė Sadūnaite is identified as "one of the main organizers of the nationalistic gathering in Vilnius". Robertas Grigas is faulted with involvement in the demonstration as well as with having "compiled and distributed leaflets urging to struggle against Soviet power." Vilnius press and radio accuse Rev. Puzonas of having "constantly used the church pulpit for spreading nationalistic and slanderous ideas."

The official warnings issued to Sadūnaite,

Puzonas and Grigas followed the more direct reprisals against them which occurred soon after the demonstration. Each was separately abducted by KGB agents. Sadūnaite was driven through parts of Lithuania and Byelorussia for 30 hours by two teams of KGB agents and threatened with death. Puzonas and Grigas were also driven to remote parts of Lithuania; they were beaten and informed they too would be killed.

This kind of surreptitious brutality by the KGB, observes Elta, "is typical of the Gorbachev era. Terrorization of the activists, in order to intimidate them, is carried out unofficially so that the Soviet authorities can promptly deny anything of the sort has taken place and prevent bad publicity abroad."

The Demonstrations Last August

by Bill Keller

Bill Keller covered the demonstrations for the New York Times as adequately as possible. It must be remembered that individuals interviewed in the streets in Lithuania are not likely to practise glasnost and say precisely what they think. They have lived too long keeping their thoughts to themselves and verbalizing only what they know is permissible.

VILNIUS, U.S.S.R., Aug. 23 — More than 500 Lithuanians gathered in the old quarter of this Baltic capital to sing anthems of independence and to hear defiant speeches honoring "the victims of Stalin."

It was the first time the authorities in Lithuania had permitted such an open demonstration of popular resentment against Soviet rule. The gathering was sharply denounced in the official press and closely watched by the police, but it was not interrupted.

Similar demonstrations were reported in the Latvian capital of Riga and in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, to mark the 48th anniversary of the secret pact between Hitler and Stalin that ceded the three Baltic states to the Soviet Union.

The Baltic states were annexed by Stalin during World War II, in a move that is still not recognized as legitimate by the United States. Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians independent from the Soviet Government still maintain small diplomatic missions in the United States.

Today's demonstrations were organized by members of longstanding human rights groups, some of whom have spent time in labor camps or psychiatric hospitals for their activities.

The crowd also included young people and families with children, who gathered shortly before noon in the sunny square next to St. Anne's Church in the Vilnius Old Town. Some wore black ribbons pinned to their chests in remembrance of relatives deported to labor camps under Stalin.

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Nijolė Sadūnaite, who served six years in prison for underground publishing, led off the meeting with a call for "freedom for Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia," which brought a lusty cheer from the crowd. The gathering sang a Catholic hymn and the patriotic anthem that was Lithuania's national song, during the 22 years of independence before the war.

A few hundred people crowded the monument and listened for about two hours to impassioned accounts of parents who disappeared into labor camps, of priests imprisoned for violating limits on religious practice or of a woman's experiences in a psychiatric hospital.

Uniformed policemen monitored all of the roads leading to the square, and plainclothesmen filmed the event from a nearby window. "There is no trouble now, but we don't know what the KGB will do with our photographs," one young man remarked.

Participants in the demonstration in Vilnius said they were disappointed by the size of the crowd. They said people stayed away because of fear of the authorities and the distraction of special entertainment events staged by the local government to divert attention from the demonstration.

But they said the fact that the demonstration went on unmolested was itself extraordinary.

"It's the first signal of freedom," said one woman in the crowd clustered about the monument to the Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz, a local hero who attended the university. "For the first time, you can come here and nobody will put you in prison."

While the crowd was evidently united in its outpouring of patriotic emotion, only a handful of dozens interviewed said they saw the gathering as part of a real struggle for independence from Soviet rule.

Most said such a desire was impractical and called for more modest concessions to Lithuanian pride. They demanded publication of the secret agreement on the Baltics, which has still not been published here. They also called for a memorial to honor Lithuanians who were deported to Stalin's labor camps after the war, and for greater freedom for the Roman Catholic Church, which still claims a large percentage of the population.

"If there should be a referendum on independence, of course it would pass," said one woman who identified herself as a "Lithuanian patriot," Communist Party member and staunch supporter of Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader. But it is more realistic to push for "greater democracy and political rights" within the existing system, she said.



THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE:

The Archbishop of Philadelphia John Cardinal Krol is presented the Jubilee Medal of the 600th Anniversary of Christianity in Lithuania. He will be the main celebrant at the Jubilee Mass November 1, at the

Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul. He is seen with representatives of the Jubilee committee of Philadelphia: B. Vaškaitis, R. Krušinskas, R. Stirbys, chairperson T. Gečys, A. Mašalaitis, John Cardinal Krol, Rev. K. Sakalauskas and J. Danta.

Cardinal Krol Challenges The Sincerity of Glasnost

John Cardinal Krol launched an international drive to persuade the Soviet Union to restore a centuries-old Lithuanian cathedral and open the Roman Catholic church to religious worship.

"I rarely sign petitions, I want you to know," he quipped as he inscribed his name on a petition to Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

Krol said he made an exception to join Lithuanian-Americans and religious leaders in prodding Gorbachev to restore the Vilnius Cathedral as proof of the sincerity of "glasnost," Gorbachev's new policy of religious, political and cultural openness.

The petition signing preceded a Mass of Thanksgiving at the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, celebrating the 600th anniversary of Lithuania's conversion to Christianity, said Terese Gečys, a spokeswoman for the Lithuanian Christianity Jubilee.

Since World War II, when the Soviet Union annexed Lithuania, worshippers have

been unable to use the cathedral for religious purposes, said Ray Stirbys, spokesman for the jubilee. Vilnius Cathedral, which dates to 1387, was stripped of religious trappings by the Soviets in 1953 and has been used as an art gallery since 1956, he said.

The cardinal was joined by spiritual leaders of the Lithuanian community and by an American-born activist for religious and human rights in Lithuania.

"This (cause) is very important to emphasize," said Krol, commending the sacrifices of dissidents such as Vytautas Skuodis, who was imprisoned for seven years in labor camp for criticizing Soviet atheistic policies.

"In the case of the Lithuanian nation, as in the case with Poland, the faith is very important to the struggle for a national identity," said the Rev. Casimir Pugevičius, executive director of Lithuanian Catholic Religious Aid, which will lead the drive.

(Associated Press)

THANKSGIVING DAY

When I was a boy, the last Thursday in November was Thanksgiving Day—a holiday for me and many others with no religious connotation whatsoever. Rather, it was the day when the football teams of the two public high schools in the city competed to prove which was the better of the two and to give to the rest of the student bodies an opportunity to hoot and holler and so work up an appetite in the brisk autumnal air and, usually, amidst the first snow flurries of the season. Then it was home for a “more-work-for-mother” type of holiday feast with turkey for some, chicken for others, but for our family, most often a roasted pork loin with a dressing which we called bread “pudding”. I guess that was because many Lithuanians of my father’s generation considered pork to be the very best of meats. Besides, a pork loin seemed “to go further” in a family as large as ours.

We knew, certainly, the holiday was meant to commemorate that day in 1621 when, after a particularly rigorous winter, the pious pilgrims celebrated with a feast their first harvest as colonists in a new world. During the feast which they shared with neighboring Indians, four wild turkeys are said to have been consumed. It would not surprise me were I to learn that these four wild turkeys were killed and contributed by the participating Indians, astute and generous hunters that they were.

I think it also likely that thanks were due the Indians for the vegetables served that day; for the squash and pumpkin, and the sun-dried corn and beans, since only the Indians could have supplied seed for the first planting of these items by the Colonists from Europe. Corn, squash and beans are native to the new world and are so staple to the Indian diet that they refer to the three items in their prayers as “Our Supporters”. I recall being much impressed when I read, as a grade-school boy, how the Indians instructed the early Colonists how to grow corn and of the necessity of depositing a dead fish in each hill with the seed-corn to make the stalks grow high as an elephant’s eye.

Prior to that time, my conception of the Indian was that presented by the Saturday “movies” of a hunter-trapper, a scalper of the white man, but by no means with any interest in agricultural or animal husbandry. The Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony must have been similarly impressed by what

they observed in their Indian neighbors, especially their spirituality; their moral-ethical standards and the manner in which they expressed respect and gratitude for the natural world in which they moved. Accordingly, that first Thanksgiving can be considered but an extension of the ancient native Indian traditional rite into which the newcomers from Europe were being welcomed. A national day of thanks was not proclaimed until 168 years later, when Washington did so on November 26, 1789. Almost another century was to pass before Lincoln revived a day of Thanksgiving in 1863. Since 1941, by a joint resolution of Congress, the holiday falls on the fourth Thursday in November.

