

# Alley Animals

## Editor's Note

Beyond our nightly work in the streets and alleys, this spring and summer have been hectic, filled with urgent and emergency calls. Not a week went by, sometimes not a day went by without calls about an animal in trouble. All the while we continue working in the hot and sticky streets, doing whatever we can for homeless animals forsaken by everyone else around them in areas of the city where there is barely a soft patch of ground for weary creatures to rest a moment, even less a place to hide from humans who want to harm them.

We rejoice that you remember what we do, especially since I'm sure most of you receive frequent appeals from a multitude of organizations. Although we offer you a small newsletter only four times a year, we feel blessed when you choose from among the many requests you receive and find our work with the forgotten ones worthy of your help. Alley Animals will always be a small local effort without the substantial resources of well-known or national organizations, so every donation counts. We're grateful that what we do carries weight with people of kindness who have never traveled the dangerous streets.

Recently Alice was on the road when she spotted a 'possum who had been hit and killed by a car. The stretch of road was narrow and had no shoulder on either side, making it impossible for her to stop and make sure there were no babies inside the 'possum's pouch. So she called me and I quickly collected what we needed to move the 'possum out of the road (as a gesture of respect), as well as gather infants who might have survived the impact. Alice picked me up and drove to the spot where the small animal had been struck down, and I jumped out of the car just to get a look. The 'possum had been a youngster, too young to have babies, and I hurried back across the road to tell Alice, who was waiting in the car on a side street.

Just then, walking toward us we saw a man carrying a shovel and a plastic bag. Clearly he was coming to remove the little 'possum. Alice called to the man, a tall husky man, who was shaking his head in disgust. Alice told him we had come to move the 'possum's body out of the road and to see if there were babies. On the outside, this man appeared big and gruff, but as soon as he

spoke we realize he was indeed a gentle man, and caring. He said he couldn't understand why people refuse to slow down and let a small animal cross the street to get back to his family. All three of us agreed that too many human beings don't care enough to recognize that we share this planet, including our motor ways, with other living beings. Quietly and respectfully, the three of us mourned the 'possum's violent passing.

Later I thought back on this incident, realizing that a small wild animal, a stranger to all of us, brought together three people in an impromptu prayer service. We interrupted the course of our activities to offer an unrehearsed memorial for an innocent creature none of us had known about until that morning. The big man with a soft-spoken manner and caring heart shared the sentiments Alice and I felt as our paths intersected, if only briefly. When we parted ways, we knew we'd never again see him, but this caring man brought us a sprinkling of hope, the kind of hope you offer us in your support of our work: not that things will suddenly and miraculously change for the innocent and downtrodden, but rather that all is not lost. While the wicked seem to thrive in this world and the animals *always* pay a heavy price, kindness does indeed live, even if its triumph for other living creatures is an arduous, uphill struggle seldom won. But, armed with the hope you send us, we must press on.

Our mourning over the young 'possum is the same we experience over the death of animals we find in the alleys, and every long hot summer delivers the same cycle of suffering all over again. Perhaps one glorious day human beings will awaken to their sinful transgressions of neglect, abandonment, and horrifying cruelty, but if the past and present are any indication of the future, we don't expect such a transformation to occur anytime soon.

Instead, we rely on your kindness to keep us going and remind us that we're not alone in what we do. You stand shoulder-to-shoulder with us when you offer your faithful support, sending us a strength in spirit that lets us know, as we navigate hundreds of alleys each night, we're not the only ones who mourn the victims of human carelessness and violence or who want with all our heart to reach the homeless and downtrodden in the midst of their hardship, revealing to them as best we can, they are not completely alone and forsaken.

# Alley Animals

## Tiger Girl And Her Kittens

by Alice Arnold



*Tiger Girl*

We would pull into the alley street (that's what we call a street that is so small it looks like an alley) and one night Tiger Girl showed up. It didn't take long before she recognized the sound of the car and when we arrived at her location she would come running to us. She was so happy, we could feel it from her. She would let us lightly run our hand over her back; she loved it and we loved her, but she was nursing kittens and we had to wait for her to bring us her little ones or show us where she had them hidden. This happens a lot in the spring and summer, we wait for nursing cats and dogs to bring us their young so we can work on taking them off the streets. Only after we know we have all the offspring can we take Mom (I know, the poor mothers have to wait after going through so much as it is), but Mom is always the key to it all.

