

bridges

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june 2010

LITHUANIAN AMERICAN NEWS JOURNAL

Letter from the Editor

When you think of June where does your mind go? What path does it take? Are you seeing beautiful gardens, sunshine, longer days and beautiful June brides? And yet this month has brought such atrocities to Lithuania. In this issue we remember those men, women and children who were ripped from their homes and country and deported to far away barren places. Their crimes? They were Lithuanians. In the beautiful month of June, during the weekend of June 14, 1941, the reign of terror took over the lives of so many. Our own Gema Kreivenas, the production manager of Bridges, is sharing her father's book and the horrors he and others endured. This summary of his book will continue for several months. Laima Pacevicene, an English teacher in Lithuania, writes about her father and his sufferings from his long lost diaries. Even though we must move forward with our lives, we should never forget what happened in the past.

Are your vacation plans in place? Please consider the Song Festival in Toronto, Canada. It is an opportunity for you to share your heritage with thousand of others from all over the globe.

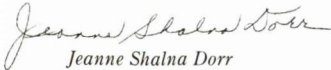
When Gema sent me the photo album pages of this month's issue I honestly felt I was in Lithuania and could lean over and smell the beautiful flowers. Many thanks to Julie Skurdenis for these magnificent pictures.

As always, thank you to all of our writers. I don't have adequate words to thank you enough. Please keep the articles coming and please let me know when your organization is having an event. Let's keep our calendar growing. Don't be shy after the event. How about sending a few photos so we can share your good time and success with our readers?

To all our fathers, grandfathers, Godfathers, uncles and care givers - Happy Father's Day!

"One night a father overheard his son pray: Dear God, Make me the kind of man my Daddy is. Later that night, the Father prayed, Dear God, Make me the kind of man my son wants me to be." Anonymous

Thank you for sharing your homes with us this month.


Jeanne Shalna Dorr

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2715 E. Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19134
Tel: 800-625-1170

Fax: 856-428-6014

E-mail: LithuanianUSA@yahoo.com

BRIDGES Consultants

Jeanne Dorr	Editor
Gema Kreivenas	Art Director/Production
Rimas Gedeika	Treasurer & Subscription Manager.

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Address all editorial correspondence to:

BRIDGES

Jeanne Dorr
4 Shrewsbury Yard
Riverton, NJ 08077-1038

E-Mail: Jeanneshalna@aol.com

For subscription & advertising information,
please contact:

LAC, Inc./BRIDGES,

Rimas Gedeika
78 Mark Twain Dr.
Hamilton Sq., NJ 08690

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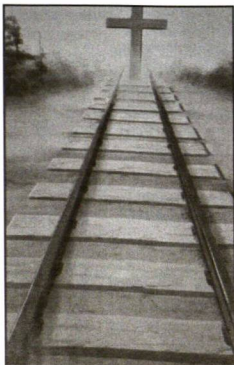
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The arrested were taken from their homes to railroad stations and loaded into freight cars. 50-60 persons to a car. Men were separated from their wives and in many instances children from their mothers. The people, locked in the cars lacking air and without food and water, had to wait several days until all the arrested were entrained. The long journey into the depths of Russia killed many of the weak and sick. Lithuanian deportees were transported to northern Russia, western and eastern Siberia, Kazakhstan, and the Soviet Far East. Most of the deportees were confined in forced labor camps. Such torture chambers that rode the rails are now on exhibit in Lithuania.



This mural dedicated to the memory of the deportees is a shrine in St. Andrew's Lithuanian Church in Philadelphia, PA. It shows the train tracks that led thousands of innocent Lithuanians to a painful national holocaust and the doors to eternal life. According to data collected by the Lithuanian Red Cross, 34,260 persons were deported during the "black days of June." Statistics on age groups and professions have been provided from a list of 20,974 persons. Age groups were divided as follows: Infants to age 4 - 1,626; children 4-10 years - 2,165; 10-18 years old - 2,587; 18-30 - 3,986; 30 to 50 - 7,778; 50 to 70 - 1,681; over 70 - 427; 724 were of undetermined age. The largest groups comprised elementary and secondary school students - 6,378; farmers - 3,389; housewives numbered 1,865; teachers - 1,098.

Fr. Peter Burkuskas, Philadelphia, PA



Dalia Skrinskaitė-Viskontienė

Community in Toronto. Just over a hundred people of all ages are directly involved in organizing and hosting the 9th North American Lithuanian Song Festival in Toronto, Canada. Their work began four years ago when the 8th Festival in Chicago, Illinois ended and the "torch" was handed over, as in a relay, to the Principal Music and Artistic Director, Dalia Skrinskaitė-Viskontienė and Organizing Committee Co-Chairs, Paulius and Rasa Kurai of Toronto. Four years of planning will be over "in the blink of an eye" in three days this July. Friday, July 2nd features a special concert at 8:30pm at the International Centre by one of Lithuania's leading contemporary music performers – Marijonas Mikutavicius. Saturday, July 3rd features the Festival Choir's dress rehearsal at the Hershey Centre from 8:30am until 5:00pm and an evening Street Party at the Toronto Airport Marriott Hotel from 7pm on. Sunday, July 4th is the highlight of the Song Festival – the Festival Concert at the Hershey Centre starting at 2pm. The evening celebration Gala – "Melodies of the Forest", held at the International Centre beginning at 7pm will bring closure to this special weekend. We promise an exciting and joy-filled weekend to all who participate and invite you to join us in this celebration of song – our oral heritage!!

MASTERPIECE OF ORAL HISTORY:

In 2003, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) proclaimed the traditional Song and Dance Festivals of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania as "masterpieces of the oral and intangible heritage of humanity". Truly something we can be very proud of! The very first Lithuanian song festival was organized in 1924 in Lithuania and the tradition has

Celebration of Song - Our Oral Heritage

By Gabija Petrauskas

The 9th North American Lithuanian Song Festival will take place July 2-4th weekend, 2010 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. 1200 voice choir main concert, Sunday, July 4th at 2pm, Hershey Centre, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada. Website for information and tickets:

www.dainusvente.org OR www.lithuaniansongfest.org

This summer's long weekend in July is eagerly anticipated by the Lithuanian

continued approximately every 5 years for the past 86 years. Following the occupation of Lithuania by the Soviet Union following World War II, the tradition continued within occupied Lithuania. In 1956 the tradition was mirrored outside of Lithuania with the first North American Lithuanian Song/Dance Festival produced outside of Lithuania, held in Chicago, Illinois. This was the first of 8 festivals produced outside of Lithuania over the past 54 years. All took place in Chicago, except in 1978 the Festival was held in Toronto, Ontario Canada. So.... after 32 years, the 9th North American Lithuanian Song Festival returns to Toronto.

FESTIVAL THEME:

"I am the Song" is the theme of the 9th North American Lithuanian Song Festival selected by the Festival's Principal Artistic Director, Dalia Skrinskaitė-Viskontienė. It is the title of a song from the original works for children's voices by Toronto composer, Jonas Govedas. It embodies the spirit of this festival as a celebration of song. Every aspect of our lives is expressed through song – our joy, our sorrow, our memories, our pain, our contemplations and our prayers. The cyclical nature of life whether it be the cycle of a lifetime, of a year or of a day is symbolically embodied in the logo created for this festival by Toronto graphic artist Snaige Sileika. It features the sun – bright and spreading light on the one side, and dark, contemplative and restful on the other side. These cycles will be reflected in the scenario written by Laimute Kisieliene of Lithuania and Dalia Viskontienė for this song festival. Dalia feels that the symbol of the sun conveys the reality of our lives: "We settled in different continents, seeking 'safe harbour' from various storms of life and have managed to stay 'alive' as Lithuanians. For us to come together for events like these is essential to keeping ourselves alive as Lithuanians. We come together in a meeting of the heart and of the soul and we replenish

ourselves through the warmth and comfort of each other (of the sun) to endure and create anew as we once again return to our homes across the various continents." It is as if the strand of sunlight continues to warm us and to unite us with Lithuania, with each other and with our heritage.

