

# *Alley Animals*

## **Editor's Note**

A 30-second filler item on the news Thanksgiving evening featured a zoo in California where the keepers offered the animals a special meal in honor of the holiday. The piece showed various animals with their particular treats, and the reporter commented that the animals had no idea why they were recipients of the special food. Did this matter? In their own way, I thought to myself, the animals displayed their thankfulness by enjoying the extra attention and eating the delicious meal. I hoped other zoos and shelters around the country shared the spirit of the day with animals in their care. Of course the animals wouldn't know the reason behind it, but isn't part of Thanksgiving Day to share the bounty with those who have less, or none at all? Millions of homeless animals on the streets of cities and towns would receive no special bounty, although thousands living along our alley route didn't go hungry Thanksgiving night as so very many others would.

At Thanksgiving I find it difficult to separate my thankfulness for the blessings I've received from the nagging voice in my head reminding me of animals who receive no blessing from life. I am glad beyond words that I could spend a quiet day with my Dad, eat our (cruelty-free) meal together and watch a bit of football. This was a wonderful blessing, yet on the drive back I looked at all the cars around me on the beltway and wondered if even one person in any of those cars felt a pang similar to the one in my heart. Was anyone else comparing our own good fortune to the supreme misfortune of non-human animals whose burdens of hunger and homelessness would not lift from their backs as long as they walk this earth?

A day or two after Thanksgiving, another news item grabbed my attention. The piece was about an injured doe inside a stadium in the process of being demolished. No destruction was being done due to the holiday, so she took advantage of the quiet and shelter (what was left of it) to rest her injured body. Once she was spotted by people, the quietude vanished as gawkers and news crews converged on the scene to get pictures of this gentle creature. I couldn't imagine how frightened she must have been with the immensely bright lights shining in her face as the noisy reporting crews clamored about, showing no respect for her or the pain she was in, and erasing any sense of refuge.

In a bland tone, the reporter said nothing could be done to help the injured doe, so the police cleared the area before they

shot and killed her. Warring sentiments brewed within me. So long as the person who killed the doe was an expert marksman and her death was instantaneous, I am glad that gentle one is forever free of this life's violence toward her kind. I can only hope no more than one shot was necessary. But, were the authorities involved truly interested in the most humane method of alleviating an injured animal's pain and plight, or did they just want a quick end to an annoyance? I don't know the answer, but I see in this example of human behavior toward animals who need help our tendency to refuse attaching value to them, apart from what benefit we can gain.

News teams should not have been allowed to intrude on the doe—no one should. Adding drama to the story by taking pictures of her while she was still alive should not have been reason enough to permit their intrusion. I am more disturbed that an injured animal's fear and pain were increased before they were ended, than by the fact that ending them was accomplished by setting her free from a world that does not welcome or safeguard her innocence, but rather, would continue to intrude upon her, one violent way or another.

Never more than during the holiday season am I acutely aware that we exclude the magnificent creatures all around us from the spirit of thankfulness and giving. Homeless animals on the streets will know nothing joyful in their bleak existence as the cold descends on the heels of a spring-like autumn, denying them time to develop a winter coat. We'll string colored lights and buy presents, feel a magical excitement and look forward to the festivities while animals will search the frozen sidewalks and alleys for something, anything to eat or drink in the stinging cold that penetrates to the very bone.

Light a candle for them in your heart of hearts and remember when you turn in tonight, while you sleep we'll be carrying our mission of mercy through hundreds of alleys in order to bring some small blessing to those cut off from the spirit of the season, ones for whom there will never be room at the inn.

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

## A Whimper To Freedom

by Lillian G. Leslie

When people call out to us in the alleys, we usually give a quick wave and keep going. By doing this we acknowledge them while sending a clear signal that we have work to do and cannot stop. The majority of people who try to get our attention assume we're in the area to buy drugs, although by now most of the veteran dealers know who we are and why we're there; they permit us entry into their territory to do our work as long as we don't stay long or attract attention. From time to time we still come across the dealers' errand boys who don't recognize us and do their best to flag us down, believing we are a potential customer. We're hollered at, too, by people who resent our presence in their neighborhood and strongly dislike our work on behalf of the animals. Because these are the people who would hurt or kill an animal just to spite us, we must walk a fine line in areas we know to be hostile—we don't let angry, aggressive residents keep us away, but we do attempt to stay under the radar.

