



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume VIII, Issue 2 * Spring-Summer 2011



WITTY KITTIES MISSION STATEMENT

Founded in 2000, Witty Kitties provides quality care and shelter to cats with specific chronic medical needs within the five-state area we serve. Our organization is committed to collaborating with local humane organizations in rescue work and low-cost spay-neuter services. We provide rescue, care and appropriate housing for a variety of reptiles, as well.

As part of our overall service to the community, Witty Kitties works to educate the public regarding proper care of these companion animals and, ideally, to find permanent, quality homes for them.

Website URL: WittyKitties.org

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jenni Doll, DVM
Torben Platt, Reptile Guy
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DID YOU KNOW???

You could see this issue in living color if you subscribed to an email copy of the newsletter! Let us know your wishes at staff@wittykitties.org.



Wine, anyone? Mark your calendars for the next annual wine-tasting fundraiser for Witty Kitties (see page 4 for details).

SURE AIN'T NO BUNCH OF FLOWERS

by Jenni Doll, DVM

Boy, what a difference a week makes. My stress level is fairly low, compared to last Sunday, Mother's Day. That morning started out fine. I woke up to breakfast in bed, a bottle of *Diet Pepsi* and granola bar (I know what you're thinking. But really, it hit the spot). Then Kirsten shared with me a beautiful acrylic painting she made in the art class she takes on Saturdays. We looked at her card and the sunflowers she planted for me in school. So far, three have sprouted. We are both really pleased about that.

As is usually the case on the weekend, Jojo, my son, was working. That was okay. He knew what I wanted from him. His gift was to stay silent and non-critical about my present to come. Knowing he wouldn't do a good job of this, he made sure he would be scarce and didn't take the day off. But like I said that was okay. I blame myself for his inability to keep his mouth shut when I add craziness to our lives, and have accepted the fact that my inundation with animals has put him off of any new animal.

Not that he didn't have a point in being sour about my present. I was actually feeling a little stressed myself. It wasn't really a present per se, but just a new animal to add to our already motley menagerie. We had been talking with some folks who needed a home for their 20-year-old bear. They no longer had a license and needed to get rid of quite a few things (anyone know who can legally keep a baboon? A capuchin? An orangutan?).

After much deliberation, we decided to take him on. We had really enjoyed having B-Bear for a short time six years ago, and thought of him a lot.

But, once we said "yes," I began to worry. First, I got an earful from Jojo about a promise I had made not to get another bear way back when we found a home for B-Bear. I'm not sure whether he insisted on me doing so because he was concerned about safety, or just didn't want people to think his mom was a freak. But after probing my brain, I think I may have made that promise. Truthfully, I'm not able to remember doing so, but I believe him, as his memory is so much better than mine. It may just be my imagination but I swear my memory is so much worse since "The Snake Bite".

So now I wasn't just a little worried about logistics of bear guardianship, but feeling like a complete idiot where Joseph was concerned. It did little to calm him when over dinner I promised not to take in the monkeys. Ever. I insisted they are completely foreign to me and out of my grasp of understanding. Hope I remember that in six years.

Anyway, we had a couple of weeks where it was iffy as to whether the bear was actually coming. The people wanted to sell him, and still had hope of doing so. We told them they should actually be the ones paying us, considering the expense it would take to prepare for him.

(continued on page 2)

Ain't No Bunch of Flowers (from pg. 1)

Finally about the 1st of May it was 99% a sure thing he was coming. So then the work started. Torben and I went to Theisens to order some big fence panels. Then I spent days reinforcing the coyote pen. We tried the panels on the inside of the pen first, but that didn't work out. Then once I got them all up nicely on the outside, I had Torben come directly to the pen after he got off work that day to do his "I'm-a-six-foot-tall-bear" act. He shook the walls --wayyyy too wobbly. Fine. So I bought long lag screws to place boards we had around our place on the outside for stability. After running out of boards and screws, it was off to Menards for more. This time I pulled poor John in as he has been cursed with an awesome pickup truck that has carried anything from alligators to bales of hay for these crazy animals he has become involved with since his "retirement" from work. After putting the rest of the boards up, it made a world of difference. I was feeling pretty satisfied.

