



Charley's Strays, Inc.
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Dear Friends,

The guy in above picture is NOT a stray. He lives in a comfortable home in Limestone, not on the roof. In case you wonder - it's Jim putting up the new roof at Charley's Strays. ☺

After a couple of weeks of hard work, the roof is just about finished – the only thing still needs to be done is some Styrofoam cut away along the top edge, but that's only a beauty factor. We decided to put up a metal roof, which is supposed to last for about 40 years, since Jim refuses to climb back up there in another 20 years to replace regular shingles. He thinks he is getting to old for that. ☹



The roof is "hunters green", for some reason it does not show well in this photo.

Two weeks ago we had our annual fundraiser. I did notice over the past few years that the attendance of our supporters is steadily declining – from the average 50 people several years ago we were down to 21 this time, which included our helpers too; they almost outnumbered the visitors. The Baptist church where we hold the fundraiser, had advertised in three different newspapers and on the radio; Jill Tillson, one of our supporters, had made some beautiful large signs to put up all over town and around the church, so at least we did have some

"strangers" showing up. Several of them did their Christmas shopping with us. At least all the work, planning and traveling was not all for nothing.

Jackie Lowney had made her beautiful baskets again, Joan Ryan helped supplying things for them; Cindy Houston had baked goodies for sale and her great tasting dog cookies. Enid Hayes also brought baked items and things for sale- so did Jean Tillson. Our Al Smith gave us good laughs doing the raffle. Of course it was great to see our supporters again; I just wish it had been more. But there is always a next year.

Once again we were very lucky when it came to the prizes: the big cash prize of \$300 went to Willa Rockett, one of our long-time supporters. Willa happened to be there, and after telling us that she had never won anything in her whole life, she returned the money to Charley's Strays! Jackie Lowney, who also gave it right back to us, won the 2nd cash prize, a Wal-Mart-gift certificate. Most of the other prizes went to people, who were attending, and to donors who had sold tickets to friends and took the prizes along to drop off. So I only had to mail out a total of four items. Hopefully they have showed up at your home by now.

A huge **"Thank you"** to all of our helpers, and to all who came to spend some time with us!



A few days ago I had to take my own dog to the vet. He was vomiting, and had diarrhea. Both Karen and Ted had told me that there was something going on again, everybody they know who has a dog, seems to be experiencing the same problems. So we figured it may be caused by food again. If you check your Internet for 2010 food-recall, you will find all kinds of recalled brand names again!

But with my dog, that was not the case, he has an intestinal bacterial infection, *Clostridial enteritoxicosis* – which seems to be going around right now. Anyway, while I was there, the girls at the vet opened the donation can for Charley's – and I could take \$60 out for our critters! So a huge **Thank you** to the ladies on the front desk of the "North Country Animal Hospital" who are helping our Shelter, too. The money will be used towards our heating bill, which scares me already.☺

From the good news to some bad news: Another one of our dogs, Honey, was returned after five weeks. The lady called me at home, and was very upset because the whole family loves the dog, but from what I could gather, Honey seems to be a "duck chaser" (her previous owner was going to euthanize her because she chased porcupines) and the family wants no problems with the neighbors who seem to be the duck owners. When I look at my two dogs; one would not kill a fly, the other chases EVERYTHING – even bumblebees. I think its pretty normal for a dog to chase moving objects. But if you have neighbors, who value their moving objects, I guess a chasing dog can declare war on them.

And sadly not everybody can afford to have their property fenced in to keep their dogs in a safe environment. So now our Honey is back up for adoption - to a fenced in family only!



A big **Thank you** for faithfully supporting our animals with your donations and care packages. Reb was totally stunned when she opened up a 27-pound box from the Glovers; filled with toys, treats, blankets, much needed stamps for the newsletters, invoices and the always appreciated treats.

Alice Winston, Swampscott
Beverly Maheu, China Village
Carole Parker, Stoughton
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Cindy Houston, Woburn
David Parker, Winchendon
Donna Bering, Lynn
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Ossipee
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford
Enid Hayes, Halifax
Florence Bournival, Nashua
George Hinds, Cambridge
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Irma Simon, S.China
Jackie Lowney, New Bedford
Jean & Ralph Catignani, Conw
Jennie Bering, Lynn

Jim Lavita, Dennis
Jo Ford, Holden
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Jon & Barb Anderson, Augusta
Josephine Smith, Woburn
Judy & Al Smith, Belmont
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Karen Rapallo, Wakefield
Kim Doherty,
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Lisa D'Alessandro, Raymond
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly
Lynn Frischmann, Los Gatos
Manuel German, Reading
Marcia Smith, Bucksport
Mary Klayda, Winchester
Mary Lenihan, Lynnfield
Melody Lavers, Pownal

Mildred Walker, P.I.
Nancy Brown, Waltham
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Pat Thain, Dracut
Pat Caler, Bangor
Paula Wisniowski, Tyngsboro
R. & G. Welch, Stonington
Richard Williams, Winslow
Robert Hull, Lawrence
Susan Culver, Wayland
Toberta Chaves, Westport
Rust Pappathanasi, Swampscott
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Viola McDonald, Woburn

Thank You!

