

Paws To Consider

Summer 2001

Touched by an Angel

By Juli Boyer and Nancy Herndon

Coincidence? Chance? Fate? Whatever the explanation, there are two very fortunate dogs and five puppies whose lives would have taken a very different turn had it not been for their encounter with Cheryl and Bill Shifflett on April 11th of this year.

While at their vet in Prince William County for their dogs' routine visit, a man came in with two very malnourished and frightened dogs, a female Husky mix and a male Rottweiler/Shepherd. The female was especially thin in spite of her obvious advanced pregnancy. Cheryl was so appalled at the condition of these dogs that when she got home, she made some calls to try to get help for the animals.

Eventually she reached the SPCA and Humane Investigator, John Taylor, who obtained the owner's name and immediately paid a visit to the home to assess the situation. Upon observing the deplorable home conditions and after talking to neighbors who

reported that the owner had been taken to court on animal cruelty issues and that dogs previously had been removed by Prince William Animal Control,

John Taylor gave the owner the option to be cited once again for Animal Cruelty or give the dogs up. The owner agreed to release the dogs to the SPCA. Knowing of the Shifflett's concern, John called Cheryl and asked her to take some cooked chicken and rice to the dogs as they were literally starving. The moment they arrived with food, their bond with these dogs was sealed. The female, Maxine, was so hungry she licked the food out of Cheryl's hands and seemed grateful for what was there. Intuitively, however, when her owner appeared, she growled and retreated to

her dog house. When Cheryl tried to coax her out,

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Shira

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The SPCA of Northern Virginia is an all-volunteer non-profit rescue organization. We rely on membership dues, donations and fund-raising activities for revenue. Our Voluntary Board of Directors, committee members and volunteers are responsible for all SPCA activities. We do not have a shelter facility and depend on foster parents to care for domestic animals until adoption.

Paws to Consider is published by the SPCA of Northern Virginia. Permission must be granted for article reprints. If you would like to submit stories of interest or be added to our mailing list, please direct all correspondence to SPCA of Northern Virginia, P.O. Box 10504, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1504, (703) 799-9390.

Saving the World One Cat or Dog at a Time

It is the hardest job you will ever have but also the most rewarding. Becoming a foster family can be a very gratifying experience! Our ability to save animals ultimately depends on caring people who are willing and homes to cats and dogs that are seeking a second chance at life. As a foster parent you will provide a needy cat or dog with love, nurturing, and food. The SPCA covers all medical expenses and a "foster buddy" to assist you of fostering. We currently are looking for people to foster a cat, a nursing mom with kitten or large dog.



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If interested please call (703) 799-9390 or email spcanova@aol.com and a volunteer will contact you.



Donations can be made easily using the form on the back cover or if you would like to make a donation using a credit card please visit our website, www.spcanova.org, and click on the helping.org banner. Your charitable gift will make a lifesaving difference to the animals! Please remember the SPCA of Northern Virginia is a private, non-profit charitable organization. We do not receive any government funding or tax dollars. We are supported completely by private donations.

(Continued from page 1)

she saw movement in the enclosure and realized that Maxine had just given birth to a pup that was trying to nurse. Knowing that the delivery of more pups was imminent, the Shiffletts alerted John Taylor who asked them to take the dog and her puppy to Woodbridge Animal Hospital, but before they could load her up for the trip, she had delivered two more, and by early the next morning the other two puppies had been born.

Later that day the Shiffletts took Maxine and her litter to their home to begin their rehabilitation. Though they have three dogs and six cats of their own, Cheryl was determined that this young family would have a chance for a better life. She renamed the three-year-old mother "Shira" which is Hebrew for "Song." With their daughter Courtney's help, they bottle fed the puppies while enabling Shira to recuperate and form a bond with her new foster family. Cheryl said that Shira was a good mother from the start, and in spite of her weakened condition, wanted at least one pup with her at all times.

As if this task were not monumental enough, the Shiffletts' mission of mercy was not complete. It was time to rescue Smokey, Shira's companion (and probably father of her puppies). When they arrived to pick him up, the dog displayed great fear in his owner's presence, but once in their truck and on the road, Smokey, like Shira, sensed from these humans the love and care he had never known. He licked their hands and put his head on Bill's shoul-

der. After a short stay at Suburban Animal Hospital, Smokey went to the SPCA's kennel to recuperate and learn to live with other dogs and people. Soon, he was joined by three of the more active pups: Bella, Faith and Garth with the hope that before long they will all join new families.

