



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

I am not sure if it's the right "etiquette" to write a newsletter in honor of certain people, but if so, or not, either way, here it is: This monthly letter is in honor of John Wells and his dog Jake, and also in honor of Jean Tillson, her husband Jay and their friends Karen and Scott Anderson.

Here we go:

Several years ago this gentleman came to our Shelter and adopted Jake, the black lab. Jake had been sent to us from another Shelter, if memory serves right. John has been taking Jake to old folks' homes, and last year he also started setting up tables in front of stores to educate people about animals, and to ask for donations for us. John has been a HUGE help to our shelter and our animals, as you know, and I complained enough about it, donations are way down so his help is most appreciated and needed.

John set up another table in front of a store last month and sent us a nice-sized check and wrote the following note with it:

"As you can see, we had a great weekend at Shaw's. And you can thank Jake for all of it. He was the one everybody came to the table to see, and he was the one who gave them all kisses so they could not walk away without donating something."

Note from me: I wonder what would have happened if John would have kissed the guys and ladies? ☺

Last weekend John was at it again, the donations were much less because it was another wet weekend here in Maine. And this time he sent the following sad note to me:

". . . at one point a lady came up to the table with a little dog on a leash. She'd adopted him just a few weeks before, she said, but it wasn't working out, so she was going to leave him with me and get another dog. I don't know how to even begin to explain to people like that. She didn't leave a donation, either. . ."

Years ago Jim and I were at the Shelter taking care of things. One day a couple came with a beautiful huge black lab, Tucker. They did not want him any longer for reasons unknown. So they actually said: "We want to trade him in for another dog." Jim had to send me away to the building because I got so mad. I almost went for the jugular. Needless to say he sent them on their way without a dog. Eventually we found a nice couple that gave Tucker the great live he deserved.

A HUGE **THANK YOU** to our friends and supporters John and Jake



Our next most honored person, Jean Tillson:

Jean Tillson has been helping us since many years; whether our fundraiser with a huge table she always fills with some pretty and very sellable items, or with her monthly donations which she also has matched from a matching fund at the company she works, or with her own private yard sale she started a year ago. Her husband Jay needs to be mentioned too- he has a piggy bank in the form of a shoe, if memory serves me right, which he fills and empties several times a year for us. He also helps out at the yard sale, which was hosted by Karen and Scott Anderson.



The photo on the first page with the huge sign is Jean's friend and co-worker Scott. He and his wife hosted this fundraiser at their home in Hopedale, MA.

The photo on the left is some of the "stuff" which was up for sale.



Jean says: "The Fill a Bag for \$1.00 method works great for moving the cheaper items. Remember when "milk glass" was worth all the money in the world? I priced these pieces at \$2.00 each and till had some left."



Here is photo of the more "intriguing" items, with husband Jay in the back.



And here is the email from Jean:

“. . . The bad news is that we got rained out on Saturday, but the good news is we still managed to rake in about \$650.00 on Sunday! Actually, more like \$550.00, as Jay cashed in his boot money for small bills and added that the total. Still, not too shabby for a Sunday in June. Lots of graduation parties going on, among other things. . . ”

A huge  to

Jean and Jay and their friends Karen and Scott!

This brings me to the next yard sale/fundraiser, which will be hosted by our friend and supporter Cindy Houston, in September. Cindy is still looking for sellable items, no furniture please, she does have very limited space, and anything bigger than what fits in a closet is too big. Clothes and shoes do not sell either; there are just too many used shoes and old t-shirts out there, nobody wants to buy them. Please, no chipped/broken dishes either, they just end up in the garbage. It's not that we are spoiled or selective; it's just that we don't want the things, which are normally dumped in the trashcan. Thank you for understanding! So if you have anything taking up space in your cabinet or closet and you have no need for it, send it to Cindy, please. Her address:

Cindy Houston, 143 Winn Street (rear), Woburn, MA 01801. Thank you.