Every once in a long while, someone who does recognize us waves and hollers at us, not to transact business or spew hatred, but to draw our attention to an animal needing help. This is why we offer an acknowledgement before moving on—a person selling drugs will not persist once we show no interest; a person flagging us down because of an animal usually continues to holler and wave or run after us if we don't stop. After many years' experience, we've developed into a science discerning the difference between various communicants on the streets. One night Alice was working by herself in one of our alley areas when she heard someone calling to her. Offering the customary nod, she continued down the alley while the woman followed, her voice getting louder as Alice moved away. This was the cue that the woman did not want to sell or buy drugs, so Alice stopped.

The lady pointed to an abandoned house where she'd been hearing sounds from within; sometimes she heard whimpering, sometimes wailing. For several days this had been going on, and this particular night the kind hearted lady watched and waited for the familiar car to roll through the alley. As Alice pulled up to the yard behind the house, the lady agreed to stand guard over the car while Alice went into the dark house to investigate. She crossed through two rooms, heaped with all manner of junk and debris, before a rustling sound caught her attention. Alice spoke to the frightened animal even though she couldn't see him. He sounded a pathetic, lonely whimper which told Alice what direction to move, but moving was difficult—the flashlight's batteries were low and the beam did not clearly illuminate all the objects in her way. After stumbling over a broken chair, Alice heard the puppy run out of the room; the darkness did not hinder his navigation of escape tunnels through the junk.

As best she could, Alice tracked the puppy from room to room. He eluded her expertly while she bumped into garbage and furniture carcasses, the clattering and clanking sending the puppy into faster retreat. He couldn't know Alice was there for good rather than for whatever dark reason he had been imprisoned in the dilapidated house by the people who put him there. She spoke to him softly and kindly, hoping he would sense the safety she offered, but past terrorizing by humans would not easily fade from his mind. Finally the frightened pup ran underneath a large piece of plywood leaning against a corner wall; Alice blocked one end with another board to prevent his exit and then she knelt on the debris-strewn floor, reached behind the board, and pulled the wiggling whimpering puppy out of his hiding place. Once she secured him under her coat, she carefully made her way through the obstacles and out to the car where the lady was still patiently keeping watch.

Alice and the lady thanked each other for caring about the little animal shivering under Alice's coat before they parted company. Now that the puppy was confined to the car, Alice could unzip her jacket to get a look at him. As soon as she aimed the flashlight on his face she realized this pup belonged to a mother dog she'd been feeding and trying to approach for three months. But, the mother dog knew better than to trust people, though she learned the alley car's engine sound meant a meal would be left for her and the puppies. Always wary, she'd wait until the car was halfway down the alley before allowing the puppies to emerge. She let them eat before cleaning up the remainder. The people who closed the pup inside the abandoned house must have used devious means to extract him from his protective mother who



shepherds her young with un-wavering devotion. At least one member of the family is safe, even if we can't dispel the grief the mother dog must feel at losing one of her young. Alice returns to that alley several times a week in the hope that, with time and persistence, the entire family will leave behind them the wretched existence of life on the streets.

## One Small Family and the Larger Truth

by Lillian G. Leslie

For this story, you will have to activate your imagination and think back to how it was, months ago, in the horrid summer heat. The first several days of that week in August the heat was inescapable and deadly. Sunday through Wednesday it blanketed our area; together with the humidity it wilted leaves on shrubbery and bore down with a vengeance on animals trying to survive on the streets. Thursday morning we found modest relief in cooler air pushing down from Canada, and our temperatures fell into the 80's. This was the day a kind, elderly gentleman left a message on the answering machine. He was asking our help for a mother cat and kittens who were in a box on his porch.

