

Alley Animals

Editor's Note

Especially now, we recognize that many of the donations we receive represent a sacrifice on your part—a financial sacrifice for innocent beings struggling hard in the streets. We see every night the overwhelming power of human neglect, apathy, cruelty, and their effect over animals helpless to change their circumstances, while each one of your donations contains a droplet of a different power—the force of good and its determined attempt to stand strong.

Summer has not yet reached its hot and humid deadly worst, and already the animals, the innocent, are feeling the terrifying sting of human cruelty. You've seen the stories on the news or in the paper, you know the extent of human disgrace. In this world where the wicked never rest, their cruel deeds follow one after the other against those who never deserve the pain they endure. As the heat and humidity increase, instances of repugnant cruelty will as well. The animals know, with painful intimacy, the dark side of summer.

The Last One *by Alice Arnold*

We get all kinds of calls about animals, and we try to help in whatever way we can. Several months ago Dee got a call from a lady who was crying; she had a lot of cats in her house and no food for them. They weren't spayed or neutered and had been reproducing unchecked. Along with the adults, she said she had 2 litters of kittens running around her house and she didn't know what to do. She had started by taking cats in to get them off the street, and by the time she called for help, there were more cats and kittens in her house than she first admitted. For months, Dee worked with the lady, helping her with one cat or kitten at a time.

The lady told Dee she wanted to keep a few of the cats, and Dee knew exactly what would happen. She told the lady to get these cats spayed and neutered, because we would not come back again when the population in her house gets out of control. The lady told Dee she would; a few weeks later Dee did a follow-up call, just to make sure the remaining cats were spayed and neutered, but they were not.

(continued on page 5)

In the streets and alleys, deprivation rides in tandem with the threat of human cruelty. Every day animals search, unsuccessfully, for water and food because the streets are empty of nourishment. Some of the animals hardest hit by street life, nursing mothers, will strive with every ounce of strength for their young but even they cannot find food where there isn't any, or drink from a dry pavement. None of us can fathom the crushing burdens a nursing mother bears every minute on the streets or the depth of her heartbreak as she tries with all her might to raise infants in a world that takes everything from her but offers not the slimmest mercy.

Through your help, the brilliant light of your goodness illuminates the path ahead of us as we wind our way in and out of alley after wretched alley. You cannot directly convey your message of caring to the animals there, but know this: every night we carry with us your unselfish spirit and deep concern onto the battlefield of misery where the animals are forced to endure, and the good within you reaches them.

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

Please Consider remembering Alley Animals in your Will. Animals on the streets will go on suffering, and if you have been blessed in this life we hope you will consider sharing your blessings with the least fortunate among us.

Wish List

Cat Food (dry & canned)	Bleach
Dog Food (dry & canned)	Paper Towels
Large plastic trash bags	

We gratefully appreciate donations in response to our Wish List.

**If you have items to donate, call
Dick at 410-823-3319**

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I Love A Rainy Night *by Alice Arnold*

I was making slow progress through the alleys because it was raining off and on, so I pulled over to wait and see if I should call it a night. Please don't get me wrong, I *love* the rain; the animals have water to drink, and the only time they get to drink is when it rains. It also means we might have to stop partway through our alley route because we cannot work in a hard rain. Sitting there trying to make up my mind, I thought I heard something. My window was about an inch or two down, as I lowered it I could hear a faint cry that I thought at first might be a (human) baby crying. Something told me to go make sure, and just as I got out of the car, the rain lightened up so I could hear more clearly.

I followed the sound down the alley to a yard that had a *lot* of junk in it, and the crying grew louder. Now I knew it was an animal. I ran back to the car and drove down the alley to the yard; the house looked like people moved and just threw all their stuff into the back yard. It was hard to get through everything, there was a ton of carpet over the basement door where the crying seemed to be coming from. I called to the animal, and the crying stopped, so I called again. Still nothing.