Somewhere I have read a reference to the Lithuanians as having been the “Indians of Europe”. I regret I cannot cite a source. A comparison of the histories of the American Indians, particularly the Iroquois, and of the Lithuanians, does reveal some astonishing similarities. Both were indigenous to the lands they occupied in pretty much the same latitudes. Both were a forest people of hunter-gatherers, but not exclusively so. Each created a powerful political entity that stood firm for almost 200 years against the devastation of wars, against more powerful odds, the corrupting influence of foreign intercourse and debilitating population pressures from outside their borders. Each was impelled to express gratitude for nature’s gifts with the same fervor, but in different form. The Indians’ was a rite performed by the larger social group; that of the Lithuanians, a strictly intimate family affair.

A detailed description of the Lithuanian rite as practiced even 300 years after nominal Christianization is furnished by M. Praetorius¹, who was born in Klaipėda sometime between 1631 and 1635 and died in 1707. According to Praetorius, the newly harvested grain required of the Lithuanians, a rather complex ritual before it could be eaten. The ritual was called “samburis”, which translates to “the throwing together”. In the fall of the year when the autumn sowing had commenced and after all the grain had been harvested and its threshing had begun, each farmer would take nine heaping handfuls of each type of grain: wheat, rye, barley, beans, flax, oats, lentils, and any others and divide each handful into three parts. The twenty-seven portions of each grain were then thrown in one heap and thoroughly mixed

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1. Motiejus Praetorius was the grandson of J. Bretkūnas, 1536-1602, one of the creators of the written Lithuanian language and a distinguished name in Lithuanian literature. From childhood, he spoke both Prussian and Lithuanian, his mother having been Prussian. He was interested in collecting folklore, manners

and customs of the people and translated the Bible into Lithuanian. Praetorius, like his grandfather, was a graduate of the University of Königsberg, pastor in the Protestant church, interested in the manners and customs and folklore of the people. His most important work is entitled “*Deliciae Prussicae oder Preussische*

Schaubühne”, comprising 18 books. To date, the manuscript remains unpublished. Extracts, however, were published by W. Pearson in Berlin in 1872, which contain this Thanksgiving description. Praetorius utilized historical sources, material he himself had collected in his youth, and manuscripts of his grand-

together. The grains involved had to be the first that were threshed and winnowed and then set aside for this particular purpose. A part of the mixture was utilized to bake one little loaf of bread for each member of the household. What remained was mixed with additional barley or oats to brew a beer.

The first batch was intended for drinking by the farmer himself with his wife and their children. The next batch was for the hired help. With the beer brewed, the farmer had now to choose for the ceremony an evening when no outsiders were expected to come calling. On the chosen evening, the farmer knelt down before the barrel and drew therefrom a jugful of beer and poured it over the bung with the prayer: *"O bounteous earth, do make rye and barley with all manner of grain to flourish!"* Then the farmer refilled the jug and took it to the parlor where his wife and children awaited his coming. Waiting also on the floor were a trussed white or speckled rooster and a hen of the same coloring — both from the same brood hatched during that same year. The birds had to be either white or speckled, but not red, that color being strictly tabooed.

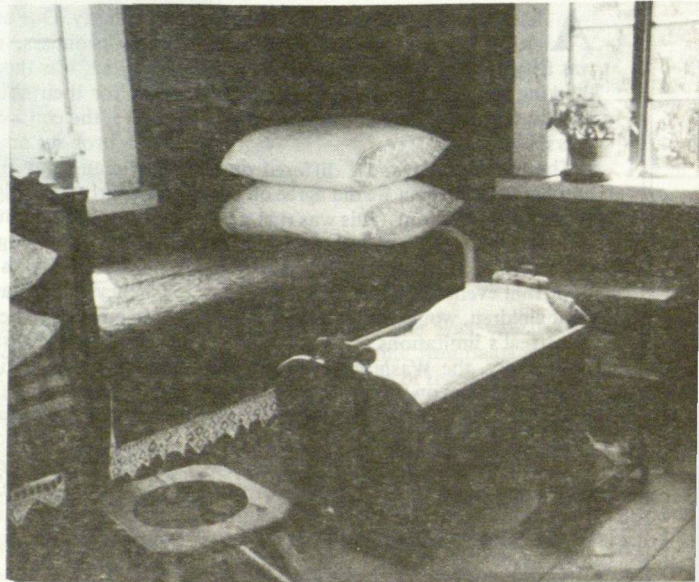
Then the farmer, jug in hand, knelt down once more and offered up thanks to God for the harvest and prayed that the next one be equally bounteous. All present then lifted up their hands and joined in saying: *"To Thee, O God, and to Thee, O Earth, we give all as a free-will offering this cock and this hen."* Because chopping off the heads was forbidden, the farmer then killed the birds with blows from a wooden spoon.

He poured out a third of the beer as a libation after his first prayer and another third after killing each of the fowl. The farmer's wife then boiled the birds in a new pot not yet used for any other purpose. A bushel — a basket measuring larger quantities of grain — was then placed on the floor, bottom up, to serve as a table upon which the little loaves and the boiled birds were placed. The new beer was brought in with three mugs and a ladle never used except for this specific rite. After the farmer had ladled beer into the three mugs, the entire family knelt down around the bushel, the father then said a prayer and drained dry each of the three mugs. His example was followed by each member of the family.

Then the little loaves and the boiled fowl were eaten. The beer made the rounds again until each individual had drained each of the three mugs nine times. It was intended that no morsel of food be left over. If perchance there were any leftovers, these had to be eaten the following morning with the same ceremony. The bones were given to the dog. If he did not eat them all, what remained was buried in the cattle stalls beneath the dung. Early December was the usual time of year when this ceremony was enacted and on this particular day, everyone was enjoined against speaking any bad word.

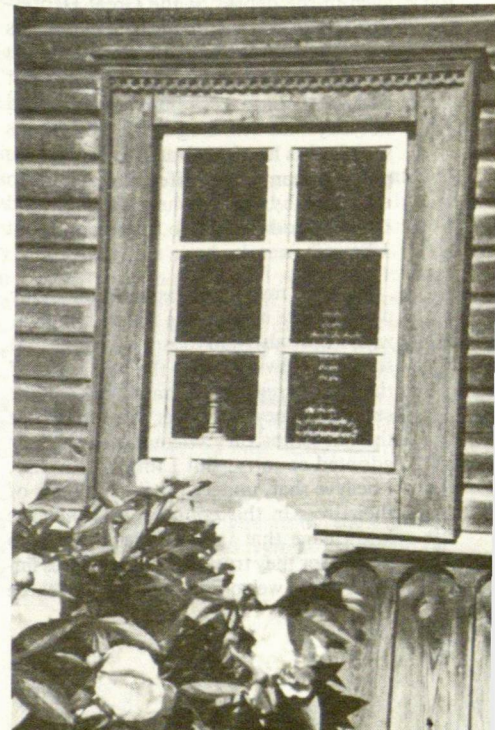
father in his work of describing remains of the old pagan religion and the manners and customs of the people. In his later years, he earned the displeasure of people by joining the Catholic Church, ample reason, perhaps, for his manuscript remaining unpublished.

Narrow beds. Billowing pillows. Lives, begun in home-carved cradles, ended on beds rich with folk-art weavings akin to bursting gardens. Cities having risen, old cottages are restored now on acres of Rumšiškės Museum in Lithuania. (dmj photos)



Our
Hearts'

HOME



HOPE STREET THEN AND SOUTH BRONX TODAY

A letter from a reader about my article on Hope Street, Brooklyn, as it was fifty years ago, prompted some more thinking about the street where I was born and lived for the first half-dozen of my years.

The letter writer and I differed on a number of details but we did agree on one very important point. This was that people on Hope Street had self-respect. Like the name of their street, they also had hope that eventually they, or more likely their children, would be able to rise above the street's limitations.

Recently, the *Washington Post* ran a series of articles on the South Bronx. One observation in particular sticks in my mind. In the *Post* reporter's opinion, "the cumulative demoralizing effect of generations on welfare" was cited as one of the chief reasons for the wretched condition of the South Bronx today.

On Hope Street there was no welfare, even in the depths of the Great Depression when jobs were at least as scarce as they are said to be today in the South Bronx. Yet we did not trash, did not burn, did not loot, did not terrorize, did not buy and sell drugs. Why? Perhaps sociologists have attempted to explain the phenomenon of the different reactions to adversity by earlier slum dwellers and those by today's ghetto inhabitants, but I haven't seen it.

