

Alley Animals

Editor's Note

As you take mental inventory of your expenses and wonder whether to participate in our raffle or possibly make a donation toward our work, I would ask you to remember what we do, and how many animal's lives we touch during the course of a single night in the alleys. I know of no other organization whose work involves going into city neighborhoods where animals, in dire need of help, are trying to survive. We not only go into the city streets, we do so nightly. The neighborhoods we travel through are known for violent crime and drug dealing, but we return to them again and again because thousands (and thousands) of animals depend on our help.

We don't have weekly television spots or interviews; our only "publicity" takes the form of our newsletter, read by you—our loyal members. Our group is not glamorous, our work is not glamorous but rather tedious, time-consuming, and costly. As we go alley by alley hundreds of times over for 8-9 hours each night, we see the darkest side of human nature as contrasted to the nobleness and innocence of animals doing their best to live unobtrusively among us. But they can't escape the deprivations of street life where there is no natural food or water source, or the pervasive wickedness of human beings who torment and brutalize them without mercy.

We cannot lift the weight of the world from the backs of all the gentle creatures out there, but every night brings us a renewed understanding that without us, these souls have no one. Please contribute to our cause of

mercy in the streets where violence and death (never peaceful) would reign supreme were it not for some of us willing to risk going back to the hostile neighborhoods for the sake of bringing some bit of kindness where the need for it is very great indeed.

Summer Again *by Alice Arnold*

It was a hot, hot night and I was running late. I started moving through the alleys a little faster, trying to beat the early light. I hate summer. I hate summer so much for many reasons but especially for what it does to the animals. Summer is harder on them than you can ever imagine—it puts them through hell.

That morning I saw again the cruelty that comes with every summer. Another animal was just out looking for food and water and met up with the wrong people. As I turned the corner to enter an alley, a group of boys took off running. I knew something was wrong. I pulled down the alley and saw what they had done. A Rottweiler was on his side on a mattress. As I got close I saw his legs were tied and a plastic bag was pulled over his head. He was dead, but his body was still warm. If only I had gotten there sooner maybe I could have stopped it. There were broken bottles and rocks around him. What kind of terrible hell those boys put him through, and for what? A thrill on a hot summer night?

What's worse about all of it is that he was not the first one we found killed by kids this summer, and I'm sure he won't be the last. Isn't summer great?



Help Us Help Them Tickets \$1.00 Each — Drawing Date is 10/27/05

Please include your telephone number on each returned ticket; additional information would be helpful but not necessary

1st Prize	\$500.00 Savings Bond - Donated by Midstate Savings & Loan Assoc or cash equivalent.
2nd Prize	\$200.00
3rd Prize	\$150.00
4th Prize	\$125.00
5th Prize	\$100.00

Call 410-823-3319 for additional tickets.
Leave name, address and number of tickets desired.



Alley Animals

Dusty *by Lillian G. Leslie*

One evening in June, Susan (someone who adopted a kitten from us years ago) left her office at the V.A. downtown and was making her way up Greene Street toward the parking garage when she noticed a woman standing by the chain link fence surrounding a construction site. Susan knew there was no bus stop on that corner, and the woman did not appear to be waiting for a cab or other ride because she was not facing the street. Instead, she stood gazing at the ground inside the fence. Curious as to what held the woman's undivided attention, Susan looked inside the construction area and saw a very small kitten on the ground. Her usual evening march to collect her car from the parking garage would have to wait.

Susan approached the woman who did not hesitate to tell her about the kitten as well as herself. As the woman began to talk, Susan sensed a sound basic goodness about this person keeping watch over the tiny creature behind the fence. Her name was Leona, and she spent the day working the hotdog stand on the opposite street corner. Leona noticed the kitten, who would alternately venture onto the sidewalk then run back behind the construction fence, but she could not leave her post until the end of her shift when she made a beeline for the tall fence and tried to coax the kitten out with a hotdog. A nurse leaving work stopped to help Leona try to rescue the kitten, but without success. When the two women pried open an unattached corner of the fence in order to get closer to the baby and offer her some water, a V.A. guard emerged and threatened to call the police if they did not leave the site. Once again they were separated from the frightened, crying kitten by a tall chain fence. The nurse helped Leona as long as she could, but eventually she had to leave. Leona stayed.

