



The Country Kitty B&BSM

Casual Boarding for Feline Friends.SM

Winter 2025
Now in our 27th Year!

My friend, Dina, spent most of the summer helping to round up many stray cats that were living on Champlain Avenue in Whitehall, the street we grew up on. Dina named one of the cats, **Sassy**, and Dina was hoping to keep her. Dina worked with a rescue organization that took in the other cats, the goal being to spay, neuter, and find them all homes. One, named **Peach Cobbler**, gave birth to seven kittens and another, named **Sundae** gave birth to three, **Chocolate**, **Vanilla**, and **Strawberry**.

Sassy was boarding here at *The Country Kitty B&B* when she gave birth to 2 kittens, **Mango** and **Papaya**, in the early morning hours of September 10. This was a *Country Kitty* first! Kittens had never been born here. We all decided it was best for, “The Champlain Avenue Kids”, as Dina called them, to stay put here for the short term as Dina lives mostly in an RV and already has two cats, **Elsa** and **Samantha**.

Mommy **Sassy** went about her business taking excellent care of her Munchkins, **Mango** and **Papaya** (“**Poppy**”). We got to watch as the kittens opened their eyes for the first time, learned how to walk, how to eat kitten food, how to use a litter box, how to groom themselves, and how to play. And boy do they play!

I tried to find the Munchkins a home but something kept telling me they were sent to me for a reason. I decided to see if my other cats, **Daisy** and **Toby**, would accept them when the time was right. As the weeks and months went by, Mommy **Sassy** never rejected her kittens or seemed annoyed by them or pushed them away, as mommy cats sometimes do. They just continued to all get along: a happy little family of three. It became clear that they needed to stay together.

Mango and **Poppy** will be neutered soon and then they, and **Sassy**, will go home with me to meet **Daisy** and **Toby**. Fingers crossed, everybody!

Lynn

Always In Our Memory

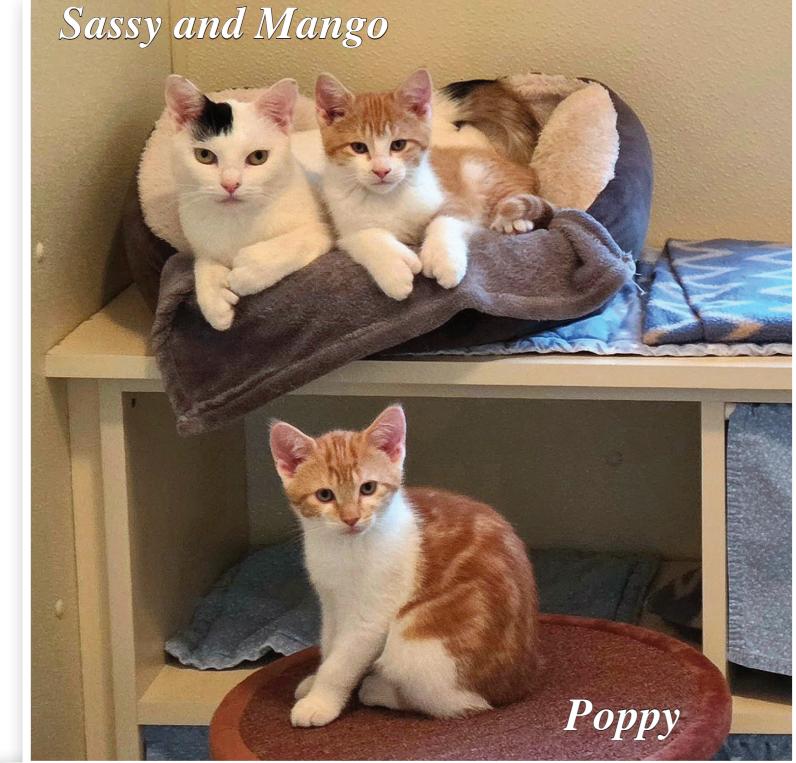
Guests who are sleeping
in their final resting place

Cheesey, 13
Molly, 12
Tucker, 3

LouAnn, 15
Mittsy Puss, 15
Punkie, 19



“We couldn’t be more pleased with the care that our cat **Felix** received at the *B&B*. As a first time boarder, I had a lot of anxiety which Lynn relieved with frequent updates and much patience! We will be back!” *B&KR*



The *purrfect* place for your best friend!

