



**Charley's Strays, Inc.**  
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Limestone, May, 2018

Dear Friends,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and spirits! All is well at the Shelter; the dogs are enjoying the sunshine, whenever there is sun around to be enjoyed. Here lately we had more rain than anything else. The weather is really strange: tonight the temps are supposed to drop to 37 degrees, tomorrow the high is supposed to be 88. They say there is no climate change? Other than that, nothing new with the dogs. Everybody seems to be healthy and content.

Money wise, well, not so good. We are losing more and more supporters, partly to aging, and in part to the fact that they have to struggle with their own bills, so there is nothing left over for the Shelter.

This brings me to a donation and email I received from a lady, which was quite interesting: Did you know that when you buy something on Amazon, a small part of the money you spend could go for our Shelters needs?  
Here is the way it works:

Instead of going into amazon.com you need to sign into "smile.amazon.com". Your password and all your account info will stay the same, you do not have to do or change anything.

After you log into smile.amazon.com; you buy your item, and it will ask you what charitable organization you would like to donate to. Hopefully you will say, Charley's Strays. Right now they have Charley's with an address of Waltham, Massachusetts. That's Charley's old address, and I have no idea how it got into Amazon, but we still

should receive the money from your purchase. I will be getting in touch with Amazon to ask how I can change the address.

Amazon will donate 0.5% of your purchase to us, which is only 50 cents on a \$100 purchase, but eventually it will add up. Thank you!

This brings me to our supporters, who once again helped buying the food, vet care and all the little and big things we have to purchase in order to keep our cats and dogs happy:

Al Smith, Belmont

Arlene Hayes, Reading

Bonnie Buckmore, Waterville

Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford

Cristine Cardello, Melrose

Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth

Iris Martinello, Tewksbury

Janna Peavey

Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro

John Wells, Oakland

Joseph Blake, New Bedford

Judy Rohweder, Northport

Linda Merriam, Dresden

Marian Delarue, Woburn

Marlene Kaplan, Nashua

Nancy Capone, Wakefield

Pat Ingersoll

Pat Thain, Dracut

Rust Pappathanasi, Swampscott

Ruth Giusti, Titusville

Sandra Nicholson, Beverly

Shirley Rancourt, Lebanon

Bonnie Buckmore collected money from the donation cans in the various stores again, and she also brought food, cat litter and toys to the Shelter, donated by Loyal Biscuit! We very much appreciated the help of Loyal Biscuit, and Bonnie.

We received another donation in memory of Dorothy Archer, from Carol Rogers, and from James & Gloria Dougenik. As noted in last month's newsletter, Dorothy, a longtime supporter of our cause, passed away. Eleanor Archer also sent us a check in memory of Dorothy.

And then we received a sad letter from Jackie Lowney and her daughter Kellee: Jackie's husband of 60+ years passed away. We are very sorry for your loss, Jackie and Kellee. Jim and I knew Jack personally. We met him the first time in the late 90s, when he and Jackie brought a refrigerator to the Shelter, and then later at the fundraisers in Boston. Another great animal-lover has gone, and the world is much poorer because of it. We received a donation from Jackie and Kellee, and a check from Cindy Houston in Jack's memory.

John Wells once again collected money for us by putting up a table at a store.

Thank you very much to all of our friends and supporters!

Reb told me a cute little story:

She is very much involved with a re-enacting group. This particular group calls themselves "The Ancient Ones of Maine". A couple of weeks ago they had a get-together, with a T-bone steak feast. I imagine even way-back-when they had cows that grew T-bones. Reb started thinking about those T-bones and about our dogs, and what they could do with them! So, she talked to the head of the group, and told him she wanted the bones for the Shelter. The guy then proceeded telling the 50 people to just throw the bones at him, and he would catch them for our Shelter's dogs. I guess it was pretty hilarious, everybody had fun, and most people left a few extra pieces of meat on the bones. And of course you can imagine that the dogs were in 7th heaven. So, thanks to the Ancient Ones and to our Reb!

Before I close for today, here is a word of advice, the next time you think you need to go see a doctor for one ailment or another. Consider going into a bar first, it's probably much cheaper:

#### Psychiatrist vs. Bartender

As a child, I always had a fear of someone under the bed at night. So I went to a shrink and told him: I've got problems. Every time I go to bed I think there's somebody under it. I'm scared. I think I'm going crazy."

"Just put yourself in my hands for one year," said the shrink. . . "Come talk to me three times a week and we should be able to get rid of those fears." "How much do you charge?" "One hundred fifty dollars per visit," replied the doctor.

"I'll sleep on it," I said.

Six months later the doctor met me on the street. "Why didn't you come to see me about those fears you were having?" he asked.

"Well, \$150 a visit, three times a week for a year, is \$23,400.00. A bartender cured me for \$10.00. I was so happy to have saved all that money that I went and bought a new pickup truck."

"Is that so?" With a bit of an attitude he said, "and how, may I ask, did a bartender cure you?"

"He told me to cut the legs off the bed. Ain't nobody under there now."

It's always better to get a second opinion.

Have a wonderful month of June,

*Gabriele*

*Mary, Ted, Eric and Jim*



## CAT REPORT – MAY 2018

I probably shouldn't write this, lest I jinx someone, but our cats are having a good spring so far. They're finally getting some porch time, with bugs and birds and neighbors' dogs and many imaginary things to watch, and so far this month only Tiger's had to see the vet. He had a sore mouth; the usual antibiotic didn't do anything for him, but the steroid Dr. Balboni switched him to seems to have made him comfortable. He now eats his well-watered canned food enthusiastically and without hesitation. One of his fellow FIVs had the same problem, with the same responses to the antibiotic and the steroid. It's good to see all five FIVs waiting eagerly for meals.

Our former invalids, Ashley and Alafer, have been doing well (knock on wood). Ashley's been back to normal for months, after whatever ailed her last summer and fall. Alafer's apparently a permanent bobble-head, but he's eating well, in good weight and living up to his nickname, Twinearound, by winding affectionately around my ankles. Alafer's black brother Willow and yellow Tang still switch from one group to the other as the mood strikes, Tang usually spending days on the porch and nights on my bed. I've had to stop Ashley's brother Ryan's trips into the front rooms, at least for now: he started rushing into the hall and claiming territory in typical male-cat fashion against the nearest vertical surface. Yes, he's neutered, and yes, neutered males aren't supposed to spray, but cats aren't the greatest at obeying rules.

Apparently it hasn't been a good month for other people. I've heard a lot of sad stories about people who have to give up their pets because they can't afford the vet bills. If any of your vets has a fund to help clients with financial problems, I hope you'll support it if you can; and if your vet doesn't have such a fund, maybe you could give him or her a nudge. After all, the client who gets help this time might win the lottery and repay with interest next time.

The cats have been well treated by their friends, as always. Pepper Charles and Shirley gave them food, and I've had coupons from various people, including Suzanne Belisle, Kim Doherty, Caley Pillow, Iris Martinello and Al Smith. Many thanks to all, and happy summer (while watching out for ticks).