



## **Charley's Strays, Inc.**

Mailing address: P.O. Box 64, Limestone, ME 04750  
Tel. Shelter 207-426-9482 or Jim at 207-325-8894  
[www.charleysstrays.org](http://www.charleysstrays.org)

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### **Dear Friends,**

As I am writing this letter, I am keeping on eye at the window, checking for THE STORM to hit. So far all is peaceful and quiet, but we all know how quick nature changes, and just in case we will be out of power due to a tree hitting the lines, I am in a hurry to get this letter done and printed. We are also very worried about the Shelter, since it is more in the path of Irene than we are way up here. The biggest problem there is also loss of power – with no electricity; we will have no water for the animals. I think after this storm is a memory of the past, we will definitely try to get some money together to buy a generator. It seems as if the weather is getting more and more unpredictable, so we will probably need one sooner or later.

I do hope all of our Massachusetts friends and supporters made it through the storm without any damage! We have one person who supports us living in R.I.; hopefully all is well with her and her family, too.

Jim and I spent some time at the Shelter this month – Rebecca went on a well deserved vacation. Ted took care of things the two weekends she was gone, and since Jim had to redo three floors in the building, he and I took over for the rest of the week. This also gave me a chance to meet a couple of the newer dogs. Since we do live 250 miles north from the Shelter and the gas is getting so high, we don't do much pleasure-driving to the Shelter anymore. We also picked up a load of food from Good Shepherd Food bank while we were there. We kind of coordinated everything into the week we spent there, and were both dead on our feet when we got back home. We loaded and un-loaded by hand around 4000 pounds of food into a trailer and two cars. Most of that was canned food, but this should last us for quite awhile. We also picked up quite a large amount of dog treats, so there is no need for you to buy any to bring along to the fundraiser! We have to make one more trip to the Good Shepherd for dry food; hopefully they will have some, again, as they were pretty much out of it. We always have to store up as much as possible in advance because it's a long trip from Limestone to Lewiston (about 380 miles one way) and can be dangerous in ice and snow pulling a trailer behind the car. And winter will be coming, much too soon!

I enjoyed being with the dogs – Jasper the smallish dog who was a rescue on death row in another shelter is a riot, bounces around like a nut and is always hungry- I guess he was deprived of food wherever he spent his previous life. The huge black lab Toby is really a sweetheart, but very strong – he will knock one over when he leaps and runs and plays. My

favorite, little Davy, is getting old- he must be around 15 now, and most likely due to his age, also skinny and very finicky when it comes to food. Jim treated him with small cans of "Little Caesar" and I gave him mostly canned food, too, most of it he gobbled down, some of it he didn't. He looked at me like, "What the heck did you put in my bowl, now?" The two huskies which have been with us for five years, if I remember right, are still afraid and would not come close to me. But our Katrina pit bull Titan made up for that; he is such a happy dog now. Of course he also gets spoiled rotten, Ted takes him inside in the break room every Saturday, most likely lets him sit on the couch and probably lets him eat of the table. Oh well! ☺ The two buddies Sammy and Elvis Dante are still as cute and lovable as ever, and even crazy Elli the Golden Retriever has calmed down some. She is the one we dragged to several vets a couple of years ago because she was literally only skin and bones, and would not put on any weight. Now thanks to a special diet one cannot see a single rib anymore. Princess the German Shepherd who had a really hard time walking and getting up (she is old and full of arthritis) is not exactly bouncing around, but walking very well thanks to several Adequin shots she now gets a couple of times a year. Some dogs do really well with them, others. Like my own dog, don't seem to respond at all to that type of medicine. Our blind Rottweiler "Boomer" surprised me by trying to bite me; again food was involved. Even though we feed all the dogs twice a day, morning and evening, he found a few morsels on the ground where we had been unloading the food out of the trailer, and when I went to pull him away, blind or not, he found my hand and let me know that he was not leaving this spot before every last one of the dried kibbles were cleaned up. Amazing what food will do to animals. My guess is many of them grew up without enough, and are forever afraid of being starved, again.

So much for the dog news; as always you will find a page from Mary telling you all about the felines. Now to the people news:

My plea for help last month was answered: Thank you so much for the extras, and for the donations from the following people; it really, really helped paying some of the bills and paying a big chunk out of the ever-growing vet bill (it seems like animals are a lot like people – as older we get, as more vet/doctor care we need) and just like we don't seem to find any young supporters anymore. We don't have any young animals anymore either. No wonder these so-called no-kill-shelters take animals only up to five years of age!

We received a donation from Cynthia Thompson in honor of Galen, Kenny and Walter for their birthdays. Jennifer Battis send us a check in memory of Tippy, a cat she had adopted years ago from Charley's Strays. Mary Klayda sent us a donation in memory of Frank Klayda, and Lorena Clark send us some extra \$\$ for her birthday. Walter Moore –Blakes Closet- came to visit our Shelter and left all kinds of goodies, plus cash donation in memory of Maria Lynch. The TLK Prof. Pet Care Service mailed us a donation in honor of Al Smith and his dog, Pud.