Finally, one night we saw Tiger Girl's kittens, she brought them out and we were so happy! We knew we had to start working on getting them out of there because if the kids find them before we can get all of them, it would be bad; in the past we've found kittens in that alley that the kids had killed. It wasn't going to be easy, the little ones sat in the window of a boarded house and they would jump back inside when they saw us. After a week or two they recognized us and would pop their little heads up for food.

There were three altogether, so one night we had a plan. Dee would put a carrier up to the window and Sheri would stand underneath it with the carrier on her head. (The window was not low to the ground.) We

could only do this with kittens—or puppies—because an adult would be too heavy. Sheri braced herself against the side of the house, held the carrier in place, and two of the kittens went in. We were so relieved. The next night we would do our very best to get the last kitten and then Tiger Girl.

I could hardly wait to get back to that alley street the next night. When we got there the last kitten was on the ground and running around. We put a tender trap down and the kitten went in, but when the door came down something happened. It got stuck, why we don't know, but it didn't go all the way down. Before we knew it the kitten had run out of the trap and disappeared. I can't begin to tell you how we felt. We still couldn't pick up Tiger Girl because her last little one wouldn't know how to survive without her, so we had to wait another night. The kitten would be too frightened now and would *not* come back to us tonight. We were all so upset, and it was hard to leave there that night.

Time after time we returned to that alley street and waited for Tiger Girl and her kitten, but we didn't see either one, this went on for a week. Then one night Tiger Girl showed up limping, she was hurt and we could



*The window was not low to the ground; Sheri had to brace herself against the side of the house and prop up the carrier on her head so that Dee could coax the kittens into the carrier.*

# Alley Animals

## Tiger Girl *(continued)*

tell people had been messing with the boarded house she'd been staying in. It was the only place this mom thought was safe enough to hide from people and now that was taken away from her. She used to let me near her, but not anymore. Whatever the kids did to her made her think she couldn't trust anyone, not even us. She didn't even stay long enough to eat the food I put down for her. She saw me and left as fast as she could.



After that night I never saw Tiger Girl or her last kitten again. We still go to that alley street night after night looking, hoping. Every time I go there it kills me a little more inside. I can still see their faces. The one good thing I try to remember is that we took two of Tiger Girl's young to safety and the kids will never be able to harm them.



*These are the two kittens we took out of the boarded house. The cat food can next to them on the ledge gives you an idea of how tiny they were and how they could never have survived without their mother to protect and guide them. They spent a month in foster care before being adopted.*

## Wish List

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

We gratefully appreciate donations in response to our Wish List.

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

**Alley Animals      410-823-0899**

**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.

## Did You Know You Can Donate Through Our Website

Just go to [alleyanimals.org](http://alleyanimals.org) and click on our "Make A Donation" button to donate via Paypal. It's safe, secure and easy, and you don't need a Paypal account to donate.

# Alley Animals

## B&O by Alice Arnold

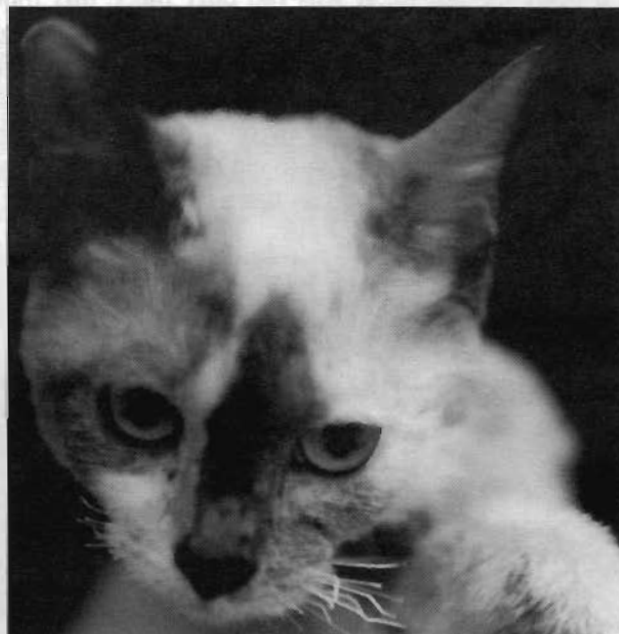
One of the feeding spots along my alley route is by a set of railroad tracks. The fence that keeps people away from the moving trains has a hole in it which is too small for a person to get through, but big enough to allow the animals in and out. I've seen cats and dogs come and go through the fence; they seem to know it will protect them from humans who might chase them. But the other danger is the moving trains occasionally passing through the area.