The animal sounded young, and I thought it was a puppy. Finally I was able to move the wet carpet that was very heavy and not the easiest thing to lift. The steps to the basement were broken and even with the flashlight I couldn't see very well. I had to get the puppy to cry again or make a sound, but I wasn't having any luck. All of a sudden there was a loud crack of thunder, and with that the puppy started crying nonstop. I felt bad that the thunder frightened him, but at least I was able to find his location under one of the broken steps. I shined the flashlight in his eyes so he wouldn't see me reach

for him, and before he knew what was happening, I had him under my jacket.

He was soaking wet and very thin, I could even feel his ribs under my jacket. But now I had to climb the broken steps and get out of the basement without dropping him or falling. Let's just say it wasn't easy, but we made it to the car where I dried off the wet, shivering puppy and took a better look at him. He was so dirty, wet, and thin, and I said to him, "They just left you behind with the rest of their stuff, didn't they?" I opened a can of food and he went crazy over it. Sitting in my lap, he ate and ate and ate some more.

It's funny how things happen, I pulled over to wait out the rain and decide if I could continue the alley route; if I had stopped anywhere else, even half a block in either direction, I would never have heard the cries for help. After that, I did stop for the night because by now the rain was really coming down, but the next night we were back out in the streets again.



*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>
Our email address: info@alleyanimals.org

Alley Animals

Memorials

In loving Memory Of:

Oscar E. Collins, my husband, and our dog Daisy.
Ann B. Collins

Lilly, Buckets, Pud, Bill & Sam. *Ellen Hambrick*

Jean Turkos, who died 1/9/2009.
The David Lipinski Family

The precious dog who died in the crate.
Sandra & Robert Miller

My devoted husband, John E. (Jack) Norman.
Norma Norman

Our beloved Conan. *James & Mae Burnett*

Old Candy. *Sandy Graham*

My friend, Harriet Felscher's 7 year old cat who died despite the efforts to save her.
Mrs. Aileen Dannenberg

My nephew, Charles W. Warren. *Helen H. Needle*

Matt Crance's beloved dog Sam. *Theresa Chonoski*

Azlyn, my friend Maryanne Bailey's beautiful cat, who died at the end of March. He was much loved and Maryanne is heartbroken to lose him.
Judith Eble

Katie, the wonderful and much-loved pet belonging to the Grove Family.
George & Beverly Kukoly

For Barnaby & Winston. *Linda Robinson*

Ingrid, my one true love. *Dana C. Wiggs*

Jasper, a beautiful Brittany who lived with us for only 3 weeks. He suffered from chronic pancreatitis, diarrhea, and food intolerance. He was less than skin and bones. And yet he was the most gentle and loving boy there ever was. He was Birney's brother after Kelly died and the two became fast friends. Jasper had an ugly growth on his lip that we had removed. When it came back malignant, I just had to stop his agony. We had him put to sleep and buried him next to Kelly. At least we were able to give him air conditioning, comfortable places to lie on, and lots of love. We called him our "little Jazz-bee."
Bobbie LaSov

Dudley, best friend of Linda Reiter. Dudley was the most unique, handsome, and loving member of the dog world. He is mourned and missed.
Mrs. Patricia Warden

Always remembering Sweet Sam. *Jacquelyn Lodmell*

For a feral stray from New York City she rose to become a wealthy Siberian with a big yard to patrol, to dig and roll in snow and sun, leaf and mud, animals to chase, but well fed enough to let them escape; As Sasha escaped to swim in the lake, to chase cats up spruce trees. Tears overtake me...I look for her automatically, unexpectedly tripping over her toys, her bed. Is she fed? Watered? Outside? Or hiding under the table? No. No...In the arms of the angels I glimpse her flag of speckled tail, her play time grin, just there, her face at the door then gone, only sparkling air. *kberry*

For "Precious Sissy" (Sweet Pea) 18 years old 10-11-91 to 3-30-09.

Eighteen years ago you came into my life on a damp, dreary, & cold day in the morning & later it turned to sun & fluffy clouds, you left me on the same kind of day. In the years in between we had so many wonderful blessed moments.

