

Alley Animals

Easter's Peril *by Alice Arnold*

We were on our way back from a friend's house when we noticed a white bunny hopping in a yard. He didn't look frightened or lost but there was no person around, and the yard wasn't fenced. Even worse, the house was on the corner of two busy streets with lots of traffic. We pulled over to the side of the road and watched to see if someone might come out to get the bunny, but he continued hopping around the yard without protection. I jumped out of the car and went to the door of the house where the bunny was, and a very nice man came out to talk to me.

He told me there are three bunnies who visit various yards, especially his, because they enjoy eating the flowers in his garden. I was relieved when the man said he didn't care if the bunnies ate his flowers, he was more concerned for their safety. The cars roar up and down the road, and he saw one of the bunnies almost get hit. Also, a few weeks back he yelled at a bunch of boys that were throwing rocks at two of the bunnies. When I asked who the bunnies belonged to, he pointed to the house directly across the street.

So I went to that house and asked the man who answered the door if he knew what was going on with the rabbits. He said he and his wife got them at Easter for their kids, but the kids lost interest after a while. The bunnies dug out of the yard and no one in the family brought them back home. The man really didn't seem to care. He shrugged and said he figured they'd be alright in the neighborhood.

I gave him a phone number to call if he and his wife wanted us to take the bunnies. He stuffed the piece of paper with the phone number in his pocket and shut the door. When I got back to the car I told Lil, "we're not going to hear from him, he doesn't care what happens to those rabbits." So I was very surprised when a woman called a few days later, telling us if we want the bunnies to come get them. When we got to the house, the woman had two bunnies for us, but she said the third one was killed (she didn't say how).

At least we could keep the other two from being poisoned, stoned, run over by a car, or any other terrible fate that would easily harm tame rabbits. We had them

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Alley Animals, Inc. 2010 Spring Raffle Winners

1st Prize	Martha Sybert , Timonium, MD
2nd Prize	Sandy Graham , Greenville, PA
3rd Prize	Amelia Dassinger , Hyattsville, MD
4th Prize	Karen Sorrentino , Westminster, MD
5th Prize	Mel Brown , Nottingham, MD

Your support of our spring raffle revealed the compassion in your spirit as well as your recognition that we need your help in order to continue traveling the alleys each night.

Already unmercifully hot and rainless, this summer is proving itself unbearably difficult for animals on the streets, animals who experience the deadly heat without a minute's relief. Thank you for remembering our efforts in the hot, sticky streets and alleys, but more than this, we offer you our gratefulness for remembering the innocent souls who find no kindness and mercy except what they receive from you, the blessing of those who care.

***Congratulations to the winners of our spring raffle, and loud cheers from us to
Mel Brown, Sandy Graham, and Amelia Dassinger
who donated their prizes to Alley Animals.***

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Easter's Peril *(continued from Page 1)*

spayed and neutered (one was a boy, one a girl), and now they live in a large safe enclosure with two other rescued rabbits where they munch on good food when they aren't playing or lounging in the shade.



To this day I still don't understand why people get animals when they really don't want them or the responsibility of caring for them. And the animals always end up suffering.

The Brindle Boy *by Lillian G. Leslie*

Because of his coloration, we called him the Brindle Boy. One night in late spring he showed up in an alley looking terribly thin and weary, but cautious in the extreme. From a great distance he watched as we placed a solid helping of food for him, and we waited in the car for a time in order to make sure he ate the meal. Street smart and wary, he wasn't tempted to come out from

behind the shrubs as long as we were there, not even for the food he badly needed. So we exited his alley, confident he would eat when he no longer felt threatened by our presence.

From then on, we entered this alley and looked for the Brindle Boy; sometimes he was there, sometimes not. We don't put out food unless we know animals are there to eat it, and the nights we didn't see him we could only pass through, disheartened and worried for this ragged street dog.

After a couple months he was waiting for us every time, always he stood still as a statue, head down, eyes intent on our movements as he anticipated the food that would relieve his hunger. He never approached us, but the street lamp lighted his worn features. The scars on his face told us life had been hard on him, as it is hard on every animal born on the streets or abandoned to them.

Months passed as the Brindle Boy advanced his trust slowly, very slowly. By the fall he stationed himself closer to the feeding place as he waited for us, but he offered no other sign that we were gaining ground with him. Still as a statue, head low, eyes intent. As winter closed in, we could see a gradual change in his appearance. His cold weather coat was coming in where he had little to no fur in the spring, and now he was thin but no longer emaciated. Oh how we wanted to take him from the alleys, so harsh and predatory on the innocent, but trust cannot be rushed.