Please read on: Rebecca's funny lines and Mary's cat report on the following pages.

Wishing you a Happy Thanksgiving

Gabriele, Karen, Mary, Betty, Ted and Jim

Life at Charley's #2 by Rebecca

As all dog people know, every dog is an individual. At Charley's Strays, most dogs stay long enough so we get to know their preferences and needs. For example:

- The mixed-breed Queen of the Kennel has an obsession with pink towels and prefers pink blankets on her bed, which she helps make each day.
- The yellow lab gets fresh water several times a day, because she uses her drinking bucket to wash her face and feet.
- The German shepherd mix decides one summer night she wants to sleep out. She won't go in the building. She won't go in any outside run. She won't come close enough for me to put a leash on her. It gets dark. She sleeps in the yard till morning.
- Escape Dog Number One learns to climb chain link fences. He climbs over the fence while I'm not looking and takes himself for a walk. He doesn't know what to do with himself, so he parades up and down in front of the gate bragging, "I'm outside! I'm outside!"
- Circus Dog happily follows me to her pen. I hold the bowl of food in my hand and she jumps up to touch it with her nose. I hold it higher and she jumps to touch it with her nose. Lower, nose touch. Higher, nose touch. Not to knock it down, just for the joy of jumping.
- Punctual Dog knows when it's time to go inside for the night. He shouts, "It's time to go in!" One evening I ignore him while I finish my chores. When he stops shouting, I see that he has dug his way out of his pen and is standing by the kennel door. It's time to go in. (All our runs and pens are supposedly escape-proof. But Houdini dogs have the intelligence, ingenuity and persistence to outwit even the canniest builder. We have four Houdini dogs right now.)

- I walk across the yard through the fresh snow. The husky mix dashes up, grabs the tail of my coat, leaps into a snowdrift with me in tow and runs away laughing. When I crawl out, there's a man standing by the gate. He says, "I'm looking to adopt a dog; "But not that one."

If you would like to join the fun here, you can volunteer for many different jobs. There are always dogs to walk, to play with or maybe to teach some manners. Call the kennel at 426-9482 for scheduling.



CAT REPORT – OCTOBER 2010

This fall has certainly flown by – here's my across-the-street neighbor putting up his really spooky Halloween decorations, and my mind is still back in September. Partly because a lot of trees still have green leaves and my next-door neighbor just mowed my lawn again (he and his wife are the kind of nice people who notice things that need doing and politely ask if it's all right if they do them).

Many thanks to those of you who brought gifts for the cats to the fundraiser – it's been like an early Christmas unpacking everything. The cats have already enjoyed some of the treats, and will get the rest bit by bit, with some maybe saved for a while in case a cat isn't feeling well and needs his or her appetite tempted. The lovely soft bedding I've not shared out yet, but I already know where several pieces will go when it's time for a change. So far the only names I've found are Donna and Jennie Bering; if some things are from others, please consider yourselves much appreciated, too. I'm also grateful for coupons to Suzanne Belisle, the Berings, Roberta Chaves, Iris Martinello, Teresa Parent, P. A. Lenk and Irma Simon, and to Karen and the Charles' cat for cat food.

Except for Ashley, one of Tia's daughters, our cats seem to be in good health and spirits. I'll know more about the health (and I fear Gabriele will not be in good spirits) after November 1, when Dr. Tim comes out for the fall house call. That's the expensive one where the doctor and a technician and I go from room to room corralling cats. The highly reluctant ones often get only a rabies shot, after one of us drags each one from under a bed or on top of a walk-in cage and the gloved tech does her best to hold him or her still. The cooperative ones get their rabies shots plus quick physicals and distemper shots if they're due. It's an exhausting day, for the cats and for me; I try to give them a late (so they'll have time to settle down) and especially good supper afterwards.

I don't know what hit Ashley. It could have been a reaction to Frontline, although Dr. Tim said he's never seen any such. I treated her and her mother and siblings Friday early in the afternoon. Everyone else was fine, but Ash acted odd off and on the rest of the day – she was sleepy, an hour later she was fine, then she was too quiet, then she ate some supper, by late evening she was sitting in the litter box, which I've learned is often a sign a cat feels unwell. Saturday morning she seemed better and ate some breakfast, but when she was back in the litter box half an hour later I took her to the hospital. She had a very high fever, for no obvious reason. Antibiotics are helping as I write, though I'm still worried about her, especially after losing Pooh to an inexplicable infection last month.

Ashley, her sister Michelle and brothers Grover and Ryan have grown to the point where their collars stay around their necks properly. Grover is food-aggressive, especially when I serve canned food; he sticks his nose well into the dish and growls at any other kitten who wants a share. When he's out of the walk-in cage and the adult cats who live in the room surrounding the cage have canned food, he does the same thing to them.

Pooh's sister, Lisa, seems entirely content as solo kitchen cat. She's tried out most of the sleeping places and currently prefers the top of a metal canister that's barely big enough for her if she curls up in a supertight ball. Whenever I start feeding cats or myself, she uncurls, hops down and comes to stand on her hind legs near her food dish waiting to get something in it.