

Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

I will keep this newsletter short, as I have to type it with one finger only. I had an argument with the chop saw while cutting firewood for the next cold season - really? Up here we are still in the last cold season, just 34 degrees a bit north from us three nights ago!

Anyway, the argument was won by the saw and for right now I have no use of the hand. I promise that stitches and splint will be removed shortly, and the names of this month supporters will all be added into the next newsletter.

The great news is that we found a home for our senior dog Elli, and against all of our misgivings, her family is happy with her, and she with them. She was the messiest dog we ever had, and even though she is a yellow lab, she always showed her teeth to everybody and generally just acted like a naughty dog. It seems that it was love on first sight for her and the gentleman who took her home. And Lincoln, our hound, also found a home of his own, and it looks like that is going to work out, too.

Other than that there is no new news to add. We are still looking for donated items to make Cindy's yard sale in September a success.

Normally I would also include tickets for our yearly fundraiser to help pay for heating fuel for the next seven-month-winter. But again, too much hassle to type, print and cut the tickets with my injured hand, so we will just move the fundraiser to a later date.

Have a wonderful summer,

Gabriele, Mary, Ted and Jim

CAT REPORT – JUNE 2015

All's well with our cats as I write this report – I hope things won't change. Buddy and Mr. Tom in the FIV room got their rabies shots this month when Dr. Macmillan came out for the spring house call. Buddy was unaffected; Tommy was off his food for a couple days afterwards but gradually got back to normal. The bats that used to fly around outside the house eating mosquitoes disappeared three summers ago, I assume from white-nose syndrome, so the only reason for rabies shots for our indoor cats is state law.

Buddy, some of you may remember, is our bullet cat, the one with the pellet lodged in his chest. Dr. M happened to pick him up with her hand under his chest to weigh him and was able to feel it – first time I'd thought about it in months.

Captain is a very nice cat and seems happy here, and the other cats' attitudes toward him vary from tolerance to friendship. At first he was hesitant about going onto the porch; now when I open the door in the morning (there have been only a couple nights so far that have been warm enough to leave it ajar all night) he's likely to be one of the first out. There's a shrub in front of the porch that often has a bird or two perched in it, and a sassy chipmunk sometimes forages on the lawn almost under the cats' noses, so they get entertainment as well as fresh air.

Many thanks for coupons to P. A. Lenk, Iris Martinello, Teresa Parent, Irma Simon and Al Smith, and to Pepper Charles for canned food. And many thanks to all of you who help support needy animals, ours and others. I've been pleased to see so many of Maine's animal welfare license plates this summer – each one not only helps support the state animal welfare program, but also advertises the cause.