I have my own explanation. Our parents were immigrants from Lithuania, where they also had to struggle as virtual serfs for a living under the harshness of the Czarist regime. Perhaps, some might say, they knew no better than to accept the hardships they encountered in their adopted country. But I think otherwise. I believe that, underlying the hardness of their lives in this country, was the sure knowledge that their children could do better, for they trusted in the promises implicit in the welcoming arms of the Statue

of Liberty. One of the most important of these promises, which was abundantly fulfilled, was the right to a good education for their children.

We, the children of these immigrants, were brought up in two-parent families and in an atmosphere of hope, hard-work and hard-core religion. In school, we were given old-fashioned education in which factual knowledge and discipline were classroom staples. In the words of Lynn Cheney, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, we were taught to understand the world in which we lived by studying the events (including dates) and ideas that had brought it into existence. We learned about the Magna Carta, its significant and its relation to other European events. We knew about the history of the American republic and its profound meaning to Western civilization. We grew up with a knowledge of where we, in the United States, stood in relation to the past and to other countries. In short, we learned about the physical and political shape of our universe (geography) and the infinitely varied story of mankind (history). In literature, we read the old classics, rather than the current favorites. In Catholic schools, we were immersed in the lucidity of the old question-and-answer catechism; in public schools, students began their day unashamedly with public prayer.

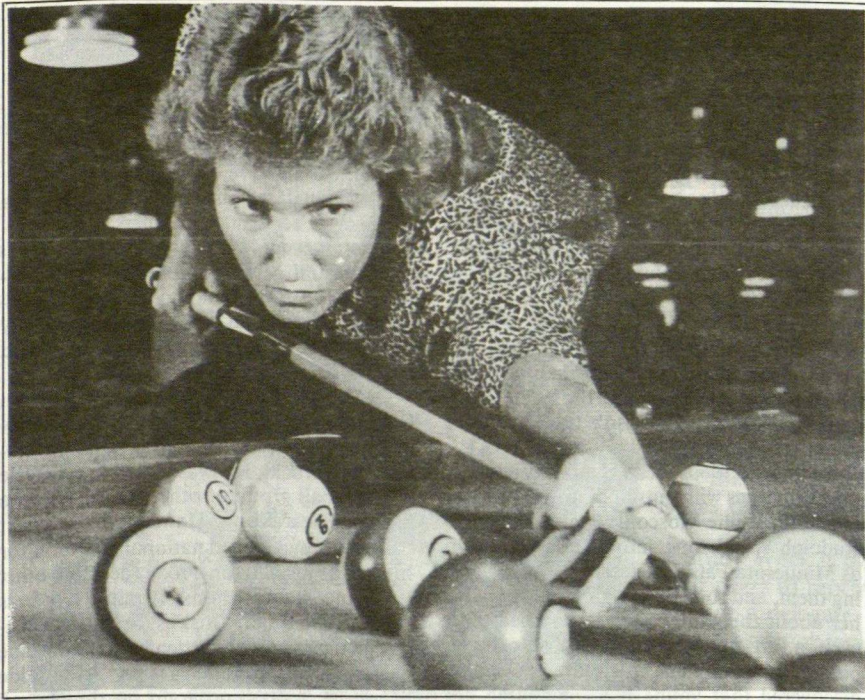
But if the increasing flood of reports from concerned sociologists are correct, today's children are floating in a void of "how to" courses that attempt to teach them to think without first teaching them anything worth thinking about. Parental guidance is disappearing because both parents are either working or living apart. Prayer is outlawed in the morally-neutered schools. Churches are losing their spiritual compass, wandering in a wasteland of permissiveness. In politics, principle has given way to expediency, and integrity in government to institu-

tionalized dishonesty. The minds, bodies and morals of today's children are shaped, instead, by superficial education, trivialized and commercialized television, "R"-rated movies, fast food, ear-splitting, mind-demolishing rock.

No wonder the difference between the kids on Hope Street a half-century ago, and the kids in the South Bronx today, is so wide that it is virtually impossible to imagine that both groups were born the same century and country. But if the *Post* reporter is right, that the moral fiber of people of the South Bronx has in fact been undermined by generations of state-financed welfare, then our society must bear a big part of the blame for the difference.

In casting about for a way to make up for this failure, it's useful to remember one of the most constructive measures of Roosevelt's New Deal. This was the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), which gave jobs to unemployed young men to build national parks, bridges, highways, etc. Why could not the government today re-establish a similar public works program, including an Urban Redevelopment Corps, and pay men and women the money they now receive on welfare, to rebuild homes vandalized by themselves in their welfare-induced apathy and despair. We've done everything else, except to try restoring the basic humanity and self-respect of the unemployed now living in sub-human conditions like those in the South Bronx, even if much of this is their own fault. Let's give them work, instead of welfare. It's worth a try.

This, at least, can be a first step on the long journey back to hope and self-respect of the kind that sustained the Lithuanian immigrants on Hope Street a long time ago. Much more is needed, like educational reform and moral renewal, but let's tackle one thing at a time.



The Best Woman in the Hall

by Roger Starr

It's an ordinary Friday night at Bay Ridge Billiards, a pool hall in Brooklyn, and the place is filled almost entirely with men. They're waiting for the owner's daughter, a tall, slim, brown-haired woman of 28, to leave the cash register to play against a customer. When at last she picks up one of her custom-made cue sticks and moves to the exhibition pool table in the middle of the room, the spectators become animated.

"Hey, Jean, how many balls is he going to spot you tonight?" someone says, jocularly suggesting she needs an advantage.

"From Harry, I've got to have five balls to make nine ball even; Harry distracts me," she says. All laugh as though they'd never heard the joke before.

Then she takes her stance. She forms an immovable brace with her left hand, the "bridge" that steadies the cue. Her right elbow points up, the cue held firmly yet flexibly beneath it. As she makes her preliminary strokes, her right arm is motionless from elbow to shoulder. Elbow, wrist and cue move as though controlled by a single joint. When she finally applies the power, the white cue ball bolts at the colored, numbered object balls. Even a total neophyte, knowing nothing of the game, would marvel at the force the young woman controls and unleashes on command.

This is Jean Balukas, one of the best players in the world today, and perhaps the best woman pool player ever. When she first came to the attention of the pool world at

Acclaimed as one of the best women pool players in the world, Jean Balukas lines up the cue ball at the family pool hall she manages in Brooklyn, N.Y. She is a "self-taught" pool player.

the age of 9, she was called the Little Princess. Now that Jean Balukas has won the women's division of the World Straight Pool Championship eight of the last nine years, and the last 14 women's tournaments she has entered overall, tournament announcers call her "The Queen."

As befits royalty, Jean Balukas likes to smile, but will not force herself to look genial. The smile disappears if she feels herself in the presence of a man who wants to measure himself against her. She does not flinch; she just stops smiling. At 9, she was already playing in professional pool tournaments against mature women. This year, she is competing against top male players, entering their tournaments, something no other woman player has done.

Beginning in late August, at the annual B.C. Classic, held at the Holiday Inn in Binghamton, N.Y., Balukas was to play in both the men's and women's divisions. After arriving without formal attire, she learned that for evening matches, women would be required to wear evening dresses or brocaded "ladies' tuxedos." There was no comparable dress requirement for the men's division. Recognizing that her standing in the sport made her the natural advocate of equal treatment for players of both sexes, she refused to comply, and was excluded from the women's competition.

"What hurt at Binghamton," she explains, "was that while I was trying to stand up for

Continued on page 8

(Continued from page 7)

us being treated the same as men, the other girls held the tournament draw without me. By one vote, they kept me out. And some of the girls who are my best friends voted against me."

According to a recent Gallup poll, 31 million Americans play pool, including 9.8 million women. The Binghamton tournament attracted 58 of the nation's best men players, and 16 of the best women. According to Gary Pinkowski, the promoter, total attendance reached nearly 5,000. The pre-eminent male professional on the American circuit, Mike Sigel, won what is for pool the astounding sum of \$104,000 last year. Jean Balukas, the top women's money winner, earned \$25,000 in tournament play last year.

Nine ball has recently become the prime tournament game, and while it offends many old-time watchers who prefer "straight pool", its features may enthral spectators who have tired of standard pool's long runs.

Nine ball is played with only those balls numbered one through nine. The object of the game is to sink the nine ball, but the shooter must first hit the lowest-numbered ball on the table with the cue ball. If the same shot pockets any ball, he continues to shoot. Thus, until no other balls remain, a player may not pocket the nine ball directly.