The evening was wearing on and Leona was no closer to rescuing the kitten, so she called Animal

Control and was told that someone would be dispatched to the location in an hour or so. Leona waited, no one came. By the time Susan arrived on the scene, Leona had not lost any of her determination; she was not leaving until the kitten was out of the construction site and safe, one way or another. Susan returned to her office and called as many organizations as she could think to contact, but only Alice called back.

After Susan explained the situation, Alice asked Susan to stay by the fence long enough for us to get there; Alice was generally familiar with the area, but we needed an exact location for the kitten. Equipped with food and a carrier, Alice and I drove downtown. We found the two ladies standing by the construction fence and we drove around, hoping for a parking space which we found a block away. Both Susan and Leona eagerly greeted us and pointed to the kitten lying under large slabs of laminated plaster board on a pallet. Thoroughly exhausted, the kitten's eyes were closed as she rested her little head on her front paws and nodded in and out of sleep.

As Alice opened a can of food I studied the kitten in her imperfect refuge. Everything inside the fence was thickly coated in a whitish-greyish dust. Volumes of pedestrian and motor traffic thundered by on all sides without regard to the tiny life in peril a few feet away. Either by the construction machinery, the automobiles, or by dehydration, this kitten certainly would be killed had Leona not come to her defense. Alice threw bits of canned food toward the kitten whose face and paws were dust-covered. Even the bits of food became little dust balls as they hit the ground and rolled in the whitish-greyish construction site coating. But the smell of food reached the kitten and she meowed plaintively before frantically sniffing out the dusty bits. Until now we weren't sure whether or not the kitten was old enough to

(continued on Page 3)

We Cannot Save The World But We Can Save Them From The World

I want to help. Enclosed is my donation of: \$_____. Check here if you wish an acknowledgment _____.

Please fill in below if name and address are incorrect on mailing label.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Please make checks payable to Alley Animals, Inc.
P.O. Box 27487 Towson, MD 21285-7487

Contributions are tax deductible under Section 501(c)(3) of IRC.
Our web site: <http://www.alleyanimals.org>

Alley Animals

Dusty *(continued from Page 2)*

eat—she was very young. As she was following the food trail, Alice reached through the fence and grabbed her. I had the carrier open and ready for its precious cargo. We bid the caring ladies good-bye and walked up the long, steep hill to the car. Once inside, we offered the kitten additional food but she was already sound asleep on the clean, soft towel that tenderly cradled her weary body.

A few weeks later Susan called to ask how the kitten was getting along, and she was pleased when Alice told her the little one was in a foster home with other kittens. It was then that Susan shed some interesting light on the experience. Leona is a recovering drug addict. Her job at the hot dog vendor is one of the stepping stones toward a life of independence and recovery. No one can dispute that drug addiction will drag a person to the lowest point possible, or that working one's way back from the brink of self-destruction takes every bit of strength and focus one can manage. By any standard, Leona's single-minded determination to rescue the kitten rises above the ordinary, but she extended the measurement even higher by setting aside her own immediate and ongoing difficulties in order to intervene on behalf of someone else in distress.

Susan estimated a span of almost 3 hours Leona had been trying to rescue the kitten or to locate someone who could. And, Susan had the strong impression Leona would have stayed another 3 hours, if that's what it took to free the kitten from her dusty, deadly hiding place. People who have far more resources than Leona give themselves excuses for not helping animals—we have such busy lives, we have responsibilities and obligations, we have to get home, we don't have enough time, we don't know what to do with a rescued animal, on and on. So many excuses.

Leona gave herself no excuse to leave, even though she knew she would miss her bus and need to use part of her day's wage of \$30. to pay for a taxi ride home. In return for Leona's stalwart determination, a little lost soul whose life, once in jeopardy, was freed from a certain and painful death. One person, herself in need, reached beyond her own substantial difficulties to help a tiny animal whose needs were even greater than her own. Leona's refusal to give up or lean on excuses meant the difference.

We tip our hats to Leona for providing a rare example of the good one person can accomplish using only the kindness in her heart and a resolute posture. She showed us that kindness is not just a point of view or a sensibility, but also action. Leona's compassion was tested by a series of obstacles as well as the inconvenience it caused her—how many of us can honestly say we would have withstood the adversity and remained steadfast? The life of compassion begins

with a good heart but also overlaps into the real world of hindrances and setbacks, of choices and outcomes. In this instance, Leona reminded me of my own shortcomings and showed, by example, that one need not have a great deal to do a great deal for others.

