



**A Border Collie on lunch break.**

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

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Limestone, July, 2019

Dear Friends,

We made it another month through a heat wave and no A/C at the Shelter. Jim did buy a large fan to circulate the air for the few dogs which prefer to stay inside. Most of them are outside, and a large part of their runs are covered by a roof, so they have plenty of shade, and they get to see different things and are not as bored as the inside dogs. It was probably an interesting month for them.

The canine residents got to watch Jim and a hired helper tearing down the big barn, which had a collapsed roof from a couple of years ago when we had lot of ice and snow. The barn was built in the early 90s, of course, as cheap as possible. So it was no surprise that the wood started to give way. And since our two cows and the pig have gone to the pearly gates many years ago, there was really no need to try to fix it again. It was too dangerous to walk on the roof trying to repair it. Eventually we will either have to buy a storage building for the lawnmower, snow blower and all the other items we use at the Shelter, or Jim will have to build something again. But not this year: Jim is now in the process of building a food storage shed. Rodents managed to bite and gnaw their way into our old one, and Jim is building a metal shed to prevent that from happening again.

Thanks to a better month moneywise than the past two, we actually could buy the material for him to manufacture a nice 8'x8' metal building. Sadly thanks to our booming economy (for whom?) and the trade-war, the metal went up in cost exactly 25% compared to what we paid a year ago when we had to buy some for private use.

While Jim was there and had help, he managed to catch the new (and it seems badly abused, scared to death dog Bubba) and took him to the vet to be neutered, and micro-chipped (another \$300) I am just glad that animals can't talk. God knows what stories they would have to tell. We probably could not sleep at night any more.

It's this time of the year again when we have to think about heating fuel for next winter. In a way it's really weird to think about the cold months ahead when we barely can move right now thanks to the heat. We all know it's going to change in a few months. So, once again, I am asking for your help to buy heating oil, while its still down in price a little bit. I am including three raffle tickets. If you have no use for them, please throw them away, or maybe you can advertise for us a little with your friends and family so they may buy some.

For our supporters who do not receive a paper copy of the newsletter, but read it online; if you would like to purchase some tickets, please mail a check to the Limestone address, as shown on the top of page this page. In the memo specify how many tickets you want, and I will mail them to you.

Our supporters came through for our animals! Compared to the 14 donors last month, we had a HUGE increase of people (25 this month) helping our cats and dogs. I want thank each and every one of you:

Al Smith, Belmont  
Charlotte Paul, Chelmsford  
Cristine Cardello, Melrose  
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth  
Grace Kiley, N. Andover  
Harry Clark, Beverly  
Iris Martinello, Tewksbury  
Jean Catignani, Conway

Jeannine Lord, Oakland  
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro  
Judith Gallo, Canton  
Judy Rohweder, Northport  
Karen German, Reading  
Kellee & Jackie Lowney  
Linda Merriam, Dresden  
Mark & Kelli Resendes

Marlene Kaplan, Melrose  
Marlene Kaplan, Melrose  
Mary Grace Lenhian, Melrose  
Michael Kane, Greenwood  
Nancy Brown, Olympia  
Nancy Capone, Wakefield  
Sally Sawyer, Albany Twp

We also received a donation in honor of Betsy and Nancy from Bruce and Laura Anderson.

Bonnie Buckmore mailed us checks from emptying the many boxes at various stores, and John Wells also went out of his way again by setting up a table in front of a store and dealing with some very nice and some very strange people ("*. . . a lady picked out six dogs from my folder that she said she was going to adopt, just as soon as she got a job.*") Go figure.

Judith Olivier also emptied her donation box and mailed us the money from that.

Last but not least Loyal Biscuit donated goodies to fill 80 bags for John Wells' table; a biscuit treat, a Fromm Kibble sample and a \$5.00 coupon off a \$25.00 Loyal Biscuit purchase. Bonnie Buckmore filled the bags with it, and now we hope they will bring a few dollars at John's table.

And this pretty much covers this month.

Keep cool!

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

## CAT REPORT – JULY 2019

There, at last I have stories to tell you, with so far happy endings. You won't be surprised to hear that two are about Lucien, the big grey and white guy who got dumped at Jen's with his three brothers. Lucien weighs 13 pounds 13 ounces as of the vet's scales last Friday afternoon, and he's lively and bouncy; he and brother Feather are forever rubbing their jaws affectionately against my knees and almost knocking me off my feet, and Lucien has a powerful head-butt when he's standing on a table and I stop to talk with him. The vet trip was because he'd been congested for a couple days. Since he prefers dry food to canned and therefore doesn't eat medication mixed with his food and is not a cat who can be persuaded to take it from a syringe, I got him an antibiotic shot.

Heather gave it to him, and Lucien and Heather are very well acquainted. She came on a house call two weeks earlier – I had more than a dozen cats, three Charley's Strays and the rest mine, who needed some kind of attention, from a physical plus rabies shot to a nail trim. Heather would put a cat on top of a big dog kennel and start to give him or her a physical; and here's Lucien, squeezing in between Heather and the cat whose heart she's trying to listen to, smiling and purring. Feather watched from a safe distance, and shyer brothers Willow and Alafer were hiding.

Otherwise no news from Charley's cats. Tang, who had the dental earlier this year, continues to eat well and to purr us to sleep at night from the top of my pillow; and Ryan, aka Ribald, leaps onto the windowsill near the kitchen door so I can pet him as I go in and out, if I'm not juggling too many dishes of cat food.

Another story is from the supermarket earlier this month. I was in the cat food aisle (as usual), with my cart piled with bags of Tidy Cats (as usual) topped with odds and ends of cat food (as usual), and met a woman who asked how many cats I have (that too happens frequently). I told her – as usual – that I do rescue so the number keeps changing, and we passed each other. A few seconds later I heard her calling; she caught up with me, put a wad of bills in my hand and said, "I don't know how much this is, but please take it." Turned out to be just the right amount, enough to buy a reasonable amount of cat food but not so much that I felt guilty about taking it.

Yet another, in my opinion, good-news story: New York State has outlawed declawing cats, effective immediately. With apologies to your furniture and woodwork, I'm very pleased and would like to see the idea spread. Declawing, as I hope most of you know, is not the equivalent of pulling out your fingernails; it's the equivalent of cutting off your fingers at the top joint. I've had several previously-declawed cats over the years and they've seemed all right, but I've heard of cats being permanently harmed, psychologically or physically or both.

And then the weather has been worth mentioning, as I expect it has been for many of you, too. Our state animal welfare program emailed an advisory with recommendations for keeping pets and farm animals from getting sick from the heat. With the two rooms with window air conditioners and the screened porch, we're managing reasonably well, though on my part unhappily – 85 degrees is not why I live in Maine. On the hottest and most humid days I've been shutting the cats off the porch for the afternoon; by early evening, with the sun setting and the downhill draft toward the lake stirring the air, it's cool enough to let them out to stay overnight.

In addition to the lady in the supermarket, the cats have had gifts of food from Pepper Charles and Shirley Jordan (who has a handsome new cat named Mister, adopted when his people had to move and couldn't find a pet-friendly place) and coupons from Suzanne Belisle, Kim Doherty, Teresa Parent and Al Smith. Many thanks to all...