But that evening, Friday, two days before the bear was to arrive, Torben came down the hill after work and did his bear act again. Unfortunately, he had a really bad week at work and was in as foul a mood as could be. So the act didn't take much effort. He went into the pen and shook the walls and reached up to the fence overhanging the top of the pen and pulled it down, bending it and the rebar with no effort.

I put up with the expletives from him, insisted he needn't come with me on my next run for hardware (inside, I was actually begging him not to come), and headed off to Tractor Supply. I saw massive steel rods I could use, but they were too long. As physics dictates, pulling down on the end of a longer bar to bend it would be easier to do than if it were a short bar.

Off to Menards. *What? You just have wimpy pansy-assed rebar? No, I can NOT wait for you to order the ¾ inch, thank you very much!*

Back to Tractor Supply. I was in a sad mood. So much work yet to do and I was stuck. How the heck was I going to cut ¾ and 1 inch diameter metal rods? Then it dawned on me to call our neighbor Harry. Harry is a great guy. We have absolutely nothing in common with regards to politics, religion, or various social issues. But he has always been great to talk to about that fact. And he is just a good man.

I called him and said, "Harry, do you think you could cut some thick steel bars for me?" I was CERTAIN he would say he couldn't once he heard how big they were. "Sure," he said. I was so relieved. I grabbed those greasy, heavy things, my hands getting completely black from touching them (what is with all that grease anyway?) and paid. From there it was off to Harry's. He was outside with his grandkids and pretty much expecting me. When he saw

the rods he said, "What do you mean 'can I cut those'?" He laughed and pulled out his handheld band saw, something I never knew existed. He cut through the smaller ones and insisted on cutting a ridiculously long ½ inch rod he had 'sitting around' and made me several two-foot pieces, insisting the one-inch ones were overkill, not to mention expensive. Heck, when he heard I bought a new one-inch drill bit, he scolded me, insisting he'd always have one for me to use. That is just the kind of guy he is. So I got to return the bigger bars and drill bit. Gee, I don't think I even talk that gushingly about my own husband!

So back I went home and down the hill again. I had hoped Torben had gone down to his own den in our basement to rest. I didn't really need help at this point. Long story short: The pen finally got finished after working that evening and next morning on Saturday. Later that day, I talked to the folks with the bear who said it was a "go." "Damned right it is a 'go!'" I thought to myself.

Once that was settled, the rock in my stomach sunk, and my nerves started up again. I obsessed again about how we may be too naïve about our ability to keep a big old bear in. Was I just romanticizing about how great it was to have B-Bear? Would the new bear try to kill the coyotes?

Next morning, after my Mother's Day breakfast in bed I discovered Torben was doing pretty much the same thing. One thing we agreed on was that if we arrived at the place and decided to change our minds, we would just back out. Also, we needed a plan to get him through three gates, over our small water garden and down the hill.

This is where another friend comes in, Karla Sibert. Karla already had experience with bears. It was she who kindly helped bring B-Bear here. Can't remember how much of that story I told in a previous article, but I may or may not have mentioned she was using a newer horse trailer of another friend of hers to do it. Needless to say, the friend wasn't crazy about the fact that B-Bear had put out all the windows during his ride home.

But, as is usually the case, Karla was willing to help again, taking a beautiful Sunday off to do so. Along for the ride was Denny, the very same guy I rode with the day the cougars almost got out of their pens while hauling them in the back of his pick up truck.

If some of you haven't read any of this in back issues of our newsletters then get on it! (*Editor's Note: back issues are on the Witty Kitties website: www.wittykitties.org*).

So, with Karla and Denny there was history with doing stuff like this....yet there they were - again. Karla and Denny were in the front of the SUV and Torben, Kirsten

Ain't No Bunch of Flowers (from pg. 2)

and I were in the back for the long drive to DeWitt. The questions and devil's advocacy from the front seat started as soon as we got out of our driveway. *How would we do this? How would we do that?* I actually appreciated it, if you can believe that, as I really didn't want to have anything go wrong just because we hadn't planned things right.

