



## **Charley's Strays, Inc.**

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Limestone, April, 2017

Dear Friends,

Meet Herman the Ermine! This little guy who is actually a "Stoat" or also called a "short-tailed weasel" has been living around here for several years. Of course it could be the offspring of another one. He is very cute, very inquisitive, and very dangerous to everything moving, from the small field mouse to the large rabbit.

During the winter we tried to help him (and the other animals) by feeding him raw red meat, which he took within a few minutes of offering it to him. Our house sitter who stays here during the time we spend in Florida, and who feeds our wild birds and everything else that comes knocking at our door for food, also offered him a dish with warm water- Herman was grateful and drank it.

Are we happy to have this little killer around? That's a hard question to answer. Last year I trapped over 150 squirrels in a have-a-heart trap, and relocated them at a junkyard several miles away. If Herman helps me with this task by eating some of them, I have no problem with it. It's part of nature. As I mentioned before, my guess is if we feed him in the winter, he probably will leave the other small creatures alone.

Now to the Shelter news: It looks like winter is finally over in Clinton (up here there are still areas with snow on the ground) but now everything is soaking wet. It has been raining off-and-on for several weeks, and of course no one is happy about that. Sloshing around in the water is probably okay for the dogs, but our two Huskies, which are not happy staying inside the kennel where it's warm and dry, are probably growing webbed feet by now. On the other hand, our vet was just here to do the vaccinations, and she did not mention webbed feet other than a small growth on one of the Husky's foot. It should be all right.

Jim was asked by Reb to come down to the Shelter to help with the more unpredictable dogs. We did not want the vet ending up getting bit by one of them. But everything went well, and part of the dogs are vaccinated, the other ones are due in October.

One of our furry friends found her hopefully fur-ever home after a play date of a couple of days to see if everyone gets along with each other. Our Riley was adopted! Of course her run will not be empty for long - this Sunday we are supposed to get a German shepherd, taken by another rescue. I don't know the whole story about that yet, but I am sure I will by the time the next newsletter comes around.

Of course all this would not be possible without your help, taking in unwanted animals, having the vet taking care of them, keeping them warm and dry in the winter, and supplying them with as much TLC as we possibly can. So a big **THANK YOU TO:**

Al Smith, Belmont  
Camille Denico, Vassalboro  
Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford  
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth  
Deborah Phair  
Dorothy D'Alessandro,  
Elizabeth Morgan, Portland  
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury

Irma Simon, China  
Jean & Ralph Catignani  
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro  
Joseph Mooney, Wakefield  
Linda Merriam, Dresden  
Marian Delarue, Woburn  
Mark Resendes  
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose

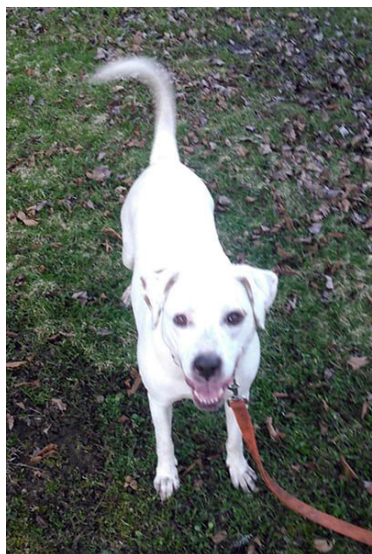
Mary Grace Lenihan, Melrose  
Michael Kane, Greenwood  
Nancy Brown, Olympia  
Pat Thain, Dracut  
Phil Mann, Rowland Heights  
Rancourt Family, Lebanon  
Susan Borsic, Woburn

We received a very sad note and a donation from Sandra Nicholson, letting us know that Molly Sommer, a very precious Shih Tzu girl, passed on to the Pearly Gates. Molly is being terribly missed by Sandra, Don, Debbie and Maggie Mae.

Bonnie Buckmore emptied the donation cans again. Thank you to her, and to Pet Quarters, Hometown Veterinary Care and Loyal Biscuit for letting her put up these jars in your business. She collected over \$42, a big help, because as you can see, we are down to 23 people who supported the Shelter this month. There are too many to starve to death, too few to survive.

Thank God for John Wells. John once again set up a table in front of a store, and he convinced people to donate money to our cause.