Shira was later diagnosed with a staph infection and sarcoptic mange so serious that she lost the hair on most of her body. To protect all of their other animals, Cheryl took Shira and the two pups remaining in their care for some R&R at their cabin in Luray, Virginia. Shira loved this new place with its tall grass and clean smells and became very playful with her puppies. She is now rehabilitated and ready to be adopted.

The past few months have been difficult for this couple: Hopefully, all of us would have taken that first step to rescue an animal in need . . . alerting someone in the position to make it happen. That was the easy part. Taking on the physical, as well as the emotional, task of not only nursing a sickly animal and her pups for weeks but also helping the mother establish the important bond by keeping them all together, (at the same time caring for 6 other animals and trying to work outside the home) was probably not what they bargained for. Committed they were, however, and for that commitment, Shira, Smokey and their young family — Bella, Faith, Garth, Shana, and Taylor — have lives full of promise.

In lieu of being prosecuted the owner paid the full medical bill to the SPCA.



Smokey

*"If you take a dog which is starving and feed him and make him prosperous, that dog will not bite you. This is the primary difference between a dog and a man."
- Mark Twain*

Humane Investigator Goes Duck Hunting - Ends Up With Goose

By Edith Von Stuemmer

Reports of a white duck at the end of Industrial Drive in Springfield seemed to indicate a danger for the animal. There was a pond with lots of wild ducks but this one kept crossing the road, causing traffic problems.



Since I really don't know very much about ducks, I contacted the Wildlife Rescue League Hotline and received a call from

Pat Nelson, one of their volunteers.

We met, and the first thing she said was "That is a goose."

OKAY - I thought it was rather large for a duck, but we both agreed that this was not a good place for it to be.

Pat put some grain on the ground, and everybody was busy eating when she grabbed this huge bird from behind, holding it firmly clasped against her chest and yelled "Open my car door!" I did that but



the windows were open. "Just a moment- I'll close them." WRONG!! (electric windows.)

"Where is your key?"

Key was in jacket pocket underneath wing of very reluctant struggling goose who was squawking at the top of his voice.

"Forget it" I said, "stuff goose in car, I'll guard windows - you find key!"

Finally, goose was in car with windows rolled up. He compensated us for our efforts by dropping "you know what" all over the back seat.

Pat took goose to a lake near Leesburg where other geese had been released. He was happy, Pat was happy, I was happy.



I named him "George" - or maybe it was "Georgette?"

Happy Ending to Herndon Tragedy

By Sherry Garay

As reported in our last newsletter (Winter 2000) two felines were left homeless by the murder-suicide that struck a quiet Herndon neighborhood. In the early morning hours of November 2nd of last year Richard Hamilton murdered his wife and two young daughters, ages 8 and 6, before setting fire to the family home and then taking his own life. The story about the plight of the two family pets, Belle and Timothy, was picked up by the Reston-Herndon Times. The newspaper article was read by the lone surviving family member, 20-year-old Evan McLeese. Though left homeless himself by the unforeseen tragedy, Evan realized that he had to do anything possible to keep his surviving family members, Belle and Timothy, in his life. With the help of close family friends he was able to find a home for them to stay in while he settled numerous family affairs and sought to purchase a home of his own. Arrangements were made by the SPCA for these two wonderful cats to be returned to Evan. On a

Saturday afternoon Evan was met by the cats' temporary foster Mom, Merissa Rozmierski and her 3-year-old son Timothy (Timothy the cat was known as "Harley" while in their care to lessen the confusion of having 2 Timothys in the home.)



Evan McLeese holding Belle and SPCA foster parent Merissa Rozmierski holding Timothy

It was a sad yet joyous exchange. Timothy, the child, was extremely sad to see Belle leaving him. Belle, having been raised with 2 young children, had spent every waking moment by his side and had slept every night next to him.

But joy was felt by all present to see these two sweet felines being returned to the one person who knew them and loved them the most. We at the SPCA know that Evan will bestow great affection upon his remaining family members and keep them by his side always.