At the tournament level, nine ball eliminates long runs, emphasizes head-to-head competition and elicits spectacular shot-making. A player having to attack a shielded object ball may drive the cue ball against two, three, or sometimes four cushions to get around obstructive balls and make contact with the proper object ball first. Sometimes, the player will make the cue ball jump over an obstructive ball, always a stirring maneuver.

Brought up primarily as a straight pool player, Jean Balukas, like most of the present generation of top men players, is equally good at nine ball.

She participated three times in the ABC-TV series called "Superstars", in which champion women athletes competed against each other. Her first appearance, in 1976, came while she was still a junior in high school, and though no one expected much from a 16-year-old pool player, she finished second, winning enough money that she lost her amateur standing and was banned from competing in high school sports. That, naturally enraged much of the student body and coaching staff at Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton High School. It also ended Jean's dreams of a college athletic scholarship.

Like many other professional pool players, Jean Balukas first became immersed in the game at a parental pool hall; her father owned a half interest in one. But she did not follow the traditional masculine route from loser-pays-for-the-table games to all-night gambling for big stakes at fancy odds. She

does not gamble, though bystanders do quote odds on her tournament games.

Jean's father, Albert Balukas, a strikingly handsome man, was somewhat unusual as a pool-hall proprietor. He never played the game. His partner, Frank McGown, had been world professional champion. The room they bought was a former bowling alley in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn that closed when bowling dropped from its peak popularity. Albert Balukas financed the purchase by selling the delicatessen he owned and operated.

"When they find out that my father doesn't play," Jean Balukas says, "many people think I must have learned the game from Frank McGown. That isn't true. I taught myself to play pool."

By the late 1960s, Jean Balukas was playing exhibitions with outstanding men players, including Willie Mosconi, Irving Cane and Rudolph Wanderone, more famously known as Minnesota Fats. She learned from watching them, and sometimes from tips they gave her about the game. She also learned that, even in fun, pool stars did not like losing in public, especially not to children. She also discovered that young men, including her brothers, shared the feeling of shame over losing to girls. She recalls, "Whenever my brother Paul, the youngest of my four brothers, beat me at pool on the table downstairs at home, he would run through the house shouting 'I won, I beat her'. I guess that was one reason I worked all the harder."

While the Balukas brothers were learning that their sister was a phenomenon at the table, Paul's early pain dissolved into intense pride. A 1987 law school graduate, he accompanies Jean to tournaments (along with her mother, father and representatives of Corley Associates, her managers), and acts as her counselor, adviser, confidant and mentor in everything except pool.

Early next month, she will enter some of the coming major men's tournaments, including the United States Open in Norfolk, Va. She says she is thinking of dropping out of women's competition altogether.

In the meantime, she is back in Bay Ridge, bowling in her Flatbush league and taking her turn at the family poolroom. She says that her confidence has grown with her record in the men's tournaments, although among the men there are still plenty of doubters. They simply are not willing to acknowledge that a woman can beat men consistently in a game so masculine in tradition as pool.

It can only be said that Jean Balukas has passed all the tests she has had to meet. "I thought I had confidence when I challenged the men last year, but now it feels so different," Jean Balukas says, "I know I'm psychologically ready, not to win just one match, but to go the route."

(Condensed from the New York Times)

Godspeed to a Hero

If Patrick J. Griskus could look back at the way he died, he might smile at the irony.

Griskus, a native of Waterbury who lost the lower half of his leg 20 years ago in a motorcycle accident was killed while training for an event that enabled him to test his physical and psychological limits—the annual Ironman Triathlon World Championship in Hawaii. He had become nationally known as an endurance runner and triathlete.

Griskus, 39, died when he was hit from behind by a piece of equipment that had apparently come loose from a concrete-pumping truck. He was riding his bicycle with a small group of other triathletes on a highway near Kona, Hawaii.

Griskus had gained national attention for his efforts in triathlons, road races and other endurance competitions. Ironically, it was the 1985 Ironman, Griskus' first, that earned him national media attention. He was one of the featured triathletes in an "ABC Wide World of Sports" program on the Hawaii Ironman—a grueling, 2.4-mile ocean swim, 112-mile bike ride and 26.2-run.

Griskus, a Fairfield University graduate, began running in 1981 and had a 26.2-mile marathon on his mind by the end of the year. Two years later, he was running in his first one—the prestigious New York City Marathon—and was the first amputee to finish the race in under four hours.

Despite his handicap, Griskus always has been physically active. He played tennis, lifted weights and played softball, and when he was being treated for his leg injury at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital, he never went in a wheelchair.

Working out at the city YMCA, Griskus decided to expand his competitive repertoire to include running. He started with a mile. Then he said, "That's great. Let's see if I can try five," his wife recalled. That led to his first marathon in March, 1983 in Middletown where his time was four hours, 11 minutes. Robin Griskus said her husband was disappointed in the time "until he found out that no amputee has done anything nearly that fast."

He often said, "Actions have consequences. You are responsible to do the best that you possibly can do."

He completed in a total of 19 marathons, 45 triathlons nationwide and countless 5- and 10-kilometer races throughout New England. He also holds most of the world records in endurance races and triathlons for amputee athletes.

He was a U.S. Marine veteran of the Vietnam War. Funeral services were held with military honors at the First Congregational Church of Waterbury.



The Sixth World Lithuanian Youth Congress, my friends, is almost upon us. It happens about every five years and for the first time, it will be held in Australia. The other five Congresses were staged in the USA/Canada, South America and Europe.

Congress does not involve sitting around listening to boring lectures. The three-week program is divided into two major sections which are designed to be interesting, stimulating and entertaining.

The first is Study Week (Studiju dienos), beginning in Sydney just before Christmas. Study Week is something like the traditional type of convention. Dynamic Lithuanian speakers from all over the world will deliver thought-provoking papers on the major issues facing Lithuania and the diaspora.

Study Week is predominantly for the 120 delegates elected by their peers to represent their country's voice at Congress. If you are not a delegate, but are interested in Study Week, you may attend as an observer. (Full details are available on the registration form.)

The second major component of Congress, and certainly the biggest in terms of mass participation, is the Camp (Stovykla). The Camp is not of the Scouting variety and accommodation will be in a tertiary college dormitory, not in tents.

Congress Camp is where you should be when it starts at the beginning of 1988. Planned as a joyous celebration of Lithuanian culture, the Camp will be a melting pot of youth from every continent, encompassing countries as diverse as Scotland and Brazil, Poland and Canada.

The activities planned for the Camp are far too numerous to list here, but every taste and predilection will be catered for. You will be able to choose what aspects of Lithuanian culture most appeal and the possibilities explored in small working groups. Traditional camp activities, such as bonfire, singing, dancing and sporting contests, will also be featured.

It is important to note that you don't have to be a delegate to attend the Congress Camp; however, you must be registered in advance. We are expecting at least 300 to attend so don't miss your chance to participate in this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

We especially encourage non-Lithuanian speakers to attend the Camp. Many of the Congress participants, from all over the world, do not speak Lithuanian and their needs will be catered for. Congress is a time for all youth of Lithuanian background to come together.

Finally, we invite all sport-playing youth to the Camp. Between Christmas and New Year, Geelong will host the Lithuanian Sports Festival. Congress will run buses on December 31 from Geelong to Adelaide for a massive New Year's Eve Ball followed by the Camp at Roseworthy College, starting January 1, 1988.