Alice returned his call as soon as she heard the message. Earlier in the day, this kind man noticed a box in the alley just outside his gate. On top of the box was a very heavy length of remnant carpeting which the man had some trouble moving. After managing to drag the carpet off the box, he saw inside it a white cat nursing her young. She looked up at the gentleman and whispered a faint meow. How fortunate that he followed his intuition and investigated the box in the alley; had he not, the mother cat and her tiny infants would have died a wickedly cruel death. The carpeting someone used to cover the box was far too heavy for the cat to push aside, but clearly this was the point. The box was not meant as an offering of shelter for a mother cat and her offspring, it was meant as a death chamber: no other explanation made sense. The man brought the box with the little family onto his back porch before he went about trying to secure assistance.

His first attempt was to find out if the SPCA would accept mother and young. He was told that a donation of \$25 per animal was required, a total amount of \$125 which he could not afford. I don't know what he would have done if he hadn't come across our number, but we're glad he stayed the course and didn't give up looking for help. When Alice heard his story and recognized the urgency of the situation, she agreed to come immediately to take the little family out of harm's way (without requiring a donation of any kind from a man who could barely make ends meet, but who didn't let his own problems stand in the way of seeking help for ones even less fortunate than he). As the man was giving Alice directions to his house, he glanced out his window to check on the mother and her babies. They (and the box) were gone.

This meant one thing—the person who failed to kill the friendly mother and her tiny infants by heat exhaustion and suffocation saw that they had been rescued and brazenly trespassed on the man's property to confiscate the box and its precious contents. The first attempt to kill these innocent ones failed; we dare not

wonder what new horror awaited them. In an instant, the situation changed from urgent to high alert.

We enlisted the help of our friend, Marybeth, who agreed to ride through the neighborhood in search of the white cat, the box, any sign of the family. No one else had any luck finding a clue; we thought a fresh pair of eyes might shed new light, see something the rest of us missed in our state of frantic anxiety. Every minute that passed elevated the apprehension all of us felt.

A day later in one of her trips through the area, Marybeth spotted a group of boys standing on a corner. She summoned her courage and approached them, asking if they knew anything. To her surprise, the boys directed her to a house near the one belonging to the man who called us originally. The neighborhood wasn't the kind of place one would eagerly volunteer to walk around alone, especially with the purpose of rescuing animals from people there capable of as well as intent on inflicting upon them the ultimate harm. Even though Marybeth hadn't seen the white cat or her kittens, she could imagine their faces; their innocence burned away concern for her own safety and, armed with an inner strength fueled by her compassion, Marybeth walked up to the house. She was met by an unpleasant woman who admitted that she told her kids to "dispose of" the cat and kittens.

So, a friendly, homeless animal believing she'd found a safe place to protect and nurture her offspring was treated most cruelly by adolescent children whose mother taught them that inhumane treatment of animals was preferable to kindness. Isn't it sad yet telling of our society that young people could carry out their mother's instruction of "disposal" so easily, so wickedly, and without conscience?

As soon as the woman discovered that other people wanted the feline family, although to help rather than harm, she refused to relinquish the animals. She had already admitted the white cat did not belong to her. She had admitted to instructing her children to "dispose of" them. But now, suddenly, she claims them as her property and denies us access to them. We had only one option remaining, one reserved for special circumstances such as this one. We offered the woman money.

This was a woman who was unpleasant, nasty even, who disapproved of us and our desire to help animals she clearly disliked. I say this reluctantly, but I've seen it before—I believe she would rather have inflicted further trauma on the friendly white cat and her infants than give them to people wanting to care for them. However, she couldn't resist money; after all, to her these animals were worthless. So arrangements were made to exchange the little family for what she called a "reward". No one on

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# Alley Animals

## Memorials

### In Loving Memory:

**Jaz**, our beloved, loving, wonderful Doberman we were so lucky to have had in our lives for almost ten years. The house seems so empty without you. It seems like everywhere I look I can see where you once were. The walks are not the same without you. All of the neighbors were so sorry to hear of your passing, everyone thought you were a great dog, something we always knew. Rest in peace **Jaz**. We will never forget you. We will always love you. **Sheila & Carl Bernstein**

To **Sheila and Carl Bernstein** in memory of their beloved **Jaz** who was, and still is, so very special to all who knew her. She will always be loved. **Judith B. Berger**  
My Father, **Buck Culler** who died on 02/16/05. He loved all of our four-footed friends. **Sara Jo Culler**  
Our "precious baby" **Murphy** who will be forever on our minds and in our hearts. **MaryAnn & Dale Hance**  
**Bernize Doyle Burke.** **Marja Jordan**  
My Mother, **Jessie Batch.** **Shirley & John Rice**  
Our beloved cat "**Grey Kitty**" who wandered into our yard 13 years ago and luckily decided to stay.

