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Limestone, May, 2011

Dear Friends,

Once again the Easter-Bunny brought us the nicest gift we could ask for in the form of an Easter-Teddy! Strangely, coincidence or not, for the past seven years out of 11, our black bear showed up again on Easter Sunday. I was beginning to give up hope, after being on the lookout all day for him, with no luck. At 9:00 PM I went to bed, thinking that just maybe Teddy did not make it through the winter. A couple of hours later Jim woke me out of deep sleep, saying, "Guess what?" and I knew - no guessing. I got up to look, and sure enough, our old "Gentle Ben" was here again, hanging around the back yard. What is really strange; no matter if Easter falls early or late in the month, Teddy shows up on Easter Sunday. My friend Theresa says, "He is your Easter gift for treating animals so well." I like to believe that. Anyway, the first week he was his grouchy old self, until he was totally awake; now he is our old sweet bear again. He has his plastic bowl filled with sunflower seeds. He never ever turns it over, and it's setting there the same way I leave it each morning with his bag of suet. You may notice on above photo that he has only one eye left, but it does not seem to bother him any. I read somewhere that bears really don't have much of an eyesight anyway, no 20/20 vision, but go more by their nose. A week ago he took off, most likely chasing women. We will probably see him in another four weeks or so, slim and hungry, laying around on our back lawn feeling good about life!

Life has not been so good up here in Maine weather wise. Maybe I am just spoiled from the past two years when we had a beautiful spring. I had to have the heater on up until May 24th, a day before temperatures dropped down to 35 degrees at night. Not much warmer at the kennel and there is lots of rain to go with it. It seems that this spring water, tornados, earthquakes and hurricanes are giving people everywhere lots of problems and heartaches, so I am not going to complain about growing webbed feed from squishing around in the water.

Nothing much to write about the Shelter: All is well, no new dogs, but none of our animals got to go to a new home, either. All are well other than the old-age problems- hips, knees, same as with us old folks ☺
One of our dogs, Princess, was treated with a series of Adequain shots which really helped her arthritis – I am debating to try them on myself too ☺ . The wet weather sure is murder on animals and humans alike.

Since I have several pages of cat news and a cat/dog report from a friend of Mary's, I'll get right to the names of our supporters. A huge . . . **Thank you** very much for helping us make it through another month.

Thank you goes out to:

Al Smith, Belmont
Alice Winston, Swampscott
Anne Crimando, Searsport
Barb & Jon Anderson, Augusta
Britney Gallagher, Dover
Carole Parker, Winchendon
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Donna Bering, Lynn
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford
Enid Hayes, Halifax
Irma Simon, S. China
Jean Catignani, Conway
Jim Lavita, Dennis

Joe Blake, New Bedford
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Josephine Smith, Woburn
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Judy Venigiano
Karen Deady, Madison
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Lorena & Harry Clark, Beverly
Marcia Smith, Bucksport
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Mary Klayda, Winchester
Maureen Dowd, Sargentville
Melody Lavers, Pownal

Michael Kane, Greenwood
Mildred Walker, Presque Isle
Nancy Brown, Waltham
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Pat Thain, Dracut
Pat Williams, Litchfield
Philip Mann, Rowland Heights
R. D. Bournival, Nashua
Robert Hull, Lawrence
Rust Pappathanasi, Swampscott
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Virginia Budness, Bernardston

We received donations in memory of our supporter Doug Robertson from Ethel and Peter Debakker, Lisa and Thomas Roy, Gretchen and John Zichelle, Stella Devqanski and Family, and Ellen Sampson. My heart goes out to Jim Lavita, surviving partner of Doug.

We also received a check in memory of Judy Smith, from Dorothy and Stan Eckstein. Maureen Dowd celebrated her birthday, and her brother gave us a donation in honor of her special day.



That's all for my part of this newsletter; please read on; there is an interesting story from a friend of our cat-mom, Mary, and then of course Mary's Cat Report.

Wishing you a perfect month of June with little rain and lots of sunshine

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





A story from Dora Jeffers and Mary about Matilda (formerly Shiloh), Carson and Lola (formerly TT Lucy), three lost animals who found a good home and each other.

In June 2009, a stray dog, a lab/white shepherd mix, was found wandering in the Lincoln/Sudbury area in Massachusetts. The Sudbury animal control officer picked her up and took her to Buddy Dog Humane Society, where she was christened Shiloh and spent the summer being treated for heartworm, the worst of her many parasites. Dora Jeffers and her son Aaron were among those who applied to adopt her. They were initially third in line, but after visiting "their" dog two or three times a week all summer, the Friday before Labor Day they got the word that Shiloh, or Matilda to them, was theirs for good.