Life at the B & B



Talk about distinguishing markings! Can you guess which cat is named, **Smudge**? "See page 4"



FUN & GAMES

Cats have a knack of finding fun wherever it might be. One (15 degree) morning, Kip was completing "room service" for **Bella**. After feeding her and scooping her litter, he returned to straighten things up and sweep her room clean. He gently shook the throw rug and set it and some toys on the counter and placed the round "turbo scratcher" in the chair next to the cubbies. Being a little cautious of the broom, **Bella** had jumped into the curtained cubby, the one that has a "mouse hole" which cats like to use as a way in and out. As he swept he heard the ball in the turbo scratcher suddenly go round and around. **Bella** was having some fun popping out of the "mouse hole", batting the ball, and ducking back in. Over and over.

* * *

FEEDING TIME

The cats entertain us every day. **Eddie** and **Joey** (officially known as **Eddie Spaghetti** and **Joey Bagadonuts**), are here for a 10 day stay. Every morning when we first open the cat hallway door, they jump down and rush to their door. When we open the door to enter their room, they both talk to us in their high pitched voices that sound like they are saying, "Weeee!. Weeeeel!". So excited for their breakfast to be served. Kip tells them they are the squeaky cats. I just answer **Joey** and **Eddie** back with my own, "Weeee!"...



We provide everything your cat needs while here at *The Country Kitty B&B*, but we always encourage owners to bring along something familiar that will smell like home such as a favorite blanket, bed, or toy. **Lilly** brings her cat buggy . She spends many afternoons curled up sleeping in it while she is here.



When a late December ice storm left our driveway a sheet of ice we got creative so **Missy**'s folks could take their little girl home. While they waited at the roadside, Lynn donned creepers and got a plastic sled from the garage. Up she went holding Missy's carrier with one hand and pulling the sled filled with **Missy**'s belongings with the other. After the handoff, Lynn hopped in the sled and slid back to the *B&B*.

Photos at left, from top:
Barney, Athena, Tigger, Momma, Minerva, Mo



I NAMED HIM HARRY . . .

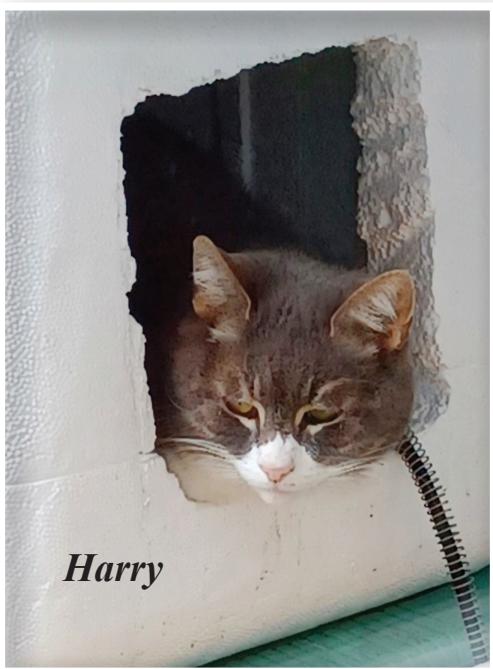
But before that, in the spring of 2012, I had been routinely feeding cats from a feral colony behind my house; helping in a T.N.R. program with a success that year of 15 neutered cats. Some, upon release, I would never see again, and others would return for food.

One day a grey tiger cat I had never seen before came up the 12 steps of my deck trailed by a paler grey kitten tripping and stumbling up his climb. He seemed chubby compared to his mother. His bib was snow white all the way up to his chin and over his nose. My heart did the usual things and I ached to pick him up or at least pet him, but knew they would have none of that! She ate and drank her fill then laid off on a sunny spot letting her kitten on her for his meal.

