



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

When I came across the above photo, I could not help but wonder if they people and dog who posed for it, also tried to get a cat into it. Of course that would never have worked; the cat probably would have refused on grounds of not being as silly as humans and dogs. We all know that felines are much smarter than we are. ☺

Another uneventful month at Charley's Strays, which is good in a way. I think no animals were adopted, none dropped off. Of course we had to deal with the calls where people had to "get rid" of cats and dogs, but being told that we were filled up. They gave up. We can only take so many, and just before winter comes we do have to be sure that we have place inside the building for every one of them.

John Wells and Jake, the Black Lab, did their monthly fundraiser again in front of Shaw's. Along with his check I received a note:

I plan to continue setting up a table each month for as long as Shaw's will allow it (and the management there thinks the world of Jake too.) But Jake and I have always stayed simply four hours a day. Even if we were both puppies, all the people coming at us and the noises all around us would be quickly tiring. After about four hours Jake just turns his back on it all and zombies out.

So John suggested to find someone, maybe a supporter of Charley's Strays, who lives in the Waterville area, to take over a couple of hours. Of course it would have to be someone we know and trust. I remember years ago when we put up collection cans in a couple of stores and a bakery, and a person posing as an employee of Charley's Strays went around emptying the cans. So if someone

is interested to help us and staying a couple of hours after John and Jake are exhausted, at Shaw's, on Saturday and/or Sunday, please contact me (I am sure John will not give over his wallet to a person he does not know). Thank you!

Jim spent a week at the Shelter as Reb went on vacation. There were some repair jobs to do. He had to put in a new wooden floor and vinyl covering in one of the runs. He has to do two more, probably next month. Jim also discovered something which did not make him happy: Next year he will have to put a new roof on the well house and attached building, which also serves as break room, and our bedroom when he works there; and also on the mobile home we bought in 2000 to house our caretaker. Yep, the shingles, which are supposed to last 20-30 years, are totally messed up, and have to be replaced. And it has to be done soon, before the roof starts leaking and damages the inside, and before Jim's knees give out totally on him. That's the plan for next summer.

This means I will be bothering all of you very soon to help us somehow find the money to buy the material for it. Jim did replace the kennel roof three years ago with a metal roof, which should outlast all of us. Hopefully it will be still up there long after we're gone.

But for right now there are other bills to pay. We did manage to get donations for about half of the taxes we owe to the town. Thank you much to our supporters who send us that extra money this month! And of course a HUGE **Thank You** to the following supporters who once again helped us take care of our cats and dogs, and who also paid to buy the flooring material Jim needed to give one of our dogs a safe and clean floor in his home:

Al Smith, Medford
Alice Winston, Swampscott
Anne Tappan, Cambridge
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Deborah Phair
Donna Bering, Wakefield
Enid Hayes, Halifax
Florence Bournival, Nashua
George Watkins, Amesbury
Grace Kiley, Andover

Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Irma Simon, China
Jackie Lowney, N. Bedford
Jean & Ralph Catignani
Joan Ryan, New Bedford
Joe Blake, New Bedford
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
John Wells, Oakland
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Karen Deady, Skowhegan
Larry & Arlene Hayes, Reading
Linda Merriam, Dresden

Lynn Frischmann, Los Gatos
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Michael Kane, Greenwood
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Pat Thain, Dracut
Phil Mann, Rowland Heights
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Steve Martin, Augusta
Susan Borsic, Woburn

Last month I had mentioned that one of our long-time supporters, Patience Ann Lenk, had passed away. We received donations in her memory from:

Tanya Irwin, Detroit
Janice and Bud Seidenberg, Buffalo
Martha Zuck, Warwick
Sarah McPartland-Good, Hampden
Deborah Baker, Gorham
Marjorie Fortner, San Marcos
Brenda Rion, Blackstone

Our sincere condolences to her two sons, David Allen Lenk and Robert Williams Lenk. Many people and animals will miss P.A.

Betsy Anderson also sent us a donation to honor her sister-in-law, Laura Anderson. Laura's birthday was in August and she asked that Betsy's gift would be a donation to Charley's Strays. And Nancy Brown, who is also the sister-in-law of Laura Anderson, did the same and mailed us a check in honor of Laura. Belated Happy Birthday Laura.