One of the animals I see once in a while is B&O, that's what I call him. He's a big black dog I'm trying to get to know so one day he will see me as his friend. I don't come across him very often, but when I do, he sits on the other side of the fence and waits for the pot of food I put down for him. I have to back away before he slowly moves toward his waiting meal, as he watches me for any sign that I might try to come after him. I stay at a distance, maybe 20 feet, but I don't leave until he finishes the food and goes back through the fence to whatever small place he can find to feel safe from the dangers all around him.

The good news is he's beginning to seem less wary of me. He doesn't watch me the *entire* time he's eating, and afterward he doesn't run back through the fence as fast as he used to when he probably thought I would do him harm at any moment. I look forward to the day he wags his tail when he sees me, then I'll know it won't be long before I can take him off the railroad tracks for good. I have high hopes!



## A Happy Ending For Two Veterans Of The Streets



*Rex had been burned, but with medication and rest he healed well. His singed whiskers the final remnant of his past ordeal.*



*When we took Birney off the streets, he had a badly infected head wound. Surgical staples to mend the wound and antibiotics to clear the infection did the trick*

Rex and Birney were adopted and will never again face the life-threatening dangers of surviving the city streets.

# Alley Animals

## Memorials

### In Loving Memory Of:

The precious dog who died in the crate.

*Sandy Miller  
Bobbie LaSov*

Our beloved **Gidget**. *Jo Ann & Brian Whaite*

**Winston**, my friend Mary's rescue Cocker.  
*Suzanne Mieso*

Our two cats, **Hermies & Miss Kitty**.  
*Marvin Feuerberg & Sylvia Rosenfield*

**Bunny**, our most special Angel/kitty. God bless you,  
Bunny!  
*Theresa Chonoski*

The little lame deer who wasn't a pet, but I loved her as much, if not more, than if she had been one. She lived with her offspring in the woods behind my house. She was badly crippled with a broken front leg. She was barely able to walk yet made it up the steep hill in the backyard, even in 3' of snow and ice. Her jaw had been broken and her tongue hung out on the side of her mouth all the time. She drooled for many months; in the winter, frozen drool would stretch down to her lower chest. I don't know how she ate.

The other deer shunned her and her children, except at mating season when she always got pregnant. One spring she delivered twins right at the edge of my deck! I felt very honored that she trusted me that much. I fed her and her kids all winter and kept water out for her, making sure it wasn't frozen. I lived in a tiny ranch house and my bedroom window was ground-level, so when it was bitter cold and snowy, she'd butt her head against my window in the middle of the night to "ask" me for more food and water that wasn't frozen.

Betsy, my 10 lb. Shih Tzu, a puppy mill rescue who was caged with 33 other dogs the first year of her life, is scared to death of dogs but she loves deer. She'd wait patiently every day for my little deer to visit, then run to greet her. The deer would go up to her and touch noses.

One summer day a few years ago, 2 workmen were in my yard with me when my deer came to visit. The men, obviously hunters, said her jaw was broken because she'd been shot with an arrow. She was thin, thinner than usual and was dying. I never saw her again. I wish I'd been able to communicate with her how much I loved her and how much her trust and friendship meant to me. I am truly blessed to have known her. She was truly a gift from God.  
*Sandy Graham*

Mary Kral who passed away 6/30/2007,  
*Anna Caples*

My sister, **Marguerite E. Barker**. Marguerite loved her cats and appreciated the work of Alley Animals.  
*Kathleen C. Posey*

**Noah**, much-loved dog and companion to my sister, Janice Creager.  
*Diann Creager*

My beloved husband, **Hoyt Toney**, whom I lost two years ago.  
*Doris Toney*

**Gretta**, aka Dude, the most wonderful Chocolate Lab rescue ever! Faithful companion of Jeanne Blake.  
*Bobbie LaSov*

My beloved aunt, **Helen Miller**.  
*Mary Ellen Younkins*

My husband, **Robert E. Williams**, who died 2-14-08, and all the strays we have had in 49 years.  
*Pat Williams  
Pam Williams*