Alumni Cats & Dogs

Wouldn't you like to tell the world about the wonderful pet you have adopted from the SPCA of Northern Virginia? Now, you can!! On our website (<http://www.spcanova.org>), we have a page for "Alumni Cats" and one for "Alumni Dogs". Please e-mail the webmaster at mary_portelly@yahoo.com with a photo of the pet (.jpg, .gif, or .tif), it's name (plus name it had before you got it – if appropriate), when you adopted your pet and a description of how it's doing now. You can also mail your picture to: SPCA of Northern Virginia, Attn: **Mary Portelly**, P.O. Box 10504, Arlington, VA 22210.



The SPCA of Northern Virginia rescues many dogs and cats throughout the year that without our help would never find happiness. Some cats and dogs find homes immediately, while others remain in foster homes waiting for their chance at true happiness. Won't you please find it in your heart to offer one of these wonderful pets a home of their own forever.



Gypsy

*I once was a kitten, but now I'm not
My name is Gypsy, I'm a tortoiseshell cat
The people come and they pass with a smile
I'm beautiful and I'm friendly, but I've been here a while
"We wanted a tabby" I've heard them request
I know I'm not tabby but I'm doing my best
I've tried rolling over and waving my paw
But they just take a glance and pass by my door
"Maybe a ginger? That one looks nice"
But a tortoiseshell cat? well no one looks twice
If you come to an adoption, just watch and see
They'll choose all the others, but no one picks me!*

Gypsy is a beautiful female tortoiseshell with dainty white feet. She was born approximately in October 1999. This quiet girl is a bit shy at first but warms up quickly. Gypsy adores being brushed, playing gently and likes to spend her days sunbathing on a windowsill. After being abandoned by her owner Gypsy was discovered one cold night curled up and shivering on someone's patio. This affectionate, quiet and undemanding girl is looking for a new home where she can relax and enjoy life after having a rough start. Wouldn't you like a little angel in your life?

*"There are two means of refuge from the miseries of life: music and cats."
-Albert Schweitzer*

Alicia



Alicia is a female tortoiseshell who is mostly black with small specks of orange. When she rolls around on the floor, as she does when she's happy, you can also see that she has white on her belly! When you look at her closely, you can see that one side of her whiskers are black and the other side are white which give her a unique look. And, those beautiful green eyes! Alicia was born in 1995. She was rescued by the SPCA when she was about a year old and adopted to a wonderful family where she has lived for the past 5 years. She was reluctantly returned to us when her "mother's" life turned upside down. With the death of her husband and the loss of her job, Alicia's "mother" was facing an uncertain future. She needed to move out of the area to live with family and couldn't bring Alicia with her.

So, Alicia finds herself in need of a new loving home. Although very friendly and affectionate, she is not a lap cat. She greets you at the door with her little "squawk" of a meow, then purrs loudly and rolls around on the floor when you pet her. Alicia is also very playful. She loves "hunting" for objects that have been hidden under a towel and "darting" her paws out from under the bed when you "swish" a feather toy in front of her (see photo). Alicia has been an only cat for at least the past 5 years. However, with patience and understanding, she has adjusted wonderfully to her foster family which includes two resident cats. Alicia would adjust easier to a new home with no other pets. But she would probably do fine in a loving home with a friendly, layed back male cat as long as he would let her be the "dominant" one. Alicia is a little shy around strangers and loud noises and needs a home without small children.



"With the qualities of cleanliness, affection, patience, dignity, and courage that cats have, how many of us, I ask you, would be capable of becoming cats?"
- Ferdinand Mery

Tipper the 3-Legged Wonder

By Sherry Garay

In October of last year the SPCA received a frantic call for assistance from a caring lady who had recently adopted a cat from our organization. The day prior she had rescued two 6-week-old kittens from the parking lot of the office building where she worked in Merrifield, Virginia. The kittens were the offspring of a feral cat that made her home in the drainage pipes of the office complex.

One kitten, a male, was immediately adopted by a coworker. The second kitten, an adorable female calico, was quickly taken to a veterinarian due to a



Tipper before surgery

horrible leg injury. It seems that this sweet kitten had her rear femur bone broken during birth. As she grew and was able to walk, her leg which was bent almost completely backward, was merely dragged behind her. Due to the useless leg being constantly dragged across the parking lot asphalt it had become raw and a severe infection had taken hold.

