

Medical School Diploma of
Dr. Pinkas SCHNABEL
Courtesy of Filip REICH, USA

Regarding my grandfather's medical diploma, he studied medicine at Charles University in Prague. He completed his studies in 1935 and shortly thereafter returned to Yasinya and set up his own practice there.

It is hard to tell from the photo (below), the diploma was torn to pieces.

As you probably know, when the Nazis were rounding up people for the transports, they allowed them to take only very little. Everything happened so quickly when people were being rounded up that they grabbed really just the most basic essentials and often left family photos, documents, etc. behind. That is what happened with my grandfather's medical diploma. I am guessing that he did not think it would be too useful where he was going.

After the Jews were deported, the Nazis and some members of the local populations tore through what was left behind by the deportees, keeping only the valuables and burning/destroying everything else. Needless to say, my grandfather's medical diploma ended up in the garbage, along with photos and other family documents.

One day a local Ukranian woman was walking by the Schnabel family home and noticed photos, pieces of paper, strewn about. People pillaged the home and threw out/scattered about stuff they did not find valuable. This Ukranian woman knew the Schnabel family---in fact, she was friends with my great grandmother Amalia.

She went through the papers and recognized family photos of the Schnabel family and my grandfather's diploma. She collected the photos, the pieces of my grandfather's diploma, and took them into her care, with the hope that she will, one day, be able to give them back to members of my family, when they return.

My grandfather, his sister Etel, and Etel's daughter Esti, were the only ones to survive the Holocaust out of the entire family. They returned to Yasinya after the war, searching for others, to see what happened to their home, and they ran into this woman, who at the time was already in her 90s. They wept and hugged and she gave my grandfather his diploma at that time. It was because of that woman's good heart and care that the diploma (along with some family photos) survived.

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