4-PART CONCERT SCENARIO:

Our heritage will come alive once again at this festival, melding our proud pagan past with our present and strengthen us for the future. The first part of the concert leads off with the song – **Let's greet the Morning Sun on Wings of Song** (an original work written especially for this song festival). Morning – symbolizes birth, new beginnings and new chances and Song born from the cradle of Lithuania leads us throughout our lives. Kriviv Krivaitis – the high priest of pagan Lithuania, represents a voice from our distant past. His main function was to tender to the sacred flame and ensure it never goes out. Krivis stems from the Lithuanian word "krūva" - collective or coming into a group. So he calls us all to join in the celebrations of the festival and to never let the sacred eternal flame of our cultural heritage die. As a sign of his high rank in the community he wore a wreath of oak leaves. He was tended to by Vaidilutės - young women who committed themselves to his service and the preservation of the sacred flame. Typically they dressed in white which in Lithuanian tradition represents beauty, harmony and light. Their heads were adorned by wreaths of flowers from the fields. The festival will open by observing some of the sacred rituals associated with lighting of the sacred flame.

The second part of the concert is focused on daytime with the lead-in song:

I need song like earth needs sun. It celebrates youth warmed by a sun that helps it grow and mature. In ancient Lithuania, the Sun was worshipped, offerings were made to her and she was called Mother (motulė, motinėle). It represents warmth, light and life.

The third part focuses on evening and the setting sun – **There Beyond the Star is Evening Peace.** At the end of our day, our sun leaves us in darkness as it hurries across the continents to bring a new day and new light to Lithuania. As evening sets the songs become contemplative, nostalgic. We remember songs sung to us in childhood, songs we grew up with. The richness of this nostalgic moment will be experienced most fully if we, in the audience, bring with us memories from our past that still strike a chord in our soul to reaffirm who we are.

The conclusion of the concert will reaffirm **I am the Song!** (Daina ir Aš tas pats esu). And that being Lithuanian

is a conscious decision of the person regardless of which continent he finds himself in. **Not the Earth but the Person** (Ne Žemė bet Žmogus).

ABOUT THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTIC DIRECTOR – Dalia Skrinškaitė-VISKONTIENĖ:

Dalia is a professional teacher, choir master, church organist, performer, soloist and effective leader. Born in Kaunas, Lithuania, she left following the Second World War, with her parents at a very young age and lived as a displaced person in various refugee camps until the family settled in Canada. Her ties to Lithuania have always continued to be strong. As she developed professionally, she intensified her professional links with musicians and composers in Lithuania. To this day Dalia maintains a very strong bond with her Lithuanian heritage and is keenly aware of its contribution to the formation of her spiritual/creative side, primarily through music and song. Song has a place in everyone's life, at all stages of life. Perhaps, then, it's not surprising that she chose as the logo for the 9th Lithuanian Song Festival the phrase - "I am the Song" since it reflects her own life so closely.

Over 48 choirs representing 1200 singers have already registered to sing in the Festival Choir. They are coming to Toronto from Kansas City, Seattle, San Francisco, Pusk in Poland, from Lithuania, Australia, Europe and from across Canada. "This Song Festival belongs to every person who heard the call to come and sing, who generously donated their free time and their hard earned money to join us in song and to give joy through song!", says Dalia. "My most sincere thanks, admiration and love belong to them." She adds that for people involved in choral work, it is essential to share the joy of music and to give it as a gift to one another – a gift that never ends! She says: "This is the key motivator for me – sharing the joy! I look forward to standing in front of the 1200 voice Festival Chorus. Although we will have come from very disparate corners of the world, we will perform as a unit and give you the gift of song."

We look forward to seeing you at the 9th Lithuanian Song Festival in Toronto, Ontario Canada, July 2-4th, 2010. Please visit the website for more detailed information regarding the events, hotel reservations, ticket purchases and maps.



HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY ABOUT FATHER

Once our teacher of English told us to write an essay about one's father. I happily sat down with an empty sheet of paper in front of me, as I considered it to be an easy job. But then I started thinking of what to start with? My father's name? Well, his first name was Juozas and the family name was one of the most common in Lithuania – Kazlauskas. Or maybe I should start my essay with description of his appearance – his face, eyes, posture, his gait? He had blue eyes, shining with wisdom, tolerance, experience, gained during long years of life. How much do I know about his life? His personality? A famous Russian poet Jevtushenko wrote: "I pro otsa rodnovo svoevo my znaja vsio, neznejem nichevo" ("And about our father, we know everything, don't know anything at all").

Maybe, let's start from the very beginning? A very good place to start.... My father was born (now) more than 100 years ago in the Muoriškiai village, in the northern Lithuania (now Biržai district) by the border with Latvia. The border was the river Nemunėlis. On one bank there was my father's native village, and on the other one – Latvia. "You could even hear Latvian dogs barking" – I remember my father, telling me about his native place. I liked my father to put me to sleep and tell tales about his childhood. I closed my eyes and tried to see him, a small boy, pasturing cows in the light of the rising sun, all wet with morning dew and shivering from cold; the only warmth for his bare feet were the "cow cakes"... He liked climbing up a tree and preaching for the cows as he wanted to become a priest... I close my eyes and see my father in a big overcrowded train, going to Russia. His family was trying to escape the First World War. My father shepherded their cow in wide steppe and the milk was bitter as the cow fed on the wormwood growing there. (It seems that now I could feel the taste of this bitter milk on the end of my tongue). The family was big, the journey to Russia and perhaps the life there was so difficult that my father's sisters died. Through all the long years of his life he kept their names in his memory. Out of 9 children only 4 came back to Lithuania together with their parents - my grandparents.

Again I close my eyes and feel father's hands tucking me in the bed. I see him as a young priest in a black robe,



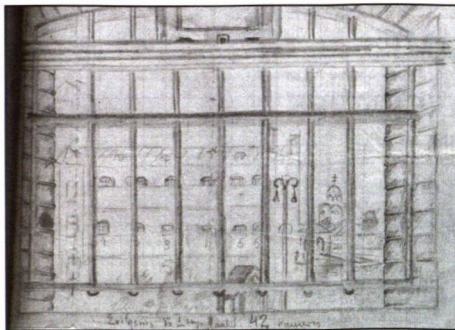
Juozas Kazlauskas

with white collar. Well, he wanted to reach his dream, but later on he understood that perhaps he was too honest or too much interested in the world in order to become a traditional priest. The young seminary students had practice in village parishes and the main problem for my father was to listen to confessions. "How could I, a young boy, dare to teach an old man and even scold him for his everyday sins. I, who knew nothing about life?" Being honest with himself my father dared to perform an unusually brave action for those times – he took back his documents and quit his studies (after 6 years of studying, can you imagine?) and withdrew from the seminary. He

never became a priest, but he always remembered his friends. Later on he served in Lithuanian army, studied in the University, and travelled all over the Europe. I remember him telling me how high and nice was Kioln's cathedral and when after many years I had a chance to visit it I felt my father standing besides me...

While studying in the university, he met my mother.... Again I close my eyes and see him in the turmoil of the Second World War. What angels saved him from the hands of the Nazis from the ward in Gestapo basement? (In Soviet times there was the famous prison of Security Service). It happened in 1943. My father was still studying at the university and working in the economic department of the main railroad office. He gained German officials' confidence and helped many friends with tickets and other documents. But once one of his friends was caught and so my father was also arrested by the Nazis. 56 years later I got father's diaries and found his drawings of the ward in the basement, where he spent some terrible months. The width of the cell was 7 feet, the length – 12.5. The doors were about 2.3 feet thick with a small window. At night he could hear people crying and shooting... some time he spent with some Polish people and for them he drew on the wall of the cell the picture of the Dawn Gate Madonna (the most sacred place in Vilnius). Nobody knows, maybe it was Madonna, who helped him to survive and to get out, but she didn't help the Poles, who were executed...