Learning of her plight the SPCA immediately sent a volunteer to transport the kitten, which was named Tipper, to Suburban Animal Hospital to

have her evaluated by Dr. Gary Schrader who is truly a genius at orthopedic surgery. It was decided that due to the bone having already set at a useless angle and the likely possibility of the wound developing gangrene, it was in the best interest of the kitten to remove the leg totally.

After the amputation and to the amazement of Dr. Schrader himself, this lively little feline was immediately walking about on her 3 legs quite happy to have the burden of her useless dragging leg removed.



Cassidy post surgery

A few days prior to Tipper coming into our care SPCA volunteers Greg and Brenda Stone had commented that their next adoptive cat would need to have 3 legs because their house was becoming full with the 6 homeless cats they had previously adopted. As soon as they heard about young little Tipper they jumped in their car to meet her in person. After her recovery period Tipper was taken to her new home with the Stone family. She has been renamed Cassidy as in "Hop-a-long" and is the shining light of the household.

*"The cat has too much spirit to have no heart."
- Ernest Menaul*

SPCA Wins Court Case

By Edith Von Stuemmer

“These photos are horrible. I will never forget these cats as long as I live -- and I’m not even an animal person! They are awarded to the SPCA.”

This was the ruling of a Fairfax Co. Judge on June 18th in a case we brought to trial.

Two persian cats, 1½ and 3 years old, had been found totally matted and covered with urine and feces. They have been shaved down, bathed, had shots and dental work and have been spayed and neutered.



Before



After



Before



After

“As anyone who has ever been around a cat for any length of time well knows, cats have enormous patience with the limitations of the human kind.”

- Cleveland Amory



GIFTS IN REMEMBRANCE

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Ira & Valerie Shapiro
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In Memory Of

"Bobbi" My Sweet Tabby
Edwin P. Marcus
Danny, Sierra & Jenny
Margaret Kane Bon Tempo
Yuri, Kesh, Sidwid & Carrington
Allie
Saccha Snowshoes, my Wonderful Little Girl
Kitty who died in July, age 19
Beloved Scooter, our Cocker Spaniel
Rosie
Malley
Edward Marcus
Sally & C.J. Freedenthal's cat "Con"
Susan Schmidt's cat "Penelope"
Lorene York
Maggie Bon Tempo
Kerry Abernethy
Susan Hall, DVM
Randy Falkofski's Beloved Pet "Foxy"
Sara Klosky's cat "Binkie"
"Pearl"
"Chickie"
Geoff & Linda's "Tipper"
Ursula Adamsky's "Bandit"
Pat & Patricia Hanes' dog "Dolly"
Mr. & Mrs. R. Powell's dog "Zoe"
Bandit, Leo, Blacky, Jade, Rags, Sneekers,
Sparky & Callie
Daisy Vaughn
"Katie" Vaughn
Bill & Shane's dog "Jonesie"
Daisy Vaughn
Daisy Vaughn
Daisy Vaughn
Foxey, Taffy & Lily
Eddie
Wayne T. Toivanen
"Ben"
Wayne Toivanen
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Miss Kitty" Combest



GIFTS IN REMEMBRANCE

Donor

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Susan Schoppa
Mary Whistler
Mitchell Miller & Dick Haynes
Janet Utegaard

Donor

Julia Hanweck
Heather O'Hara
Ed Groenert

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Rekha Smith, Ajit D. Marathe,
Tess Johnston
Kate Eltrich
Dilan & Tracey Abdullah
Clicia Antunes
Jennifer Rogich
Chuck & Ingrid Schweitzer
Roy Apseloff
Frances Walinsky
Carrie Shaver
Robert & Dianne Mastbrook
Sherry Garay

Kathie M. Bagnall, Darlene L. Bell,
Martha J. Forneck, Ronnie Sue Higgine,
Lyle D. Jentzer, George R. Johnson,
Judith K. Lamond, Margaret B. Mason,
Karen S. McClain, Annemarie Meike,
Kimberly & Michael Sullivan, Laura Leggott,
Margaret M. O'Connell, Betty Lou White,
Mary E. Walmsley, Cindy Bartorillo,
Joanne Mueller, Joe Grabowski

In Memory Of (continued)

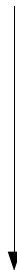
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Miss Kitty" Combest
"Vanna"
Wayne T. Toivanen

