

ENGLISH SECTION

From the Editor's Chair

When a garage man makes a mistake, he adds it to your bill. When a preacher makes a mistake, no one knows the difference. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it was just what he wanted; he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. But when the editor makes a mistake —

— Good Night!

When the Germans came upon him, the boy looked as though frightened. He was rolling something in his mouth. An officer demanded to see it, and the boy took out a handsome little whistle he had used to imitate the nightingale. The Germans admired the whistle, praised the boy's ingenuity and persuaded him to whistle again. "I can imitate a cuckoo, too," he said, and proudly proved it.

Questioned, the boy said he lived alone among the ruins, getting along as best he could. Yes, he knew the road to the next town. "I used to go on that road to the millpond to catch fish."

The officer promised him a shiny cigarette lighter if he would act as a guide. "But if you fool me, I will twist your head off!" he threatened.

As they marched, the officer pointed to the woods ahead. "Are there guerillas in there?" he asked. "Do you mean mushrooms?" the boy asked innocently, and went on to enumerate the kinds growing there. The officer asked no more questions.

Playfully the boy started to whistle again, 32 times like a nightingale, twice like a cuckoo. The Germans rather liked the joviality of their companion and said nothing. But deep in the woods lurking guerillas knew the meaning of the bird songs — 32 Germans and two machine guns were on the road.

Once within the woods, the boy, fleet as a rabbit, darted off. From the concealing birches came a hail of bullets. Not one of the Germans remained alive.

Morris Degutis



Paving the way for seaborne assault, British and U. S. airborne troops carried by glider and parachute invaded Sicily four hours before the first landing barge touched its shore. It was the first use made by the Allies of glider-borne troops such as these being trained in Britain.

Report on the Doings of LLD "105"

by Flash, your official Club Reporter

You may not have heard of '105' yet — so let's start at the beginning. Congratulations were in order, approximately three months ago, to the 105th Group of the LLD of Toronto which was officially initiated by our parent group, the 162nd, with a most enjoyable tea dance. Even this was not the beginning of our activities, much to my sorrow. For, not having realized my position as the reporter (I'll never forgive 'em) I took no notes of the preliminary meetings. So, to stem the rising tide of criticism, I hereby apologize beforehand for the deficiencies of my memory.

John Barnett — President
Rene Pazerro — Secretary
Joe Murauskas — Treasurer
Lily Sarapas — Reporter
Entertainment Committee:
Clemey Keveza, Jenny Savickas, Art Kaptainis, Peter Alksnis.

Our Action Committee rightly deserve their name, for immediate plans were laid for the following weeks — and carried out, too. Let me line them up so that you may gaze and wonder.

— Dance, Wednesday
— Tour of the Museum, Sunday
— Debut on April, 2nd. (More later).
— Bowling and dancing, Saturday
— Hike to the Lake Front, Sunday
— Dance, Wednesday.

At this point we take our hats off to Vera Thomas and Co. for the loan and cartage of records for our dancing pleasure. These thanks are very belated, and on behalf of "105" I express the deepest gratitude with an uneasy conscience.

To continue with our activities.

— Scavenger Hunt.
— Bowling again. (Boy, the records we shattered!)
— Theatrical Effort (more anon).
— Baseball.

This goes on and on, so before getting involved in the future, let's finish with the past.

The Montreal Lithuanian Choir Visits The Dominion Capital

(Editors Note: This report is definitely out of date, as this page has been very slow in growing due to lack of response to my plea for correspondence especially from Montreal. However, I feel sure it will still be of interest to many, as the personal opinions of this Ottawa correspondent are voiced.)

At the January meeting of the LLD Ottawa branch, R. Degutis suggested that: "Since in the Long and Glorious History of Canada's Capital the Baltic Peoples have never shown themselves capable of undertaking a task of responsibility, let us, the nine Lithuanians of Ottawa, take the initiative by arranging a concert in aid of some worthy organization doing war work."

Accordingly, Montreal was asked for a few artists, and responded with the whole choir — thanks to Joe Urbonavicius. We were astounded, as we had no way of accommodating such a large group overnight. R. Degutis, the president of our group, and yours truly went to Montreal to discuss the project further. We were assured that the Montreal people were willing to come on the morning of the concert and return the same evening.

I personally, enjoyed the trip. For I met a swell bunch of Lithuanian youths and maidens who told me they were already practicing for our concert.

The big day was to be Sunday, May 2. The largest theater in Ottawa, the Capitol, was the home for the concert.

On Saturday, May 1, Mrs. Anne Kilikeviciene and Bruno Juraitis arrived here to check all arrangements. The program was rearranged to suit us.

Sunday turned out to be a swell day: the sun shone, and it was very warm. Most of the crowd came by train at 11.30 a. m. A party of six travelled by car. At 12.30 we congregated at the Capitol's mezzanine for lunch. A group of Red Cross workers arranged that for us.

