



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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May 2013

Dear Friends,

Another duck-weather-month to deal with! It makes me wonder if we have a repeat of last year's watered down spring and summer. I sure hope not, the only creatures which will enjoy it are the mosquitoes. Even our ducks look a bit bedraggled after almost two weeks of constant rain up here in northern Maine. Of course our dogs are grouchy too. Rain means not staying outside in the summer-residences all day, watching the day slip by, but having to stay inside to keep dry. Boring, very boring.

No news at the Shelter – several visitors came again for possible adoptions. We just don't have the cute puppies and adorable teenies to choose from as in other shelters, since we usually just get the ones nobody else is willing to take in. But then, we don't need to make the State happy by filling out forms stating we have taken in 3400 last year, adopted 52, and euthanized the rest. The downside of that is that the State does not help with our Shelter expenses, either.

Donations are still at an all-time low. I imagine other charities are not doing any better. Things just don't seem to pick up, even though we are told that the economy is definitely in better shape than a year or two ago. You could have fooled me?

The good news is that we still had enough money coming in to take care of the food and vet bills. Hopefully we don't have to deal with an emergency-vet-visit, or God forbid something major breaks down at the Shelter, like another busted pipe, the well running dry, our oil furnace needing to be replaced for next winter. I am waiting and hoping none of those scary things will happen. I know sooner or later we will have to drill another well, because whenever the State of Maine has to deal with a couple weeks of drought, our well will not fill up quick enough anymore. We have to shut down the water and wait a while until it fills back up. That will be a major expense; we are talking about ten thousand dollars, so we wait and hope that it will do for another summer. So far with all the rain we had this spring, it's no problem. The well was drilled before Charley died, so it's about to 20 years old, and it will be "sanding in" eventually.

Anyway, thanks to the following supporters of our dogs and cats, we survived another month! Thank you very much, once again, for your checks, coupons, stamps – I am seriously thinking of not sending out "thank-you cards" anymore, because the way the USPS is raising the cost of stamps it will not be long before a card to you will cost one

dollar! That's totally crazy. In a way, I would like to continue, since it will let you know how on a more personal basis much we appreciate your support, but then I wonder if the money given to the US Post office could not have been put to better use at the Shelter.

Al Smith, Belmont
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Colleen Frawley, Quincy
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, W. Weymouth
Diane Rizzo, Bryant Pond
Dorothy D'Alessandro, Oss.
Dorothy Eckstein, Medford
Emily Jorgensen, E. Boston
Enid Hayes, Halifax

Galen & Cynthia Thompson
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Jean & Ralph Catignani,
Joan Ryan, New Bedford
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Kathleen Hillman, Chelmsford
Lesley Lichko, Holden
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Marcia Smith, Bucksport
Marian Delarue, Woburn

Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Maureen Dowd, Sargentville
Melody Lavers, Pownal
Michael Kane, Greenwood
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
R.D. Bournival, Nashua
Rust Pappathanasi, Swampscott
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Susan Borsic, Woburn

TKL Prof. Pet Care, Watertown, mailed us a donation in memory of our supporter Al Smith's dog Pud. Katie, a lady on TKL's staff, also sent us a check in memory of her family's dog, Finny.

Cheryl Wilson owns TKL Pet Care. They specialize in professional pet care and dog walking. If you ever need something like that, please give them your business: They are in Watertown, Waltham and Belmont, Massachusetts, phone number 617-923-9555. Tell them Charley's Strays sent you. ☺

Karen Rapallo and her friend visited the shelter and dropped of 25 fleece blankets and lots of very tasty treats for our animals.

We received two checks from Bruce and Laura Anderson, from Colorado, in honor of our supporters Betsy Anderson and Nancy Brown.

Linda Merriam helped our friend Laurie Mountain by sending her a check to feed some hungry animals, which are most likely doing without because we can't share food with her from Good Shepard's anymore. . .

Thank you very much to all of you!



Galen and Cynthia Thompson sent the following cute photo to us along with a donation.

