



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

Meet a new dog who made her way to our Shelter: little Maggie, a Pomeranian. I am not quite sure what to make of her story. Supposedly a lady is breeding show dogs. Maggie who is 8 years old, was recently spayed and now does not get along with the other female dogs any longer, but is fine with the males. She ended up with us. She has a very lovable disposition, so she should find a home quick, even though she is not a spring chicken any more. If you are interested in Maggie, please get in touch with Reb who has all her papers and information.

In 1945 a composer and a lyricist got together and presented the world with a song; "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow." I wonder if these two guys are still around, I would love to invite them to northern Maine to look at the white mess we have up here, and make them stay for five months and then see if they still want to "let it snow, let it snow. . ." Jim was busy for a whole day pushing 20" of snow from one edge of the yard to the other, we have snowbanks at the end of our road 12 ft. tall, and we also have the promise of the weather frogs for more to come! We are not going to Florida this winter; so we have to live in the beauty of a white world with whiteouts, 40 below zero winds, and lots of ice and so on. Growing old is not for whimps, but growing old in Northern Maine is a double whammy.

Thank God there was not nearly as much snow at the Shelter, even though the dogs enjoy it quite a bit. Reb says when she takes the snow shovel and pushes snow around, she has a hard time doing so when King, our yellow lab, is running around outside. He loves to fling himself on top of the snow shovel. I guess he enjoys being pushed around in the snow.

The other news at the Shelter is not so good: We have run up a very large Vet bill for the last couple of months, and I am pulling my hair out, again. If there is any way you can send an extra dollar or two, we would be very grateful to you. You can make out a check to our vet, Animal Hospital, if you prefer. If you do, please mail it to Charley's Strays so I can keep track of our balance. Of course you can make it out to Charley's Strays. Thank you so very much!

Which brings me to the following article I found to be quite interesting:

Humanwatch.org

Keeping an watchful eye on the animal rights movement

Background: Despite the words “humane society” in its name, the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) isn’t affiliated with any community-based humane societies or other pet shelters. HSUS doesn’t run a single pet shelter, nor does it serve as a national headquarters for humane societies that serve cities, towns, counties or states.

Most Americans are not aware of these facts. [According to national polling](#), 71 percent of Americans think HSUS is a pet shelter “umbrella” group. Also, 59 percent think HSUS contributes most of its money to local organizations that care for dogs and cats. Neither of these is true.

The Facts: The Humane Society of the United States actively perpetuates this name confusion. An enormous majority of the animals in HSUS’s seemingly ubiquitous commercials—nearly all of them, really—[are cats and dogs](#). This leaves many Americans with the false impression that HSUS is affiliated with the humane societies in their communities, and implies that their “\$19 per month” (the commercials’ typical request) will provide care for animals near where they live.

In fact, very little money given to the Humane Society of the United States will ever reach a pet shelter. According to HSUS’s 2008 [tax return, less than half of one percent](#) (0.5%) of HSUS budget consisted of grants to hands-on pet shelters. And in 2009, again according to HSUS’s [the tax returns, less than one percent](#) of HSUS’s budget (0.8%, to be exact) consisted of grants to shelters.

Despite its annual budget of more than \$100 million, the Humane Society of the United States [doesn't actually provide much hands-on care to pets](#). HSUS and its affiliated groups have [more than \\$191 million](#) in assets, [\\$160 million](#) of which HSUS itself holds. And HSUS has put away millions in an executive pension plan—more than \$16 million since 1998. During the same period, HSUS shared *less* money with pet shelters.

The Humane Society of the United States generally responds to this criticism by saying that it focuses on the larger, systematic issues affecting animal welfare. It does, but not in the way you might think. HSUS [spends millions on lobbying](#), including costly ballot initiatives that target family farmers. HSUS’s national agenda is fundamentally focused on furthering an animal “rights” philosophy.

The Bottom Line: The Humane Society of the United States is not what it seems. HSUS is focused on winning “rights” for animals—not helping the pets depicted in its TV ads. Americans who want their contributions to impact pet shelters should give *locally*.