The post war period was one of the most terrible and bloodiest in Lithuania's history. All the nation was affected. My father, as many Lithuanians, was in the forest



Diary drawing from his cell window

and again he was lucky to survive in one big battle with the Soviet army.

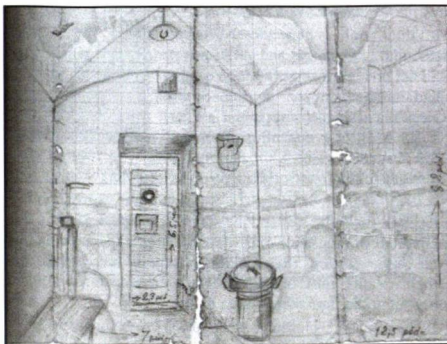
Later on he got a job in land measuring and became a land – surveyor. Mostly he had to measure forests. Very many times he was in dangerous situations when only one wrong word or wrong glance could cost a life.

As a good and trusted worker he was selected to go and measure forests in Udmurtia (the north west of Russia). In my mind's eye I see him standing on a hill and looking at a thick endless forests spreading below. His job was to measure the land, make exact drawings, maps and other documentation of that huge green massive. The job seemed impossible for him. And still he managed to do it very well. My father fell in love with forests for the rest of his life. Though he had to spend his life in a town and work as an economist in the factory, I remember how happy he was to plant trees in the yard of our house. For each child he planted an apple tree, and for me and my mother he planted two birch trees. At the back of the yard, by the street, he planted two chestnut trees. They were small and I was small at that time as well. One of them had a top bud which reminded me of a candy and I ... simply bit it off and swallowed it. Of course, my parents were worried but everything was o.k. with me. Later on, my father looking at the big and wonderfully blossoming chestnut trees, always reminded me: "Look! This one is a little bit smaller. That is because you bit off its top!"

Father was full of good humour and he never offended anybody. He liked going for a long walk together with me to the outskirts of the town. Walking together father tried to teach me the names of trees, birds, crops or simply, how

to find one's way, how to go round puddles and not to get wet or muddy. Sometimes I was too small to understand the philosophy of his words, but then it seemed to me, that the sun was shining more brightly, the birds were singing more happily and the grass was smelling more freshly...

Was my father happy? In a way he was, I think. He was always searching for the answers to the main questions of life. He had his lifelong hobby – Esperanto language. He succeeded in visiting many nice places of the world. He loved and was loved and respected by us and his friends, and yet I don't remember him speaking about love. My father had a long, long life of 92 years, he saw Lithuania regaining its independence. He issued several books



Drawing from his diary of the inside of his cell

of poetry, translations and about the Esperanto language. He gave life to 4 daughters (one died being 7 years old). And he gave the best present to me – even now I can close my eyes and feel the warmth of his hands, tucking me in the bed.

I don't remember if my essay about father was a success (now I would write it as it is written above). I hope it was. But now I can surely give a piece of advice for those who have to write such essays in English: Just sit down and start writing. With Love and Understanding. The right words will come up themselves. And don't care too much about English grammar rules. The Grammar of Love is understood worldwide!

Laima Pavecvičienė

Laima Pavecvičienė is an English teacher in the Molėtai district of Lithuania. She enjoys writing in her spare time and is a contributor to Bridges.

Part I
**IN THE DEATH-CAMPS
 AND
 BANISHMENT REMINISCENCES**

Author: JONAS KREIVENAS

Editor's Note: The next few months will carry an English summary of a book written by Gema Kreivenas' father. Gema is the production manager of *Bridges*.

Although it is time to move on we can never forget those who suffered for so many years during the Soviet occupation of Lithuania.

FOREWORD

In this book I have described my personal experiences and sufferings in Soviet prisons, in concentration camps, and in banishment to the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan. In the last part of the book I have mentioned some of the obstacles which I encountered on my way to the free world.

My own experiences are only a minute part of the tortures, the injustices and the sufferings experienced by hundreds of thousands of other political prisoners within the Soviet empire. They took their dreadful secrets with their deaths into oblivion. Similar events are still happening in the Soviet Union today.

In the so called "closed" concentration camps, where the regime is most stringent and cruel, approximately 95% of all prisoners never survive, thus eliminating the evidence of crimes committed by KZ (concentration) camp administrations and the Soviet government. Prisoners in KZ camps are strictly forbidden to possess any writing materials, or to write letters or make notes. Their bodies and belongings are searched on a daily basis. For these reasons, the free world today knows very little about those "closed" camps.

Thanks to a series of miraculous circumstances, I survived and today I feel very fortunate to be able to at least partly disclose the grim secrets of Soviet prisons and KZ camps.

On this occasion I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Stasys Garelis, M.D., who, having been a political prisoner himself, most devotedly carried out the duties of a physician, saving me and many other prisoners from a sure death.



Jonas Kreivenas in 1979
 December 27, 1896 - March 2, 1987



Jonas Kreivenas in his Lithuanian policeman's uniform, 1930

I also thank Mr. E. Jasiunas, who encouraged me to write these reminiscences. Without any compensation, he edited this book and organized a publishing committee. I am deeply grateful to all the members of this committee for their efforts and work.

Finally, I express my gratitude to all financial supporters and subscribers of this book.

Jonas Kreivenas

SUMMARY In Lithuania

Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, Soviets established their military bases in Lithuania's territory. Commanders of those bases made all kinds of false accusations, pretending that Soviet soldiers were kidnapped by our authorities, etc.

I was serving as chief of police in Pajavonys, a small town in Lithuania, when on June 15, 1940, strong military forces occupied Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. President Smetona and many other Lithuanian national leaders fled to the West. All government officials were asked to stay at their jobs and to continue carrying out their duties. Drunkards, thieves and other socially undesirable elements started to rise to the top. Walls and showcases were "decorated" with cartoons, which ridiculed the President and other high officials of the former Lithuanian government.

The border between Lithuania and Germany was completely sealed off, because Germany was the only escape route left between Lithuania and Western world. Farmers in the frontier area were evacuated. A barbed wire fence along the border was built and a wide strip of land along the fence was plowed and harrowed. The whole frontier area was studded with Soviet soldiers, hiding in camouflaged blinds and holes.

The Lithuanian army was disarmed. Many military officers of a higher rank, as well as influential intellectuals were either arrested and jailed, or deported to Siberia. Many others, including laborers and farmers, were tortured and died as martyrs.

A majority of the officials of the former government was replaced with those trying to please the new regime. This new government confiscated people's savings and replaced Lithuanian money with Russian rubles. The state took away farmlands and forced the farmers to join collective farms. The state also took over stores and businesses. Within a few weeks all stores and warehouses were cleaned out of merchandise.

The Russians wanted the occupation of the Baltic countries to look legal, pretending that this was done with the consent of the people. Mock elections to the "Peoples Diet" (or parliament) were arranged. There was only one list of candidates available, and all candidates were either members of, or sympathizers to the Communist party. Anybody who dared not to vote, was declared an "enemy of the people." This mockery was crowned with the trip of "elected" representatives to Moscow, where they asked the Soviet government to "accept" Lithuania into the "happy family of Soviet republics." Two other Baltic countries, Latvia and Estonia, suffered identical fate.