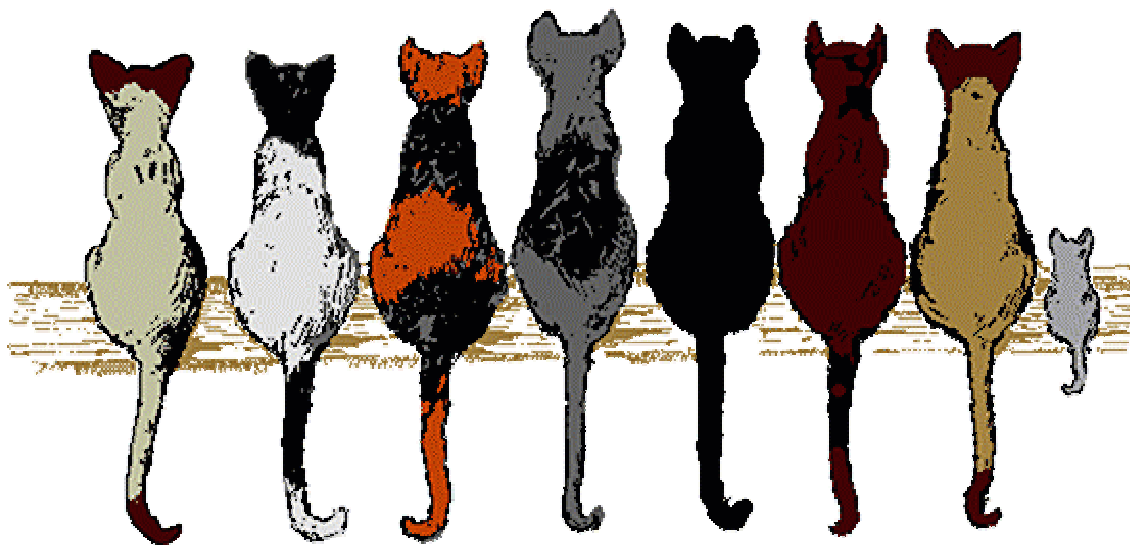
It's Friday night, and time for giving Greta her bath:



Cindy Houston is planning her annual yard sale for Charley's Strays, and she needs items for sale. There's still a little time until September, but we all know how fast the days, weeks and months fly by; so if you doing your spring cleaning and decide you really don't use, or need the stuff, in the cabinets, please mail them to Cindy. Her phone number is 781-932-3387. Thank you!

That wraps it up for today. Wishing you a Happy Spring.

*Gabriele
Mary, Ted and Jim*



CAT REPORT – MAY 2013

The big news this month was Ryan's disappearance. I still haven't figured how he pulled it off, and he's not telling.

Ryan's one of the three gray half-Siamese, and he's usually very much around, rubbing against my legs or jumping on my back when I bend down to pick up an empty dish. So when he didn't show up for breakfast one morning I noticed immediately. I looked in the usual places a cat who doesn't feel like eating sits out a meal and he wasn't in any of them. When the other cats were done eating, I searched the dining room and porch thoroughly and still didn't find him. There aren't a lot of hiding places in that area.

Then I remembered that the night before, as I started to bed in the dark, I thought I felt a cat brush past me into the front hall. If I did and it was Ryan, he could be anywhere in the front rooms and halls, a more complicated place with two beds, chairs, a couch and multiple bookcases, chests and boxes for a medium-sized cat to hide behind or under. So I ransacked that area, moving furniture and peering under and on top of things and opening closet doors I knew he couldn't have opened. Still no Ryan. By this time I was thinking either he'd left the house, though I knew he couldn't have, or he'd found a time machine or some other route into the fourth or fifth dimension.

He didn't show up for supper, nor for breakfast the next morning. But after breakfast I glanced into the front room downstairs on my way upstairs – and there was Ryan, rolling on his back on the upright piano! He was perfectly fine – the group in the front of the house has dry food available most of the time, so he'd had plenty to eat. I have no idea how I missed finding him until he was ready to be found.

In other news, Robin went to the vet this month, not for anything serious – a sinus infection that cleared up promptly with antibiotics. For the couple days he wasn't feeling good Agnes spent most of her time curled up with him being warm company.

Tiger, our new FIV, has turned out to be a very nice cat. He's usually loose in the FIV room now, although I still feed him in his walk-in cage and sometimes leave him in overnight if he doesn't mind. He's playful and likes having the whole room to bat balls around in, and he seems to get along well with the rest of the gang.

As always, many thanks to the cats' friends: to Pepper Charles for canned food, Suzanne Belisle, Emily Jorgensen, P. A. Lenk, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon and Al Smith for coupons; and to Cindy and Jim who brought food, a carpeted scratching post and a handsomely decorated multistory cardboard cat house. I predicted the cat house would last three weeks; I think I was optimistic.