**Megan Jones**

My cat **Bumpkin** who was born to a pregnant stray. He grew up handsome, hilarious, and with more love to give than any other living creature I have ever known. We regret any pain **Bumpy** suffered in his last days, and will never forget all his precious gifts. **Patsy Flanagan**  
My beloved "**Buddy**", a stray I had for 15 years. 8/1/89-2/9/05. **Jackie Stewart**

Our beautiful **Barice** who graced us with her love for 15 years, for **Bo** who strayed into our hearts for 13 years, and **Nala** who only had 7 years to give. They all left in the same year and we miss them every day.

**Bill & Bobbie Harding**

My husband, **John Peters** who loved all animals.

**Helen Peters**

Our dear poodles, **Buddy and Muffie.** **Rita Hockett**

**Louis Rollman** **Ike & Winifred Frazier**

**Pyles**

**Sarah Price**

**John Sealine**

**Maryalice Ditzler**

**Wendy Littman**

**Sara Brandland**

**Esha Gupta**

**Sherri Koval**

**Margaret Miller**

**S.H.L. Dittbrenner**

**Louis Rollman**, a lifelong resident of Baltimore. He loved animals. **Tracy Frazier**

**Louis Rollman**, husband of Linda A. Rollman and father of Alison M. Allen. **Debra A. and Alex C. Hart**

**Tiger**, my deep voiced orange, darling boy.

**Richard & Sandra Hobbs**

**Cinnamon Suzanne**, 1984-2005 "My Best Friend"

**Robert Breen**

**Squeaker**, the love of my life, a two month old black kitten who arrived at the back door and rescued me for nine and a half years.

**Sara Sullivan**

**June and Mr. Jingles**, two shelter cats who didn't find a home. Chase butterflies over the rainbow.

**Donna Rae Castillo**

**Vickie Stanlowicz**, who loved animals, and who passed away 17 years ago this month.

**Dana Reed**

**Theresa Marie Brown Wilhelm**, our daughter. 3/23/63 - 6/8/87.

**Patricia Wilhelm**

**Scooter**, beloved cat who died 6/23/05. Sweet, loving and best friend, miss you, love you. **Phyllis H. Stambaugh**  
Our girl, **Ginger.** **Deborah Heinecker**

**Roo**, beloved little dog of Ted and Evie who died on July 28, 2005.

**Ed & Nancy Foltz**

**Eva Courtney**, mother of Deborah Courtney.

**Debbie's friends & co-workers at  
The Office of Personnel Management  
Ft. Meade, MD**

**Eva Courtney.**

**Joyce Kraft**

**Kara Boone**

**Susan Chies**

Our beloved cat, **Hermies** and the kind assistance from Alley Animals.

**M.J. & S.K.**

The **Rottweiler** who was so brutally murdered; for **Dusty**, and all other suffering animals. **Doris Richard**  
**Oliver, Jellybean, Mini and Webster.**

**Francine Jamin**

**Nancy Gigliotti**

All cats.

**Annie**, the last of my Baltimore cats who came with me to AZ.

**Nina Lowe**

My father.

**Deniz Corcoran**

**Mugsly**, 18 years, **Motek**, 16 years. Loving brothers born Easter weekend 1986, died 2002 and 2004. My boys, two brothers who brought us such joy, love and unmatched companionship for 20 many years will live on forever in my memories.

**Bruce Stone**

**PussNboots**, such a gorgeous gentle creature. Born into this cold world as a stray and tragically lost your life in the streets. You live on in my memories with **Misty**, **Smokey**, **Tiny**, **Tigger**, and all the other babies in/from our Waverly neighborhood. God Bless. **Bruce Stone**  
**Shaggy**, the shaggy stray puppy dog who was Mark's side kick and buddy for 11 short years. Although he was crippled his spirit was not. We miss you.