For "health reasons" I resigned from my duties as chief of police and joined my family which was living on a little farm. At that time we had three little children and my wife was expecting a fourth. After my return, early next morning our house was surrounded by security people, mostly Russians, and thoroughly searched. Without even giving me a chance to say goodbye to my wife and children, they arrested me and locked me up in Vilkaviskis jail.

Two days later I was transferred to the prison in Marijampole (presently Kapsukas) and was confined to the 42nd chamber, where I found another 20 political prisoners, who were all either former officials of the Lithuanian government, or outstanding citizens. Our chamber had approximately 100 square yards of floor area.

One day several politruks (political leaders, officials of Soviet army) came to our chamber and declared that we, as prisoners, have too many luxuries.

They ordered our windows to be boarded up, the faucet for drinking water removed, and the W.C. eliminated. Our foldable beds were carried out and replaced with bunkbeds. For our natural needs, a large bucket was placed in the middle of the chamber.

Every morning we had to get up at 6 a.m. Food was miserable, to say the least. The guards forced us to walk in a circle the entire day. Sitting on bunks or benches was strictly forbidden. At 9 p.m. was roll-call, and every second night the guards conducted a body search. At 11 p.m. we were allowed to go to sleep.

Every two weeks we were taken for a 15 min. walk in the prison's yard. We had a shower only once every six weeks, and were therefore infested with lice. Isolation from the rest of the world was almost total: no books, no magazines or newspapers, no letters from our families, no radio, no visitors. The only source of information was new prisoners and communication with other prison cells via Morse signals.

In September, the number of prisoners in our chamber grew to 82. At 11 p.m., on October 6th I was taken to a special soundproofed room for interrogation. One interrogator, a Russian, had a rank of a major; the other, also a Russian, was Captain Smirnow. Both pretending to be very polite, almost cordial, they asked me to sit down and offered a cigarette. They asked about my grandparents and parents, about their possession of any real-estate, and finally about myself: my military service, service in the police department, etc. The interrogation lasted approximately two hours and was conducted entirely in the Russian language.

The next night I was awakened and called for interrogation again. I was brought to the same room. Mr. Smirnow was alone. This time he showed his true nature and was very arrogant. He demanded that I sign a statement admitting the guilt of working against the interests of the Soviet Union. After my refusal, Smirnow shouted and swore at me, held his fist in front of my face, and finally stepped out to the adjacent room, leaving his revolver on the table.

I knew that this trick was only a decoy to lure me into grabbing the unloaded gun and thus creating a very clear case against me. After many hours of nerve-wracking interrogation, I was returned back to the chamber before 6 p.m. As usual, no sleep or rest was allowed.

To be continued next month

IN THE DEATH-CAMPS AND BANISHMENT REMINISCENCES
By JONAS KREIVENAS, CHICAGO, IL - 1981

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A Man for All Seasons

by Laurynas Vismanas

Editor's Note:

On April 17 Philadelphia's Lithuanian Community bid a sad farewell to Bronius Krokys. Mr. Krokys was a native of Lithuania who immigrated to the United States after World War II. He touched so many lives from the youngest to the oldest and was active in many, many activities. After the restoration of Lithuanian independence he turned his energies to helping his native Lithuania. I remember being with a newspaper editor in Lithuania and when he heard I was from Philadelphia his first question was, "Do you know Bronius Krokys?" Bronius Krokys was especially instrumental in teaching the Lithuanian language and culture to non Lithuanian speakers as is still evident in Philadelphia's Amber Roots. He was never without a song in his heart. I'm sure that right now he is leading a choir of angels in song.

Our deepest sympathy to the Krokys family.

The following words were spoken during the funeral Masss at St. Andrew's Lithuanian Church by Laurynas Vismanas. Laurynas was a student in the Lithuanian language class in Rochester, NY taught by Bronius Krokys

When I first moved to NYC, a massive renovation had just taken place on Ellis Island, and it was being opened to the general public as a historical museum. There were a lot of impressive ads, including a really moving television spot that shows a class of elementary school kids entering an auditorium. The camera focuses in on a young blonde boy as he makes his way down the aisle to his seat with the other kids. As the chatter of the kids diminishes, and the curtains part, a movie screen is revealed that starts reflecting sepia tinted scenes of immigrant life on the Lower East Side of New York City from a different time. Kids in knickers, peddlars and their carts, women in long dresses

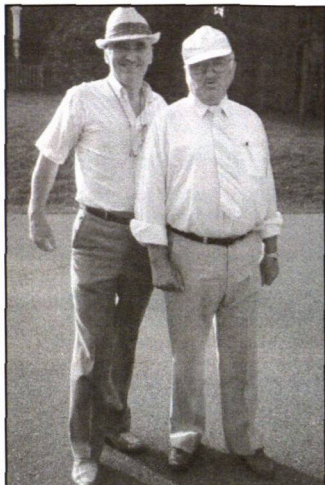


Mr. Krokys showed his passion for learning by organizing packages of supplies and books to send to schools in Lithuania and to Belarus where Lithuanians were in the minority.

and babushkas. As the boy intently follows the visual story playing out on the screen, an image of a boy his age appears. Not only is the boy his same age, but seems to bear a striking resemblance to him...and in fact we see that the boy on the screen is



Mr. Bronius Krokys with one of his classes while teaching the Lithuanian language and culture to non Lithuanian speakers. They formed strong bonds over the years which are still evident in Philadelphia's Amber Roots.



Mr. P. Jonaitis and Mr. B. Krokys started Lithuanian language classes at Camp Dainava for non-Lithuanian speakers

the same actor in period dress. The tag line is then narrated in one of those deep authoritative voices... "In order to know where you're going, you need to know where you've come from." With that, the movie ends, the lights come on, and the children start to noisily exit the theater. We see the boy on his way out looking back and forth from the screen, trying to process what it was that he just saw.

Like many of the people here today, our past would be all but unknown to us had it not been for Bronius Krokys. There is no question that Bronius Krokys had a life himself that was a story waiting to be told. But instead of presenting that life as an autobiography, he told his story through other people's lives, by opening the door to their Lithuanian heritage with such passion, that it was hard not to follow him. He made his story your story. He understood that being

Lithuanian doesn't really mean a heck of a lot unless it is shared.

I didn't always think so fondly of Bronius. After all, it was he who convinced my parents to drag us off to Lithuanian school kicking and screaming as we were brutally ripped from the TV and Saturday morning cartoons. But the door was opened. And through it we went.

With his inimitable patience, Saturday after Saturday, we would meet in Lithuanian school, and from the other side of the desk, his HUGE thumbnail would lead us through the words of our textbooks, one by one. In fact just this morning Rasa told me that she finds herself doing that exact same thing when she helps her sons to read... so it wasn't only her voice that she inherited from her father. He stopped only long enough to let us pick up our pencils to begin our eternal declensions: Kas? Arklys. Ko? Arklio, Kam? Arkliui. Ka? Arkli. Kuo? Arkliu. Kur? Arklyje.

But Bronius was more than a teacher. He went beyond planting the seeds of knowledge, and actually escorted you to a richer appreciation of all things Lithuanian. I often referred to him as my Lithuanian godfather. When I first joined the Rochester Lithuanian Community Choir, it was Bronius who coordinated the logistics and found a place for me to stay in Toronto so I could participate in the Lithuanian Song Festival in Toronto in 1978 - which is the first time I realized that there were actually more than 200 Lithuanians in the world. (Bronius sang as much

as he spoke, and never let an opportunity to do so pass. His harmonizations were a mainstay of every Lithuanian social event I remember, and provided me a booming voice to follow in choir.) Knowing that my family's finances were limited, it was Bronius who started a collection from the community to send me to the summer Lithuanian studies program at Kent State. Finding myself reading in Lithuanian at Mass, in front of a microphone recording a Lithuanian radio program, sitting at his family's table learning how to make Lithuanian Easter eggs... Bronius, Bronius, Bronius.

