



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume VII, Issue 3 * Fall 2010



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
Kathleen Schoon, Volunteer Coordinator
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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*

CORRECTION

Your editor tries really hard to make sure all names are spelled correctly, since that's a pet peeve of mine (incorrect spellings). I want to apologize for having Patty Lewin listed as Patty Lewis in the last newsletter. The correction was made to the online version, but, alas, the printed version was incorrect. :(

MIXED MARRIAGES.....CAN THEY WORK?

by Jenni Doll, DVM

When Witty Kitties began so informally more than a **decade** ago, it was truly meant to provide temporary shelter for a handful of kittens and cats I came across when working at some of the farms doing 'mass neutering.' The cats ranged from the totally docile who sat on the porch yearning for attention from the family, to absolutely insanely crazy wild ones who forced me to crawl into holes, into rafters and crawl spaces, onto horse trailers -- you name it. My net and jab-stick were extensions of my arms on some of those days. What made it even harder was having to get them into the vet van and provide an appropriately clean surgical environment in which to spay and neuter them. Though it was as complicated a practice as I could ever imagine, I was destined to make it even more so.

My first husband and I put together the cutest little shelter in our garage. It consisted of three small rooms connected by walls of clear Plexiglas. It was done very professionally with stained window sills, high-quality window panes and brand new doors. This is how it all started. But, as we all know, I tend to make things more interesting than I may need to.

After Torben and I moved to our farm, we were still imagining the animals as a small hobby when we put up the first chain-link fence. We even went so far as to BUY, yes as in 'spend money on,' a young llama and two emus. Little did I know that it was at the site where we purchased them that another world of 'animal enthusiasts' existed. We had gone to the Kalona exotic auction, one held twice annually. We figured it would be fun. Mind you, I was a vet who had been in private practice in Seattle for eight years, and now, in Iowa, was for the first time visiting animal shelters and seeing entirely new things.

So, as embarrassing as it is to admit, we did go to the auction and did purchase animals. But during that trip, after looking at the goats, and ostriches, etc., we went on to see some of the uglier sides of the auction. It was bitterly cold (they were held in April and August back then). There was an open building with wind sweeping in where the reptiles and smaller pets were kept. It was unbelievable when I saw iguanas sitting in cardboard boxes in 40-degree weather. They were stiff and dark -- 'tame' is what the owners said. There were rabbits crowded into wire cages, sitting on top of each other, scared stiff. In the back, in the middle of a large room, were several wire cages only a foot or two long, wide, and tall, with foxes stuffed in them. I mean, here were terrified wild animals, not used to being handled, exposed on all four sides and top, surrounded by people poking and prodding, staring down at those frightened wide eyes.

That was the last time we purchased an animal just to have it (the possible exception was purchasing an emu when one of our original pair died, leaving the mate pining away. The auction was not where we were going for that, though. And there is a little crested gecko in my house that I adore.)

(continued on page 2)

Since then we have taken in any and everything that has come our way. Most of you know the story: Caimans, alligators, pythons, lizards, a bear, raccoons, ferrets, wild birds.....on and on. Need I continue?

So as they came in, the place had to expand. One more stretch of fence here, another there, an enclosure to the front yard, now the backyard. From the sky, I bet our place looks like a patchwork quilt. Should we move, I hope there are some buyers out there who REALLY love animals! But, though we keep increasing enclosure size and numbers, we started having to mix animals. I don't mean putting the goats, llamas, ponies and donkey together. I mean **really** mixing them up. Sometimes it was intentional and successful, but sometimes not.

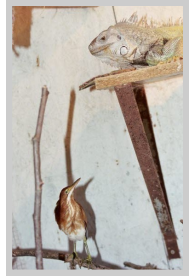
One of the combinations we have in our front yard: emus, ducks, chickens, pot-bellied pigs, goats, and Apples, the ever-growing farm pig. This has worked out okay. They share the yard with the cats and dogs. The dogs have to earn the right to be in the yard. There is about a one or two day -- "you are new!" -- period the emus must get past before allowing dogs to exist peacefully with them. The above combination is not too bad. Besides tearing up a portion of the yard and making it a mud hole, it is peaceful.

