

Holocaust survivors 'need to know'

My fleeting brush with fame came recently in the form of my appearance in the movie "Skokie." It was a day to which I, with hundreds of other "extras" of fellow Skokians have been looking forward to, to seeing ourselves on the silver screen in the home-made movie. By home-made, I mean – made in Skokie. It was fun being a part of the team. I was in two scenes. Friends insist I wasn't. I hate to argue about it – it is their word against mine – or vice versa, whichever!

But turning to the serious nature of the subject, "Skokie's" complicated problem was compounded by the involvement of the CLU and its principal negotiator. Himself a Jew, it was hardly proper for him to defend the Nazis and their right to march in Skokie. To the majority of us the premise of the "First Amendment" was incomprehen-

sible in this case. The lengthy process put Skokie on the world map and ended fortunately in favor of the anti-Nazis.

The reluctance of Mrs. Feldman and to some extent of Max Feldman to give facts to their daughter of their concentration camp experiences, is fairly typical. She was over-protected and even though she wanted to know, her father's feeble "explanation" was hardly adequate. He should have been as explicit with her, as he was vehement in the synagogue scene with cries of "Never again."

Had my parents survived the Holocaust ordeal, I would have insisted to know it all. I believe it behooves our second generation to learn first hand (if possible) the suffering and indignities their parents had to endure. But I

was not that fortunate. I lost my whole family in Auschwitz, Poland.

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