Aaa, Broniau, today as I think of you, I feel like that boy in the Ellis Island commercial. I feel like that whole movie that I just watched, that background to my life, was produced and directed by you. And now, the movie has ended, the lights have come on, and I find myself feeling very, very alone.

There is no question in my mind that the greatest tribute we can pay to this man we honor today is to emulate his example. If you are Lithuanian, work at improving your language skills, bone up on your Lithuanian history, immerse yourself in learning and maintaining Lithuanian traditions... and be sure to share and celebrate what you learn with others around you. And if you're not Lithuanian, share whatever it is that you are passionate about with the next generation, and make the effort to create a legacy. As cliché as it sounds, dedicate yourself to something larger than yourself. If nothing else, I am sure that's what Bronius was put on this earth to teach us.

Isėkis ramybėje, mielas mokytojai.



*Photo Album of Lithuanian
Spring Flowers*
Photos by Julie Skurdenis, Bronxville, NY



Attending Lietuva's 1000th Birthday Celebrations Conclusion

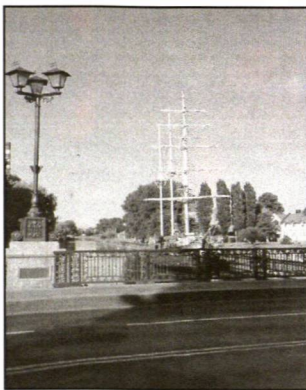
George A. Stankevicius

Editor's Note: In Part I Mr. Stankevicius recounted his adventures during the first part of his trip. He shared the comical moments as well as the deep emotions he experienced visiting the graves of the grandparents he never met, meeting new relatives and the joys of being reunited with the family he visited on previous visits.

My next venture was to Klaipėda to visit with another family member on my wife's side. Algirdas, the retired college professor. Again we took the "back roads" to enjoy the scenic and quiet older towns and villages. Jubarkas was one of the most interesting. Following the Nemunas River we came to a "fortress" that protected the town many years ago. Part of it is now a school and one can climb the many stairs to the top of the tower. There you will have the most awesome view of the entire area. A climb that is well worth the pain. A side visit to the center gave me a closer look of the town and its people. Then it was back on the road again as we headed to Klaipėda on a slow, casual drive. Stopping at local kavinės for home cooked meals added to the enjoyment of the day.

Klaipėda was preparing for Europeada Day as we arrived. Being the guest of a local made our driving and parking much easier – he knew where to go. We arrived a bit late at the square where the first of the performances was to be held.

The only seating available was close to the rear and not a very good line of sight to the stage. Once again our host comes to the rescue. He is a very close friend to one of the organizers who has a front row bench reserved for her special guests. Now the three of us are designated as "special guests" and are seated in the front row. Not thirty feet from the stage. The performance for this "šventė" was to show all visitors the older traditional "rūbas" that were worn during the earlier days of Lithuania. And that each part of Lithuania had a different "rūbas" – "national dress". Each had their own music and dances. All of the explanations were first given in Lithuanian and then translated into English. A well appreciated gift.



Klaipėda - Amber Sail

The next performance was at the stadium. Included were many groups from all of Europe. They wore their "older traditional" clothing and performed their older dances. Another great evening of entertainment. During the day we walked along the renewed waterfront. We took the ferry to the aquarium. We relaxed in a restaurant atop one of the tallest buildings giving us a beautiful view of Klaipėda. The next day was set aside to travel to Seduva for some research for my wife's documents and to stop to visit the Hill of Crosses in Šiauliai. The new visitor's center and parking area was quite a surprise and well done. Added was a

new walkway to the Hill of Crosses that passes under the roadway. Another day was used to visit the towns of Kintai and Venta. There we walked the canal system and visited the bird sanctuary.

Four days in Klaipėda and it was back to Vilnius to catch up on some well needed rest. Staying in Vilnius I was taken on day trips to visit with my hosts, friends and family.

I was also taken to the back alleys of Vilnius as my "cousin" and I checked in with his many business associates in their small remote shops. How he ever managed to remember where they are all located and how to get there amazed me. I felt as if I was in a constant maze being introduced to each and every one of them as family from America. In between visits his daughter Justina and I did some quick shopping for food and gifts that I needed to bring home. As we sat at the kitchen table enjoying some silkė and dark bread it was decided that the next day will be a mushroom hunting day. I jumped at the idea. I wondered which ones were safe in Lietuva. It did not take long to realize that many of them are the same here and there. When our baskets were filled it was time to head home for the "cleaning" and cooking. I could have done without this remembering the times that I helped my Mother in our kitchen. I remembered cleaning mushrooms as she boiled them in a great pot over and over again. There was no difference in Lietuva.

The next day we planned to journey to the eastern parts of Lithuania where I have never been. Our day began on the back roads to Švenčionėliai, Ignalina (making a side trip to



Honor guards at the President's Residence

see the Ignalina Atomic Power Plant), Vidiškės and then to Dūkštas. We journeyed on to Visaginas & Zarasai so that I might see the many lakes that make up these most interesting areas. We stopped several times to take in the beauty and serenity of the quiet countryside, taking time to stop in the centers and walk the streets while window shopping. Of course, trying some of the local food was always a pleasure. Then off to Obeliai and Rokiškis where I met a very close friend of my driver at the park in front of the most beautiful church I have seen in this area. I took some photos so that I could show my family back home what magnificent churches are here in Lietuva.

From there we drove to the Rokiškio Krašto Muziejus that is under a full restoration project. It will be an awesome place to visit when complete. We were invited to stay at my new found friend's home for the night in Rokiškis. We were glad to take him up on his offer. Both of us were ready for a soft bed and some needed rest. But it did not come quickly. As it is the custom one cannot visit and not have a meal and several "toasts" to the American.

After a hearty breakfast—Lithuanian style—we were off again heading to "I don't know". My driver took me on another side adventure he had almost forgotten. This time it was the Bee Museum; a park dedicated to the Bee Keeping folklore of years ago. It was well done.

My sightseeing adventure was coming to an end as we planned our return to Vilnius. My driver mapped out a route that included Dūkštas, Utena (to see the beer factory), Molėtai and finally Vilnius. I must admit we both were tired after this journey but enjoyed seeing all that we did. My "cousin" told me that he sees more of his country every time I come for a visit.

My visit was still not over. But my time to leave was getting closer every day. I still had a few places that I wished to visit. One was the birthplace of my wife's father –

RUDNIA. This was where another of my wife's family came to the rescue. He is Algirdas, a retired college professor from Klaipėda and a wealth of historical knowledge of Lithuania. As we drove to Rudnia he told us about the small villages we passed through. We saw the churches and schools that my wife's father and his family attended when they were children. We visited a very old cemetery and met with another family member who has a second home there. As it is with all the people of Lietuva one cannot visit and not sit down for a meal. We ate outside under a beautiful "gazebo" her son built. Thank goodness the meal was light. We enjoyed ice cold water from the well.

Within minutes her neighbors – maybe ten to fifteen families – knew that an American was visiting. Many passed by and yelled out their greetings to us. All too soon we were on the road back to Vilnius with full stomachs and tired bones.

The following day there was a "cook-out" at the home of my "cousin's sister-in-law." All my favorites were served and I was in heaven. It just does not get any better anywhere. And I cannot believe that I must leave this heaven on earth soon.

Four more days left and I still had to visit my father's family in Kaunas one more time. My first stop was with my new found family. After a light meal and some enjoyable time I asked to visit Juozas' Mother's grave. The cemetery was not too far from their home. I was allowed all the time I needed to tell her who I was and to say my good-byes. I planted some flowers we bought at the cemetery entrance. Then it was back to their apartment for a short stay and off to visit another family member in Kaunas. A quick bite of home cooked food and then we followed them in their car to another member of my family. I had yet to visit this one on my trip. The same ritual happened again. There were hugs and kisses followed by a table of food and drink. We talked of my first visit with them at their parents' farm in '98 and the bad economy. The time went by much too fast and we were late heading back to Vilnius.