Then it was time to prepare for the concert. It was scheduled for 3 p. m.

Mrs. Eggleston, the mistress of ceremonies, dressed in a native Lithuanian costume, welcomed the audience of approximately 1,600 people in both Lithuanian and English.

The concert opened with four songs by the choir; songs were Lith. and English.

Then Soffie Juskeviciute showed us how to play a violin. Mary Labunis and Jane Juraitis followed with a duet. They sang two songs: "Song of the Prince" in English; "I loved your Eyes" in Lith.

Seven year old Miss Labunaitė brought the house down with her vocal solos.

Then came the feature — European Waltz. In this little bit of heaven Ann Kili-

kevicienė and S. Minotaitė sang in Lithuanian "Let's celebrate the first of May." Denny Juraitytė, Steffie Minotaitė, H. Petronytė; Jane Juraitytė, Bernie Petronis, Vicky Adams, Steve Laskauskas, and Victor (Killer) Kiello danced. They did so well that I heard more than one girl in the audience exclaim: "Why can't Ottawa boys waltz like that!" No

(Continued on Page 6.)

Donna Thompson Wins Beauty Contest

It was very nice of Sarah Israelovitch, on behalf of the Labour Youth Federation to invite our Youth Section to a picnic, whose purpose was to entertain our lads in the Armed Forces.

The picnic took place at Rainbow Park in Caterville. The day at first was not at its best, threatening to rain. We are never the ones to refuse an invitation when it turns up, especially when we've had but three picnics of our own so far this year. As it was the day turned out to be lovely, and everyone was happy.

The boys in the services wasted no time in getting acquainted, and the girls did not mind that at all. After a few minutes from our arrival, we were chattering away with members of the Army and Airforce. We also shared our lunches with them. Something that everyone went for were Janet Kiello's "Ausukės." They really thought your "Ausukės" wonderful, Janet.

Strangely enough all the sisters were at the picnic. There were Donna and Vera Thompson, Janet and Nellie Kiello, Jennie and Denny Juraitis. Among the Lith. boys present were Vickie Kiello, Steve Leskas, and Mike Contout.

Donna and Janet seemed to be eyeing the two tall shy lads from Victoria, B. C. Despite the fact that one of them has a girl back home, or perhaps because of it, Janet turned on her charms full force.

You, Donna, and Colin, if you want to whisper about something, I suggest that you whisper away from me. Frank and Art seemed to be keeping their eyes on Nellie and Vera from the beginning. They finally succeeded in getting acquainted and went for a walk. Did you girls enjoy it? Don't let anyone tell you the boys in the Armed Forces aren't romantic. Oh, boy!

Denny always seemed to be disappearing with Leslie. It's all right, Denny; we don't really want to know where you went. Not much! Anyway, the berries you brought back were delicious.

Jennie Juraitis, our young nightingale, always sparkles, but today was unusually nice. How do you like Jack, Jennie?

Did you know that the Lith. boys were completely forgotten? Don't be sore, fellows. This day was to entertain the Armed Forces. As far as looks went, Donna never looked better than she did to-day. As I can't keep it in any longer, I'll have to let it out.

Our own Donna Thompson won the Beauty Contest today. She did not want to enter very much, but with all the coaxing she couldn't say "No!" Among the seven contestants she was Miss Lithuania.

Everyone seemed to go for her. The applause when she stepped up on the platform! Well, you'd have to hear it to believe it. Amidst

Well, now come details of outstanding activities just past.

First is, of course, the "Affaire a la Debut," or Christening as the Liaudies Balsas announced it. That we enjoyed it goes without saying. Thanks go to the Mrs. Sasnauskas, Keveziene, Karpaviciene, Bernataviciene, and Miss Emily Sasnauskas for the beautifully arranged tables of delicious sandwiches and cakes; a display, we know, that must have taken a lot of tiring effort on their part.

Speakers John Barnett, Joe Murauskas, Clemey Keveza; Messrs. Zostautas, Yla, and Barčas; Rene Pazerro and Lily Sarapas, congratulated the Club, wished it every success, pledged to do their part, and thanked those who so generously donated sums totalling \$28.

Enough for now; you will hear of more and better happenings soon. But, for example: "Legs Cleopatra" in the drama (?) "The Stars Fell," with an entire cast of males — (Boy, what gals! — Ed.).

Girls' high score of 200 in bowling!

Well, all right, it was 199; so what?

So watch for future issues breathlessly, and address all Fan Mail to:

"Flash" — (that's me!)
c-o Youth Section, L.B.,
160 Claremont Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Take it easy now, and stamps four cents — in case you forget.

But I, I wish I had something to make a mistake in and get complaints. So please, everyone, send in some material for our page. We should like to have the page appear once a month. That's possible only with all possible co-operation.

And again, everyone everywhere, write to your page and so make yourselves heard.