The Sixth Congress of World Lithuanian Youth

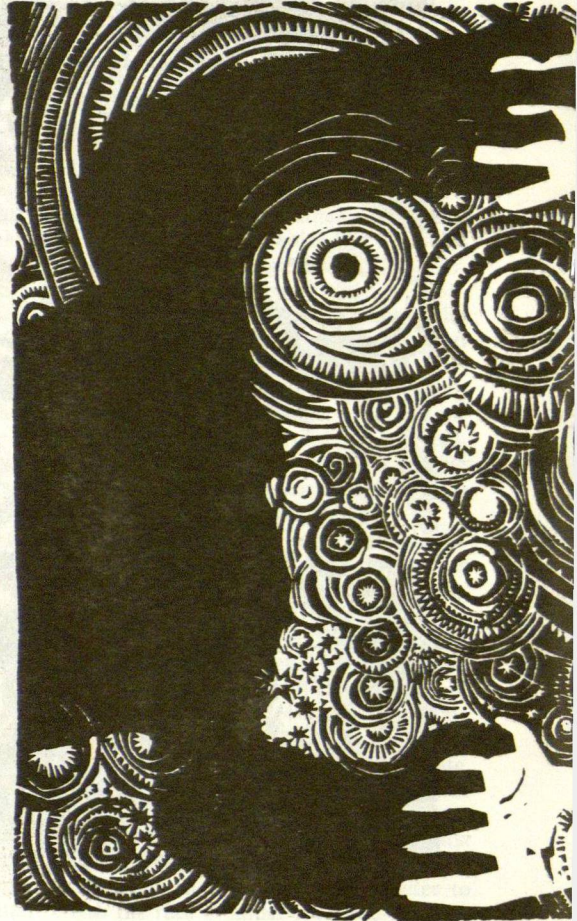
I N A U S T R A L I A

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1862 - MAIRONIS - 1932

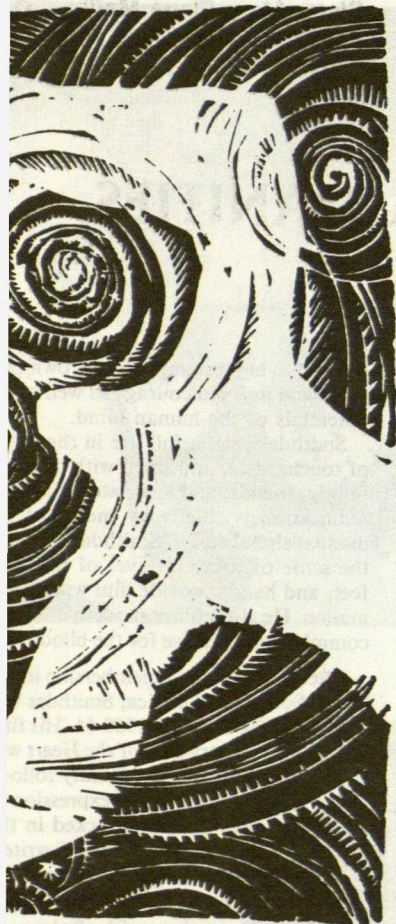
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Today at Party demonstrations
the portrait of Lenin is colossal
but the image of Lithuania's

famous nationalist leader, the
poet-priest Maironis, is alive
in the hearts of the people.





Shadows

of Power

by Arunas Tarabilda

Poet-Priest of Lithuania's National Revival

When Maironis, the poet-priest of Lithuania's national awakening, became the rector of the Kaunas Theological Seminary, he broke the custom of using only Polish or Latin and addressed the seminarians publicly in the Lithuanian language. His first poem "Lithuania's Sorrow" was published in the underground newspaper "Ausra" (Dawn). Since the Russian administration at the time forbade the printing of Lithuanian publications in Latin characters, his early work had to be published in Tilsit which was then under German rule.

He idealized ancient Lithuania and its illustrious rulers of the 13th-16th centuries, especially Vytautas the Great. In "Jaunoji Lietuva" (Young Lithuania), he delineates one way of recovering national consciousness. Two young people, impeded in their search for personal happiness, sacrifice themselves to the well-being of their nation. As a result of their dedication, national culture blossoms and social iniquities wither. Maironis also composed a poem in Polish "From the Hill of Birute" in an effort to win back the Polish-speaking Lithuanian nobility for the national cause.

During the years of national reawakening, the poetry of Maironis won enthusiastic acceptance among the Lithuanian public. His poems were accessible to the ordinary reader because of their musical, straightforward, lucid structure. The characters of his epic poetry were close to the Lithuanian patriot of the day with their ideological and ethical idealism, individualism and lyricism. Many composers set his verse to music.

The popular poems became widely sung tunes, such as the religious anthem "Marija, Marija"; "Kur bėga šešupė" (Where the Šešupė Flows); "oi neverk,

motušėle (O Do Not Weep, Dear Mother); "Užmigo žeme" (Earth Has Gone to Sleep); "Aš norėčiau prikelti" (I Would Like to Rouse).

The Soviet regime at first did not allow anyworks of Maironis to be printed. But, unable to subdue popular admiration for the nation's great poet, it allowed the commemoration in 1947 of the 15th anniversary of his death. In the introduction to an edition of his selected writings in 1956, the statement was made: "The best poetic works of Maironis have become an irreplaceable part of Lithuania's cultural heritage."

Juozas Brazaitis
(Encyclopedia Lituanica)

The Long Arm of Kremlin Censorship, 1967

A New York book club decided to honor the Lithuanian poet Maironis in 1967 with a presentation of his achievements to an audience in the United Nations auditorium. I was requested to prepare a representative selection of his poetry, translate it into English, and read it to the audience.

When I arrived for the presentation of the program, I was introduced to two other participants, one—a vivacious blonde actress who was to read the poetry in Russian, and the other—a charming young man who would read in Lithuanian. I was then ushered into a private room for an audience with a gentleman who asked to see my translations.

He read through the pages, mumbling, "Good. Very good." He pulled out some of the pages without a comment and set them aside in a separate pile. Finally he declared: "Very good. but, of course, you will not read *these* poems." He pointed at the separate pile.

"Why not?" I wanted to know. "These are greatly loved by Lithuanians everywhere."

His thin lips formed into a knowing grin: "You know, of course, that sometimes Maironis fantasized much too much. He was not always a realist."

He had pulled out all the poems that had a *patriotic* theme. I was permitted to read only the nature poems.

The next month the journal of the United Nations, *Secretariat*, ran lively pictures of us three participants in the program, gave us a rousing write-up, and printed the nature poems of Maironis and did not mention that this was a Kremlin emasculation of the work of the Lithuanian poet-priest.

Domicile Genaitis

The Communist Party in Vilnius whipped up excitement and fanfare in October touting its "successful" 1917-1987 accomplishments. Huge red flags waved in the wind. The band thumped its triumphant beat as war-and-work veterans marched along with the pomp of important Party personages.

Maironis, 1987

A different kind of excitement stirred Lithuanians during their celebration of the 125th year since the birth of their beloved poet-priest Maironis. The event was not publicized as dramatically as the Party demonstration, but even the newspaper *Tiesa* reported that, throughout the day, all of Lithuania seemed to be singing the songs of Maironis. About 5,000 people attended and milled around the Cathedral of Kaunas where Maironis is buried. The singing crowds were persuaded to disperse as night fell, but the young people kept the celebration going until past midnight.

LITHUANIAN DOCTOR OF HUMANITIES

"With my awakening into sightlessness, my feeling was merely one of wonder. There was no fear. How could I be afraid of what I could not understand?"

Robert J. Smithdas is Director of Community Education in the Helen Keller National Center for the Deaf-Blind in Sands Point, New York which he helped to establish in 1969. Deaf and blind since he was four and a half years old, Smithdas became a lettered man of outstanding accomplishments. He was born of Lithuanian parents in Pittsburgh, Pa., and had four sisters and one brother. At the age of six he attended Western Pa. School for the Blind in Pittsburgh. Robert was an exceptionally gifted child and learned Braille in Kindergarten. When he reached the fifth grade, he was sent on scholarship to the world-famous school for the deaf-blind—Perkins Institute in Watertown, Mass. overlooking the Charles River.

While at Perkins, he met Prof. Dana who taught literature at Harvard. Dana was a grandson of Henry W. Longfellow, and the son of golden-haired Edith mentioned by Longfellow in *The Children's Hour*. It was Prof. Dana who encouraged Smithdas, saying "You must never give up your hope of going to College and becoming a writer. Remember that you must always keep an open mind. There will be those who will not understand you but try to understand them." Those words became seared in Smithdas' memory.

After graduation from Perkins Institute, Smithdas attended the Industrial Home for the Blind (IHB) in Brooklyn, New York. Here he met Peter J. Salmon, Executive Director of the IHB, who was to become his lifelong friend. Mr. Salmon was blind as were several other directors at the IHB. It was here that Smithdas received his training in workshops and his interest in writing, and the deaf-blind blossomed.

Encouraged by the accomplishments of Helen Keller, whom he came to know personally, and his good friend Peter Salmon, Smithdas attended St. John's

University in Brooklyn, New York on a fellowship. He graduated cum laude upon receiving his Bachelor of Arts Degree. In 1953 he received his Master's Degree from New York University, the first deaf-blind person to attain this goal. Later, Smithdas took some general courses at the University of Western Michigan from which he was granted an honorary degree. Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., and his Alma Mater—St. John's University—also honored him with honorary degrees.

Smithdas said that his first significant position was Counselor at the Industrial Home for the Blind. When he became Public Relations Director at the IHB, he delivered some two hundred and fifty lectures a year to publicize the needs of the deaf-blind.

In 1967 Smithdas and Peter J. Salmon, Director of IHB went to Washington, D.C. to plan the establishment of the Helen Keller Center in Sands Point, N.Y. Smithdas became the Director of Community Education when the Center was established in 1969. He is presently Assistant Director at the Center.