But back to our Shelter; our supporters helped our animals again to make it through a long cold winter month, and we thank YOU very much for the boxes with toys, food, the stamps and checks!

Al Smith, Medford
Alice Winston, Swampscott
Bonnie Buckmore
Charles Soares, Burlington
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
David Hingston, Chelmsford
Donna Wade, Unity

Emile Jorgensen, E. Boston
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Jean & Ralph Catignani
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
John Wells, Oakland
Joseph Blake, New Bedford
Joseph Kogut, Upton

Kellee & Jackie Lowney
Linda Merriam, Dresden
Markus Nordberg, Boxborough
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Pat Thain, Dracut

Anne Tappan mailed us a check in memory of our supporter George Hinds, who passed away four years ago.

We received a donation in memory of "Tiger", from Diane Rizzo. Tiger was a stray cat who had the good fortune to be rescued by Diane and taken in by Mary.

The Gallagher family also mailed a donation in memory of "Floyd".

Brion and Susan Callori mailed us a \$150 check for the beautiful painting Jean Tillson did last month of their dog.

Bonnie Buckmore also mailed us two checks from her bi-weekly route of checking/emptying her donation boxes, and another lady, Judy Oliver, also mailed us a check from a box she has put up in a store.

So, many people helped out again this month, and we thank each and every one of you!

More sad news; We just found out that yet another supporter of Charley's Strays has passed away: Bonnie Wiegand . Bonnie's husband died several years ago, and on January 17 she followed him. I knew Bonnie personally; Jim and I were invited several times to her home. They were great animal lovers and we will miss them very much.

And that's a "wrap" for this letter. Mary's cat report follows on the next page.

Keep healthy and stay warm!

Gabriele, Mary, Ted, Eric and Jim



CAT REPORT – JANUARY 2019

As Gabi has told you, Charley's Strays ran up a horrendous vet bill at the beginning of the new year, and it's all due to the cats. Three cats, actually.

Tiger started it – the poor guy collapsed one Sunday evening. I heard odd noises from the FIV+ room adjoining the kitchen, hurried to investigate and found him groaning on the floor. We went to the emergency vet outside Bangor, which costs a great deal, and a few hours later I retrieved him and brought him to Animal Hospital of Waterville. He seemed comfortable in the car and at the vets' places, but showed no signs of recovery, so Paul and I agreed it was time for him to go. I never got a diagnosis; Paul thinks his FIV caught up with him and set off a cascade of internal failures.

Incidentally, I don't hold the emergency vet's high charges against the place. They have a building full of up-to-date diagnostic and treatment equipment to deal with all kinds of problems in all kinds of pets they've never seen before, and staff willing to work overnights, weekends and holidays. I've been there three times, met three different doctors and many techs and receptionists, and they've all been pleasant and as far as I can tell competent.

Ashley and Tang went to AHW together a few days later. Tang's mouth got worse; he was treated and released and since then has been eating well and taking his medication. He's still due for a dental when his thyroid gets closer to normal. Ashley was having trouble breathing; Heather thought her feeding tube had rearranged itself and pulled it (I'd had the same thought, but didn't dare mess with the tube). Ashley came home tubeless on a Saturday; the following Wednesday she ate for the first time, to my delight. Since then she's gone on several hunger strikes; I give her the appetite stimulant the vets recommended, and so far it's worked (knock on wood). She's still wobbly on her feet, but the other cats politely leave her alone. Now if she'll only keep eating....

Tiger came from Diane and Mike, relatives of our friend Michael Kane, and we've kept in touch over the years. When I had to tell them he was gone, they sent a memorial check that will help with the expenses. Nonetheless, if any of you can spare a bit extra this month, we'd be more than usually grateful.

And speaking of spending your money, please, Maine residents, when you fill out your state income tax forms don't forget a donation to the Companion Animal Sterilization Fund.

Our friends who've been generous to us this month include, in addition to Diane and Mike, Pepper Charles and Shirley, who donated cat food, and Suzanne and Teresa who provided coupons (which are getting harder and harder to find, I hear). Many thanks, and thanks also to the rest of you who help with the dogs and their home.