**Nate Willis**.  
*Mary J. Leslie*

**Linda & Emmett**.  
*Lenna Kennedy*

**Mr. Charles Kolbe's** beloved mother.  
*Shoshana S. Cardin*

**Eleanore M. Booker**, beloved mother of Robert Booker.  
*Stephen M. Dimond  
Linda McCaig*

My rottweiler, **Shotzie**.  
*Ann Todd*

My girl, my comfort, **Sox**, who shared my home and slept beside me until the day she died in June 2009, at age 18. I still miss her.  
*Sylvia Benton*

**My Dad**. He was the most special man who always took in strays of all kinds. May 23rd is the anniversary of his death and I still feel no comfort. We make sure Dad has all his animals at his gravesite (little bunny, squirrels, red birds, bluebirds, etc.) He taught us to *always* help any animal in need. He taught me well!  
*Tammy Dickson*

**Tim Luckenbach**, a friend of mine who recently died. He loved animals very much and would have loved the work of Alley Animals.  
*David Larson*

(Continued on page 6)

# Alley Animals

## In Memory Of: *(continued)*

**ZAC**, our Siamese cat that for 7 years graced our home, filled our hearts and loved unconditionally. He became sick and quickly left us and we now have a void.

*The Decker Family*

**Madelon Decker** - our Mom - you are missed still and not forgotten. I'm sure ZAC is with you in heaven.

*The Decker Family*

**Elaine**, our beautiful and loving mother, who left us 12/9/09. She touched the lives of so many animals and people she met.

*Natalie & Jennifer*

Our "kids" now in heaven.

*Wendy, Grace & George Kester*

**Bill Taub**—wonderful father and husband.

*His daughter, Myra Houck-Keeler*

Aunt Betty's **Peanut Shell Bullock**.

*Eileen & John Miner*

For my friend **Sue** whose kitty, **Shag**, died too soon. He was loved and is missed.

*Judy Greene*

**Layla**, faithful feline companion of Julia Stark.

*Steven Stark*

**Dr. Allen Judman's** beloved mother.

*Ann & Ed Shaivitz*

**Little Fox, Katie & Nokey**.

*Carolyn Hoffman*

**Barack & Dale**.

*Julie Nyce Walker*

**Suzy**, my sweet little kitty who loved to hide under the bed but would come up on the bed to snuggle under the blankets. You were taken much too soon! We love and miss you.

*Love, Mom & Dad Boldt*

**Isaac** had a tough start in life. He wanted to be left alone, then slowly he accepted my touch and kisses. Love and patience changed him into one sweet kitty. We love and miss you!

*Love, Mom & Dad Boldt*

**Goblyn**, our beautiful gray polydactyl princess.

*Rick & Sandy Hobbs*

My son, **Jesse Hollen Elkins**.

*Antonia K. Fowler*

**Layla, Mario & Natasha**.

*Sarah Rachel Kaplan*

**My Mom's** birthday, June 7th. She was a real animal lover and a truly good person. I like to think she and my Dad are with all our pets as well as the animals I grew to love as much as if they were pets, and that they are just waiting for the rest of us to join them.

*Sandy Graham*

My beloved sister, **Elva Elzey**.

*Helen Needle*

Our son-in-law **Jon Lewandowski**. He was suddenly taken from us this June. Over the years, he and our daughter adopted dogs from the Humane Society of Harford County. He also has two hamsters. He was taken from his family, friends, and his dog, Boomer, much too soon.

*Norman & Lynn Stevenson*

My two sweet bunnies, **Scooter** and **Patches**, and my dearest quinea pig, **Squeaky**. Always in my heart!

*Brenda J. Melzer*

**Toby**, a beloved Golden Retriever who belonged to friends of mine. Toby was lost due to cancer.

*Margaret Folkert*

Our cat, **Olly**, who shared his life with us for 19½ years.

*Charles & Gabrielle Bachman*

My precious **Puffy**, I miss him so very much. He was the last of my friend Ray's cats that we took in after Ray passed.