Smithdas also played a vital role with prominent leaders, including Helen Keller, in the establishment of the first national rehabilitation training program for deaf-blind persons. He was named "Handicapped American of the Year" in 1965 by the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped, of which he is a member. The Committee on Services to the Deaf-Blind of the World council for the Welfare of the Blind elected him chairman in '79; the American Association for the Deaf-Blind elected him Vice-President in 1981.

Other achievements and awards attained by Smithdas are: The Ann Sullivan Macy Gold Medal Award, the American Academy of Achievement's Golden Plate Award and Gallaudet's Alice Cogswells Award.

This great man of letters and of unique accomplishments published his autobiography *Life at My Fingertips* in 1958. It is a touching account, colored by humor, of his astonishing achievements.

It is a moving testament of his own personal and intrepid courage as well as the potentials of the human mind.

Smithdas lives a full life in the world of touch, taste, and smell with his wife, family, friends, and associates. His communication is chiefly by means of the manual alphabet, but Smithdas also uses the sense of touch. Nerves of the face, feet, and hands provide him with information. He also utilizes modern means of communication in use for the blind-deaf.

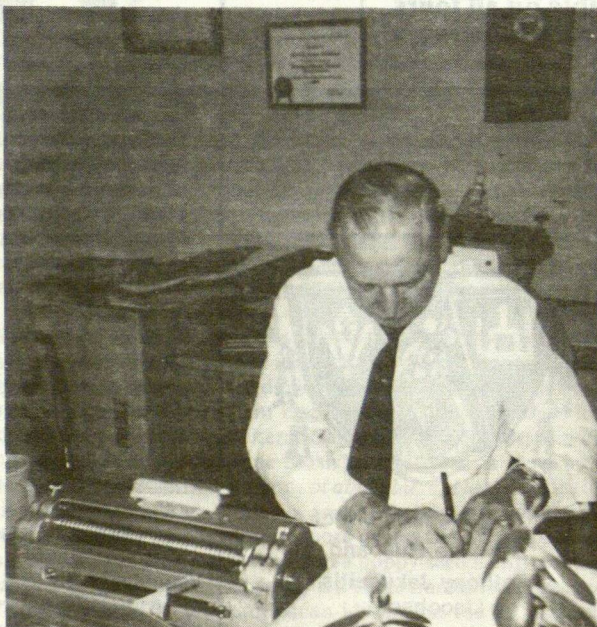
After his election to membership in the Poetry Society of America, Smithdas was named Poet of the Year 1960-61. His first anthology of poetry *City of the Heart* was published in 1966; *Shared Beauty* followed in 1982. His poetry gives expression to the feelings and emotions locked in the heart of man. Smithdas himself writes, "They were written because they were there and sang themselves into existence."

A recent interview with Robert J. Smithdas revealed the soul of a perceptively great yet humble man full of wisdom, compassion and humor. He spoke freely of his personal life. Smithdas' face lit up when he said his greatest joys in life were his graduation from St. John's University and his marriage to Michelle Joanne Craig eleven years ago. Michelle is deaf-blind; they communicate mostly by fingertip. They live in their own home in Sands Point where friends are welcome and entertained. Michelle also teaches at The Helen Keller Institute in the Communication Department. She is currently studying for her Master's Degree at Columbia University. Of Michelle, Smithdas said, "Her love and encouragement have given me the best years of my life."

Smithdas is an avid reader. He subscribes to many Braille magazines, and pursues interest in the arts, especially poetry. He is a qualified Red Cross swimmer, a fisherman, and does gardening. Woodcarving is one of his priorities. Recently he wall papered his home. Cooking is one of his favorite hobbies. There was a twinkle in his eye when he gleefully confessed, "Michelle said, 'You cook



Robert Smithdas with secretary transposing questions during interview with Sr. M. Elena Majikas.



Smithdas autographs his anthology of poetry "City of the Heart" for Sr. M. Elena.

better spaghetti than this", as they dined in a restaurant.

The Smithdas do their own shopping. He recalled when a frankfurter cost only five cents. "Now one needs a computer to go shopping, the numbers have grown so big!" Smithdas keeps up with current events by reading and conversation with people. He feels he is as well informed as the average person, said he, "in fact probably better than some people".

Although Smithdas holds a high position at The Helen Keller Institute, he still sees deaf-blind persons when they come to him. He makes himself available. He touches many lives, and enjoys doing so which he says is the important thing.

His ultimate goal in life used to be, to try to be as independent as possible. But today it is to be of service to others. He said, "We have an obligation to help those

who are dependent upon others. The more successful you are, the more obligation you have to help others. We have an obligation to help those who have difficulties. I don't think that people should question what happens to them. I think they should realize God is in control of their lives. That they should do the best they can."

Smithdas was eager to hear about the celebration of the Christianization of Lithuania in Rome as well as the Beatification of Archbishop Matulaitis. He wanted to know if I ever visited Lithuania. When I told him that priests and religious were not welcome by the Communists, he quipped, "they don't welcome much of anything!"

Peter J. Salmon summarized Robert J. Smithdas when he wrote: "I would like to bear personal testimony to the skills Robert has acquired. His sense of touch seems almost magical. It is developed to the point where he can combine a reasonable whole out of unreasonable fragmentary parts. I have seen Robert create an uncannily accurate personality picture out of a simple handshake with a stranger. And I want to add a comment on his voice. Although he hasn't any idea of what it sounds like day after day, on his lecture tours for our IHB, he thrills audiences he will never see. In spite of his handicaps, he has trained his voice to carry out all the exacting requirements of a finished public speaker."

In conclusion, let Robert J. Smithdas speak to us:

I praise my God, for He has guided me through darkness too intense to find the day.

I praise my God, for He provided me With music when all sound had died away.

Out of the depths of silence too profound
Out of the depths of darkness and despair,

My soul has risen through the world and found

A thousand blessings in His loving care.

Into the songless darkness of my days,
The light of hope and song of love have crept,

Until my spirit sings this hymn of praise to Him who woke me when my whole life slept.

How proud Lithuanians can be of this man of letters who conveys to us and the world a sense of defiance in the face of adversity, a unique courage, trust in humanity, and an unshakable faith in God through his life, work, and writings.



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how not to compile a dictionary

B. PIESARSKAS AND B. SVECEVIČIUS.
A Lithuanian-English Dictionary. Lietuvių-anglų kalbų žodynas. Published in Vilnius, Lithuania.

This bilingual dictionary is intended primarily for Lithuanian students of English. It will not serve them particularly well. An English-speaking editor or proof-reader could have corrected the great majority of this dictionary's many flaws.

Most of these flaws call for deletion rather than positive modification. For instance, an English-speaking editor would have removed the un-English "potato-crusher" given alongside "potato-masher" for *bulvių maigytuvai*.

SCENE: An American diner.

Waitress: "How da ya want yer potatoes?"

Foreigner: "Crushed, please."

Waitress: "Huh!?"

Under *mada* we find, in addition to "the last word (of fashion)", "the last shriek". Unlike "potato-crusher", this expression must have been used by some people at one time, but it was long ago. Sometimes none of the alternatives represent current English usage. Neither "mode journal" nor "fashion paper" will do as translations of *madų žurnalas*, which is, of course, "fashion magazine".

Usage labelling also lags behind the times. "Store" for *magazinas* is no longer an Americanism. The pronunciations as well as the translations in this dictionary are very much those of British English. This is fine, but one could wish for the makers to make this rather more explicit. Neither are the phonetic transcriptions all that they should be. The only pronunciation provided for "maestro" is acceptable Italian but unusual and affected English, even in Britain.

"Wet the bargain" is neither a literal translation of *magaryčios gerti* nor idiomatic English. Better would be "drink on it" or "close the deal with a drink"—they may not be exact equivalents, but at least they are English. "Wet the bargain", like "potato-crusher" is English only in the sense that the phrase is made up of English words. Only a foreign learner would combine them in this way. The treatment of idioms is particularly weak. "He is dying to speak" is a good translation of *jam liežuvis maga*. Unfortunately, they also give "he is dying to know", which, since the tongue (*liežuvis*) is not related to

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knowing as it is to speaking, is quite unacceptable. This is an error typical of this work: the wrong version is included as well as the right one.

All of the faults I have mentioned so far appear on a single page (379), and I have not exhausted it yet. Even if we assume that this page is worse than the average page, our confidence in this reference work must be shaken. There are misprints, too, of course, and these are more troubling in a dictionary than in other kinds of books. The only one I found on this page was "fashionable", but there is at least one spelling or printing error on every page. In a dictionary with relatively small pages and relatively large print, this is not an impressive rate.