We wish Leona all the best on her journey toward recovery. As for little Dusty, she sends Leona her loudest meows—no longer plaintive or fearful. Should you encounter hard moments on the road ahead, Leona, take heart and draw strength from knowing that your fortitude put an end to the suffering of one innocent soul.



In Loving Memory Of:

My dad, an avid animal lover and Alley Animals supporter, who passed away 5/5/05

Lisa Newton

Dale Snyder, a great friend to animals and people alike.

Mowgli, gone for a year, missed every day. *Patrice Green*

Cassie, the love of my life, my beautiful little soulmate. Thank you for sharing your life with me. I'll see you again someday.

Kelly Scannell

My beloved cat, **Pasha**, who died 10 December 2004. For 12-1/2 years I forgot what loneliness was. As the Welsh say, "He was the blood of my heart."

Diane Hankey

Ethel, a very special cat.

Wendy Harlow

Sheila and Carl Bernstein's beloved Jaz who was and still is so very special to all who knew her. She will always be loved.

Judith B. Berger

Loretta E. Ward.

Yolanda Mast

Loretta E. Ward.

Craig and Sue Cutter

Loretta E. Ward.

June M.

Cooley

Loretta E. Ward.

The staff of RCM&D

My mother, **Loretta E. Ward**, who died on 7/23/05.

Kathleen Ward

In Honor Of:

Chris Harmon: happy birthday to a wonderful nephew.

Uncle Alan

Bernadette Mills, a wonderful pet owner and friend.

Wendy Harlow

Carole Downes' 50th birthday. Happy Birthday.

Bettie Chesnut

Alley Animals

Show Your Compassion On The Road Tell The World About Spaying/Neutering

Shirley Keeling has undertaken to help raise funds for Alley Animals as well as raise awareness of the importance of spaying and neutering by launching a license tag campaign. She has agreed to do absolutely all the work involved on our end; all that's left is for you to take action. Please help make this effort a success and the world a little brighter for animals.

Show your care about Animals -
Purchase an Animal Friendly License Plate and
Help us in our battle against animal suffering. It's easy!
Just call **Shirley** at **410-557-0023** or
email her at **shirkee@hotmail.com**
for information and instructions.

Even if you have renewed your registration recently, you can still apply. You will receive your Pet tags with duplicate month/year stickers by mail.

Each applicant will receive a free bumper sticker. In white letters on a royal blue background, it reads:



Low Cost Spaying and Neutering

Maryland SPCA — 410-235-8826

300 Falls Road

Baltimore, MD 21211

Stop in, or mail a check. Be sure to include dog or cat/
male or female

Fees	Female Dog	\$60.00	Male Dog	\$45.00
	Female Cat	\$45.00	Male Cat	\$30.00

Neuter Scooter Mobile Spay/Neuter Clinic

410-889-7729 Call for appointment

Humane Society Spay/Neuter Clinic 410-833-4480

Nicodemus Road

Owings Mills, MD

S.N.A.P. 410-885-5783

P.O. Box 686

Chesapeake City, MD 21915-0686

Please Consider

remembering Alley Animals in your will. Animals on the streets go on struggling to survive at all cost, and we will go on fighting to better their lot.

If you have been blessed in this life, you can share your blessings and help us help them even after you're gone.

Alley Animals, Inc. 2005 Spring Raffle Winners

- 1st Place *Nancy Lustica*, Catonsville, MD
2nd Place *Helen Neely*, Deenedin, FL
3rd Place *Arnold Michael*, Baltimore, MD
4th Place *Shirl Disney*, Parkville, MD
5th Place *Elva Martens*, Baltimore, MD

Many thanks to all who responded to our most important fundraising event. Our work is funded by the Newsletter and Raffles only, so it is important that it be a success.

We always enjoy giving recognition to those winners who donate all or part of their prize money back to Alley Animals; such gifts are as unexpected as they are welcomed. Unfortunately, the names of those winners of our most recent raffle event who donated part or all of their prize back to us were lost in the computer and we cannot offer due recognition. For this we apologize and hope you will accept our enthusiastic thanks in lieu of printed recognition.

Alley Animals
410-823-0899 or 410-785-2665

Memorials - Due to computer difficulties we were unable to include all Memorials in this issue but be assured they will all appear in the next issue.

Your memorials are important to us. Please let us know if we have made any errors so that we can correct them and reprint your remembrance. If we neglect to include a memorial you submitted, please accept our apology and let us know to include it in our next issue. A memorial donation and remembrance of your beloved companions (animal as well as human) is a wonderful way to honor their memory and we want to get it right.