



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Limestone, Maine May, 2016

Dear Friends,

Meet Jake, the black lab who was almost put to sleep years ago in another Shelter, and through the intervention of a caring lady ended up at Charley's Strays. Shortly thereafter he became the faithful companion of our supporter John Wells. Jake is the reason for John's success when he puts up a table in front of a store, asking for help for our Shelter.

I used to think John was a bit prejudiced, letting Jake have all the glory, but, not so. Several weeks ago a lady called me, asking if I know when John Wells would set up a table again, because, she said, "I always go visit Jake, he is such a dear dog." John said before, that Jake was really the attraction, which draws people to his table and to think a sweetheart like that, would have been killed, needlessly, if it had not been for the lady pulling him out of that Shelter and bringing him to us.

Last week Jim spent a couple of days at the Shelter, measuring the roof of the wellhouse/breakroom/storage building, because this roof is in terrible shape and he will have to replace it next month. While being there, a 5-year-old small beagle was dropped off, well, "getting rid of" was the term his owners used. From what I heard, Jim and Reb did much of "eye-rolling" because the poor dog was jerked around on his leash, hollered

at, and generally just not getting any TLC from his owner, who of course cried about having to get rid of him. People never stop to amaze me. After they left Reb said, "He will be much better off with us." I will teach Jim how to use a camera and hopefully get him to take a couple of photos next month. ☺

Not much news at the Shelter, other than the usual repairs and breakage. We had to buy a new lawn mower, which hurt. We had bought a used one a couple of years ago, but that did not make it too long. So, we decided maybe if we bought a new one, we would be able to keep it around a little longer. You just can't find anything for less than \$1000 any more. Which reminds me, I keep meaning to send Jacky Lowney a letter and I keep forgetting it: She gave us a used refrigerator/freezer in the late 1990s for our break room, and it still runs and runs and runs! I guess that's when things were still made in USA and had a better life expectancy than the Chinese stuff we have to deal with now.

So, thank you again, Jackie, and a big thank you to all of you who made it possible to care for the cats and dogs in our Shelter:

Linda Merriam, Dresden
Al Smith, Belmont
The Celenza Family, Concord
Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford
Cindy Houston, . Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Deborah Phair
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Ossipee

Florence Bournival, Nashua
Irma Simon, China
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Jackie Lowney, New Bedford
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Joseph Mooney, Wakefield
Larry & Arlene Hayes, Reading
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose

Nancy Brown, Olynpia
Pat Thain, Dracut
Phil Mann, Rowland Heights
Rancourt Family, Lebanon
Rust Pappathanasi, Swampscott
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly

We received a donation in memory of Enid Hayes from Jean and Ralph Catignani.

Bonnie Buckmore sent us the remainder of the donation from the proceeds of Lawrence High School "Paws for a Cause."

Thank you very much for your help!

As you can see, we are at an all-time low donation-wise. People seem to forget about our Shelter, it's so sad. I know when I first started writing the newsletter in 1996, right after Charley passed away, we had an average of 60-70 supporters. Now we are down to 24.

I do know some of our supporters died over the years, but I know it's now to be 50. So is it our newsletter, or what?

Cindy Houston will have her annual yard sale sometime in September, proceeds go to our Shelter. I will let you know the exact date once she sets it up with her "helpers". If you have some small mailable items, which you no longer need and which could fetch a few dollars for us, please send them to:

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

Susanna mailed us a photo of Lobster, another one of our dogs who recently found his forever home. She said: "Remember the rescue who dropped him off at Charley's and said he was bad with small animals?" Well, this picture sure makes a big lie out of that:



So much for my part of today's newsletter. Please read on, Mary's Cat Report is on the next page.

Wishing you a wonderful month of June, lots of sunshine, and good health.

*Gabriele,
Mary, Ted, Eric and Jim*

CAT REPORT MAY 2016

Good thing I let Agnes do the cat report last month instead of this – she doesn't have to tell you the sad news that we lost two cats in May. One was her good friend of seventeen and a half years, Robin; the other was Lisa, the last of the first litter born in my house, who had just passed her 18th birthday. Agnes spent all of the last night Robin lived snuggled beside him and I was afraid she'd be depressed, but she's okay. Reed, a younger cat in the same group, has been being good to her; I often find the two of them sharing a bed.

Otherwise all's well. Agnes's report didn't really do justice to Tang, the new boy. He does nip people, but she was just guessing that's why he got dumped – it might be his person died, or the family had to move, or he's the victim of some other of the unplanned things that happen to cats and dogs. When he's not nipping he's very sweet and purry, definitely accustomed to being a house cat. He and the other cats in his group are getting along a bit edgily – occasional hisses, occasional brief flare-ups, lots of walking carefully around each other, long intervals of peace.

Alafer, the wildest of the four kittens – cats now, their birthday was probably in May 2015 – from Jen's, remains skittish. I've had to take him to the vet twice for infections, a process that made him even more suspicious of me and posed a challenge for the vets and techs. As I write he seems healthy, what little I see of him. He and his brothers are in the group that has access to the porch; he really likes getting fresh air with his friends. Now that the birds, chipmunks, frogs, bugs and other wildlife are moving around, all the cats spend time monitoring outdoor activity, and the porch group has the most interesting view. Early this evening I sat with them for a few minutes watching a pair of phoebes swooping into and out of their nest under the end of the porch roof and a pair of redstarts collecting nesting material on the ground and steps right under the cats' twitching noses.

Thanks, as always, to the cats' friends for their help. John Wells and his canine pal Jake collected some cat food for us; Pepper Charles donates canned food regularly, and his and my friend Nancy added a few cans. We got always-useful coupons from Suzanne Belisle, Iris Martinello, Sandra Nicholson, Marlene Kaplan, and Al Smith.