But last year we added a foster dog, the infamous Maggie Maggot Dog! She was the timid gunshot victim who needed medical care and socialization before becoming ready for adoption. She had been confined for quite a while before being set loose in the yard. Long story short, we had no more chickens and only three ducks after two days. You're probably wondering why, after one day, I let it become two. Well, after the first day, I simply put the chickens and ducks on the other side of the fence into the 'tree house pasture.' In my typical anthropomorphic way, I thought if there was food and quiet on the other side they would stay there. Well, they all wanted to come back and simply jumped/flew over the fence or crawled under. Maggie, and her avid pupil, Mumma Dog, were more than happy to greet them. That's how we learned that if Mumma had an instigator, she was thrilled to join in on the kill. It was then I found myself wishing the emus would extend the initiation period for new dogs a bit longer.

It was very sad. But fortunately, Maggie is in a much better and appropriate home, and Mumma doesn't chase anyone on her own. I finally got more chickens (missed those eggs!), and the three ducks have quickly multiplied to almost two dozen.

The iguanas share a room in the reptile house with Sully the tortoise during the winter. They also periodically share with pigeons and for a while a Lesser Bittern (a small rusty-colored heron) that had been found injured and weak in Iowa City. After several weeks in a cage,

fishing for his food from a big bowl, we put him in the room to give him the chance to move around much more before being released. Here are some great photos of the Bittern looking up at the iguanas on the shelves above.



Having the caimans and aquatic turtles has been pretty uneventful. Reptiles -- hey, they all get along, right? Well, in a not-planned combination of animals that occurred way back in 2001'ish, a snake and crocodilian proved that thought was too naive. We had just put together the first reptile

room in the big shed. Most of you may remember the far end housed a variety of pythons that were much too big for the average person. The near portion of the room had small snakes and a smaller, maybe 3 foot, American Alligator. We had just put nice sliding doors in, but no lock. It wasn't long before one of the pythons, probably 12 feet or so, got in to the other side of the room. The next morning we had no alligator, a very full snake, and a very sad Torben.



But not all the disastrous combinations were accidental. One day I took an injured and weak opossum home from one of the shelters I do work for. I have a real soft spot for possums 'cause they are so persecuted for being nothing more than little nomadic garbage disposals who don't initiate aggression or destroy property quite like a raccoon could. Anyway, it was late winter, so I did what I usually do; provide warmth, food, water, and shelter. After a few days, he had put on some weight. Before letting him go, I put him into the large enclosure where our pigeons are kept for one more day of monitoring. At the time, we had only adults, all of which were able to fly, perched high above the ground. I knew they'd be too high for him to get during the evening since there weren't any branches for him to climb. But the next morning I was immediately suspicious when I notice a bunch of feathers on the ground, and a partially eaten pigeon next to a nest with a clutch of eggs, some of which were still intact. The nest was located on the ground under a hide I had put there back when rabbits had been in that cage. Feeling stupid, I cleaned up the mess, and told myself my naive desire to have everyone 'just get along' like some kind of Disney movie had gone too far. Up until then I had only seen the pigeons nest in the cages they have mounted on the wall. I had no idea they'd actually make them on the ground.

But the most bizarre combination of all was an accident, but not a disastrous one. Late this summer we took two kittens into our house as our own. The bigger naughty male kitten discovered our doggie door and was enjoying his new free-

dom in our front yard. Kirsten and I were also out there training the puppy we have also taken on (I am crazy). It was a beautiful day, and Lex the Gator was sunning in front of the gate of his beloved enclosure. He was facing us with that big perpetual grin. I had just made a mental note that now that we have little animals again, I needed to replace the small barrier fencing on the bottom of the gate that we had used when the coyotes were there. The space was perfect for a kitten to squeeze under it.

