



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

Here it is: The beginning of a new year! I imagine we are all wondering what this 2012 has in stock for us. Will it be a nice and "gentle" one, or will it bring lots of turbulences?

Will the much talked about doomsday come true on December 21? Or will it just be another year, with the usual good and bad happenings? None of us knows: All I do know is that I will try to make it a good one for my family and for our Shelter animals. They do deserve all of the love and attention they can get, and thanks to you, with your support throughout the year, we could give them ALMOST everything they could want. The only thing we could not provide them was a family of their own.

Thankfully there were quite a few we could place in 2011. My gut feeling tells me that each and every one has found a lovable family to spoil him/her rotten.



One of our supporters, Alice Winston, sent the following to me, which is so true:

Shelter dogs aren't broken, they've simply experienced more life than other dogs. If they were human, we would call them wise. They would be the ones with tales to tell and stories to write; the ones dealt a bad hand that responded with courage. Don't pity a shelter dog. Adopt one. And be proud to have their greatness by your side. (www.dogsrule.com)

Sadly not everyone was lucky enough to see the beginning of 2012: Our veterinarian Dr. Slack, whom I trusted completely with the care of our dogs, passed away in December. We had been with Dr. Slack for many years, and could depend on his judgment 100%. If he said its time to put a dog out of his misery, we knew it was. If he said: no sense in surgery, the dog will suffer too much, we took his advise. I think the only time we did not was when Ted got bitten pretty bad by one of our rescues – but we are a no-kill-Shelter, and many of our scared dogs have had some kind of issues. So we did not go along with his advice to put him down. (The dog, not Ted ☺) and so far, knock-on-wood, the dog has been adjusting quite nicely to our caretakers. He will never be placed, but his life at our shelter is still thousand fold better than many of the so-called family dogs which suffer on a short chain tied to a doghouse way out back, all of their life. We will miss Dr. Slack very much.

Right now we are looking for another "permanent" vet to take care of our dogs. There is one which used to work for Kennebec vet, that's the veterinarian office Charley had used himself, and we did for a few years, too, before we met Dr. Slack. This vet was also very good and compassionate; we have to do some scouting about shelter-discounts etc. because we can't afford the prices some of the vets have been charging lately. With the cost of living supposedly NOT going up, the vet care sure has doubled and tripled in the past years. But of course everything else became much cheaper, so why do I complain?



In the meantime, until we know for sure where we will be taking our dogs for their health-issues, please do not make out any more checks to New England Animal Hospital. Thank you.

Nothing much happened at the Shelter this month. No new dogs, none adopted, none passed on to the Rainbow Bridge. Reb told me one snippet of good news: Elli, our Golden Retriever or Yellow Lab, I constantly confuse these two breeds (I am getting old) who ALWAYS messed in her run, seems to be having a change of heart. She is either growing up or figures it's time to clean up her act, or the new toy Reb bought her, which is a "treat-ball" has the cleansing effect on her. This treat ball is filled with her supper, she has to roll it back and forth in order for one morsel to fall out, and by the time they are all out, usually 1-2 hours later, she seems to be totally happy and content and actually goes outside to do her business. Hallelujah to treat balls!

There seem to be different types on the market; we have bought a bunch in different shapes and sizes, and the dogs love them. They play with them for hours. Of course they have to be filled with dry dog food so it makes it worth their time to play with them. ☺



So much for the dog-news, now to the people who made it all possible:

My vet up here in Limestone has a collection can in her reception area. We received donations of \$42.00 out of this collection box ☺ Thank you much to Terry McQuade and her staff for doing this! Cindy Houston collected \$31.00 in pennies and rolled them all, for the Shelter. Thank you Cindy! Judy Rohweder's Christmas gift to her grandchildren Sarah & Kevin was made out in the form of two checks, once again, to Charley's Strays. Thank you to Judy, Sarah and Kevin!

Bonni Buckmore adopted one of our dogs, Bridget, several years ago. Every so often I receive a wonderful email from her, telling me how great Bridget is doing, and how happy they are for having adopted her. Bonni collected money, treats and other goodies from several of her co-workers and friends in honor of Bridget. Thank you Bonni!

Susan Borsic also mailed us a check in honor of her mom Marian Delarue. Thank you Susan! The Friedow Family also sent us a donation in memory of their beloved daughter and sister Marie-Kristin, who died in a tragic accident a year ago. My thoughts are with you at this bad time!

And last, but not least, we received a donation from Linda Scotti in memory of Harry Clark, Sr.