And another HUGE thank you goes to our supporters who once again made sure that our cats and dogs were well fed, vetted, and taken care of:

Al Smith, Belmont
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Christine Cardello,, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Ossipee
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford
Glenna Hawthorne, Woburn
Jackie & Keellee Lowney
Jean Tillson, Franklin
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
John Caswell, Newport

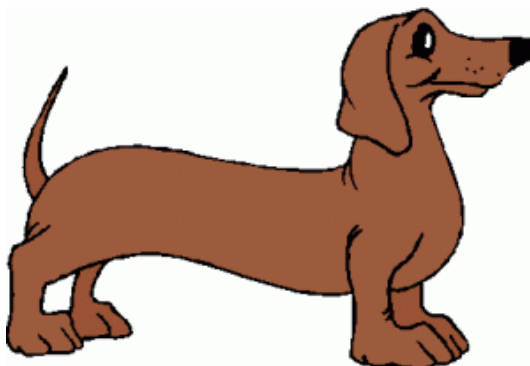
Joseph Blake, N. Bedford
Josephine Smith, Woburn
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Karen Deady, Madison
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly
Marcia Smith, Bucksport
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Maureen Dowd, Sargentville
Nancy Capone, Wakefield

Patricia Thain, Dracut
Paula Wisniowski, Tyngsboro
Peter Michaud, Newburgh
Phil Mann, Rowl. Heights
R. D. Bournival, Nashua
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Susan Borsic, Woburn
Susan Culver, Wayland
Weston Baker, Westford

This brings me to the end of my part of another newsletter. Please read the interesting Cat Report from Mary coming up.

Wishing you a great month of July.

Gabriele
Mary, Jim and Ted



CAT REPORT JUNE 2013

Our cats seem to be enjoying a healthy and happy late spring/early summer, with not much news to report. Ryan has not disappeared again (yet), and Robin seems to be fine. Robin and Agnes have been with me since the fall of 1997, when they were about six months old, so they're both getting up there in years. I'm sorry they never found homes of their own; they're sweet friendly cats.

Tiger made a quick trip to the vet yesterday, because for a couple days now he's had an odd cough. Naturally, he didn't cough at all the entire time he was out of the house. Dr. Balboni found nothing abnormal; he gave Tiger a shot that should help if the cough is due to an allergy (but if Tiger stops coughing, we won't know whether the shot worked or he just stopped). Today he didn't eat his usual dry-food breakfast, but when I offered him canned he decided he could manage that, and he's acting all right. I hope nothing's seriously wrong -- paws crossed, as a couple of my cat friends say instead of fingers crossed.

Tiger and Carleton, the next-newest FIV-positive, now spend most of their time loose in the room with the other six, with no problems. When I went to fetch Tiger for the vet run, he and five more, including Carleton, Tommy and Buddy, were sleeping in a heap on the pillows on top of the cage where Tiger eats. Tiger weighs 14 pounds and most of the others are almost as hefty, so the heap was pretty big. It's good that Laurie and Dave, who built the cage for me, made it sturdy.

Speaking of Laurie and Dave, they recently finished finding veterinary attention and better accommodations for 54 cats and kittens born over the years since their ancestors were dumped at a farm, and are working with two more people who can no longer feed the ever-growing feral cat colonies they've been caring for. And the humane society on whose board my friend Linda serves was asked to help another farm owner (outside the society's area of jurisdiction, unfortunately) on whom people drop off unfixated cats of both sexes, with the inevitable result. In spite of everything all of us -- you, and the many rescue organizations and humane societies, and the state with its Help Fix ME program, and the veterinary community -- are doing, Maine's cat overpopulation problem is nowhere near solved.

However, at least we can keep some of the otherwise unwanted cats safe, comfortable and happy. Many thanks, as always, for your contributions, including coupons from Suzanne Belisle, P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Irma Simon and Al Smith and canned food from Pepper Charles and my friend Stephanie. And remember the cardboard cat house I received last month? It's still on the porch, but lying on its side because the inside shelves are no longer reliable. It now accommodates two cats for napping and more for playing. The scratching post that came with it I gave to Agnes and Robin's group; Robin is frequently curled on top of it, usually with a leg or tail dangling.