My apologies to those correspondents who wrote in ever so long ago and have waited so patiently for the page to appear. I don't as a rule pass the buck — the Editor is always wrong — but to tell the truth I was waiting to hear something from Montreal. The "something" finally came the day after this page went to press, which meant a slight revision. Thank you Vera for your effort. I don't mind the extra work; and so, here is all that's available.

Many thanks to Lily Sarapas for her interesting report on the Toronto activities. She did much work on it, revising it twice to bring it up-to-date. I am sorry to say that it is again 'way behind the activities. Thank you again, Lily and Company!

This page had been planned for the middle of June, to mark two years of the beastly Nazi occupation of the Soviet Republic of Lithuania. This was June 22. But it was put off until too late.

For that day, June 22, I had a little story to tell, illustrating that, as in other countries groaning under Nazi occupation, so in Lithuania the fighting spirit of its people has not been extinguished. How deeply rooted is the hatred of our people for the German invaders is vividly shown by this story whose author is Maurice Hindus, the well known author-traveller. It first appeared in the N. Y. Herald Tribune, and I give it to you now.

AFTER TWO YEARS OF NAZI OCCUPATION

One hot day, tired and sweaty German troops halted for a rest in ruins that had been a Lithuanian village. Suddenly there broke into the air the song of a nightingale. The Germans turned their binoculars on nearby grove, but they could not spy out the bird. They did see a young boy sitting beside a ditch, whistling on a stick.

We Present: "Interview of the Month"

Joe Murauskas, better known as "cousin Joe," has suddenly found hosts of friends and "relatives" in this part of town. And the reason? Why, Joe is our Financial Secretary — Treasurer to morons.

Coming from wild and woolly Edmonton last fall to join our group, he quickly adapted himself to Eastern ways, and most capably fills his position.

When asked to say something — what's huzzin' cousin? — he merely answered: "Well, so I don't like Toronto's streets, but it's warmer here. I like bicycle riding, movies, chocolates, Joan Bennett, and mystery stories."

About the Club: "Well, I'd like to have a yearly affair, a real big banquet, say at the Royal York, or sump'n' in, was the laconic reply.

BREEZY BRIEFS BY "BUSY BUSY"

President John on the memorable eve of our initiation was speaking, profusely prompted from the sidelines by exuberantly enthusiastic club members. (Sure there

was nothing but coffee to drink?). This went on for about five minutes, but finally he silenced the pack with, quote: "Who the h--s supposed to be saying this speech anyway?" unquote. Forcefull, ain't he?

Incidentally, did we tell you about the time he and Peter got lost in the Egyptian Room at the Museum? Oh, mummy!

Guess who evinces a lively interest in all our doings, always there with a willing ear and a helping hand to offer to anyone in need: In fact, just to know her is to feel the force of her personality. Her friends say:

"She'll do to take along!"

(To take her where? — the editor wonders.)

And we end with a lime-rite: —

There once was a girl named Stella,
Who never was stuck for a fella.
But the tables were turned
When they finally learned
That her sister was like Cinderella.

OS
ENOS

DAI RINMA
CICHLOS

Sariayje su
lijos, visu uniju
upgyre kana-
vima invazioje
deli visas pa-
jems buti su-
ko tik reikalin-

sher, Canadian
Labor presiden-
kae durbinin-
pinkai produkci-
linai sulioka su
rminisko Kingo
kad visi kana-
tovai su kovo-
pagima, kad
utvarkytu savo
durbininke ir
pabudintu pro-
tsibeve ir kity

PRUNGIMAS
NGAS
A GUARDIA

Praėjusią sa-
sesi New Yorko
Gardian bend-
los - Jungtinų
Tarybų pasikal-
bėdė atstovais
ad kalbis apie
Jungtinių prie-
stipnų ypa juos
ngimo uokerj
tai ne kanadie-

NO LAUKANOS

Australai
ustioje dviejų
keriminkų pa-
ro lauko teismo
gėre kortu su
is.

na pasyktinė,
ad todėl tie ka-
s baudžiami.

gungos. Aukš-
bės prezidento
is jus sveikinti
ordinais ir me-
du telesiu pa-
kovoje ir darbe.

imovė avinę ke-
šiu, balomis i
ny ligoninė. Su-
rys nuvedė mus
ny žmonių žeis-
mogus, is keho-
as, pagai sono-
paplanti, pavai-
ys pados nuavė
es buvo nutrin-
švaruotūn au-
viskuo, kas tik

ir vėl suglebo,
trankė... Pri-
stiečiai likti su-
mes to gėidėm.

longvu židėsiu
— sukmandavo
kilo judėjimas.
skėjo penki fa-
jū minučių ne-
punktas prane-
— ir jau pasi-
graudis. Kaip j-
smingai ir stip-
tai kildami prie
— Ir sunkios fa-
jusios sparnais,
vo jau vėlu...
asigirdo silpnas
kėjimas. Naikin-
riešius. Vienas
estelėjo snapu ir
has ilgą dūmą

