

Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

Here we are already into the first days of June. Last week, at least up here in the upper corner of Maine, I still had to build a fire to keep warm. From one day to the next, we had temperatures from the mid-40s to the mid-70s and lots of rain to go with it, and very stormy to insure splitting headaches. Oh well, such is life in Maine. While reading about the floods, tornados and destruction in other states, I will not complain too much.

My own dog already had the shivers due to a thunderstorm. I know we have several dogs at the Shelter who also have a very hard time dealing with the sounds of gunshots, fireworks, and thunder. Which reminds me, I am not so happy that Maine now allows fireworks to be used at any and every day and evening of the year- neighbors up here take full advantage by shooting whatever booms and makes lots of noise a few minutes before 10:00 PM, just to be sure to scare the heck out of people, birds and animals alike. I am an avid bird watcher, and I have seen night-blind birds flying around when the nightly racket begins. Whenever a town decides to put up windmills to become more energy-efficient, people race all kinds of hell; "Windmills kill birds!" yet they allow the shooting of fireworks, which I know does kill birds when they are scared and fly into brick walls or window. Life in Maine!

Not much to tell about the Shelter; no new animals, but none were adopted, either. Again several possibilities, but so far none of the families interested have made up their minds.

Ted still comes every Saturday to make sure all is well, and spends the day there usually with another volunteer-couple which I don't want to jinx by naming them. Every time I write in the newsletter that we have a new volunteer, they won't come back. ☹

Just maybe this couple, a teacher and his wife, who have been volunteering for more than a year, will stay on. Just in case they will: a big THANK YOU to them, and of course to Ted who has been with Charley's Strays for 25 years! And to

Mary, who not only takes excellent care of our various cats and a bunch of her own, but still does dog-poop-pick-up duty many Saturdays at the Shelter. If I remember correctly, Mary also has been with us close to 20 years already. Thank you Mary!

A **HUGE THANK YOU**, to the following people who make our existence possible. Sometimes it really is a hard struggle to pay the bills, many of our donors have either forgotten about us, or just can't afford to help anymore. But I am still very grateful for their help in the past, and hope that we will pick up a new supporter here and there to insure the continuous existence of the Shelter.

Thanks to the following Charley's Angels, our animals had all the food and vet care they need, lacking only in a place on a couch in a living room, and a person who would take them out for long walks, an ice-cream at the snack place, and as much petting as they wanted ☺:

Al Smith, Belmont
Alice Winston, Swampscott
Bonnie Wiegand
Charles Soares, Burlington
Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, Weymouth
Enid Hayes, Halifax
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury

Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Irma Simon, China
Joan Ryan, New Bedford
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Joseph Blake Jr., New Bedford
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
P.A. Lenk, China Village

Pat Caswell, Newport
Pat Thain, Dracut
R.D. Bournival, Nashua
Rust Pappathanasi,
Swampscott
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Shirley Rancourt, Lebanon
Susan Borsic, Woburn

Michael Kane mailed us a donation in memory of "Sophie Mitchell, beloved dog of the Mitchell Family of Bethel, MA"

Nancy Charette also mailed us a check in honor of dog Bridget Buckmore and in memory of Bonnie's mother, Joyce Dyer.

Bonnie Buckmore, who is a supporter of Charley's Strays and also adopted one of our dogs, Bridget, many years ago, just lost her mom. We at Charley's Strays are very sorry for your loss, Bonnie.

Jean and Ralph Catignani also sent us a check in memory of Diva, beloved pet of Rachelle Porter.

And we also received a check in honor of Betsy and Nancy Anderson from Bruce and Laura Anderson.

Last but not least, another fund-raising check from John Wells and Jake, the black lab who is his number ONE helper. As usual, John's dry sense of humor hit the mark, again:

"A couple of strange incidents this weekend: A lady stopped and stared hard at Jake and me for a moment and then asked if I was blind. Evidently she did not bother to read the poster hung along the front of the table identifying Charley's Strays and couldn't imagine any other reason why anyone might be sitting by a

table with a dog. I told her I wasn't blind and explained about the Shelter, but I'm not sure even then she believed me.