We finally met Ben. He was in the back of his owner's horse trailer. He was breathing hard, making stressed sounds, and looking to get out. I didn't like any of that at all. But after being there a while, I noticed a small piece of hog paneling covering a large space at the top of the gate of the trailer. It was intact, not bent at all. Knowing B-Bear was able to bend that stuff like a bendy straw, I was happy to know that while sitting in the trailer for over 24 hours, Ben hadn't explored that big space to try to get out. It couldn't have been five feet high, a good sign.

We respected the fact that the owner, who had him since he was a cub, was cautious with him and never assumed Ben would be mellow 100% of the time. Once in a while he could get surly. After seeing the little corncrib pen he had been in for all those years I couldn't blame him.

If this article were not so long, I'd get into the primates we saw. But alas, no time. Besides I'll be writing about us picking them up in a few years anyway. Kidding! Jojo wouldn't think that was a funny joke. But he doesn't read my articles anyway.

Finally we started the drive home, again, brand-new questions coming from the front seat. There was second-guessing of every idea we had. I turned to Torben and mouthed the words "I'm so nervous!" He mouthed back, "Me, too!" My stomach was a mess, I was nervous, and wondering if this was a mistake. But towards the end of the long drive from DeWitt, Denny had a great idea for how to get him down the hill using the huge steel cage we bought from Ben's former owners (they did get money from us after all). Denny wasn't planning to help, mind you. He was just the 'idea man.' We still had no idea how we would get the bear through the front yard with the little ponds. We entertained the idea of halting the mission and stopping at Denny's house where we could leave the bear while taking a few days to figure this problem out.

But again, I made a phone call, this time to John. He and Kathleen and Chris were heading to our house by then. I told him the plan we had and its glitches, then just hung up, hoping for them to do some magic while we detoured to Denny's.

Sure enough, they figured out a solution to our biggest problem. So once we made it home it was time to move the big boy out.



Ben the bear enjoying his first real bath in 10 years!

This is what we did. Torben recruited two big guys from work, so with them we had a good bunch of people. Karla backed the trailer as close to our front yard gate as possible. Using wooden panels on the side and above to create a chute, Karla used her feminine side -- and marshmallows -- to lure Ben out of the trailer. After making it through the chute, the men flipped the huge steel cage on top of him. Then the guys lifted the cage a few inches off the ground and walked along with Ben as he followed Karla....or the marshmallows. To get over the ponds, we had to lift up the adorable little fence I had put up around the ponds. Chris, John and Kathleen had laid several pieces of plywood over the entire area of water. Then Ben, the guys and Karla all scooted over the boards and to the next gate. During this time I just held tight to my pole syringe with sweaty hands, hoping I wouldn't need to subdue a crazed animal.

They all took a rest, then went several yards to the next gate. The entire time I was taking a huge sigh of relief for each moment Ben was behaving. Then they passed the next gate, and proceeded down the hill. Finally, we were all in front of the pen. The coyotes were no where to be seen, as is always the case with lots of strangers.

Again a chute was made, the cage flipped up, and in walked Ben. I could feel a huge load lift off of me and the whole group. It was a success. Ben ambled around until he discovered something he had not had in more than a decade, a bathtub of water. It was actually a big bowl of water meant for drinking, but Ben had other plans. He looked ecstatic as he got in and set his entire butt into it. He had a long hot trip in the trailer, and seemed to let all that stress out while sitting there.

But there was more, his REAL tub, a huge cattle water tank. He made his way over to it, but didn't know what to do at first. Slowly and gingerly, he got inside. Then he snapped and went crazy (In a good way)! He started swatting at the water, splashing and splooshing. All of us were happy for the show.

I don't know how long he sat in his tub, but eventually he started exploring the pen, taking a bite of anything that seemed unfamiliar to him. His next week had a new experience every day.