The amount of print spent on literal translations of phrases and sentences is amazing. If a dictionary tells us that *vaikas* means "child" and *abuojas* "insufferable", we do not need it to tell us that *abuojas vaikas* means "insufferable child", especially when better translations exist. We do, however, need it to tell us that "mad dog" is the equivalent of *abuojas šuo*; instead, it translates the latter as "angry/wild dog". Not only do all these unnecessary translations waste a great amount of energy and space; they give the

lexicographers more opportunities to make mistakes, such as translating *drugelius* as "butterflies" rather than "moths" in *drugelius magino lempu šviesa* "the butterflies were attracted/fascinated by the lights".

This habit is most dangerous when Lithuanian idioms are involved. For some of these the dictionary provides a functionally equivalent English expression; for others it gives a literal translation. Since "tarred with the same brush" is clearly not a word by word version, *oi abu labu, abi labi*, the dictionary user can assume that the two expressions are used in more or less the same situations. "I haven't had a poppy-seed in my mouth" just as clearly is a literal translation of yet another Lithuanian idiom, but the Lithuanian student of English has no way of knowing that it is not functionally equivalent in English. The English-speaking user of the dictionary will recognize that this is not an English idiom, but he can only guess at the significance of a statement like *aguonos grūdo burnoje neturėjau*.

This raises an interesting point. The nature of the errors in this dictionary ensures that it will serve English-speaking learners of Lithuanian much better than those for whom it was intended. Unlike them, we are not deceived by the mistakes. We know that basket-

ball is not played on a pitch; we know that apples do not have a rind; we know to speak of oats rather than "oat". The student of English as a second or foreign language does not know; he relies on his bilingual dictionary to tell him. But this one tells him that a *krepšinio aikštelė* is called in English a "basketball pitch", and so on. There are not many of us, I suppose, but it is unfortunate that the makers and publishers of this work have not acknowledged its potential usefulness to the student of Lithuanian, because they could easily have made it considerably more useful to him. A fairly common word like *bagotas* does not appear. Archaic as the word may be, it makes more sense to include archaic Lithuanian words in a dictionary of this type than it does to include archaic English words, which belong in an English-Lithuanian dictionary.

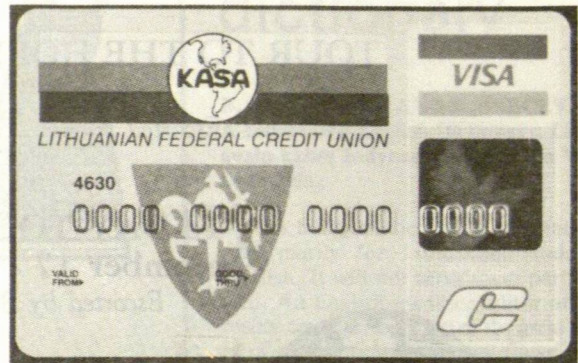
The Lithuanian speaker who depends on this dictionary will be just as likely to say "farewell" as "goodbye", and he will say the oddly literary "a world of thanks" rather than the usual "thank you very much" or "thanks a lot", which are not given for *labai ačiū*. In short, the learner of English who puts his trust in this work of reference, will indeed, in the words of the compilers (s.v. *grebezoti*): "speak a broken language".

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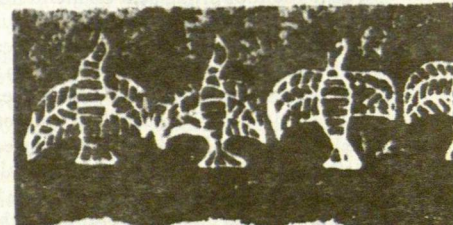
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baseball and the small plane

When I was a sprightly lad going to high school, more than 60 years ago, I had a very low esteem of older people. I looked at them with scorn. I labored under the impression that they were very clumsy and they walked like unbalanced individuals.

As a growing lad, I was always blessed with excellent health. I was just an ordinary student. I had to study seriously and "burn the midnight oil." I was never outstanding as an athlete, being an ordinary baseball player, a little guy averaging about 240 or 250, who loved to play left-field. In short, I was the ideal guy who could fill a position in any kind of baseball game.

I remember one occasion in the early thirties when I was a theological student at the Roman University of the Dominicans, called the "Angelicum". We 17 brash young Marians, students of theology, challenged the famous North-American theological students studying at the famous Jesuit University, called "Gregorianum." The North Americans had about 300 to about 400 American students studying at the North-American College in Rome. The American students enjoyed their own baseball field. They played under most advantageous condition with the choicest of athletic equipment. We, the 17 odd Marian students, could hardly scrape up enough baseball gloves, to meet our needs. But we managed to muster nine passable players, to meet the much vaunted North Americans. So we played the famous North American players. It was a day I will never forget, despite the passing of the years.

Oh, yes, at that time, we heard the very interesting rumor that the North Americans of Rome had received a large shipment of baseball bats. This was during the time of the famous or infamous Mussolini, who ruled supreme at the time. Much to the surprise of all concerned, the Italian authorities didn't know what to do with this strange equipment. So what to do? The authorities in charge, being apparently suspicious, actually sawed the baseball bats in half, apparently for fear that the Americans were striving to bring in illicit contraband. We never found out what the American heirarchy did about the situation. I played my regular position at left field, batting about 6th or 7th position. Fortunately we had a very capable pitcher who could throw a few good curves. We started the game with considerable timidity. We had no coach, nobody to tell us what to do, but we did the best we could.

For about 4 or 5 innings the game was quite interesting, and closely played. The Americans were ahead of us, being about 5

runs to our 3 runs. Then our baseball game was rudely interrupted by a 20 minute rain squall. In the meantime, during this rainy interlude, our pitcher apparently didn't keep his right arm under any kind of cover, at least with a baseball jacket.

When the squall ended after a delay of about 20 minutes, we continued with our game. The North Americans began knocking us all over the field. We ended up by losing by the score of 16 to 6 runs.

I will always remember that day of days, for I got two hits, out of 3 times at bat. The North-American pitcher (so they told us) was a varsity pitcher for Columbia University. However he was my style of pitcher that I could hit. All he had to do was throw a fast and close ball to me. I was always afraid of that kind of a pitch. But he threw to me some outside curve pitches, and that was something I could hit. But we lost by the overwhelming score of 16 to 6. But the following week the American Augustinians played the N. Americans and lost by the tremendous score of 31 to 2. After that, we didn't feel so bad, but rather proud of losing by 10 runs. Naturally I was quite proud of myself and strutted around the Angelicum University with my 2 out of 3 hits.

But the years pile up and quick young men grow slow and old. I discovered this one day during my missionary work in Argentina when a little girl of about seven eyed me severely as I walked along in a slow shuffling manner. As she and her Granny passed me by, the lovely little girl turned about and yelled loudly, "Padre vamonos!: Come on, Father, let us move along!" So there you are, the frank and becoming innocence of charming, little children, "as innocent as doves." These days I find climbing stairs a considerable burden. Whenever I can avoid climbing stairs, I avoid them. About four years ago, I had the opportunity to visit my new York relatives. To entertain me, they escorted me to the famed Twin Towers buildings; I think that those edifices are about 110 stories high. We were brought up to the 110th story in a tremendous elevator, large enough to accommodate three large autos, and in about 3 to 5 minutes of time. So while enjoying a cocktail, I wandered over to one of the windows, and looked around and down. There, much to my surprise, was a small plane below me, apparently following the river. That plane, far below me, seemed to be strutting proudly in the air as if it were a baseball player who had won the World Series. I don't strut anymore. I just shuffle."

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CHRISTMAS GOOSE

- 8- to 10-lb. goose
 ½ lemon
 salt & pepper
 2 cups apples, peeled, cored, coarsely chopped
 2 cups pre-soaked dried prunes pitted, chopped
 1 large onion, peeled and quartered

Preheat oven to 325°. Wash goose under cold running water—pat dry—then rub inside and out with cut side of a lemon. Lightly salt and pepper inside of bird and stuff with the apples, prunes and onion quarters. Close the opening and truss the bird so it will keep its shape while roasting. Place on a rack set in a shallow open pan and roast for 3 to 3½ hours (about 20 to 25 min. per pound). As the fat accumulates in the pan, draw it off—no need to baste the goose. To test for doneness, pierce thigh with tip of a small sharp knife. When the juice runs pale yellow, set the finished bird in turned-off oven with door ajar for about 15 minutes to make it easier to carve. Transfer the goose to a large heated platter and remove the string and skewers. Scoop out the stuffing and discard it. The fruits will have imparted their flavor but will be far too fatty to serve. Poached apples stuffed with prunes are served with the Christmas goose. Red cabbage and caramelized potatoes complement this dinner.

