



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

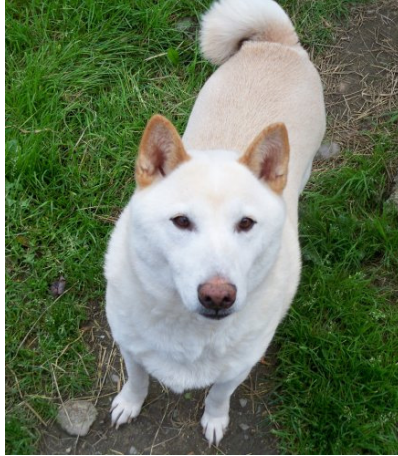
Above photo could be taken out of "Better homes and Gardens", don't you agree with me? But it's not: It shows one of our former dogs, Hunter, in his "forever home". Hunter, a brindle Shepherd mix, had been at Charley's for quite a while. At that time he was about 5-6 years old. Susanna, the lady who works with "Dogs Deserve Better" and is also on our Board of Directors (which is by the way an empty title, no money, only work involved) convinced a lady who was looking for a puppy that Hunter was as perfect match for her. So, in 2010, Hunter moved in with Pam, his adoptive mom. Last month we received the following letter and above photo from Pam:

I'm cleaning out old files and came across an information-rich email that you sent me when I adopted Hunter in 2010. I thought you might like to know that he is very much alive and well and happy. He's got some hip stiffness—as I do—and doesn't hike up mountains anymore, but he very much enjoys a good 25-minute walk twice a day. His nose is as good as ever when it comes to enticing scents. I've moved from Portland to a dirt road in New Harbor, so he gets time to explore things off leash when we walk, which he greatly enjoys. Attached are two photos. He loves the outdoors even when he's indoors.

He's given me great joy in the years I've had him and I hope to enjoy him for a few more. Many thanks for matching me with such a great guy.

Thank you Pam for giving Hunter a chance, and thank you Susanna for your efforts! Letters like this make it all worthwhile.

After the euphoria last month of placing three dogs (I know, a regular shelter can place three dogs in one day, but then they don't have old dogs, sick dogs and raggedy looking ones. They are usually put down shortly after they end up in those shelters) we had to deal with the death of one of our long-time residents, Sammy.



Had Sammy been a "normal" dog, we could probably have placed him within a few weeks, but sadly, he was not. We never figured out if it was some sort of sickness, or if he had been badly abused, but no one could touch him. He was a very happy dog, would walk next to us or right behind us, and every so often one of our volunteers could sneak in a little touch on his head or back, but as soon as Sammy realized what just happened, he would bolt. He escaped several times during his life with us, but within an hour he would come back and wait in front of the gate to be let in. He knew his home was at Charley's.

I believe he came to us around 2002, and I am pretty sure that he was at least 16 years old when he died, which was peacefully in his sleep. His long-time buddy and roommate Dante will surely miss him, and so will we.

Now to the good news: Once again some of our supporters helped our cats and dogs with donations, treats, food, blankets and toys. To all of you

Thank you very much!

Al Smith, Belmont
Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford
Cindy Houston, Woburn
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Deborah Phair
Donna Bering
Florence Bournival, Nashua

Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Irma Simon, China
Joe D'Allesandro, Tuftonboro
Joseph Blake, New Bedford
Judy Rohweder, Northport
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Marian Delarue, Woburn
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose

Michael Kane, Greenwood
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Pat Thain, Dracut
Patricia Caswell, Newport
Philip Mann, Rowland H.
Sandra Nicholson, Beverly
Shirley Rancourt, Lebanon
Susan Borsic, Woburn

Ruth McKinney and Charles Ames mailed us a check in honor of my birthday.

Harry Clark, Jr. also sent us a donation in memory of his parents, Lorena and Harry Clark Sr.

Jean Tillson and Jay also sent us a check, with was matched by the Company Jean works for, **FM Global Foundation.**

John Wells and Jake the dog were busy again this month. They set up a table twice in front of a store and presented us with much appreciated cash. John is in bad need of small stuffed squeaky cat toys for his table. If you find some in a dollar store, or have some lying around which your own cat ignores, as long as they are still in good shape, would you please mail them to me.