No sooner did I think that when Kirsten and I simultaneously noticed our naughty kitten on Lex's back! He was the picture of confidence, strutting like he does, sniffing along the way, down the length of Lex' tail. I immediately ran to the gate and started fumbling with the combination lock on the gate, saying to Kirsten in as calm a voice as possible, "Go get Daddy." I don't remember what she was saying initially, but she was close to tears. I just kept repeating calmly, yet firmly, "Go get Daddy, NOW." I continued to fumble with the lock and became aware the new neighbors had crossed the street to visit the animals as they often do. They are very nice, but the thought of having the woman and her three kids witness a kitten being eaten by an alligator was unbearable. The kitten had irritated Lex to the point that he thrashed back at him, snapping. This sent the kitten over his head with a leap. The kitten went to the opposite side of the pond, thankfully, but Lex was alert and up off that belly, looking eagerly for the snack.

By now Kirsten had come back "I can't get the door open!" "Crawl through the doggie door and get Daddy **now**." I asserted. The neighbors were at the yard fence, rounding the corner. Good! The hedge will block the view for a few seconds!

I got the lock open, grabbed the broom and pushed Lex's head with the bristled end. This is the signal for "Sorry dude, no food." He needed a little more encouragement than usual because the kitten had jumped back to our side of the pond. With the broom still on his head, I leaned way over to grab the kitten. I turned to get out and found Torben right behind me. I handed the kitten to him and we both quickly stepped out of there.

I looked up to see the neighbors standing at the fence interested in the activities, not quite sure of what was going on. It all ended well -- Kirsten was a brave little girl, staying calm, and her kitten would live to see another day.

But, it was only a few weeks later after moving Lex to the reptile house that I was showing his new digs to a visitor. The man asked "Have you ever lost a pet to him?" I started to say, "No we haven't. But, if we were to lose one, it would be our little black....."

Oh my gosh! There was Naughty Kitty on the hay bales

strutting around, looking passively at Lex who was, fortunately, looking at us. I leaped in there and put another notch on kitty's imaginary belt, indicating another of his nine lives lost.

As embarrassing as it is to admit, we have had plenty of mishaps here. I do know most shelters have their share of mistakes, as well. It is part of the deal. The more animals you get, the more varying in species, the more difficult it is to house them all separately.

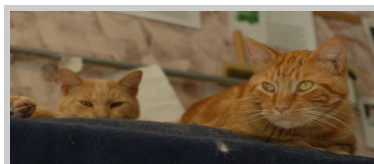
I think the topic for this article came to me because I just reread the story of Mzee and Owen, the Aldabra tortoise and baby hippo that have bonded at a sanctuary in Kenya. They are virtually inseparable, but as the hippo grows, the danger to the approximately 150 year-old tortoise becomes an issue, as the hippo will reach thousands of pounds. I wonder what they'll do. Right now it is as sweet as a Disney movie. I hope it stays that way.

WITTY KITTIES WINE TASTING

WOW! If you missed our Wine Tasting fundraiser this year, you missed a great time. We held it at the shelter, and many attendees had never seen the shelter before. The cats were all on their best behavior, looking as cute as they could look. With wine tasting, live entertainment, a Silent Auction, and stuff to buy, there was something for everyone! Witty Kitties thanks everyone who turned out that night and made the evening such a success. We're already planning next year's event!



Lauren from The Secret Cellar explaining wine selection



"Dude! This is a happenin' party! And we have a bird's eye view."



Some of the wonderful silent auction items



Eben Lewis & The Hot Sauce

"Why, yes, matter of fact, I WAS invited to this party!"



EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt

It's actually been pretty hectic recently in Exotic Corner. There have been lots of comings and goings. Among those adopted out to new homes were a ball python, an albino California king snake, a boa constrictor, a bearded dragon, 2 red-eared sliders, a soft shelled turtle, and a painted turtle were released. Unfortunately we had a few animals go up to that big desert/ tropical jungle in the sky also, a bearded dragon (very old), a Florida king snake, and 2 ball pythons. Among the incoming, we have 2 Michigan fox snakes, 2 Arizona gopher snakes, 2 boa constrictors, 1 alligator (2 feet long) from the Scott County H.S., and a spectacular 16-year-old male iguana. We have also moved in for the winter all the critters that spent the summer outside -- Lex, our 9-foot alligator, and Sully, our 100 pound African spur-thighed tortoise. We also moved our 2 spectacled caimans into the garage, whereupon the female promptly laid a clutch of eggs (probably won't hatch but it does mean the parents are happy and healthy). There is still work to be done to prepare for winter. We need to increase the amount of insulation and get the aquatic filters figured out, but we are getting there. I am hoping for a little less nasty winter weather than last year, for both the animal's sake and my own, and I'm already pining for spring. As always, thank you to our supporters. We couldn't do it without you!