We also received money from Joseph Grande in memory of Werner Eckstein. Karen Deady, the schoolteacher, lost a dear friend, Merle Waugh. So she talked to his family about sending donations in his memory to our Shelter. Merle was a big animal lover, and his daughter Judy told me he would have loved to know that some of the money went our way. We received donations in Merle's memory from Karen Deady, Craig Oliver, Hermon, Robert and Patricia Leblanc, Jay, Brainard and Lorraine Gibson, Madison, Clinton and Helen Buzzell, Anson, Three Rivers Disposal, Anson, Dorothy and Ken Reed, Skowhegan, Warren Sampson, Greenfield, Richard Murray, Anson, and Jean Butler, Madison. The Carrier Marine Group East Syracuse and the family of Chris Spunar also mailed a check to us in memory of Merle.

**Thank you so much!**



A huge **THANK YOU** goes to:

Al Smith, Belmont  
Alice Winston, Swampscott  
Anthony Capone, Wakefield  
Arlene Hayes, Reading  
Barb & Jon Anderson, Augusta  
Betsy Anderson, Framingham  
Bonnie Buckmore, Waterville  
Carole Parker, Winchendon  
Cindy Houston, Woburn  
Cristine Cardello, Melrose  
Cynthia Thompson, E. Millinocket  
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth  
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Ossipee  
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford  
Dorothy Watkins, Amesbury  
Dorothea Andrews, Warwick,  
Grace Kiley, N. Andover  
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury  
Irma Simon, S. China

Jackie Lowney, N. Bedford  
Janet Heard, Bath  
Jean & Ralph Catignani, Conway  
Jean Tillson, Franklin  
Jennifer Battis, Portland  
Jim Lavita, Dennis  
Joe Blake, New Bedford  
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuffonboro  
John Walsh, Waterville  
Josephine Ford, Holden  
Josephine Smith, Woburn  
Judy Rohweder, Northport  
Kelee Lowney, New Bedford  
Lauren Alden, Stoughton  
Linda Merriam, Dresden  
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly  
Lynn Frischmann, Los Gatos  
Marcia Smith, Bucksport  
Marian Delarue, Woburn

Marlene Kaplan, Melrose  
Mary Jane Gorton, Floral City  
Mary Klayda, Winchester  
Maryann Glover, N. Andover  
Maureen Dowd, Sargentville  
Michael Kane, Greenwood  
Mildred Walker, Presque Isle  
Nancy Brown, Waltham  
Nancy Capone, Wakefield  
Pat Thain, Dracut  
Pat Williams, Litchfield  
R. & G. Welch, Stonington  
R.D. Bournival, Nashua  
Richard Williams, Winslow  
Rita Lawrence, Reading  
Ruth Giusti, Green Mountain  
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly  
Shirley Rancourt, Lebanon

Countdown to the FUNDRAISER: 6 weeks



Countdown to Christmas: less than 3 month



Wishing you a perfect month of September

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



## CAT REPORT AUGUST 2011

There's not a lot of news about our cats this month (which is usually good news, isn't it?).

Everyone seems to be well, and we have no new ones (even better news!). As I finish this report Hurricane Irene is supposedly on her way; I've stocked up on cat food and fresh water (and I know two people with generators from whom I can get water if the power stays off too long for my supply). I hope all of you will get through the storm safely.

Ashley, Grover and Ryan, our young adults whose mother is a Siamese, are Siamesy in everything but their coats & their yowls. They're long and lanky, and agile like a Siamese – when I find a cat chasing bugs on the porch screen near the ceiling, it's apt to be Ryan. But their coats are plain gray, and on the rare occasions when they talk they have normal cat voices. Ryan is superfriendly and enjoys lots of petting and cuddling; Ashley rubs around and likes to be petted but squirms when I pick her up; and silly Grover still thinks if I get more than two fingers on him I'll take him to the vet again. I talked recently with the vet tech who adopted their mother and she's doing fine – likes the tech, loves her husband, bosses around the other cats and dogs and hops into the shower whenever she gets a chance, even if she gets wet. I haven't tried her kids with water; their rooms have neither shower nor sink.

Emery, our wild black and white boy, is finally beginning to think I might be okay. A couple times he's let me pet him *before* he settles down to eat, instead of after he's focused on his food. He has a lovely soft coat, and except for being so timid with people, he's a nice cat; he's not aggressive with me or the vets when they come on the house calls, just scared, and he gets along well with the other cats.

Alison, our elderly lady who lives in the kitchen, is being a typical finicky cat. Of the several chicken-flavor canned cat foods I buy, she had a favorite. I could find it in only one store, and for a while not even there, to the point where despite careful rationing I was down to the last can. Then it reappeared on the store shelf. I bought all there was and came triumphantly home to open a nice fresh can for Ali. She sniffed it, said, "Why do you think I want *this* stuff?" and stalked away. So I offered her the flavor she'd been snooting for weeks and she dived into it!

Thanks, as usual, to all you kind people who devote time and money to supporting Charley's Strays, including the cats. I got coupons this month from Suzanne Belisle, P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Sandra Nicholson, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon, Al Smith and John Walsh, and cat food from handsome Pepper Charles.