*Jean I. Hirsch*

**Richard Beckett**.

*Harold & Edna Kloczewski*

**Trevor**, the beloved special needs dog adopted by Stan & Bobbie LaSov.

*Alley Animals, Inc.*

The dog who died in the crate and for **Brindle Boy**.

*Sandra Warfield*

## In Honor Of:

**Spike, Izzy, Genie, Rose & Violet**.

*Julie Frey*

**Alice Arnold**.

*George McNew*

**Dee Patras, Starr Rockhill, Lierra Lenhard**, and **Enid Feinberg**, all of whom grasp the marvelousness of rabbits who communicate without a sound, yet offer so much for us to learn, so much to behold. Dee, Starr, Lierra, and Enid know what it is to attentively explore the inner reaches of the rabbit who, with time, can become nothing short of a loving friend.

*Lillian G. Leslie*

# Alley Animals

## In Honor Of: (continued)

My friend, **Fred Michaelson**, who has taken care of my cats while I was away.  
*Bob Brill*

**Resurrection Sunday.** *Marlene Pedder & Laz*

All the ones who suffer. *Tammy Dickson*

My beloved husband, **Seymour Linder**, and our two cats, **Dancer & Isabel.** *Elise Linder*

The dog **Forever.** *Catherine Kates*

**Bear-Pup.** *Michael J. Wolf, III*

Our two (formerly feral) cats, a mother and her kitten, whom we adopted. They have turned out to be wonderful loving inside companions. We are so lucky to have them.  
*Bill & Doris Overstreet*

My best friend, **Pogo**, a 14 year old keeshond.  
*James. R. Burnett*

**Holly, Jackpot, Gussie, Mama Shadow, Tater, Tipper & Snowflake**, all former strays who joined our household during the past two years.  
*Marlene Pegg*

My best friends, **Dan Hoffman, Midnight Hoffman, Sunshine & Foxy Girl.** *Carolyn Hoffman*

**Einar Raysor**, her beloved daughter, **Ingrid** both offer comfort and strength to each other in the face of life's battles.  
*Alley Animals, Inc.*

**Rufus**, my sister Jeanne's new rescue dog. He's a 7 year old Black Lab. Welcome Rufus! Thank you Jeanne!

**Tommy Cat**, who returned home after being kidnapped two years ago!

And **Gilda**, the Golden Retriever who is now at home with Peggy Knox and her Mom, Mary.  
*Bobbie LaSov*

In recognition of my friend, **Virginia Foster**, for her birthday.  
*Gloria Hirsch*

My friends, **Lori Smyth** and **Malinda Davis**, who appreciate the work of your organization!  
*Kathleen M. Taylor*

My precious little **Doodles.** *Jean I. Hirsch*

**Virginia Foster**, a great lover of all animals, but especially cats. Ginny has saved the lives of many felines, and those she has at the present time are all special to her.  
*Gene & Mary Jane Foster*

The **Smyth-Davis** wedding. *Anne-Margaret Olsson*

One of the most thoughtful people I've ever known, my marvelous niece **Mary.** *Lilly*

My favorite Naval Officer and World War II Veteran: my wonderful **Dad**, who never stops caring about animals who need help.  
*Your Favorite Daughter, Lilly*

My three beloved cats, **Jasmine, Maya & Logan.**  
*Sandra Warfield*

## 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.

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Please make checks payable to Alley Animals, Inc. Contributions are tax deductible under Section 501 (c) (3) of IRC.  
P.O. Box 27487 Towson, MD 21285-7487

Our web site: <http://www.alleyanimals.org>  
Our email address: [info@alleyanimals.org](mailto:info@alleyanimals.org)

# *Alley Animals*

## **Spring Raffle Winners**

1st Prize      **Hermine Sciarretta**, Murrells Inlet, SC  
2nd Prize      **Sandra Hobbs**, Aston, PA  
3rd Prize      **Rosiland Millette**, Upperco, MD  
4th Prize      **Christine Ameduri**, Gettysburg, PA  
5th Prize      **Madeline Rosenthal**, Baltimore, MD

Congratulations to all our raffle winners!

Special thanks to those of you who donated your prize to Alley Animals

*Alley Animals, Inc.*

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