You were a precious girl with long black & white fur, your tail so long, full and beautiful. We almost did not get you in the humane trap & feared you would be lost to us. We had to dump you out of the trap as you refused to hudge. When you saw your brother it was so cute how you actually hugged him.

You, Momma Cassie Ann, & Ambee were the three musketeers, where one of you went, the other two were sure to be.

After your mother went over the Rainbow Bridge, you took over the job of letting me know it was time for breakfast, lunch & dinner, not to mention snack time before bed. Sweet Pea, your voice was so adorable, & you never failed to let me know what you wanted.

Small but mighty was your motto, never let the boys get the best of you, in fact they were very well trained to groom you when you strolled up to them & butted heads.

Sissy, you are missed, the boys went all over seeking their girl, the one & only Precious Sissy. I miss you more than I can put into words, the house is so still & empty without you. I look in all your favorite places, & you are not there, only in my heart will you live forever.

Sweet Pea, I know that you are in a wonderful place & that your mother was at the Rainbow Bridge waiting for you with all our babies that went before you. There are tears in my eyes & pain in my heart, but I know that you are young again, do not have any pain, & you are safe & happy.

Till we meet again, we love you.

*Mom, Ambee, & of course Laz
Marlene Pedder*

Our beloved Ubu Willie, Jaffa Elsa, & Abe, Jr.
Joy Sakamoto-Wengel & Family

Our colleague Jackie Oldham's beloved Sparky, who passed in March. *Eileen O'Brien, Gail Johnson*

For our son, Scooter. *Wendy Kester*

(continued on next page)

Alley Animals

In Loving Memory Of *(continued)*

Cracker, a sweet boy. *Marcia Shipley*

Edwardine Slaughter, beloved wife of Mr. H.C. Slaughter. *Mrs. Raymond Geddes, Jr.*

Morris, Brandy, Rascal, Smokey Blue, Pookie, Fluffy, Reba, Bear, R dog, Fritz, & Peekin. *Carolyn & Dan Hoffman*

Tanya Alexis, beloved, beautiful, blue-eyed feline companion of 13 years. *Alan W. Pendleton*

For my beautiful dog, Kaethe, who died April 24th, 2009, after 13-1/2 years with me. She was always a "problem child" and I think I loved her even more because of it! I will miss her forever. *Judith Eble*

Samantha Peach, a kitty born under a bush, who followed her sister Abbey to a wonderful life with Fran & Claude Fike, until cancer took her. *Michele Garrett*

My much-loved little yellow cat, Jody, who died February 20th. With her fellow Baltimore cats, Blaze, Jenny, and Talker. Jody moved to Texas with me in 2003. She was 17 years old and my loving companion for almost 14 years. Only Talker remains now of my Baltimore group. He and I deeply miss our "girls." *Marlene Pegg*

For my son, Jesse Elkins. *From "Mah" (Toni Fowler)*

Crocker was the first Cocker Spaniel I owned in Maryland. He came from my boss and was such a great dog. We had no experience with a purebred cocker and tried to follow the book. He kept my husband company during the day and always welcomed me home, no matter what time it was. One of my most favorite pictures is that of Crocker lying in my lap on the couch. I am hugging him and we are "cuddling." He lived only 7 years. He had severe dilated cardiomyopathy, which back in the early '80's was not controlled very well. He was our only dog put down at the vet's office and the first to be buried at the Humane Society. I still miss him to this day. Crocker Spaniel was my buddy. *Bobbie LaSov*

For Elaine & Matt Prisculli's A.J. *John & Maggie Miner*

One of Alley Animals' helpers from years past, Donna Sexton, who died in a fire along with her dearly loved cats. *Anne W. Smawley*

My beloved husband, Robert E. Williams, Jr. *Patricia H. Willaims*
Sargent—We will love him always. *Mr. & Mrs. James R. Gibson, Jr.*

Buddy, a very special little poodle and companion for 16 years to my friend, Melissa Riego. Buddy died May 11, 2009 and was much loved by Melisa, whose heart is broken. *Judith Eble*

