



United Poultry Concerns

Promoting the Compassionate and
Respectful Treatment of Domestic Fowl

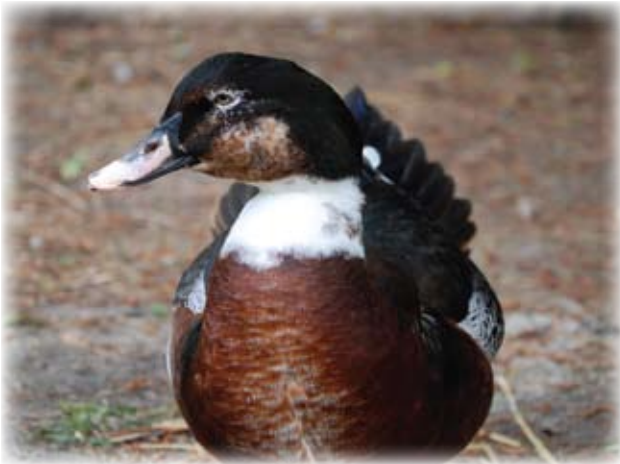


Five Precious UPC Sanctuary Residents

To sponsor a bird, go to the UPC website at www.upc-online.org and scroll down to “Support out work” and click on “Sponsor a bird!”

AMELIA, THE TURKEY

We adopted Amelia as a young turkey in the fall of 2007. A local farmer gave her up as “too expensive” to keep. Amelia has lived happily in our sanctuary ever since. She hangs out with the chickens, sits with them under the trees in the afternoon sunlight, and when people visit, Amelia fans out her snow white tail feathers, just like a male turkey, and joins the visitors in a stroll through the sanctuary yard, never leaving their side. During the past two summers, Amelia has chosen a leafy nesting place to quietly lay her eggs. At night she stays outside with the ducks until the very last minute, but when I call her, “Come on, Amelia, time for bed,” she slowly makes her way into her house, following her duck friends, for the night.



ARNOLD, THE DUCK

Arnold the duck was rescued from Hudson Valley Foie Gras, in upstate New York in 2002, and brought to our sanctuary with his companion, Donald, who passed away in November 2009. From the time Arnold and Donald arrived, they were inseparable, plodding about the sanctuary yard together, swimming and splashing in their blue plastic pool, and expressing their happiness with loud and quiet quacking. Arnold loves padding about in the woods with the chickens. And he loves spaghetti. When I bring out a pan of his favorite pasta, Arnold is on the spot, digging in. Though Donald is no longer with him, Arnold shares his days with our resident duck,

Terrain, and a new duck who was dropped off anonymously in November called Destiny. These three male ducks are friends and constant companions

BENJAMIN, THE ROOSTER

Benjamin, one of our beloved sanctuary roosters, was left one cold day at the bottom of our front yard, next to the road. We found him alone and shivering in a plastic box with a brick on top. When we introduced him as a new resident to our sanctuary, all of the chickens – including the other roosters! – welcomed Benjamin into their flock. Benjamin has a little group of hens who are his special friends, and he and Rhubarb, our red rooster, share the same perch at night surrounded by the hens who love them. Benjamin has a sweet temperament, and we’re very glad and grateful to have him in our sanctuary.



ELEANOR, THE HEN

Eleanor was rescued from a farmers market in Pennsylvania by Mary Haller in 2006. Eleanor and 7 companion chickens, including Troubadour the rooster, were stuck back of the market in a filthy 7X7-foot pen, with no protection from the weather or predators, amid piles of filth.

Mary arranged with the owner to take them and have them brought to UPC. From the time they arrived, Eleanor and her friends lived on our predator-proof porch and spent their days down the back steps in a penned yard we made especially for them. Sadly, one by one, the little flock died. Soon there was just Eleanor and Troubadour, who passed away during a veterinary exam in November. Fortunately, Eleanor was not left alone. This past summer, we adopted 6 lovely hens from a woman who was forced to give them up.

Eleanor now lives happily with her new friends, sharing her porch and yard with them. Their little faces peer into the kitchen each morning to see what's going on and to remind me, "We're ready to go outside!"



MR. FRIZZLE, THE LITTLE ROOSTER

No one knows how he got there, but one day in 2007, Mr. Frizzle climbed the front steps of Kathy Mullin's home in Maryland. He was exhausted and emaciated, and his curly white feathers were all crusty and dirty. Kathy sent several photos, and asked if UPC could adopt him. I said Okay, not sure how big he would be, but when I opened the door, there stood Kathy with this bright-eyed, curly little fellow held snug in her arms. For



a while Mr. Frizzle lived outside in a yard with 5 tiny black hens we call the Thumbelinas. But at the first sign of sniffles, I brought him inside. Though Mr. Frizzle lives mostly in the kitchen, on warm days we let him out on the porch and down the back steps to the side yard with Eleanor and her gang. Mr. Frizzle is full of enthusiasm and loving affection. He is UPC's special angel.

- UPC President Karen Davis

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