From the following supporters of our animals we received treats and toys, stamps and the much needed MONEY: ☺

Al Smith, Belmont
Barb & Jon Anderson, Augusta
Betsy Anderson, Framingham
Bonnie Buckmore, Waterville
Carole Parker, Winchenden
Christel Friedow, Plymouth
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Oss.
Dotti of Conimicut
The Culvers, Wayland
Elizabeth Fay, Belfast
Emile Jorgenson, E. Boston
Erin Baltes, Brunswick
Erin Zibrofski, Burlington
George Hinds, Cambridge
Gerard Hoag, Beaver Cove

Glenna Hawthorne, Woburn
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Irma Simon, S. China
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Joseph Blake, New Bedford
Josephine Smith, Woburn
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Linda Scotti, Beverly
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly
Lynn Bean, Montville
Lynn Kaplowitz, Liberty
Manuel German, Reading
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Mary Klayda, Winchester
Mikel Kane, Greenwood
Mikaela Ziobro, Augusta

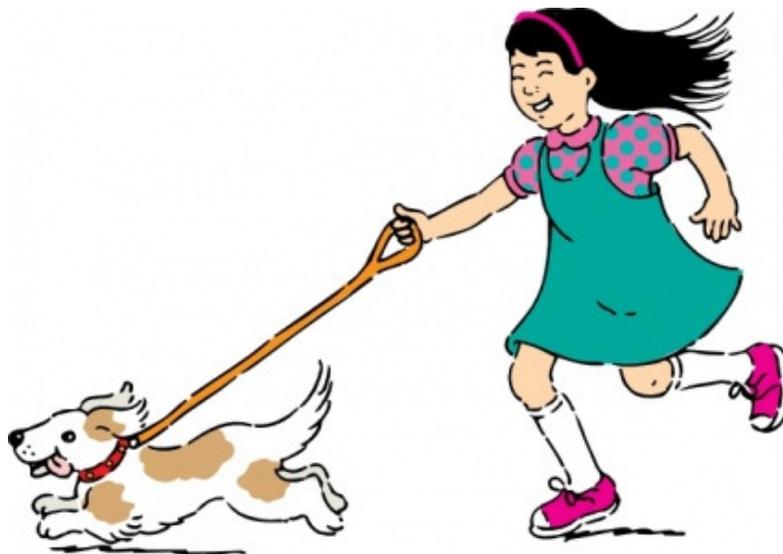
Mildred Walker, Presque Isle
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Nancy Charette, Augusta
Nancy Crawford, Cambridge
P. A. Lank, China Village
Pat Thain, Dracut
Pat Williams, Litchfield
R. D. Bournival, Nashua
Rancourt, Lebanon
Robert Hull, Lawrence
Rust Pappathanasi, Swamp.
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Susan Borsic, Woburn
Viola McDonald, Woburn
Willa Rockett, Belmont

Thank you so very much!

Jim and I are looking for a snow-free environment for a few weeks; so in another day or two we will be heading once again to Florida. This trip will be a little shorter; we will be missing out on spending Christmas together with my daughter and son-in-law, but we will see them in the New Year. As usual we will be hitting the highway with our two dogs, and Jim's much loved fishing boat in tow. Yuk, fish again, for another year. What's really bad is that I have to eat them all by myself because he does not like the taste of fish. He surely loves to fight with them out in the ocean! He does let them go unless they have swallowed the hook, then I have to fry them, hook and all. ☺

Best wishes and a Happy New Year to one and all.

Gabriele, Mary, Karen, Ted and Jim





CAT REPORT – DECEMBER 2011

Not much news on the cat front this month. Shy-High, the guy who was diagnosed with cancer last month, went back to the vet when he started breathing noisily and stopped eating for a couple meals. Dr. Paul surmised the tumor in his mouth was interfering with his sinuses; he gave him some fluids and an injectable antibiotic, and Shy ate a couple small meals that evening. Since then his breathing is still audible sometimes and he's skipped one meal a couple times, but as long as he's comfortable and eating at least five of every six meals, I'm content. The good news is that he'd gained a whole pound since having his teeth fixed and starting the piroxicam – habitually skinny, he looks better with the additional weight.

Shy's sister Agnes, who lives upstairs with Robin and Emery and a couple others, seems to be doing fine – a bit stiff in the hips occasionally, but she and Shy turned 14 last May, so that's not surprising. Robin, who's about the same age, is also well. He and Emery look much alike, both big and black with white trim, but their personalities are opposite: Robin is so friendly I call him my doglike cat, while Emery is still, after all these years, so shy I can pet him only while he's engrossed in his food. A couple days ago he did rub against my leg as I fetched their dishes – he must have been really hungry that evening! ☺

The cats don't know it (or maybe they do), but they already have their first Christmas presents. Rick and Maryann Glover sent a box to the kennel with cat toys as well as dog treats, and Karen gave them a bunch of things. I haven't opened the packages from Karen yet, but the scratching posts are hard to disguise.

This month the cats also benefited from coupons from Suzanne Belisle, P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Sandra Nicholson, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon and Al Smith. Pepper Charles and his family gave them food, Karen handed on some very high-class food that her Annie-cat rejected (Alison and Lisa think Annie is crazy not to like it) and Teresa cashed in returnable bottles and cans – lots of them, at a nickel each – and made a cash donation that quickly turned into more food.

Our thanks to all of you, and best wishes for the new year.