So here I am seven days later watching as Torben lures Ben up the stairs to the first level of his tree house, some-

Ain't No Bunch of Flowers (from pg. 3)

thing Ben hadn't tried yet. The coyotes are watching curiously, and he pretty much ignores them. Afraid to do so 'til today, Torben rubbed and scratched that enormous head of Ben's, not getting a hint of annoyance from him. I even gave him several scratches on the rump, and fed him some things while in the pen with him. Of course, once I saw he didn't want the food I had and started smelling me, I slowly walked to a part of the pen he couldn't get into. I truly don't think he'll be aggressive, BUT I don't think he wouldn't decide to sample my arm or something out of curiosity, should he be given the chance. I don't have any notions of cuddling and napping with the guy.

So, the last seven days went well. I still appreciate seeing him ambling around inside the pen versus outside the pen, and enjoy doing anything to make him happy. After seeing where he came from, I was glad to help him out by giving him something more. He hasn't even looked up to see how high the pen walls are, and he is letting us know what his favorite food and pastimes are (marshmallows and playing in the water hose).

But now come two more problems: neighbors who don't want a bear in the neighborhood (threats had been made when B-Bear came). We hope a positive article in the Press Citizen in a few days will help with that. Also, we have a lot of good neighbors who understand what we do and appreciate the entertainment we provide. They'll stick up for us.

Wonder if they want to help with the other problem, the HUGE insurance premiums.

I'm glad my kids saved the money and didn't get me flowers for Mother's Day. We're going to need every penny we've got!

COE COLLEGE VOLUNTEERS

After helping with chores on Saturday mornings, these Coe College student volunteers spend some quality time with their favorite kitties. Volunteering has its rewards!



Left to right: Alix Penland and Lillian, Alexis Berman and Charlie, Betsy Casey and Horatio, and Katie Selinger and Manny.



YES, WE'RE BLUE!

Reporter: "Why are the folks at Witty Kitties blue?"

WK spokesperson: "Because we're losing many of our fabulous evening volunteers due to students leaving for the summer."

Reporter: "Could something be done to alleviate this situation?"

WK spokesperson: "Yes, if we had a few new folks step in as volunteers, we could turn that sad face (above) into a happy face, like this! It's SO easy to volunteer -- just log on to the website (www.wittykitties.org) and shoot us an email that says you want to help and when you could come to the shelter (staff@wittykitties.org). You would not only be helping Witty Kitties, but doing yourself a favor, too. After all, it's a known fact that people who volunteer have less stress, less depression, and live longer lives."



Reporter: So, if you want to make yourself (and your doctor) happy, volunteering is the best way to do it, right?"

WK spokesperson: "RIGHT!"

SAVE THE DATE!



The Witty Kitties Annual Wine-Tasting gala will be **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th**. Mark your calendars so you don't miss it! This year the event will be held at The Secret Cellar in their new location (across from the original location in Shueyville). We'll have

kitties, reptiles, items to purchase (it's never too early to be thinking about Christmas), a Silent Auction, and door prizes. And, of course, there will be good food, great wine and beers to sample, and fun people to mingle with! This event keeps growing in popularity, and it's a nice way to learn more about Witty Kitties and have fun at the same time. And couldn't we all use a little more fun in our lives!

EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt



The last few weeks in 'The Exotic Corner' have been hectic ones, to say the least. I am currently trying to tie up loose ends in preparation for a two-week trip I am taking. A fellow reptile enthusiast (herpetologist) and I are being dropped off on a deserted island (no electricity, water, food, etc.) to capture and microchip an endangered species of Iguana. Meanwhile, our intrepid editor is breathing down my neck (in her subtle way) to get this article out. Sorry, Dona! Better late than never?