In the summer of 2010, Callie, a four-year-old Siamese the Jeffers rescued through siameserescue.org and loved very much, lost her battle with lymphoma. Dora still had Matilda and Carson, another four-year-old cat she'd adopted from Treehouse Animal Shelter in Chicago, but she and Aaron decided they had room for another. Early in October, Judy Rohweder, who lives over on the Maine coast and is a longtime friend of the Jeffers and of Charley's Strays, emailed Gabriele asking about our kittens. At that time I'd recently acquired Tia, the Siamese who now lives with one of the techs who works for Animal Hospital of Waterville, and her four gray youngsters.



In mid-October, while Dora and Judy and I were arranging a meeting at my house, I had to take an incurably sick cat named Lucien on his last trip to AHW. As I started out my driveway, I saw a Twisted Tea carton near the road. It was one of the days the transfer station was open, so I figured someone'd lost a piece of trash; but I stopped

the truck anyway and hopped out and looked through the handhold in the carton. A kitten looked back at me. So the three of us went to the vet, and two of us came home. The kitten turned out to be eight or nine weeks old, the doctor thought, very friendly and apparently healthy. Because of Lucien and her box, I named her TT Lucy.

Judy and Dora and Matilda came to my house and met cats and kittens. Dora went home and conferred with Aaron and they agreed to offer TT Lucy a home. A couple weeks later Judy picked her up and took her to Massachusetts, where she quickly made friends with the whole household. Aaron changed her name to Lola and had her spayed and microchipped when she was old enough. Dora reported that Lola and Carson didn't even hiss when they met, and soon were chasing and wrestling as though they'd grown up together. You can see from the photos Dora sent that Lola's grown up to be a beautiful cat, and that she gets along just fine with Matilda and Carson.

The moral of the story, Dora says, is "Adopt, adopt, adopt." She urges people not to assume that all orphaned dogs and cats are damaged and will have behavior and/or health problems. Whenever she sees people paying breeders thousands of dollars for purebred dogs and cats, she thinks of all the little ones who still need loving homes.





CAT REPORT – MAY 2011

The sad news this month is that we lost Purina/Meg, the little white cat who was the only one left who had known Charley. She might have had pancreatitis again, or an abdominal tumor, or maybe it was just old age – she was at least 16. The vet estimated her birth date when she first went in, probably sometime in 1996, as January 1995. She was a good cat, and the senior member of my household.

I think Alison and Robin (mother and son) and Agnes and Shy-High (brother and sister) are next in seniority. They all came in the fall of 1997, when the three young ones were kittens. My list has Agnes and Shy born in May 1997 and Robin born in August 1997. Alison's birth date is estimated at 1995, so she could be a little younger than Purina was or even a little older, since vets' guesses can be off by a year or three with adult cats.

The spring house call, postponed a couple of times until some of the cats on the list got over that virus or whatever I told you about last month, went off smoothly. Emery was caught with less trouble than I feared and went to the hospital. Dr. Tim pulled a back tooth and kept him on antibiotics for another week afterward while a sore throat cleared up. Once the bottle was empty, I continued giving Emery unmedicated canned food twice a day in case his mouth still hurt. He ate under the bed in the north end of the room, beside Agnes's dining cage, and the rest of his group ate in the south end as usual. One evening when the rest were eating their own canned food (an occasional treat; they usually get dry food) with crunchy treats on top, Emery said phooey on this soft stuff and joined them. Of course by the next morning he regretted his decision and was back under the bed waiting for his special meal; but I'm now feeding him the same things everyone else gets, and he seems to have no trouble eating.

Lisa, the last of the funny-foot family in my house, celebrated her 13th birthday on May 11 with extra petting and some of her favorite meals. She and Alison still live in the kitchen and still ignore each other.

Our kittens, Ashley, Grover and Ryan, will have their first birthday this summer. Ryan is super-affectionate; Ashley's a typical cat, loving on her own terms; and Grover hasn't forgiven me for taking him to the vet – I'm flattered when he lets me pet him once before he scoots away.

As always, I appreciate the donations and support from the cats' friends. This month I'm grateful for coupons from Suzanne Belisle, P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon and Al Smith; more bedding from Cindy Masiero & Jim Hart; and cat food from the Charles' darling new kitten, Eleanor Alexandria.