And a little girl run up to the table at one point and grabbed up one of the little stuffed animals, telling her mother she had to have it. Mother said no. The little girl then asked me if she could have it. I told her that her mother had said no. Faced with two no's she turned and run out to the parking lot with the toy. Mother offered to pay for it. She guessed the girl really wanted it. Mother only hoped it wasn't too much. And I wondered if Mother had any idea how high the cost was going to be when that little girl becomes a teenager..."

John also told me that he would try to set up a table once months in front of a store for the rest of this summer/fall, but of course he needs "stuff". Small toys, especially cat toys, and maybe some homemade dog cookies if anyone has the time/energy to bake some, would be greatly appreciated!

Cindy Houston and Jackie Lowney also had a pow-wow about their September yard sale.

We need "stuff" that the ladies can sell and make much needed money to run the Shelter. By then it will be time to buy fuel again to heat the kennel, and after this horribly hard and long winter, our heating oil account is totally depleted.

When you do that long-awaited spring cleaning, please put smaller, usable and sellable items in a box (you have not used them for the past 5 years). Chances are you will not use them for the next 5 years, either. ☺ Mail them to:

Cindy Houston
143 Winn Street (Rear)
Woburn, MA 01801

It will unclutter your shelves and closet spaces and will make room for MORE.

Thank you,

Gabriele, Mary, Ted and Jim

CAT REPORT – MAY 2015

Lisa had her 17th birthday May 11, with a minor celebration – I made sure she got her favorite foods and wished her happy birthday, though I doubt the latter impressed her much. About the same time Karen gave me two pictures she'd found of Lisa and her four siblings when they were six or eight weeks old. Lisa was cute then and she's cute now. Talks to me while we're puttering in the kitchen, stands on her hind legs so I can pet her more easily, loves to sit on my lap on the rare occasions I have time to sit down.

Lisa's not the oldest cat in the house; Agnes turned 18 the beginning of May and Robin will be 18 in August. Those dates assume the dates of birth I have for them are correct. I took them in when they were less than a year old, so I know they were born in the spring or summer of 1997, but I no longer remember why I thought I knew the exact date.

Young Captain continues to do well. The first few days he was here he acted apprehensive about going onto the porch, to the point where one of his names was Captain Caution (he's also Captain Bigfoot, for his extra toes, and Captain Cat, and other variations), but now he runs in and out just as the others do. He's very playful; when I hear just one cat batting a jingly ball around, it's almost always Captain. He behaved impeccably when he visited the Waterville vet for a booster shot and looking-over -- didn't get carsick or make a big fuss about the carrier (though it was not a completely quiet ride) and was friendly and cooperative with the tech and the doctor. I can tell he went through some hungry times before he hooked up with Gabriele and Jim. When I let him into his condo for meals he dives into his food as though he fears it will disappear if he doesn't grab it, and often when I'm picking up the other cats' dry-food dishes he hurries from dish to dish ahead of me snatching a bite here and there. However, he's not so focused on eating that he's getting fat (not yet, anyway).

I told you earlier this year that Tiger had to have his teeth out – he and one other big guy from the FIV room were done the same day, and both recovered quickly and as far as I can see completely. Both get watered canned food for their main meals, and both help finish up any dry food their roommates leave.

As always, the cats' friends have been good to them. Pepper Charles and our friend Nancy who makes the fourth for bridge at Pepper's house each gave them some canned food, and I've been using coupons donated by Suzanne Belisle, P. A. Lenk, Al Smith, Josephine Smith, Iris Martinello, Sandra Nicholson and Irma Simon. Many thanks to them and to all the rest of you who help keep our cats and dogs healthy and happy.