Two weeks ago we brought a bunch of critters to the Iowa City Library to make a presentation. Though we didn't bring Lex, it is still a chore to schlep all the animals back and forth. On the way home, John and I picked up 15 fence panels to reinforce the coyote pen because they were getting a roommate the following Sunday. Since I had taken a Saturday off to do this, I had to work six days in a row at the post office to make up for it. So Sunday, we got up early and drove to Dewitt to pick up the "roommate" -- Ben, a 500 pound black bear. He was owned by an older couple that once had a zoo and were now "downsizing". During the drive home, we all worked ourselves (Karla, her friend Denny, Jenni, me, and Kirsten) into a state trying to figure out how to get Ben down to his new quarters. We had been led to believe we could almost walk him on a leash, but the previous owners now thought that might be a bad idea. Though Ben is over 20 years old, which is old for a bear, he is BIG. In the end we decided to put a cage over him with no floor and walk him down, feeding him marshmallows the whole way. Jenni was on hand to tranquilize him, if necessary. Shockingly, the whole thing went off without a hitch! He seems content so far, and even the coyotes, who viewed this event with grave mistrust, now seem okay with it. While not close friends, at least they all seem to keep out of each other's way.

Monday broke sunny and warm, so we decided to move Sully (the 100 pound tortoise) out to the yard for the summer, and the following day after work, the alligators. Lex (9 feet long now) will walk out of the garage if someone is tempting him with chicken. He eventually figures out in his little reptile brain that he is actually cooperating with us and decides he'll have no more of that. Then we need to tie a rope around his top jaw, grab his tail and push/pull him the rest of the way to his enclosure. Once out there he is of course as happy as an..... alligator in a swamp. Now, predictably, the temperatures have plummeted to late winter levels, but I'll be damned if

we're moving everybody back in. We are heating Sully's house, and the turtles and gators are staying pretty much submerged.

On Friday, a reporter for the Iowa City Press-Citizen came out to do an interview. He had seen my daughter casually carry around snakes and lizards during the library demonstration, and was intrigued by the life this little girl was leading, so look for that article next week.

Okay, that's it. I now have to pack, give Jenni a snake feeding lesson, receive a 'How to Microchip an Iguana' lesson, work the next two days, and then drive to Chicago after work Tuesday evening for a 5:00 am flight to Miami, and then Exuma.

As always, thanks for all your support for Witty Kitties. Oh, and the organization sponsoring the trip, the Global Insular Conservation Society, is also doing great work helping to protect threatened island species. They are worthy of support, too, so look them up on line. Thank you!

Torben

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

*In memory of **Betty Pittman**, by Sharon Butterworth of Muscatine*

*In memory of **Zach**, by Steve Kujawa of Marion*

*In memory of **Ashley**, my brother Jim Lerdal's cat, by Lois James of Iowa City*

*In memory of Witty Kitty **Todd**, with thanks for allowing him to live out his life with dignity and happiness, by Kristina Venzke of West Branch*

*In memory of a very special cat named **Muffet**, and in honor of **Chris Schoon**, a cherished childhood friend, by Carolyn Borkowski of Bedford, New Hampshire*

*In honor of **Po** the cat's 10th birthday, by Tamara Busch of Iowa City*

*In memory of **Tucker**, cherished family member and loyal friend to Melissa, Kraig, Zoe, Lizzie and Zane Ceynar, from all of their friends at Witty Kitties*

*In memory of **Grace**, the special needs cat that belonged to Karen and Gary Schroeder*



VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Melissa Ceynar

MANY HAPPY GOODBYES!

It was a very successful month at Witty Kitties as far as adoptions go. Several beloved cats are happily settling in with their new families and exploring their new homes. This means happy endings for those who have cared for them and happy beginnings for those who took them in!



Doc: I would venture to say that Doc's story gets him on the list for one of the most heroic Witty Kitties on record. Doc endured a devastating leg injury, which is what brought him to the facility. His rescuers, Mike and Sue Moses, had been advised that there was no way to save the leg and that it should be amputated. The combination of Jenni's expertise and Doc's unfailing spirit led to a much happier outcome -- a saved leg and eventual adoption. Doc was sent to the Iowa City Animal Shelter where he was adopted by Jaimee Eckers. Here is an update from Jaimee...

"I just wanted to let you know how loved he is in my home...he is so happy in his new house and enjoys playing with my other cat. just wanted to say thanks and let you know that Doc is in a very good place with people that love him."

