



Charleys' Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

The dog's face above reflects my feelings; it was a very sad month of November. Not only did we take in yet two more dogs – even though we are really filled to the top, but the donations we had coming in this month were so little that I could not pay the bills. Jim and I had to dig into our own meager savings so we could at least pay part of the bills. What we received in donations just paid Rebecca's wages, which are only minimum wages, and the rest of the land taxes owed to the Town. Jim had to buy enough food for the animals to last through the winter, because he can't take the 600-mile trip to the Good Shepherd Store with the trailer, in ice and snow. We do get a big break from Good Shepherds, but we still end up paying several hundred dollars for the food. And of course the vet bill needs to be paid, the electric and phone bill is due, and the huge insurance invoice of \$1500 came in this month. I could pay only the required minimum – need I go on? We have never ever in the 17 years since we are involved with the Shelter, had such a bad month money-wise. It is scary, because I know if it stays that bad, there is no way we can keep on going. So please help, if you can! Thank you!

A lady who works at another Maine Shelter sent me the following email:

I'm contacting you about Jake, a 4-year-old healthy neutered black lab who is up to date medically. He has been in and out of our shelter several times, and what it comes down to is that Jake is a very happy dog that has difficulty living in a home environment. When Jake spots a squirrel, snake, chipmunk, cat, or whatever out the window he goes crazy in the house. He loves spending his days outside, but gets stressed when confined and left alone. Jake gets along with most female dogs, and doesn't tend to get along with males dogs. Jake is living outside in the country right now in a short-term situation, and we need to find another place for him in the next 10 days. Jake will not be returning to shelter, and we need to find another situation for him. We thought of your sanctuary because it seems like Jake would be quite happy there, and we've run out of other solutions for the big goofy guy.



How could we say no? So Jake who really is a great dog and would be perfect with an older person who is at home; found his way to Charley's Strays.

We also took in a mix something or other, the husband did not want him anymore, because there was an incident with a child - the woman who took him to us was crying the whole time she stayed with us. The dog of course is scared to death - he had been with the family since being a puppy, and now has to do without the lady's love and care. He would not even touch his food for the first few days. Poor dog . . .

There were a few lights on the dark horizon - I received the following mail from our supporter Judy Rohweder, whose friend adopted one of our cats:

Just wanted to let you know that my friend, Dora, and I visited Mary Grow and fell in love with a little kitten called TT Lucy. I picked her up last week and took her to Dora's house near Boston and she made the trip very well with no mishaps. She did express herself with some long meows at being confined to a carrier, but she was actually quite comfortable, just annoyed at not being allowed to roam around the car. Everyone at Dora's house fell in love with her instantly. She is the spunkiest little thing - she head butts Tillie (Dora's big dog) and Tigerlily (my little dog) and Carson (the large male cat). No prisoners does she take! She purrs, falls asleep on Aaron's chest or in Tillie's "arms," and chases toys, climbs every available spot in the house. She eats everything in sight and I swear, she grew an inch over the weekend alone! We think she may have a little Maine coon in her - she has those cute, typical tufted ears.

Thanks so much for speaking well of us to Mary Grow. She's providing a great service helping out the kitties in her area and we were honored to meet with her and to see her "children." She is a good person indeed, to take care of these homeless critters.

Bless you and all the animals.

And there was another nice mail from the lady who took our "Hunter" a year or so ago:

Thought you'd like to know that Hunter is doing fine. I was inspired to write because I'm at my desk and Hunter has his bed right behind me and to the right. I turned around to get up and he had his head up looking at me with that little hopeful smile. Made me laugh out loud. What did I do for comic relief before Hunter came along. He's better and better at staying with me during a hike and even tho he still goes ballistic barking and lunging at certain dogs we see in the neighborhood, I've learned to grab on tight and smile apologetically at the offending dog's owner. It's just who he is. Tho interestingly enough, off leash on the mountain, he never does that barking thing when he sees another dog. Instead, he approaches cautiously and goes nose to nose with tail wagging. I'm finding that he gets a lot of attention. Last Saturday,

this guy was hiking down at the same time I was and stopped to say hi to Hunter. We hiked the rest of the way together because he was so enamored of my dog. Maybe I'll get a boyfriend out of this some day!

Cute 😊😊😊

Now to our faithful supporters – A very, very big **“Thank you”** for helping us – its soooo much appreciated! Doug Robertson and Jim Lavita mailed us a donation in memory of their friends Deborah Diamond and Barbara Fontaine’ dog Roxanne, who passed away. The two ladies are devastated over the loss.