In Honor Of

Thank you for rescuing my Dobie "Gunther"
Carol Warso
Barbara McConaghy, Thomas Hornada,
Shirley Strother, Mary Lawson
Blacky's Fund



Sam & Judy Lane in celebration of The Holidays
Much Loved Dog "Bo-Bo"
"Tipper" Calico Kitten whose hind leg was amputated
"Tipper" Calico Kitten whose hind leg was amputated
"Chessie" Yellow Lab adopted from SPCA
Stan & Glen Apseloff
Florence Williams
"Sugar"
Their Dogs "Max", "Susie" & "Patrick"
Foster Parents who open their hearts and homes to save
the lives of an animal
"Bennett" injured dog rescued on a highway



The SPCA welcomes donations made in honor or in memory of someone special in your life. Please include with your gift the name and address of the person you would like notified of your donation, along with the name of the person or pet being honored or remembered.

How Could You?

When I was a puppy, I entertained you with my antics and made you laugh. You called me your child, and despite a number of chewed shoes and a couple of murdered throw pillows, I became your best friend. Whenever I was "bad," you'd shake your finger at me and ask "How could you?" – but then you'd relent, and roll me over for a bellyrub. My housebreaking took a little longer than expected, because you were terribly busy, but we worked on that together. I remember those nights of nuzzling you in bed and listening to your confidences and secret dreams, and I believed that life could not be any more perfect. We went for long walks and runs in the park, car rides, stops for ice cream (I only got the cone because "ice cream is bad for dogs," you said), and I took long naps in the sun waiting for you to come home at the end of the day. Gradually, you began spending more time at work and on your career, and more time searching for a human mate. I waited for you patiently, comforted you through heartbreaks and disappointments, never chided you about bad decisions, and romped with glee at your homecomings, and when you fell in love. She, now your wife, is not a "dog person" – still I welcomed her into our home, tried to show her affection, and obeyed her. I was happy because you were happy. Then the human babies came along and I shared your excitement. I was fascinated by their pinkness, how they smelled, and I wanted to mother them, too. Only she and you worried that I might hurt them, and I spent most of my time banished to another room, or to a dog crate. Oh, how I wanted to love them, but I became a "prisoner of love." As they began to grow, I became their friend. They clung to my fur and pulled themselves up on wobbly legs, poked fingers in my eyes, investigated my ears, and gave me kisses on my nose. I loved everything about them and their touch - because your touch was now so infrequent - and I would have defended them with my life if need be. I would sneak into their beds and listen to their worries and secret dreams, and together we waited for the

sound of your car in the driveway. There had been a time, when others asked you if you had a dog, that you produced a photo of me from your wallet and told them stories about me. These past few years, you just answered "yes" and changed the subject. I had gone from being "your dog" to "just a dog," and you resented every expenditure on my behalf. Now, you have a new career opportunity in another city, and you and they will be moving to an apartment that does not allow pets. You've made the right decision for your "family," but there was a time when I was your only family. I was excited about the car ride until we arrived at the animal shelter. It smelled of dogs and cats, of fear, of hopelessness. You filled out the paperwork and said "I know you will find a good home for her." They shrugged and gave you a pained look. They understand the realities facing a middle-aged dog, even one with "papers." You had to pry your son's fingers loose from my collar as he screamed "No, Daddy! Please don't let them take my dog!" And I worried for him, and what lessons you had just taught him about friendship and loyalty, about love and responsibility, and about respect for all life. You gave me a goodbye pat on the head, avoided my eyes, and politely refused to take my collar and leash with you. You had a deadline to meet and now I have one, too. After you left, the two nice ladies said you probably knew about your upcoming move months ago and made no attempt to find me another good home. They shook their heads and asked "How could you?" They are as attentive to us here in the shelter as their busy schedules allow. They feed us, of course, but I lost my appetite days ago. At first, whenever anyone passed my pen, I rushed to the front, hoping it was you - that you had changed your mind – that this was all a bad dream...or I hoped it would at least be someone who cared, anyone who might save me. When I realized I could not compete with the frolicking for attention of happy puppies, oblivious to their own