**Bruce & Mark**

**Tiny**, poor little guy never stood a chance in this world. Lived only 8 weeks but will live on in our memory always.

**Bruce Stone**

**Roo**, a tiny dog with a big personality. **Evie & Ted**

**Mr. Peabody**, a very sweet and handsome feline friend.

**Evie & Ted**

(continued on next page)

# Alley Animals

## Memorials

### In Loving Memory:

Loretta E. Ward.

*Matts Cesenaro  
Kathleen Chaffinch  
Jacqueline Cunningham  
Ruth Dalina  
Sandra Eckstein  
Joan Franz  
Beth Hare  
Joyce Maygers  
Carole Robertson  
Barbara Roseen  
Charmaine Simms  
Karen Smith  
Carol Sylvester  
Cindi Weller  
Patricia Lawlor  
M. Helen Bryan*

April and Martha my two sweet pups.

Constance Bachman, 1912 - 2005.

*Gabrielle & Charles Bachman*

Howie Maiers-Goldsmith.

*Becky, Amy, and Jonathan Goldsmith*

Koschka, my dearest cat. Although I have many cats, somehow she was a little more special.

Heidie Louisa.

*Darlene De Mario  
Barbara Brummer*

## In Honor Of:

Our daughter, **Pamela Williams** for her many kindnesses to all animals. Love,

*Mom & Dad*

My good friend **Katie Sheaher** who was in intensive care with pneumonia.

*Pete Rickard*

**Doris Dunker.**

*Lauren Oliver*

**Brinkley** on his 12th birthday in November. **Brinkley** was adopted as "Rusty" from Alley Animals 10 years ago. Happy Birthday **Brinkley**. We wish you 10 more years.

*Mom, Jacks & Bear*

My cats, **Mamacat** and **Bigboy**, both of whom are former strays who wandered into my backyard and into our hearts.

*Mary Sydavar-Russell*

**Tabby**, on his 12th birthday, September 25th.

*Marilyn Sellers*

## One Small Family. . . .

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our end thought of it as a reward; we don't believe in rewarding cruelty toward animals. Criminals do not deserve a reward. Rather, we think of money as a last resort when the safety of the innocent is at stake.

Dee accepted the task of making the exchange because her son, Marvin (who has been so very helpful at times such as this), agreed to go along and keep close watch. Taking cash into a dangerous neighborhood is a dangerous job, but Marvin is a strong young man who would never let anyone do anything to his mother. The exchange went smoothly, and I know I can't convey the watershed of relief I felt when Dee called from Marvin's truck to say the white cat and all her babies were in safe hands, at long last. I called Alice and Marybeth with the news, and all of us breathed a huge sigh of immense relief after three days of going out of our minds with worry.

Jeanie took over care of the splendid little family after a trip to the veterinarian for a check-up. Once home, Jeanie pampered the mother cat with a bed soft and cozy, as well as a nursery area; no doubt mama kitty thought she was in heaven enjoying the luxury of being presented fresh food everyday and the pinnacle of life's gifts: a continuous supply of clean drinking water.



This story of one feline family brings to bear the larger truth. In our work on the streets as well as in rescue emergencies we must work long and hard to bring goodness into the lives of animals, whereas evil and pain follow them wherever they go. Animals are easy targets of the wicked among us, and constant targets of hardship and deprivation. We fight for them though we don't always win. With each victory we can take heart, however briefly, before going back to the streets and whatever new battles await us.

# Alley Animals

## Alley Animals, Inc. 2005 Fall Raffle Winners

1st Place *Virginia Brown*, Chicago, IL  
2nd Place *Roslyn Cohen*, Baltimore, MD  
3rd Place *Angela Svara*, Anapolis, MD  
4th Place *Rebecca Hayes*, Falls Church, MD  
5th Place *Joan Ford*, Milton, DE

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, thanks to you.

Special thanks to *Virginia Brown* and *Rebecca Hayes* who donated their prizes to Alley Animals and to *Roslyn Cohen* who donated half of hers, and to *Angela Svara* who donated part of hers, too.

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

*Alley Animals, Inc.*

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