With just a few days left to my adventure I tried to use them for last minute gift shopping. As we walked the streets of Vilnius we came to Cathedral Square. I asked my "cousin" about the restoration progress of "VALDOVŲ RŪMAI" the Royal Palace that is attached to the Cathedral. We walked over to where there were several others standing at a gate entrance to the Royal Palace. It was then that we were told that there would be a tour in about fifteen minutes.

How could we not wait? The tour guide appeared and invited us into the great courtyard area. The history was given-in Lithuanian only so I had to pay close attention – and the status of the restoration was also given. From the courtyard we walked up to the first level of rooms. It was

then that one gets the full visual explosion of the magnificent work done inside. From the wood carvings in the ceilings to the tile on the floors to the huge tiled heating chambers is each room. One cannot see all of this craftsmanship and not be amazed by it. We were then led to the third level where the rooms are just as elegant. From there we descended to the "cellar" level where we saw some of the original foundation stones. From there one gets the entire picture of how this huge palace was built by hand and muscle. The two of us were absolutely amazed by the amount and quality of the workmanship. But one "problem" stood out for many. It was – why are so many of the "antique" pieces of furniture and tiles being purchased from other countries and not "duplicated" in Lithuania. It is a very sore subject for many.

We went back to home base to make sure my luggage was properly packed with nothing left behind. I think one of the best things I did was to set up an ATM account separate from our home checking account. There are ATM's everywhere with no waiting and no high fees. Making a withdrawal and getting Litai was as easy as can be.

My flight was in the afternoon so I had plenty of time to repack several times. My carry-on bag became a "chocolate bar carrier", with a second bag of boxed chocolates. These were the best gifts I received. Admittedly, the drive to the

airport was not an easy one. Not because of traffic, but due to knowing that I was going home. My driver—my wife's cousin's husband—and I became very good "traveling buddies" for lack of a better word. Him with no English and me with "broken" Lithuanian survived just the same.

We had plenty of laughs, too. We hugged when it was time for me to go through security. And when I turned to say good bye one more time we both had tears in our eyes. There were not enough words for me to tell him how much I appreciated all that he, his daughter, his neighbor, his friends and his family did for me to make my visit such a great one. I had one heckuva visit.

That is my story about my visit. I apologize for my rambling but I wanted to tell all about one of the greatest and best vacations I have ever had.

If anyone reading this has the inkling to visit Lithuania, do it by all means. You will enjoy every second of it.

Aciu to all who made my visit so enjoyable.

George A. Stankevicius

George A. Stankevicius is a retired "International/Domestic Satellite Systems Installation Supervisor" living with his wife Nijole in Natick, MA. His interests include fishing and completing his family genealogy. He also volunteers for the Lithuanian Children's Relief founded by Sister Helen Ivanauskas SJC.



Algirdas and George at the Hill of Cross

A Fond Farewell

On Sunday, April 25, 2010, New York's Lithuanian American Community (LAC) entertained Ambassador Jonas Paslauskas, Consul General of the Republic of Lithuania in New York with a farewell luncheon.



Ramute Zukas presents a remembrance gift to Ambassador J. Paslauskas

This spring Ambassador Jonas Paslauskas completed his tour of duty and was now being assigned as Ambassador to Georgia. He and his wife, Dalia, were very close to New York's LAC. On many occasions they participated in the Community's various cultural, religious and athletic events. Ambassador Paslauskas was always willing to give a helping hand to resolve the many various problems confronted by New York's LAC. His efforts were greatly appreciated by all and he became an intricate part of the Community.

The celebration began with a Mass celebrated by Kun. Vytautas Volertas at the Annunciation Church. (This brought back many wonderful memories of my early years, living in

New York when the Annunciation Parish was the center of my "Lithuanian World"). After the Mass, the parishioners and guests walked to the parish hall where a fantastic Lithuanian meal awaited them.

Before the meal, Ramute Zukas, the president of the New York's LAC District, introduced several members of various organizations who thanked the Ambassador for the many times he had helped them. Words of appreciation were spoken by the New York's LAC Executive Committee, the Annunciation Parish Committee, the Lithuanian Scouts, and the Knights of Lithuania.

Representatives from the Lithuanian Community's National Executive Committee, from Chapters as far as Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were also on hand to wish the Ambassador the best of luck in his new assignment.

The entertainment portion of the program was provided by two wonderful Lithuanian children's choirs---Vejas---a joint choir of children from New Jersey and New York led by Birute Mockiene and New York's Marionio Lithuanian School---under the leadership of Gintare Bukauskiene and Birute Mockiene. The repertoire was excellent. The choirs sounded great!

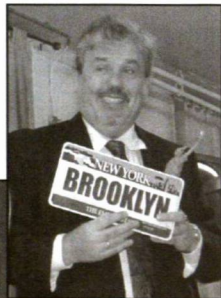
The luncheon's organizing committee and the entire New York's LAC did a fabulous job in showing their appreciation for the wonderful job that Ambassador Jonas Paslauskas and his wife Dalia did on their behalf.

In parting, everyone wished them the very best as they set out to begin their new adventures in Georgia.

Rimas Gedeika

Rimas Gedeika lives in New Jersey and is a member of the National Executive Committee of the Lithuanian American Community serving as Vice-President for Special Projects. He is also active in the Lithuanian Sports Community and is the administrator of Bridges.

**Photos by Rimas Gedeika*



After all these years, now I can drive in Brooklyn !

Ambassador Jonas Paslauskas and his wife Dalia with the combined choirs of Vejas and Maironis Lithuanian School.



LITHUANIA'S PASSION IS ABOUT TO MOVE TO THE CENTER STAGE OF EUROPE

Paul Nilsen

While it may only seem like a distant spec on the horizon, in just over 18 months time Lithuania will be putting the finishing touches to their final preparations as proud hosts of EuroBasket 2011.

Even though we still have two summers to enjoy before the action starts, it is hard not to already feel flitting pangs of excitement at the prospect of heading to the only country in the world where relationships, celebrity gossip, money, politics and religion are all generally dislodged by basketball as the first topic of everyday conversation.

Having been previously described as a national obsession and even a religion itself, it is a place where



EuroBasket 2009 was a bitter pill for the Lavrinovic brothers and Lithuania.

basketball fanatics from countries where the sport is still developing can only dream of living. After all, who wouldn't want to talk with a stranger at a bus-stop about Macijauskas rather than Madonna?

This potentially luscious cocktail of a major basketball tournament complimented by a host population with an insatiable appetite for the game means I do worry that due to my own passion for the sport, I might not make it back home.

In fact I already feel myself being somewhat seduced by the prospect of what lies ahead. I am picturing a mystical basketball force with a gravitational pull which could make putting my suitcase on the carousel of the departure lounge in Vilnius very difficult indeed.

You see, even just being around Lithuanians when there is basketball being played becomes rather infectious and anyone inside the Spodek Arena last September would probably testify to being quite humbled and

astonished by their level of commitment.

Their beloved team was not even in Katowice for the climax of EuroBasket 2009 but the hoards of Lithuania fans in the Arena didn't leave the party early. Instead, they chose to celebrate, add to the atmosphere and in the process, confirm their deservedly lofty status in the supporter stakes.

Having painted the backdrop to what promises to be a super tournament both on and off the court, its now time to delve a little deeper into some of the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead.

I guess it is probably fair to say that when the Lithuanian Federation decided to make their bid to be hosts in 2011 they anticipated a lot of hard work lying in wait. However I suspect they didn't anticipate that this workload would be added to in quite the way it has during the last six months.