[Editor's Note via Jenni: We thank Dr. Steen of Frey Pet Hospital for giving Doc his initial chance, and providing amazing care before Doc got to Witty Kitties]

Quasi: Handsome, easy-going Quasi was adopted by Kate, Joe, Michael, and Audrey Wheeler. Kate informs us that after just a few days of adjusting, Quasi is happily roaming about their home, and, in particular, follows her around wherever she goes, which she loves! Sounds like mutual adoration! We are happy for Quasi and his new family.



Chester: The playful cat that livened up the reception area went to his new home where his owner, Carol Melton, says he is doing GREAT and has kept his kitten-ish spunk! Chester has a new friend in their other cat (a previous Witty Kitty), and is adjusting well to his new family.

Horatio: The big, beautiful boy from room four captured a lot of hearts with his big green eyes, and charming personality. When it was time for him to go to his new home to be with his new owner, Rachel, he walked right into his carrier without



hesitation! We give our best wishes to Horatio and Rachel Johnson.

And in a related story...

FOUR DEPART, FOUR ARRIVE

In accordance with the Witty Kitties Law of Numbers, the four adopted felines were quickly replaced by four incoming cats in need of some TLC. It is a good mix of new arrivals, ranging from the energetically outgoing to the apprehensively withdrawn. All are sweet and appealing in their own way, and all are making progress in adjusting to their new surroundings.



Pax: When you enter room three and spot an adorable orange ball of energy racing around the room, you've encountered Pax! This little guy came from a private surrender to the Marion Veterinary Clinic, and then came to Witty Kitties. Pax has IBD, which was the reason for his surrender, and this issue is being addressed with diet and medication. But whatever discomfort he may be experiencing inside his body, it sure doesn't show on the outside. He is a joyful, animated boy, and when you visit room three, you had better be ready to play!

Molly: This pretty girl comes to Witty Kitties from Waverly Pet Rescue. She is FIV+ and has landed in room four. She is a little sprite with black fur and green eyes. Being quite shy as she adjusts, she has seemed to find comfort in hanging out with Baby. She will allow some human petting, but retreats when she has had enough. Definite progress is being made, as she comes out to the middle of the room when food is being served, and is tolerating longer periods of human contact.



Walternate: Also from Waverly Pet Rescue, he arrived as Walter, but we all know there can only be one Walter! So, thanks to some creative thinking,

he became Walternate. He has joined room four and is a friendly, gentle presence there. If you have time to sit on the couch, Walternate is more than happy to sit next to you (or on you), and just hang out for as long as you are willing!

Ellis: This timid boy was found near Ellis Park by Lori Raleigh and brought to Witty Kitties. He was found to be both FeLV and FIV+ and in a bit of a rough state. Just recently allowed out of his haven, he has taken a spot in room two, and spends his time quietly observing. Ellis will permit very limited petting, but for now prefers to be left

Four Depart, Four Arrive (cont. from pg. 6)

alone. He is eating well, and hopefully he will thrive and develop some trust for the patient humans who care for him.

A VOLUNTEER'S THOUGHTS ON WITTY KITTIES AND CATS IN GENERAL

by Judy Akers



Judy holding HC

My name is Judy Akers. I have always loved cats and had them in my life. As a child on the farm, we had many 'barn' cats that were well loved. As an adult, I have usually had at least one, or two or even three feline members in my family. Fortunately, my husband Darrell also has a fondness for cats and kittens. This is especially good because in the last few years, several cats needing rescue have found me. I will have to admit that perhaps the

three straw-filled shelters in our back yard, a full bowl of cat food and a water bowl with fresh water by the back door may have some part in this. One just cannot ignore the strays that need assistance.

Two of these visitors, HC (Homeless Cat, renamed Handsome Cat) and Fluff are now members of our 'fur' family and one could not find better or more loving pets.

