

My half sister came to live with us shortly before the war. Unlike me, she was not physically stunted. Even though she was only 3 years older than I, some people actually thought she might be my mother. She also was not bothered as much as I was about my parents' attitude towards the Nazis.

In 1940 she became an apprentice as a lab technician at a small photo store. Although it was strictly forbidden for German soldiers to take photographs on the Eastern front, some German soldiers did anyway. My sister brought home many prints she made for my father that showed all too clearly what the Nazis

were up to. The most common scenes were of cities and towns in Russia, with bunches of hanged people on telephone poles and lamp posts all along the roads. Sometimes German soldiers posed in front of these hanging



scenes the way tourists pose in front of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, mugging and grinning.



After the war my sister would bring home snapshots American GIs took at concentration camps. They were powerful evidence my father used after the war whenever he confronted those who refused to acknowledge the Holocaust, or tried to shrug it off as exaggerations of the misdeeds of a few bad apples. There were just too many of these pictures and the

scenes too outrageous. Since they were amateur snapshots, and not professionally contrived images, it made them especially convincing. I had hoped to inherit these historic images when my father died in 1980. Unfortunately all had been stolen or palmed by Germans who did not like to be confronted by this evidence.