Though his winter coat developed well, the frigid cold and wind increased our boy's need for nourishment; he came closer every time we arrived, until he stood and waited within 10 feet of us. Surely by now he understood we wouldn't harm him, but we'll never know what severe betrayal a food-bearing human had delivered him in the past. Over the course of more than three seasons we had to be patient, never forcing ourselves on him, instead allowing him to make strides on his own terms. These were necessary preparations laying the ground for his rescue. Now he met our arrival with his head high and he took small steps toward us; this may not seem like overwhelming progress, but for our boy it was definitive.

Then one windy night in the dead of winter the Brindle Boy stunned us with a spectacular breakthrough. As Dee put out the food, a person rounded the shadowy corner of a building and walked in her direction. The Brindle Boy moved to within 5 feet of Dee and barked a loud warning to the man not to approach. Whether intimidated by the barking dog or just passing by, the man went on his way without stopping. In amazement, Dee just stood there. Months and months of working with the Brindle Boy had paid a handsome dividend. He vol-

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Brindle Boy (continued)

unteered as our protector, and in this our boy revealed at long last he claimed us as his friends. It was a gift of the highest order from a noble soul whom life (and humans) had mistreated. We knew it wouldn't be long before we could take him from the streets

Visions of the glorious "firsts" awaiting our boy rolled through my mind in a continuous stream. The first time he wags his tail, the first time he feels safe and free enough to play and, perhaps the "first" I most coveted, the proud occasion of my hand gently stroking his raggedy head. All these things accepted as part of daily life for dogs supremely blessed with a home and loving human companions would mark the beginning of a brand new chapter in the life of a street dog. It might be weeks before the Brindle Boy would be ready to completely surrender himself to our care by jumping into the car with us, but we were almost there.

Our next trip through his alley, Brindle Boy was absent. This was odd and discouraging, but not unheard of. Because we had established a clear routine, we left food for him and had to move on in the alley route. Next time we waited and waited, but he never came. For weeks we searched for him, but we never saw him again.

More profound than the thrill of anticipating his rescue was the anguish of realizing he died in the streets, leaving us with the only hope that whatever happened to him was fast and that he didn't endure prolonged suffering. Try as I might, I could not vanquish the horrifying possibilities replaying over and over in my head, and the thought of his being alone and afraid plagued me. Sadly, the Brindle Boy's story represents so very many street animals whose experience never extends beyond the misery of homelessness ending in death on the streets. All of them are innocent, and worthy of better.

As long as homeless and abandoned animals walk the streets we'll be out there, too. Our work isn't easy but the difficulties we encounter pale in the face of the animals' suffering. Your support keeps us going and our thankfulness for you defies measurement. You made it possible for us to bring kindness to a noble soul we called the Brindle Boy, whose memory lives in the hearts of all who met him. He taught us that we must never give up and, with your help, we will travel the alleys again tonight to honor the memory a dog who deserved blessings the streets forever denied him.

For The Brindle Boy

May you be in a far better place, may you be whole in spirit, comforted and loved, free from fear and pain, now and forever

The Tote Family *by Demetria Patras*

I received a phone call on a Tuesday evening about a cat and kittens next to a dumpster behind a medical center. Barbara, the lady who called, said she got my number from one of the many organizations she had called asking for help. She told me early that morning she saw a plastic tote container—the kind with a lid that snaps in place—sitting next to the dumpster. She didn't take any notice of it, thinking it was garbage someone from the area had put out for collection. However, when she thought she saw movement from within the tote, she took a second look. To her horror, she could see a mother cat and kittens through a hole in the top of the container. If Barbara hadn't taken a closer look, I can't bear to think what would have happened to the felines, already closed inside a plastic tote in the blazing heat.

Barbara spent the day calling every rescue organization and agency she could locate, but none of them agreed to help. Finally that evening, after countless unsuccessful attempts, she called me. I was scheduled to work in the alleys that night, so when the call came in at 8:30 p.m., I had already gone to bed. Barbara explained the urgency of the situation, so I map requested the address and jumped in my car. If Barbara hadn't given specifics about the location of the dumpster and the tote, I would have missed it.

But I did locate the plastic container with the dehydrated, heat exhausted little family still inside it, put them in my car, and drove home as quickly as traffic laws permitted. Inside the container was a very sweet Mom with her five kittens. There were feces in the tote indicating they had been in there for some time. Mom was ravenously thirsty and hungry, and she continued to nurse her young while she drank and ate a large amount. I don't know how many long hot hours they waited by the dumpster for someone, *anyone*, to relieve their distress.