John did receive a package with toys from Jackie Lowney. Thank you much Jackie.

While we are on the cat-subject: A friend made a remark, which deeply disturbed me. She said her daughter-in-law never has a dish with water sitting around for her own cat. Being questioned why, the woman said since she is feeding moist food (canned food) to the cat, the cat does not need water.

People then wonder when their cats have kidney problems? Just in case, will you help spread the word to cat-people that, yes, cats need water just like the dogs do. That's another sore subject for me: dog water. When we were in Florida, a neighbor asked us to watch/feed his dog a few days while he was away. There was only a small cat-sized bowl with a little water next to the dry food bowl. I asked why he did not have a larger water bowl- he said water is no problem, if the dog runs out of it, he always goes to the bathroom and drinks out of the toilet bowl. I guess that explains these stupid gadgets one sees in catalogs, a dog drinking out of a toilet bowl. How disgusting. I wonder if these dog owners quench their own thirst the same way.

That's all for today. Please read on, Mary's Cat Report on the last page

Have a wonderful month of May, and take time to smell the roses like "our" Hunter does!

*Gabriele,
Mary, Eric, Ted and Jim*



CAT REPORT – APRIL 2016

CAT COUNCIL, Led By SENIOR CAT AGNES

Welcome, everyone, to our cat council. Our theme, as usual, will be how to drive our person nuts. We have a pretty good record already, and more plans coming up.

First, though, let's say hello to our newbie, big orange Tang. I think you've all heard his story: he nipped people in the family he disliked until they dumped him at our friend Jen's, where he helped himself to food from her trap and thus ended up with us. Tang, you're right to slow down on the nipping; even if you want to get tossed out of here, it won't work. She might speak sharply and even rap your nose, but she's too soft to throw you out.

The rest of you new guys from Jen's, two of you are fitting in nicely, but the first two, I dunno. Alafer, your continued shyness is great – it really frustrates her when she's as nice as can be and you won't come near her. And Willow, your refusal to be combed and insistence on shedding clumps of black fur wherever you please is a nice touch. But Feather and Lucien, you're *way* too nice and cooperative. Feather, do you realize that trick of bouncing up to rub against her knee and chirping until she picks you up has earned you the nickname Bubble and Squeak? You should be embarrassed!

Kudos also to Mr. Tom and Lisa. This business of barely nibbling your food, especially the expensive stuff, until she's *almost* ready to take you to the vet and then starting to eat again without explanation is very clever. Robin, sleeping through meals is good, too – you notice she's careful not to wake you, and then she keeps checking back until she finds you up and eating. I'm doing my best to contribute by letting you get the cosequin I'm supposed to have every other day, except some evenings I'm too hungry to leave my dish and let you take over.

Buddy, Tiger and the three half-Siamese, you've been behaving altogether too well recently. It's time for you to do your share. Here are two suggestions.

Buddy and Tiger, since you two have tested positive for FIV, she panics every time you act as though anything's wrong, so would whoever is game for a ride to the vet please skip two meals in a row? Friday night and Saturday morning would be best. You know her Saturday schedule is likely to be busy, and with the vet closed on Sunday she won't dare postpone taking you in.

And for Ashley, Grover and Ryan, could I have a volunteer, or maybe three, to throw up? Keep the hairball if you have one so she won't know why you did it, tank up on water, choose a high starting point for maximum range and be sure there are clean new beds, carriers or at least toys underneath.

Next month I intend to let her write this report again – it's hard to type with claws. I should close as she does by thanking the people out in the world who help her support us. This month we got some intoxicating catnip toys from Linda Voss, canned food from Pepper Charles, dry and canned food via Reb at the kennel, and coupons for more food from Suzanne Belisle, Caley Pillow, Irma Simon and Al Smith. Many thanks to all of you. If your own furry friends don't know all the tricks we play, please feel free to share this information with them.