They came and went thru the weeks of summer and little changed. They had names now: Mamma had a healthier look and with T.N.R. ended what would have been her endless cycle of kittens. **Harry** got chubbier, his bib became larger and before he was neutered experienced the hard knock of tough love – his mother's weaning. At this time I really wanted to soothe and pet him, but he said, "no"! Cooler November was time for heated milk for breakfast; then for more than a week, I was aware of Mamma's absence.

It was just **Harry** and me now. When I fed him he would lean into the screen of the slider deck door and rub against my hand or touch the end of my finger with his nose. I figured petting him might eventually happen soon.

For the next few years life was good except for winter. **Harry** came for his meals on time but then his paw tracks went off in different directions on different nights. He couldn't be coaxed to come inside on the coldest nights. One night there was a bad blizzard and the next morning I saw a wide set paw prints, from leaping thru deep snow, leading to a rotted fallen tree in the thicket. I snow shod over to peer in and out shot **Harry** at the far end!



That winter experience led to a summer project of building **Harry** an igloo. On the deck I put a large Styrofoam box flipped onto the cover with an entry hole cut. Inside an electric fleece covered pad with cord hanging out the "door". The box was placed on a high plastic tub of same size and both were on a wooden pallet. A wide roof of treated plywood covered in plastic attached to the pallet below with 8 "eyes" and 4 bungees. A nearby outlet took the cords for both the electric mattress in the igloo and his water bowl below. He also had a big open sided tub to eat his food. All of this was placed near the slider door so I could track him and also more easily care for him. This was his 3 season home for years.

In summer he would join me on the deck to bathe and nap in the sun but still no touching or petting. Some really bad times in winter I would open the sliding door and he would come in for a bowl of milk below a nearby table.

I usually spent Christmas with family in Virginia and failed to trap him for boarding. It was hard finding someone to care for him so at these times he was on his own. Two Christmases ago, there were blizzards and near record low temperatures from Virginia to New York. I trained home to Albany on December 27 with images of power outages and worse on my mind. Instead, I was met at the slider glass with a forlorn, crying **Harry**, ice whiskered, wanting to come in for his bowl of warm milk under the table! I vowed to never again leave him in the winter.

A full year later **Harry** left me...Last Christmas I stayed home with him and the next month, January 27, 2025, on a bright sunny morning, I opened the door to feed him and there he lay as if sleeping at the foot of his igloo door. He hadn't been there for long; still soft to the touch with eyes open, no marks or signs of injuries either...no clues at all to what had happened.

I lifted him gently and placed him on his igloo roof and spent a long time – finally petting **Harry**.

This story was contributed by one of our customers, Anne, who has boarded her indoor cats with us for many years, first **Twiggy**, and now, **Figgy**.

The Country Kitty B&BSM

1195 Ridge Road

Queensbury, NY 12804



Now in our 27th Year!

"Hi Sarah. All is well! Athenea has settled in here and says she might run for Mayor. Sarah replied: "This is the best update ever! I always knew she was meant to be a leader. Glad she is doing well! She does love to roll around a lot!" SB

our guests to their owners showing kitty's having fun at the B&B. Customers often e-mail us from hotels or homes of friends and relatives asking how their pets are doing. We even e-mail snapshots of their cats staying.

Other folks have their family and friends check out the place where many customers book return visits totally via e-mail.

We get lots of compliments on our attractive web site. Pictures truly are worth a thousand words. And it's a great way to communicate!

www.countrykitty.com



When making your vacation plans,
don't forget the cat!

Why Cats Wash After Eating

*You may have noticed, little friends,
That cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.*

*Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
who said, as he ceased squealing:*

*"All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!"
And, wishing to be thought well bred,
Puss heeded his entreatings.*

*But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young, mouse said his good-bye,
Without respect to wording.*

*A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.*

Circa 1900. Author Unknown

Answer to which cat is named, **Smudge** (from page 2)

From left to right:

Maynard, Smudge, Samantha, Fiona

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1195 Ridge Road, Queensbury, NY 12804
(518) 792-MEOW 792-6369 FAX (518) 792-4186
www.countrykitty.com