Other than the not-so-good money situation, we had some great moments too: Susanna, the lady who is very much into all kinds of animal causes and has been one of the "pillars" of Charley's Strays, received a letter from Izzy's family. Izzy was a Charley's dog and was adopted last year.



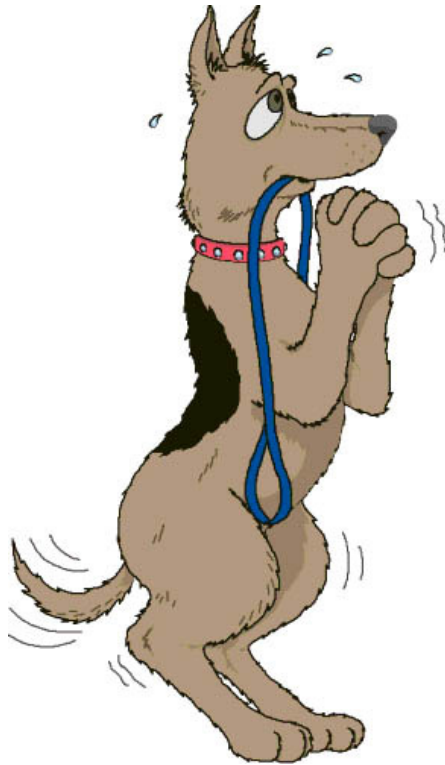
Hello to everyone at Charley's! It's been a long winter but now that most of the snow is gone I wanted to give an Izzy update. She is still doing great and I'm afraid she's spoiled (I think she earned it!). Izzy is in good health, annual vet check next week. She's still a bit defensive around unfamiliar dogs but hasn't met a person she doesn't want to kiss. Thanks again for helping me meet this great dog!"

Another great dog story: Our local mailman's 12 year old shepherd needed to find a new home because of personal reasons. Placing a dog that old is almost impossible. But things have a way of working out: One of our donors, Linda Merriam, called me one day and said she was looking for an older dog as a companion not only for her, but for the dog she already has. I remembered that Jim had mentioned something last fall, about our mailman's needing to part with the family pet. And I also remember Linda telling me a long time ago that she loved German shepherds. A match made in heaven? It's almost too good to be true. Jim put the mailman and Linda in touch. They worked out a pick-up/drop off point, and everybody connected: The mailman is happy that he found the best home possible for his dog, Linda is happy that she has another Shepherd, and the family dog welcomed the newcomer with open paws. ☺ Thank you Linda for giving this senior dog a new, loving, home.

This brings me to the end of my part of the newsletter, please read Mary's Cat Report which follows on the next page.

Have a great month of May, with lots of sunshine, little rain, and no black flies.

*Gabriele*  
*Mary, Ted, Eric and Jim*



## CAT REPORT – APRIL 2017

This month the game has been Where's the Cat? The dining room group and the front group are separated by a single door from the dining room to the front hall, and suddenly whenever I open it there's cat traffic. Ryan, who lives in the dining room, has started joining the front group; and Tang, who's in the front rooms, has started dashing into the dining room. Needless to say, these pop-up appearances generate doubts among the permanent residents. So far growls and hisses, no serious fights, but one of the front room females, who outweighs Ryan by several pounds, seems ready to take him on when she gets a chance (that is, when I don't interfere with her plans).

The youngsters, Feather, Lucien, Willow and Alafer, have no interest in the front rooms; they're focused on the porch. Spring has been sporadic so far, with only a couple parts of days when it was warm enough to hook the door open for them and their friends. I'm not complaining (much) – I know soon it'll be too hot for comfort.

Those cardboard boxes the brothers started playing with in February? One is still in the dining room, ragged but intact. Flat pieces of the other serve as sit-upons and scratching pads on the porch. Every now and then I sweep up the fresh shreds.

Two people visited recently, and Feather was delighted. He climbed into their laps, hugged them, purred up a storm. Lucien was around, less conspicuously; the other two brothers made themselves scarce, as they usually do with extra people in the house. Ashley and Ryan came to say hello and get admired.

Thanks, again, to the various donors this month. Our cats got food from Pepper Charles and our friend Shirley and coupons from Suzanne Belisle, Marlene Kaplan, Iris Martinello, Caley Pillow, Irma Simon and Al Smith. I'm constantly amazed at how much food such small creatures can eat – every shopping expedition I buy what looks like at least a month's supply, and a week later the cupboard is almost bare again.