Not such a happy occasion was the reason Cynthia Thompsen mailed us a donation: A family friend, Jeanne Nelson, passed away at age 90. The donation was in her memory. Jeanne had adopted many

dogs over the years. Cynthia also told me that she was in the early stages of planning the 2015 Flea Bag Ball for fall (this is the yearly event, I believe in Bangor, in memory of a little dachshund. The proceeds are usually split between 2 or 3 animal shelters, Charley's Strays being one of them.

We received a donation from George Hinds, Jr. in memory of his dad, George Hinds, supporter of Charley's Strays, who passed away last year.

Charley Ames and his wife Ruth McKinney (Charley takes care of maintaining and paying for our web site and our Internet newsletter) donated their 1994 Toyota pickup truck to the Shelter. After discovering that the insurance would be over \$1100, because the Shelter is considered commercial, we decided it was not worth taking this pickup to the Shelter and registering it in the names of Reb and Ted, so they would have a larger vehicle to take trash to the dump, or pick up food. It will be cheaper if Jim does that himself whenever he is in Clinton. So we sold the truck to a young man who said this is the first time he could buy a car that still had an inspection sticker on it and was ready to drive, without him putting lots of money into it for repairs! So, we put the sum of \$700 towards the heating fuel for this winter, and if oil prices keep dropping, we will turn up the heat in the kennel to 90 degrees so the dogs will remember the winter of 2015/16 for the hottest one ever. I am just kidding of course.

And the last tidbit for this newsletter: Cindy Houston will have her garage sale on September 12th, if the weather permits. And don't forget we have our fundraiser in October. Jean and Ralph Catignani once again, as in the past couple of years, have donated the \$300 prize for the fundraiser. I will bake a cake for one of the smaller prizes. It will be a German Linzer Torte, which tastes much better after it's a couple of weeks old, so it's perfect to be mailed. If you are not a cake fan, please write on your ticket: "no cake", especially if you are allergic to nuts, because this one has quite a few pecans in it.

And that brings me to the end of this newsletter. And to think when I started page one; I wondered what to write about, and here are three pages, filled again. I hope I did not bore you too much.



Gabriele, Mary, Ted and Jim



CAT REPORT – AUGUST 2015

I hope this spell of hot humid weather hasn't been too hard on you-all and your pets. I've been good for almost nothing, and even the cats have been more laid-back than usual. When the air cools a bit in the evening, and especially these last two days when the humidity has gone down to a reasonable level, I again hear feet thudding up and down the stairs, claws climbing the screen, the whir of the ball that rolls around a track....Last night little Lisa, the 17-year-old funny-foot kitchen cat, suddenly leapt from the chair where she'd been napping and dived at the bottom of the refrigerator. I couldn't imagine what got into her, until I saw the moth she'd gone after.

Couple cats have been mildly unwell – Agnes's sensitive skin flared up again, and Grover went to the vet today to have an infected ear examined and cleaned. Agnes is getting topical treatment plus medication in her food and enjoying being fussed over. Grover is supposed to have both ears treated daily plus a daily dose of antibiotic (in his food, if he'll take it). We'll see how that goes. He's the least trusting of the three half-Siamese siblings; the vet trip did not make him happy, and he's eyed me suspiciously ever since we got home.

Captain continues to do well. He's quite sociable – not under my feet all the time, but if he's on the porch and I come into the dining room from the front of the house he'll come indoors to say hello. Recently he's been eating more of his special food, canned and dry, though he's always happy to have some of the other cats' ordinary mix for dessert.

My thanks to the cats' friends who have treated them well this month. Our friend John Wells brought some elegant handmade cat beds; Lisa got first pick of those (being kitchen cat has its prerogatives) and chose a colorful striped one very becoming to a black cat. Pepper Charles donated generous amounts of canned food, and Suzanne Belisle, Iris Martinello and Al Smith sent coupons.

P. A. Lenk, a long-time friend of mine and the cats, passed away – she'll be missed. Her cat, whom she adopted from me, would have come back to my house, but the brother of a former teaching colleague of the executor of P. A.'s estate took Sarah Platinumpaws to live with him. I've been assured that he's spoiling her as thoroughly as P. A. did.