For Sarah, loved by Mrs. Patricia Warden. *Sharon E. Miller*

For Rudy LaSov. *Jeanne Blake*

Katie, treasured canine member of the Grove family for over 16 years. Surely she is missed as deeply as she was loved. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

Mercy, the little dog set on fire. *Anne Cramblitt*

In Honor Of:

Betsy, J.J., Sonny, and all suffering animals. *Anne B. Collins*

Charlotte Gardner, who loves animals, in honor of her birthday. *Edna & Hank*

Our colleague, Jackie Oldham, who recently lost her beloved Sparky. *Eileen O'Brien, Gail Johnson*

My glorious feline friends, Festus, Izzy, Genie, Spike, Rose, & Violet. *Julie Frey*

Every furry creature who silently endures unspeakable suffering because of stone-hearted "humans". *Doris Richard*

My Mom's Birthday. *Kristin Winter-Jones*

Steve Mack, for donating the winnings from an informal wager among friends *Barb, David, Betty, Jackie, Patty, Stan, & Bobbie*

Bobbie & Stan LaSov, for having the love and patience to adopt two rescued Cockers with behavioral problems due to previous abuse. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

My 2 beautiful Dobies—Storm (13-1/2 years old) and Vixen (2 years old). What a lonely life it would be without our precious babies. *Gerry Nickerson*

Lenny & Richie, on the happy occasion of their 30th anniversary. *James & Diane Rosenfield*

For the very best Dad of all time, and the world's greatest niece. *Lilly*

Alley Animals

The Last One *(Continued from page 1)*

Dee was not happy, knowing that we would get another frantic call from this lady when the number of cats in her home was more than she could manage. Dee took charge and transported the cats (2 females, 1 male) to and from a veterinary clinic where they were spayed and neutered—she was determined to see this through, and she did. Too many times we have come across well-meaning people who just don't "get" the crucial importance of spaying and neutering, and the animals, as always, pay the price. When Dee returned the last (spayed) cat, the lady offered Dee the only thing she could to express her thanks—a big hug.

Overcrowding animals is unhealthy on every level. Germs and parasites easily spread from animal to animal, the environment is rarely sanitary, and the animals do not receive the attention they need and deserve.



Smokey was one of the cats from the lady's house where he was quiet and often uninterested in his surroundings, but all that changed when he was placed in a home. Suddenly Smokey sprang to life, as if he were a kitten again.

Miss Birdie

Although we encounter primarily cats and dogs homeless on the city streets, throughout the years we have come across some out-of-the-ordinary creatures such as roosters, ducks, and (domesticated) rabbits. And, Miss Birdie.

Now as cheerful and happy as she is colorful, Miss Birdie will never reveal the disturbing details of her ordeal of survival for weeks in a hostile urban setting after her "owners" moved and simply let her out before they left. In a completely unfamiliar and hostile environment,

Miss Birdie must have spent her time and energy evading the dangers surrounding her, but her brave little spirit refused to give in.

When Dee rescued Miss Birdie and provided her with a spacious cage filled with toys and other accoutrements to occupy her curiosity (as well as nutritious food and clean water), this sweet, bright blue parakeet came into her own. She chirps and chatters with the exuberance of one who once lived in mortal fear, but now thoroughly enjoys the home where she will add her distinctive sparkle for the rest of her life.



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Alley Animals, Inc. 2009 Spring Raffle Winners

1st Prize	Cheryl Fisher , Baltimore, MD
2nd Prize	Esther J. Beers , Baltimore, MD
3rd Prize	Toni Rapone , Clyde Park, MT
4th Prize	Doris McGinnis , Havre de Grace, MD
5th Prize	Charles Boehlke , Dunnellon, FL

A big **"Thank You"** to everyone who contributed to the success of our Spring Raffle. Newsletters and Raffles are the only means by which we fund our work, so we are pleased by your response demonstrating that you care about the plight of homeless animals suffering on the streets.

*
* **Special Thanks To: *Esther J. Beers* and *Toni Rapone*** who donated
* their entire prize money to Alley Animals.
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Alley Animals, Inc.

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