We received donations from:

Barbara Sitoski, Mcadoo
Carol Ellin Woodger, London
Carole Parker, Winchester
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Dorothy Andrews, Conimicut
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford
Dorothy D’Alessandro, Oss.
Inge Maiellano, Marblehead
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury

Irma Simon, S. China
Joe D’Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Jon & Barb Anderson, Augusta
Josephine Smith, Woburn
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly
Marcia Smith, Bucksport
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Mary Klayda, Winchester

Mary Lenihan, Lynnfield
Michael Kane, Greenwood
Mildred Walker, P. Isle
Pat Thain, Dracut
R.D. Bournival, Nashua
Robert Hull, Lawrence
Susan Borsic, Woburn
Susan Culver, Wayland
Viola McDonald, Woburn



So much for my part of this newsletter, please read on – there is still Mary’s cat report and also a page for your amusement from Rebecca.

Wishing you a wonderful Christmas season and a happy New Year!

**Gabriele,
Mary, Karen, Betty, Rebecca, Ted and Jim**

CAT REPORT NOVEMBER 2010

Another good news/ bad news month, so I'll start with the bad: Not long after I wrote the last report late in October two cats got really sick. Christopher, who's been doing this up-and-down thing for years, didn't recover. Alison is almost back to normal, though she's still thin and getting extra meals.

The good news is Tia found herself an excellent home this week. When she went in to be spayed, one of the vet techs fell in love with her. We talked things over and Tia ended up going to Dale's house instead of mine that night. Dale has the same sort of isolation setup I have to keep a feline patient quiet, and of course she's even better qualified than I am to monitor Tia's recovery (not that we anticipate any problems).

Since I planned to retrieve Tia, I made a late-afternoon appointment for Robin so Dr. Tim could figure out why he's lost enthusiasm for his meals. As I suspected, Robin has a couple sore teeth. He's on antibiotics and getting canned food twice a day and, depending on how he responds, might need to have at least one tooth out. He has another appointment the end of this month. When I take him in I'm also taking Tia's kittens, Grover, Ryan, Michelle and Ashley, for their booster shots and tests. Tia's negative for leukemia, AIDs and heartworm, so they probably are too, but we need to test one or two to be sure.

The Nov. 1 house call was unusually exciting, with several cats being extremely uncooperative. Dr. Tim got scratched pretty badly; fortunately, he heals quickly. The cats who sat still long enough to get checked over were in good shape. Grover wasn't as plump as the doctor would have liked, so I'm giving him canned food as well as the dry the other kittens get. Some days Grover likes canned food, some days he digs into the dry and ignores the canned, but he's put on a bit of weight. At his next visit we'll find out if it's enough.

I've been repeatedly grateful for the variety of food from the fundraiser – it gives me lots of options to tempt a cat who'd rather not eat. Of course, giving special meals to cats like Alison, Robin and Grover gets the rest wondering how those guys rate. I've spent a lot of time trying to explain the difference between a GC – good cat, which they all are – and a PC – privileged cat who gets canned food or some other treat. (We have an occasional BC – bad cat – too, but they're always temporary. ☺)

Thanks this month to the Charles cat for canned food and to P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon and Judy Smith for coupons. And, since I probably won't write another cat report until 2011, thanks to all of you who have helped this year, and best wishes for the holidays and a happy new year.

Life at Charley's #3, by Rebecca

So, I should admit that it's not all fun and games here. I have had a few problems.

I was lying underneath the sink one Saturday morning, 30 degrees below zero outside and the wind blowing through the cracks in the walls, wrapping the pipes in aluminum foil so I could wrap that with heat tape and insulation. Ted walked in and looked at me with my dust mask on and a sheet of aluminum foil in my hand. He *thought* I'd lost my mind, but he didn't *say* it, so instead of shouting about alien mind control and tinfoil hats, I just admitted that the pipes were frozen.

Jim has been building replacement dog houses for the outside runs as the original ones wear out. When I started to move an old house out of a run to make room for a new one, I discovered a wasps' nest inside. I hosed the nest with wasp spray, twice, and left it. Two days later I went to move the house. It got stuck in the gate, and I started slamming on it to get it through. The wasps weren't dead! They came swarming out, looking for someone to sting. I spent the rest of the afternoon hunkered down in the far corner of the pen. They didn't find me.

Our current washing machine stopped working a month or more ago. I took it apart and fiddled with the switches. Now it washes, but you have to turn the knob by hand to the next part of the cycle. I can't figure out how to fix it, so I have to chaperone it while it runs. When I get distracted, a single washing takes all afternoon.

To try to keep the electric bill down, Jim installed a large clothesline out in the yard for warm-weather use. By the time I got here, the frost heaves had pushed the clothesline poles, bedded in cement, up out of the ground so no one could reach to hang out the laundry. I dug around the concrete, tipped the whole thing over, dug the holes deeper and stood it back up. It's still too high for short people to reach, but I'm not short.

Although we don't have air conditioning, we do have a swimming pool – dog size. One blazing hot afternoon I refilled it. The water was freezing cold, right out of the bottom of the well. The Boston terrier jumped in, thinking it would be bathtub warm. He leaped back out, his eyes crazy, and started biting everything in sight, including me.

If you'd like to come help out, there's always some project that needs doing, and I always keep the wasp spray close at hand. The number at the kennel is 426-9482.