I didn't get much rest before beginning a full night in the alleys, but I kept thinking about how glad I was that Mom and her babies were now safe and comfortable, and would go into foster care with someone who will pamper them. I don't know how anyone could be so cruel to a friendly cat and her infants, but I have learned through my work that animals bear the brunt of human cruelty with alarming frequency. If people turned their ability to hurt innocent animals into a desire to help them, this world would be an entirely different place.

Alley Animals 410-823-0899

Alley Animals

Memorials In Loving Memory Of:

The precious dog who died in the crate.

*Bob & Sandy Miller
Bobbie LaSov*

Mr. Festus. We miss you.

Julie, Izzy, Genie, Spike, Rose, & Violet

Doris B. Fishman, beloved mother of Leslie Nielson.

Katy Wruk

Max, Camden, & Jones.

Ellen Hambrick

Star, joyous soul, who shone in the lives of George and Marcia Wines for 13 years.

John & Donna Kapcia

Lisa's beloved Husky, **Kenya.**

Rita Flygar

Conan.

James. R. Burnett

Thomas & Mildred Stubblebine, and Niles Montgomery.

Judy Stubblebine

William P. Taub.

*Michele Kolker
Katherine & Jacques Rigolage
Teola Jones
Sherri West*

Orlando.

James Cox & Cornelia Vanderlain

Ruth German.

Raymond W. Taylor

Nina.

Dr. Malinda Dice-Shah

Ruth & Alfred Guienot, my parents.

Ruth Guienot McElvany

Our tabby cat, **Wolfie,** part of our family for 15 years.

Virginia Naylor

Our Norwegian Elk Hound, **Little Fox,** who passed away recently. She was a wonderful little friend whom we loved dearly and sorely miss her presence.

Carolyn & Dan Hoffman

My beloved wife, **Jeannette.**

Roy Cullen

Johnny Mottet, beloved 16 year old cat, devoted companion of Dwight Mottet. Never forgotten and always loved.

Sherri Pennock

Our beloved cat, **Hermies,** with thanks for the assistance Alice provided.

Marvin Feuerberg & Sylvia Rosenfield

Romeo, a dear cat who loved everyone, especially Mary and Will.

Shirley Geddes

My beloved **Trusty,** a rescue kitty, forever loved.

Jan Sinnott

Jaz, gone but never forgotten!

Sheila & Carl Bernstein

Cellphone, who was rescued by Gerda Deterer (of Wildlife Rescue) from cellphone experiments at Johns Hopkins. We adopted him and he had 4 wonderful years with us. He was the best bunny ever.

Lierra Lenhard & Enid Feinberg

Haley, beloved feline companion of Leah Ball.

Marlene Pegg

My dog, **Sasba,** who passed 3 months ago.

M.J. Eckhardt

Sophie, who belonged to our friend, Karen Kreiser. They were devoted to each other. Sophie was a therapy dog. Small, soft, a furry bundle of love. Her visits to the Gull House, an Adult Day Care Center, were appreciated. She brought many smiles.

Patricia Warden

Ms. Betty Bryant, who passed away suddenly and was a lover of animals, particularly her beloved cat.

Yvonne Jones

My first dog, **Nikki,** a terrific Lab-Boxer mix. We were together from 1964-1971. I still miss him.

Bobbie LaSov

My beloved son, **Charles Warren.**

Elva Elzey

Our Mom, **Madelon Decker;** we still miss you.

Richard, Patti & the Decker Family

Melody, missed by Bonnie Bozylinski.

Frannie

Tia, a yellow Lab belonging to Diane & Lew Houser.

Jody & Howard Kesner

Nina & Welles McElvany, my husband's parents.

Ruth McElvany

Betty Bryant, who loved animals. *Rosemary Brennan*

Our sweet little Pup Pup **Brownie.** She was 16 years old when she passed away in April. She is missed! Now, she's with Perdie Girl in Heaven.

Theresa Chonoski

Shelby, Sandy Crudgington's sweet, beautiful boy—gentle and loving to all.

Theresa Chonoski

Alley Animals

Max, adopted from a shelter when he was just a kitten by Betty Sherry and Sue Grouel. He was well-loved and well-cared for for nineteen years. Max was one of the lucky ones.

Sandy Graham

Our **Gypsy**, whom we adopted from Alley Animals after you rescued her in a Baltimore alley in 1995. We traveled with her across this entire country several times and Gypsy left "messages" at most rest stops on most Interstates all across the country.

Clark & Cindy

Virginia B. Knowles, my aunt who passed away a year ago in May and who loved the brave work you do to help the animals who are not cared for.