A bitterly disappointing EuroBasket 2009 campaign and the necessary post-mortem meant that the Federation were side tracked by having to both find a new coaching team and prepare their case for one of the wild card spots at the FIBA World Championships later this year.

Perhaps not surprisingly, their investment in the sport, superb historical tradition and unrivaled support made their wild card case an irresistible one and to their relief, they were handed a ticket to Turkey.

Having also appointed Kestutis Kemzura, the World Championships will now give Lithuania and their new play-caller a chance to start over and bury their EuroBasket blues of last year before they welcome their European neighbours next year.

Even the distraction of a high profile on-court failure and a wild card beauty contest wasn't going to sidetrack Federation President Vladas Garastas or his colleagues from their main goal. For this is not just about hosting the tournament - EuroBasket 2011 is about making up for an opportunity that was lost seventy years ago.

"EuroBasket 2011 is something Lithuania is waiting for a very long time," explained Garastas.

"After we won gold in 1939 at home, we had to organise the next championships. That was confirmed officially and then the Second World War broke out but now

EuroBasket will finally come to Lithuania again."

"The biggest challenge of our Federation is to get ready for the tournament, to prepare everything on time and to make the event of the highest quality. We want to make EuroBasket 2011 the best in the history of this tournament."

"Lithuania has already invested 200 million Euros into the basketball infrastructure preparing for EuroBasket 2011," added Garastas.

"Some new arenas are already used and attract big crowds of basketball fans. Several others are still under construction."

When the doors of those Arenas are finally flung open at EuroBasket, you had better move quickly because there could be unprecedented demand for tickets. Lithuania has an almost unquenchable thirst for basketball at all levels and that means if you are thinking of being there, you could be holding the hottest tickets in town.



Kestutis Kemzūra is now in charge of the Lithuanian national team

Whether it be youth or senior level, the Federation and the fans are confident they can deliver and who would argue? With one successful tournament already under their belts in 2009 and another lying in wait for later this year, everyone will be more than prepared for when the big one arrives in 2011 according to Garastas.

"Last year we organised European U16 Championships for Men in basketball mecca of Lithuania - Kaunas. It was a huge success: all the tickets for the final game in legendary Kaunas Sports Hall were sold in a few hours. We received much positive feedback."

"The next step of preparation for Eurobasket 2011 will be the European U18 Championships for Men in Vilnius this year. All the final games will be played in Siemens Arena with its capacity of 11 000 which will be used during Eurobasket 2011."

"We still have very much work to do, but I'm sure basketball fans from all over Europe will enjoy a real basketball festival in 2011."

Enhancing their already glowing basketball reputation might be one of the primary aims of the Federation but it also takes hard work. The story of Lithuanian basketball success to date has not been down to chance. It is one of an intricate web of factors that all feed into the collective craving to have a winning National team that the country can be proud of.

The general popularity of the sport is of course a major factor and one that is often recognised first and foremost by those who look on with understandable envy. Basketball remains the kingly thanks in part to those historical victories that form part of basketball folklore in Lithuania as well as some fantastic in-depth coverage in just about every part of the media.

Dalius Matvejevas who handles Media and Public Relations made it clear that the Federation is keen not to lose any momentum but to continue building on its existing strengths - of which there are plenty.

"There are so many different reasons for our successes."

"As well as the popularity and the support of the fans, we also get some exceptional attention from the government which is important."

"Equally we feel that we have a productive general management system since while we are a small country, we still have a development system of autonomous associations."

"This makes for building a quality infrastructure. We have spent a lot of resources investing in making sure that we have well organised training processes, well educated coaches and good local competition systems."

"With so many talented kids engaging in programmes and with local clubs we can make sure that we have a good selection system that takes advantage of this vast net of schools and clubs."

It is hard to argue with Matvejevas on any point and I know that if I do decide to put down roots in Lithuania I might just try my equivalent of the 'City Of Love'. Forget Paris or Venice - my true love means heading for Kaunas. A place where I will never be short of a team to be involved with since this incredible basketball city has more than 250 teams - and that's just the men.

With clear development pathways, the domestic leagues at a higher national level in Lithuania are full of young and hungry players. Those players are now no longer blinkered into moving to a College in the States but are now ready to utilise the resources being handed to them on home soil. In the last three years alone, the rate of young talents departing across the Atlantic has fallen by a staggering seventy percent.

There are a number of dedicated basketball schools and

academies across the country and where they are not funded by Government, the Federation steps in. Much of the work is underpinned by a detailed basketball curriculum.

Along with a vast array of other initiatives, it is evident that hosting EuroBasket 2011 is indeed a major coup for Lithuania but also the mere centrepiece gem of an already jewel-encrusted basketball crown.

What strikes me most about the Lithuanian Federation is that resting on their laurels simply isn't an option. Not just because of their own desire to continually improve and evolve as a Federation but because they almost quite literally have an entire nation intently watching their every move.

Make no mistake - being a custodian of basketball in Lithuania is more than just a job.

*Information reprinted with permission of
FIBA Europe and Paul Nilsen.
www.fibaeurope.com*

THEN



Photo L-R: Algirdas Norkus, Vytautas Norkus, and Laurynas Misevičius.

Photo by Eugenija Misevičius taken in 2003 in Waterbury, CT. It is the home of the only living European Champion of the 1939 games. Vytautas Norkus was a member of the Lithuanian men's basketball team, who won the gold in Kaunas Sporto Halė, newly built for that tournament. He and his brother Algirdas escaped the soviets in 1944 and lived in a camp in Germany. They later emigrated to the United States.

Lithuania's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Audronius Azubalis, congratulated Washington, DC's Donelaitis Lithuanian School upon its 50th Anniversary, of its founding, celebrated on May 1, 2010



Older students of Donelaitis Lithuanian language school folkdance

Photo by Rasa Kasetiene

"For over 50 years, your school has served as a home of national and civic nurturing. For many decades, it spread the truth about our homeland, Lithuania, which, though occupied, never succumbed. It was a home from which many of our people began their Lithuanian life" stated A. Azubalis in his greeting. The Minister thanked the school community for the many years that it nurtured the Lithuanian language, culture, and traditions.

In 1960, in the basement of St. Peter's Church, a parish in Northwest Washington, DC, 17 elementary school pupils started to study Lithuanian language, history, and geography. When the number of pupils increased, the Lithuanian-American community of Washington, DC called a meeting and officially founded the Saturday school. Its first official site, which was rented by the parents, was opened in 1961 in the basement of the old Latvian parish. In 1964, it was decided to name the school after Kristijonas Donelaitis. Since 1985, the school has been operated at St. Elizabeth's Catholic School in nearby Rockville, Maryland. The school has had 9 principals over the years, and over 100 teachers. At this time, the K. Donelaitis Lithuanian School continues to grow, and currently boasts 76 child and 6 adult students.

Calendar of Events for June and July/August 2010

Please verify all events as plac²⁰ times are subject to change.

June

June 5, 2010 - 8am-2pm
Spring Fling-Featuring indoor & outdoor activities, crafts, vendors, flea market, food, raffles, children's activities, bake sale, books sale & much more!
3603 Mc Roberts Road Pittsburgh, PA.
For info, or to register for space please visit [www. Ostprov.org](http://www.Ostprov.org) call 412-885-7232.
Sponsor: Sisters of St Francis of the Providence of God.

June 5-6, 2010
TALKA WORK WEEK-Please plan to come help prepare the Neringa campsite for the summer during the annual. Talka work weekend. Kindly inform regina@neringa.org 978-582-5592-plan to attend.