POACHED APPLES with PRUNES in PORT WINE

- 16 prunes
 2 tsp. sugar
 ⅔ cup port wine
 8 large, tart apples
 1 cup sugar
 1 qt. cold water

In an enameled, stainless steel or oven-proof glass bowl, combine wine, sugar and prunes. Marinate for at least 6 hours, then preheat oven to 350°. Bake prunes in their bowl for about 30 minutes, or until tender but not falling apart. Meanwhile, pare the apples and cut them in half vertically. Scoop out cores neatly. In saucepan, combine sugar and water—bring to a boil, and boil for 2 or 3 minutes; then lower the heat and add the apple halves, 8 at a time. Simmer for about 10 minutes until they are tender, but not too soft. Transfer the poached apples to a heated platter and poach remaining apples. Drain the prunes. Place one prune in each apple half. Place prune-filled apples on a lightly buttered cookie sheet, cover with foil and bake 10 minutes in a preheated 400° oven. Serve with roast goose or duck.

CARMELIZED POTATOES

- 24 small new potatoes
 ½ cup sugar
 ¼ lb. unsalted butter, melted

Drop unpeeled potatoes into a pan of boiling water and cook 15 to 20 minutes. Let them cool slightly, then peel them. Melt the sugar in a heavy skillet over low heat. Cook slowly for 3 to 5 minutes until sugar turns to a light brown caramel; stir constantly with wooden spoon and watch sugar closely; the syrup changes color very rapidly and burns easily. Stir in melted butter, and add as many potatoes as possible without crowding. Shake pan almost constantly to roll the potatoes and coat them on all sides with the caramel. Remove hot, caramelized potatoes to heated serving bowl and repeat procedure until all potatoes are coated. The sweet, golden potatoes make a fine Christmas dish.

RASPBERRY SQUARES

Heat oven to 350°. Grease 8-inch square baking pan.

CRUST:

- 1 cup flour; 1 tsp. baking powder
 ½ cup butter, room temperature
 1 large egg, slightly beaten
 1 tb. milk
 ½ cup seedless raspberry jam

Mix flour and baking powder; cut in butter until mix resembles fine crumbs. Stir in egg and milk until blended. Spread over bottom of prepared pan, then cover with jam.

TOPPING:

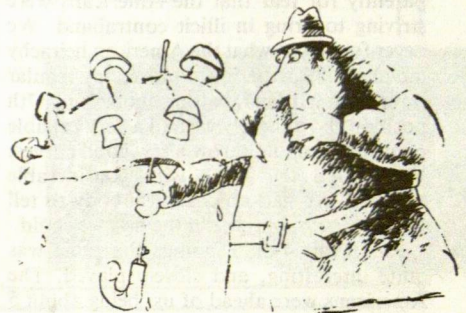
- 1 large egg
 ½ cup granulated sugar
 2 tb. melted butter
 1 tsp. vanilla
 2 cups (6 oz.) flaked coconut

Beat egg; stir in sugar, butter, vanilla and then coconut. Cover jam completely. Bake 45 minutes or until browned. Cool in pan or rack. Cut into 16 squares.

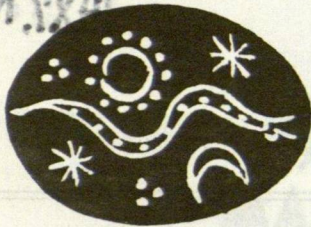
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A holiday egg decorated with Lithuanian pagan symbols of a moon, snake and sun.

Snake Thieves

Peter Brazaitis

Chief of Bronx Zoo Reptile House

Sixteen snakes, four of them poisonous, were stolen from their glass cages at the Bronx Zoo by burglars who appeared "to know snakes". The snakes are worth about \$6,000. "The thieves were very selective," said Peter Brazaitis, superintendent of the zoo's reptile house. "They stole snakes that are very attractive to snake fanciers. Not just anybody can do that."

Police were investigating the theft, which occurred about 7 p.m. after the zoo closed.

The burglars tripped an alarm and slithered away before zookeepers reached the reptile house, leaving several cloth "snake bags" behind.

"These were all small snakes," Brazaitis said. "They either weren't the kind that grew large or were the equivalent of teenagers."

The poisonous snakes taken were one sidewinder, one Taylor's Cantil and two Carolina pygmy rattlesnakes. Four boas, three pythons and five king snakes were also snatched.

All the snakes are extremely sensitive to cold and cannot withstand current temperatures outside, zoo officials said.

"In the same area, equally accessible, were other less valuable snakes," Brazaitis said. "They chose these for the size and their value."

The most valuable snakes stolen, the green tree pythons, could fetch between \$800 and \$1,000 from snake fanciers.

Gift Subscriptions to *Bridges* should be sent in no later than Dec. 1, 1987, the date when the yearly rate goes up to \$10.00

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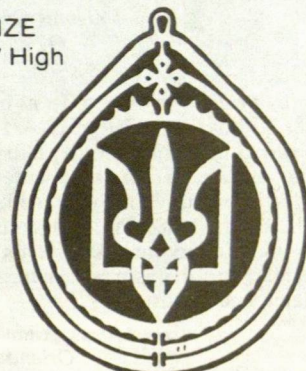
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LETTERS

The Lithuanians of the Mississippi Valley of St. Louis area, those living in Missouri and Illinois, are very much impressed with the quality of the message and the looks of your publication. Everyone I talk to has nothing but the best comments about it. Knowing how much you are appreciated and needed, the Executive Committee of our Chapter decided to send you a small token of appreciation—a check for \$25.00. Please, keep up the good work.

Zigmas Grybinas
O'Fallon, IL

I enjoy *Bridges* very much. I was born in Kaunas, Lithuania and left in 1944. I speak and write Lithuanian perfectly, although I have no one here to speak to. I write to my family in Lithuania all the time, and I have visited Lithuania twice. Enclosed is a *Bridges* subscription for my son. He does not speak Lithuanian but he is very interested in Lithuania and its history.

Alina Jones
Orlando, FL.

My parents came from Lithuania and I am proud to say that they gave me the honor of being "born in the USA." I remember well the day I came from grade school. My mother was crying! Little did I know that she had received "The Last Letter from

Lithuania." For many years I have been writing in various newspapers. Those of us who know of the atrocities that were done in Soviet-occupied Lithuania must tell the world the truth! We must have an active campaign in all major newspapers in the United States. "Voice of the People" is one very important vehicle we must use.

Vincent J. Gumulauskis
Commander VFW Post 1536
Merrillville, IN

Vincent Gumulauskis also sent *Bridges* this interesting letter addressed to him from Martin S. Harris, Jr., an architect who lives in Waltham, VT:

I read and enjoyed your letter in Legion Magazine. Let me tell you a story of an event that occurred while I was in Vilnius last June. I had been studying Russian on my own in preparation for a trip through the Soviet Union, and so, when we had dinner at the Gostinitsa Lietuva in Vilnius, I thanked the waitress for a fine meal in my limited Russian. She replied, "In Lithuanian, we say thank-you this way" and used a phrase that sounds like "ah-chiu." I can't do better because I know no Lithuanian at all. I was reminded in a very polite way that these people, although now under Soviet rule, do not intend to be that way forever. For her to do this in an Intourist Hotel took some courage.

Vilnius was without doubt the high point of our journey. I would like to return, perhaps to teach a short course at Kapsukas University. I have the greatest admiration and respect for the people of the Baltic

republics, and can offer no defense for the Soviet occupiers except perhaps to observe that they treat ethnic Russians about as badly as they treat the Baltic nations, the Byelorussians, and the Ukrainians.

Martin S. Harris, Jr.
Waltham, VT



Winds in Lithuania

Recently I have been made aware of your interesting and very informative magazine. I am Polish-Lithuanian descent. Both parents from Vilnius originally. I have visited Lithuania five times and married a fine lady from Kaunas who is with me here now. Lithuania is a beautiful country and so are its people.

Paul Tacewiz
Nashua, N.H.

Bridges is the least biased of all the Lithuanian and Lithuanian-English publications available to us!

Vilius Zalpys
Duarte, CA.

Dear *Bridges* Readers—

Your editor is fast coming to a standstill, like the motorist in this cartoon from Lithuania. Please help. Train to become a columnist for *Bridges*, writing about one of these topics: Life in Lithuania Today, Lithuanian Sports, Theater, Arts, Parent-Children Relationships, and Problems. Send me your name, address and phone number. We will talk.

Demie Jonaitis, Editor of *Bridges*
79-18 Park Lane South
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