(Continued on next page)

fate, I retreated to a far corner and waited. I heard her footsteps as she came for me at the end of the day, and I padded along the aisle after her to a separate room. A blissfully quiet room. She placed me on the table and rubbed my ears, and told me not to worry. My heart pounded in anticipation of what was to come, but there was also a sense of relief. The prisoner of love had run out of days. As is my nature, I was more concerned about her. The burden which she bears weighs heavily on her, and I know that, the same way I knew your every mood. She gently placed a tourniquet around my foreleg as a tear ran down her cheek. I licked her hand in the same way I used to comfort you so many years ago. She expertly slid the hypodermic needle into my vein. As I felt the sting and the cool

liquid coursing through my body, I lay down sleepily, looked into her kind eyes and murmured "How could you?" Perhaps because she understood my dogspeak, she said "I'm so sorry." She hugged me, and hurriedly explained it was her job to make sure I went to a better place, where I wouldn't be ignored or abused or abandoned, or have to fend for myself - a place of love and light so very different from this earthly place. And with my last bit of energy, I tried to convey to her with a thump of my tail that my "How could you?" was not directed at her. It was you, My Beloved Master, I was thinking of. I will think of you and wait for you forever. May everyone in your life continue to show you so much loyalty.

- Jim Willis

PREVENT PARENTHOOD!

TWENTY MILLION unwanted and homeless dogs and cats will be destroyed in the U.S. this year — about 100,000 in the DC area alone. Don't contribute to the staggering death toll . . .

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FUNDRAISING



THIRD ANNUAL DOG WASH SCHEDULED FOR AUGUST 25th

Fresh Fields Whole Foods Market of Clarendon has stepped up to sponsor and host the SPCA of Northern Virginia's Third Annual Dog Wash on August 25, 2001, from noon to 4 p.m. As in years past, volunteers will be scrubbing down and drying off dogs throughout the afternoon. New this year will be a much-expanded refreshment concession and dog photo opportunity.

Fresh Fields has offered to donate picnic foods (hot dogs, hamburgers, etc.) that volunteers will grill and sell throughout the afternoon. Additionally, the store will be providing a photographer to snap shots of dogs. The SPCA of Northern Virginia will receive the proceeds from these sales (in addition to the proceeds from the dog wash) and will use these funds to continue providing services to abandoned, injured, and abused animals in the region.

In the weeks leading up to the dog wash, volunteers are needed to collect supplies and get the word out about the event. On the day of the event, several volunteers will be needed not only to wash dogs, but also to grill/serve food and assist the photographer.

Contact Stacey Confer, fundraising coordinator, at staceyconfer@hotmail.com with questions regarding the dog wash or to volunteer for the event.

TATTOO CLINIC SCHEDULED FOR NOVEMBER 17th

The SPCA of Northern Virginia is having a pet tattoo clinic on Saturday, November 17 from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. at the Weber's Pet Supermarket in Chantilly. Tattoos will be performed by Tommy & Nancy Mantlo from Richmond, well-known pet tattooers with over 25 years experience. This is a great opportunity to protect your pets from theft, or in case they get lost. Tattoos are \$15 for dogs or cats if you sign up ahead of the date, \$18 for walk-ins. You'll choose the alpha-numeric combination to be tattooed on your pet, and you'll choose the service to register it with.

We are not taking appointments at this time but if you'd like to be informed when we are, you can contact the Clinic Coordinator, at despeaux@dogowners.org



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Email: SPCANova@aol.com



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cats and dogs now available.**

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HOMELESS HOMER PROGRAM ENDS



The Homeless Homer Program, sponsored by Heinz Pet Products ended January 31, 2001. We would like to thank Heinz for their support of the program, which raised over \$300 for the SPCA of Northern Virginia. We would also like to thank all those who have clipped and saved symbols for us over the last 3 years.

Julianna Bickus
Pamela Daitillio
Jennifer Dee
Andi Dies
Roxanne Bruce Douglas
Cheryl Furst
Liz Gaver
Elizabeth Graveline
Lynne Holmes
Vallery Labarre
Susan Lehman

Kathleen MacKinnon
Lynne Manrique
Tina Markle
Theresa Marston
Donna McClish
Dana Meeker
Elizabeth Moy
Louise Muriak
Maryanne Neely
Rose Nicholas
Erin Perkin, Dvm

Peter Rich
Ella Royston
Ann Rudd
A. Scott
C. Seifman
Mary Stein
Marie Sterling
Christine Townsend
J. Viscido
Edith Von Stuemmer
Jennifer Zima