Thanks to Pim the Brave in 1993 by Ruth Chevion

After the Warsaw Uprising (also known as the August Uprising) by *Armja Krajowa*, (**Arm**-ya kra-**Yoh**-vah), i.e., the military arm of the Polish government in exile, the Nazis destroyed Warsaw in reprisal. They reduced the city to rubble.

At the time this occurred, my Aunt Chava and my Grandmother Miriam were in hiding in an apartment house in Warsaw. In the bombing and razing of Warsaw, the building they were living in was destroyed, and they had to evacuate. In fact, the entire population of Warsaw was evacuated. People in small and large groups were walking in the roads heading out of the city, my aunt, and my grandmother among them.

Still maintaining their Polish identities, Miriam and Chava made their way south toward Tarnow, their home city, in the hope of reconnecting with family members who might have survived. The war was starting to end. They worried about Pelek, my father, as they had no news as to his whereabouts. He had fought in the Uprising, so there were grounds to worry. The two women had no money left, and only a few pieces of jewelry that possibly could be sold, but no food, and no warm clothes.

In one sense this was a very hard time. At the same time, it was clear to everyone that the war was beginning to end. If they could make it through the next few months...

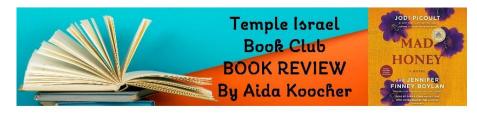
As they walked, Chava and Miriam attached themselves to a small group of Poles walking south. Of course, they did not reveal their Jewish identities. Too early for that. Chava did all the talking in her flawless natural sounding Polish, while Grandmother, whose otherwise fluent Polish was tinged with Yiddish overtones, kept silent.

In this group, besides Chava and Miriam, there were six people and a dog. The dog was a male dachshund, a small sausage shaped brown dog with a pointy nose, beady black eyes, and short legs. This dog took a special liking to Chava. As they walked, he walked by her side, and when the group bedded down for the night in whatever shelter, the dog slept near Chava. The dog's name was Pim.

Apparently, the dachshund by breed, is a natural hunter, and Pim was true to breed, because one day he disappeared for several hours, then returned with a live chicken in his mouth and presented it to his human friends. This chicken fed the hungry travelers, including the dog himself, also including Chava and Miriam, for several days. The dog did this again on two more occasions as they trekked. Somehow, along the way, Pim was able to detect where farmers secreted their precious chickens, and he was able to get himself into their coops and out again undetected and carry the chickens back whole to his grateful human family. These chickens, supplemented by some potatoes they were able to glean on the edges of farmers' fields kept them going.



Three cheers to Pim, the brave, the clever, the loyal and unselfish dog, upon whom we hereby bestow the medal of canine honor.



Temple Israel's book club met by Zoom on March 13, 2024, to discuss Mad Honey by Jodi Picoult and Jennifer Finney Broylan. Ken Cohn did a fabulous job moderating the discussion with 18 attendees, which included many members of both TI and TAY, and friends of the TI Book Club facilitators. The discussion was wide ranging, lively, and provocative. Participants left comments in the chat such as:

- "Enjoyed the discussion" (Mark Belich)
- "Look forward to our next meeting very much" (Monica Lajoie)
- "This was excellent. I truly enjoyed it." (Sheri Horowitz)

- "Stimulating and enjoyable conversation." (Beth Fraum)
- "Thank you for a good discussion." (Pat Kalik)
- "Thank you to all for your sharing and insights. I greatly enjoy the meetings. Ken you are a terrific moderator." (Louise Zeuli)

Ken Cohn, Aida Koocher and Benay Birch look forward to seeing book lovers at our next meeting on June 5th. The book we will be discussing is still to be determined.

"There is no book that contains absolutely nothing bad, and there is no book that contains absolutely nothing good.-JEWISH PROVERB