



Charley's Strays, Inc.

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Limestone, Maine March, 2019

Dear Friends,

It's getting bad when the snow is up to and above one's windowsill, and the squirrels watch you while you eat your breakfast! We now had over 150 inches of snow for this winter season. In the first part of March we also had to handle 27 degrees below zero, and honestly, Jim and I had enough. So, in order not to start throwing things at each other, we decided to leave for a couple of weeks and head toward Arizona. By the time you read this letter, we should be somewhere where there is no snow on the ground.

This will be a short newsletter, just to keep our Shelter in your mind. If you do send a donation, please don't wonder if it takes a couple of weeks to show as being taken out of your account. Also, since I had to write this letter a bit earlier than usual, most likely some of the names will not have made it to my list; however all the names of our supporters will be in next month's newsletter. Thanks for understanding.

Nothing much happened at the Shelter this month; no one was adopted and no newcomers, either.

But our helpers were very busy: Bonnie Buckmore again presented us with a nice check from donations she collected from various cans in different stores. She also contacted Grizzly Products to see if they could help our animals. A couple of weeks later Reb received a donation from Grizzly Pet Products; it was six bottles of joint oil dog food supplement.

Judith Oliver, who also has a donation box at a store (or maybe its at the vet, I am not sure) mailed us a check from that collection.

John Wells once again had set up his table, trying to educate the public about animals and about Charley's Strays. Once again he made my day with the note he send along with his check;

"If anyone says nice anything about my visit to Rotary, they're simply being kind. I went there without planning what I was going to say, said some of everything in no particular order or purpose, and made little sense even to myself. At least a few more people do know that we exist."

In this sad world a sense of humor is sorely needed, and appreciated!

Megan, the daughter of Cynthia Thompson, (the lady who has been doing the yearly fleabag ball) and the staff of Northern Light Cardiology in Bangor, donated blankets, food, towels and other supplies for Charley's Strays.

Charley Ames and Ruth McKinney sent a donation to us in honor of my birthday.

Thank you so VERY MUCH to all of the above people!

And of course also a huge THANK YOU, to the following supporters of our Shelter:

Al Smith, Belmont
Alice Winston, Swampscott
Cristine Cardello, Melrose
Dale Critchley, S. Weymouth
Harry Clark, Beverly

Iris Martinello, Tewksbury
Jackie & Kellee Lowney
Jean & Ralph Catignani
Joe D'Alessandro, Tuftonboro
Linda Merriam, Dresden

Marlene Kaplan, Melrose
Nancy Capone, Wakefield
Pat Thain, Dracut

Again: the rest of our donors will be named next month. Thank you for understanding.

Gabriele, Mary, Eric, Ted and Jim



Ruth McKinney and dog Spryte

CAT REPORT -- MARCH 2019

Late in February, after I sent Gabriele the February report, Ted and I had lunch with Karen, who worked with us at the kennel on Saturdays for many years before she moved out of the area. She brought the cats a three-tier plastic ring-with-rolling-balls toy and two compressed cardboard centers for their Turbo scratchers, the flat round plastic frames with a rolling ball and a scratching pad in the center. I'd had two centerless Turbos sitting around for weeks and didn't remember to put new centers on my shopping list. With Karen's gift, I fixed one downstairs and one upstairs. The upstairs cats were all napping, but in the dining room Ryan instantly hopped on & started scratching, promptly followed by Feather and Lucien. Within a week the center was destroyed, separated into strips and strewn around the room. The one upstairs is still intact, though scruffy enough to show it's been appreciated.

The toy with the balls has rubber feet to keep it from sliding on the floor. That, too, I gave to the group that includes Ryan, Lucien, Feather, Willow, Alafer and sometimes Tang. I put it in the north end of the room with other toys, not the south end with the food dishes – feeding with cats underfoot is challenge enough without also having toys underfoot. In less than two weeks it migrated about 25 feet to mingle with the food dishes. I moved it back north, which apparently displeased someone, because the next morning it was standing on its head with its little feet in the air.

These downstairs cats are the ones who have access to the screened porch, where Feather and Lucien especially enjoy spending time. Lucien is fascinated when the roof drips, watching intently as the water hits the snowbank (maybe soon the bare ground). Now that it's sometimes warm outdoors, they have more company.

Thanks, as always, to the cats' friends who help support them and the rest of the Charley's Strays family. This month we've had food from Pepper Charles (two weeks in a row he chose a flavor I was low on; his people say he communicates telepathically with my cats before he decides what to ask them to buy) and from Shirley Jordan and coupons from Shirley, Suzanne Belisle, Teresa Parent and Al Smith. The recent \$136 cat food bill would have been \$13 higher without the coupons.