June 10, 11, 12 & 17, 18, 19
Annual Bazaar-St.George Church Salmon & Venango Streets

Philadelphia, PA
Fun & Games! Lithuanian Kitchen-Kitchen opens at 6pm
Stands & games open at 7pm

June 15, 2010 - 7pm
Amber Roots will hold a Jonines Evening of Music and Literature dedicated to Mr. Bronius Krokys. Lithuanian Music Hall 2715 East Allegheny Ave. Phila. PA.
Culture Center, please use the left side door to gain access to the downstairs. Refreshments will be served. All are welcome. For info call Millie Helt at 610-497-5469 or milliemarks@aol.com

JUNE 26, 2010 - 1:00 pm
Jonines in the Rocky Mountains with the Latvian Community (If you want to travel to Meadow Creek Reservoir from Fraser together, we'll be meeting at the Fraser Safeway parking lot & will be leaving at 12:30) Location:

Meadow Creek Reservoir (the campsite's coordinates are 40.056376 - 105.752056)
Info: Romas Zableckas or Gintautas Sutkus - Sponsor: www.coloradolithuanians.org

July

July 2-4, 2010
IX Lithuanian Song Festival
Toronto, Canada
www.lithuaniansongfest.org

July 2-4, 2010
We are offering the possibility of a **BILINGUAL INTRODUCTION TO NERINGA** camp for families, to be facilitated by Sr. Igne Marijus. Pending interest, mission & beautiful landscape. Please see www.neringa.org if interested in this possibility.

July 25, 2010
Annual Patnam Picnic & Neringa campers will perform as has

been the tradition in the past. www.neringa.org

August

August 1-14, 2010
Camp Neringa Heritago Children's Camp in English (7-16 yr-olds)
www.neringa.org

August 5-8, 2010
Knights of Lithuania
87th National Convention
Binghamton, NY
Hosted by Council 72
www.knightsoflithuania.com

August 14-21, 2010
Camp Neringa Continuation of Heritago Children's Camp in English (for ages 13-16)
www.neringa.org

August 15-16, 2010
86th Consecutive "Lithonian Days"
Schuylkill County is fast approaching!!!
Saturday (14th) 12:30 to 5pm,
Sunday(15th)12:30 to 4:30pm.
Food, dances, history, & the celebration of all things Lithuanian
Schuylkill Mall, Frackville, PA

Sponsor: Knights of Lithuania - Council 144

August 28, 2010
European Festival 2010
Time: 10:00am - 10:00pm
Admission: Free
Location: Civic Green Park 9370 Ridgeline Blvd., Highlands Ranch CO 80129
www.coloradolithuanians.org

August 29, 2010
Annual Picnic - Lithuanian American Club of Northern New Jersey 1:30 - 5 pm (Food served at 2:30 pm)
Hedden Park (Covered Pavilion) Rain or Shine
Randolph, New Jersey
"Patlock Picnic" Bring your own culinary specialties! \$5.00 admission should be accompanied by a covered dish to serve 6-8, \$15.00 per person if you do not bring a dish. Most know in advance what you will bring. Call Susan Savako (973) 328-2850. Children under 12 years are free.



Lithuanian-American Community

CONTACT INFORMATION:
WEBSITE

WWW.LITHUANIAN-AMERICAN.ORG

TELEPHONE

800-625-1170

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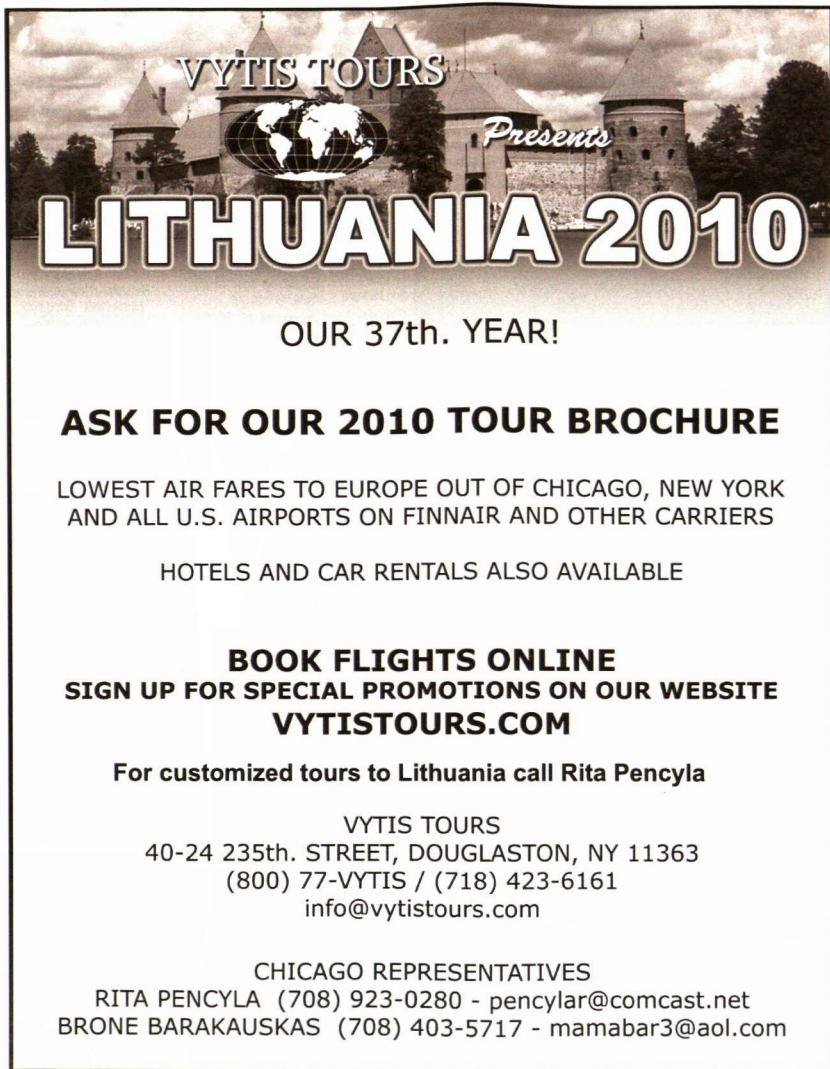
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1 - Style A hat - \$ 20.00



20 - Amber necklace & bracelet - \$ 30



27 - CD by Exultate / Rita Kliorys, director - \$ 15



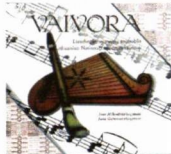
12 - "LIETUVA" scarf (4" x 52" long) - \$ 25



5 - CD by Jurga "Instrukcija" - \$ 20



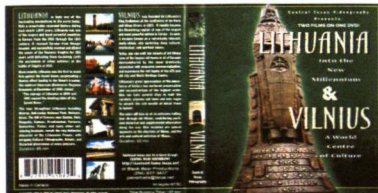
6 - CD by Jurga "Aukso Pieva" - \$ 20



7 - CD by Vaivora (ethno-cultural music) - \$ 20



8 - Vytis decal approx (3" x 3") - \$ 3



23 - Exploring Lithuania & Exploring Vilnius (2 set DVD with 3 hour total viewing time) - \$ 45.



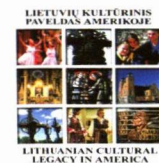
25 - The First Lithuanians in Texas, 116 p. - \$ 25.



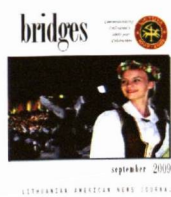
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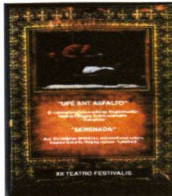
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14 - Cultural Legacy Book (hardcover, 224 pages) \$45



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16 - Set of 6 DVD's of XII Theatre festival (in Lithuanian) - \$ 45



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19 - LIETUVA decal (1" x 2.5") - \$ 3

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www.lithuaniansongfest.org

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