Barbara Wallick

All the dogs and cats in China who are skinned or boiled alive so that their fur can be used to decorate coats, hats, and toys in America and around the world.

Bobbie LaSov

Evie & Ted Tontrup's two feline family members.

Ed & Nancy Foltz

Carol Eskins, Gus Crespo, and Lisa Shelton.

Dana Karangelen

Bill Taub, husband of Nadine and father of Myra. He was a good friend.

Mr. & Mrs. Merle Houck

Sage, my Syrian hamster, who passed away 1-16-2010 at age 4 years. He was already a "senior" when he was adopted in 2008 from a shelter where he had been for nearly 5 months. Someone there had jotted down "sweet boy" on his cage card, and no truer words were ever written. A most gentle, affectionate and sweet-tempered hamster, he was truly a privilege to have in my life.

Donna Rae Castillo

Corky, my small orange and white mouse, euthanized 5-4-2010 after an apparent stroke at age 16-1/2 months. I was his "foster mom" before adopting him, and he spent many hours riding on my shoulder or snuggled under a soft sweater collar around my neck. Despite chronic respiratory infections and other medical problems, he remained a gentle sweet-natured boy to the end. He was loved by me and all his friends at the Animal Place Veterinary Hospital.

Donna Rae Castillo

Alice Bossman.

Dana Karangelen

Tux, the formerly feral.

Joyce Briggs

Little Tink, who never had a fair chance in this life. I adopted her as a pup from a Pittsburgh shelter when I was seventeen. Shortly after I brought her home, she somehow managed to "escape" to a neighbor's yard where she was poisoned. I know Tink is in heaven, but I still miss her.

Sandy Graham

Coco, a wonderfully charming Kitty who warmly welcomed everyone visiting the Lodanski household. Elevating every guest to the status of a friend, Coco quietly asked to be held, as if she had been patiently waiting for the honor of one's affections. But for Elaine Lodanski, Coco reserved the most special place in her heart.

Lillian G. Leslie

In Honor Of:

John Mason, in celebration of his birthday.

Hank & Edna Kloczewski

Leslie Nielson, who takes care of many homeless, injured, and sick cats that would otherwise be left to die.

Katy Wruk

Our **Cimberley's** 10th birthday. Everytime I feed her I think of all the starving creatures.

Aileen Dannenberg

All precious animals who were deprived of food during the blizzard nightmare, and for all the kittens who will be victims of cruel human beings. Also, for courageous Alice, and for Lillian Leslie, and all dedicated people at Alley Animals.

Doris Richard

Our aunt, **Rose Duchek**, in celebration of her 87th birthday. She admires your organization and does a lot to help feral cats in her neighborhood. Thanks for all you do for the homeless animals in Baltimore.

Rose Mary McCarthy & Teresa Thiel and families, Milwaukee WI

Alice Arnold's recovery from cancer.

Barbara Ziegler

Alice Arnold, God Bless her.

Mary Castle Barthel

Alice—God bless you and keep you well.

Evie & Ted Tontrup

In tribute to **Alice's** courage and compassion for animals, and in admiration of her dedication and devotion to animal welfare.

Einur Raysor

Alice & Lillian.

Rita Flygar

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In Honor Of: *(continued from Page 5)*

Our furry family member, **Felicity**, 16+ year old Siamese cat. How time flies.

Richard, Patti, & the Decker Family

Dogs living chained to a doghouse at the farthest corner of the yard.

Kristen Mattis

Our dog, **Trevor**, whose been with us for a year. We knew his health problems would prevent other people from adopting him, so we accepted him into our family. Even with his hydrocephalus, Trevor has made great strides and has permanently settled into our hearts.

Bobby & Stan LaSov

Mickers, a cat my niece and her husband adopted as a "fanbelt" cat. My niece found him as a kitten in winter and hobbling on a broken leg. Now 15 years old, Mickers recently came through an operation to remove his gall bladder. He is the dearest, gentlest cat on earth.

Sandy Graham

Cortney Price, my daughter-in-law, and in celebration of her birthday.

Linda Gooding

My friend, **Virginia Foster's** birthday. *Gloria Hirsch*

Prince Tai and Pike, who reveal the splendor of feline comfort and support to their human companion, Einar Raysor. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

Betsy Ross, my Shih Tzu puppy-mill rescue and dearest friend. *Sandy Graham*

My niece, **Mary**, whose creativity I admire and whose inner strength I deeply respect. There is no end to the unselfishness in her spirit. *Lilly*

My Dad, his fighting spirit, his generosity, his love of cats, and his optimistic belief that the Orioles will win another baseball game. *Your Favorite Daughter*

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.

Alley Animals, Inc.

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