A couple of years ago our neighbor live-trapped a large male tiger cat and, of course, called me. It didn't take very long to know this fellow had belonged to someone as, once he got over the terror of being trapped, he was quite friendly. He lived in a large kennel in our garage while I tried, to no avail, to find his family. After a few weeks, I gave that up and took him to the vet for neutering and shots. They informed me he tested positive for feline leukemia and suggested I have him put down. I was horrified. Surely there had to be some alternative to that! One of the vet assistants gave me a couple of web sites to view, and that's when I discovered Witty Kitties. Fortunately, we were able to bring Big Guy (not a very imaginative name, but what I called him) to Witty Kitties where I met wonderful Trish and John. I started volunteering on Thursday morning so I could visit my Big Guy. Unfortunately, Big Guy did not survive for many more months, but he was warm, dry and loved right up to the end of his days. I continue to volunteer on Thursday mornings as there are so many more sweet cats to love.

Although I spend a great deal of time at home with my fur buddies, I also bowl in the winter, golf in the summer and take some short trips once in a while. We have a daughter and three grown grandchildren with whom we like to spend a little time. Retirement seems to be a busy life but I don't think I'll ever be too busy to volunteer at Witty Kitties. It is a wonderful place and I'm grateful to have it, the cats, and the people I've met there, in my life.

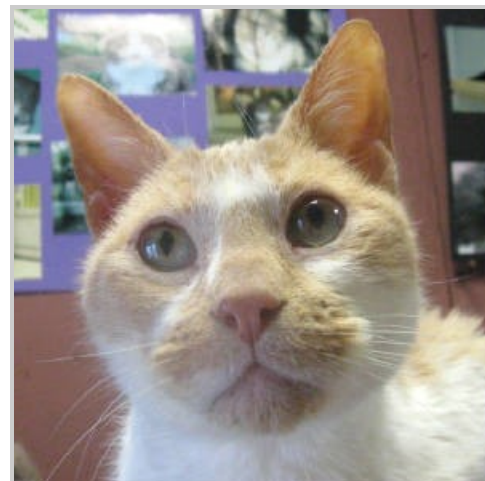
WITTY KITTIES SAYS, "THANKS!"

Because of the hard work and generosity of the Podhajsky family (pictured with PattiCake), Witty Kitties has received AWESOME donations as a result of the bake sale that the family held for the shelter.



When our readers and volunteers do things like this for the kitties, it warms our hearts. This world can be a tough place, especially for an animal who is ill and needs extra help. Knowing that because of an act of kindness like this, our kitties (and other animals) will be well cared for makes everything we do worthwhile. Thank you, Podhajsky family, for your wonderful gift!

BOB, ANOTHER GREAT WITTY KITTY!



Bob is our Witty Kitty of the month. You can see more pictures of him, along with a video, by visiting our website: www.wittykitties.org.

Witty Kitties, Inc.
3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.
Solon, IA 52333

To find Witty Kitties. . .

**Take I-380 to the Swisher/Shueyville exit (No. 10).
 Go east one mile to Club Road (which becomes Curtis
 Bridge Rd.). Turn right.
 Go one mile to Sandy Beach Rd. & turn left.
 Go 1.1 miles to Roberts Ferry Rd., turn right, then left
 at the 3rd driveway (3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.).**

**Please call (319) 848-3238 and leave
 a message to schedule an
 appointment.**



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Gifts, Memorials and Honorariums

Want to honor or memorialize a family member, friend or beloved pet? Want to give a monetary gift to Witty Kitties? Just fill out the information below and send your check in the envelope provided in this issue. **Your donation is tax deductible, and we'll publish your memorial or honorarium in a future issue. We'll also send a complimentary copy of the newsletter to the person you honor or the family of the person or pet you memorialize.** Just provide the necessary information below and then send this form back to us in the envelope enclosed in this issue (don't forget to add a stamp!). No stamp? No problem! **Now, you can also give online — check out our website (www.wittykitties.org).**

Gift: \$ _____

Memorial for: (name) _____ Person Pet

Honorarium for: (name) _____ Person Pet

Send notification to: (name) _____

_____ (please provide city, state and zip)



Spring-Summer 2011

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