Torben

KITTENS!!!!

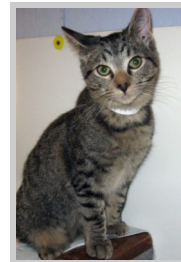
by Trish Wasek

Rarely do we have healthy, happy, playful kittens at Witty Kitties, but when we do, boy, do they spice up our lives! Dr. Jenni's kindness got the best of her, and we took in a group of farm kittens whose owner relinquished them due to his failing health.

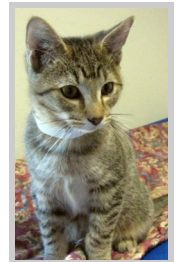
So, if you're thinking of adding to your animal family, please be sure to check out these babies. They are litter mates and were born in mid-June. They were home fostered for a month, and have been at the shelter since mid-September. They all tested negative for FeLV and FIV and have been altered and vaccinated.

And they are so damn cute! All are variations on the classic grey tabby. Sugar is the only girl, and she's as sweet as her name. Milo is the smallest and is already a lap cat. Carter loves dashing through open doors and wrestling with Thor. And Thor loves carrying a plastic ball in his mouth and depositing it in his food bowl, where it stays while he eats.

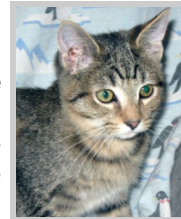
It seems like there are eight of them! We're not used to this!! PLEASE HELP!!!



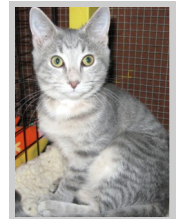
Thor



Carter



Milo



Sugar

A DAY IN THE LIFE AT WITTY KITTIES. . .

by Tim Van Loh

Tim Van Loh has been visiting the residents at Witty kitties weekly for about seven years now. He always arrives bearing yummy treats for the kitties, and many times has gifted the shelter with beautiful, comfortable cat trees and fun toys. Needless to say, the cats absolutely ADORE HIM! He has alerted us to downed fencing, wounded and injured animals, behavioral issues, suspicious characters and has been nothing less than a guardian angel for Witty Kitties over the years. He occasionally entertains and informs us by email. He has acquiesced to allow us to share one of these wonderful messages with you. ~ Kat Schoon

[Editor's Note: This is an email of Tim's from last Spring, but we thought it was such a wonderful description of the goings on at Witty Kitties that we decided it should be included in this issue]

It was on Monday that I was out front with some of the outdoor cat gang when I saw two goats in the southwest-corner. I gave a chewing motion and maybe goat-spoke over to 'em to gauge if they were hungry, and was astonished at their response. A hearty and loud chorus of reply answered me, and they continued on and on! I decided to cater out two small handfuls of hay, but they disappointed me by declining my offering (they tricked me). A third goat arrived and was horned back a bit. Shortly after that Pasado

A DAY IN THE LIFE. . . CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

came up and took charge. Venus, Ulavar, & I were rather awe-struck. There was funny business at work in that pasture yesterday with the animals sort of circling round the shed early on (someone doing the driving?). Also, a deputy zoomed out into the neighborhood with lights flashing. Pasado's arrival heralded the subsequent arrival of the rest of the pasture gang who were all situated more or less in front of the cat enclosures.

One evening recently a raccoon was spotted eating calmly at the bowl across from Greystone. Dali uncharacteristically took a swing at me a couple of days ago in a surprise flash maneuver (due to tail?). I've been anxious for Dr. J (pleased to hear he ate), Bob and now, apparently, also Clementine. Manny got rambunctious (that he often is, is an understatement!) last night and made some moves, one a mock charge attack coming down from the sofa against Matilda, though she repulsed that wayward roaming rascal immediately. Manny later plopped down in his old favorite haunt (on the end of sofa overlooking room 1). Vincent has been waiting at the doors to the pens whilst I'm in them...somewhat difficult to exit, and I told him he is as heavy as a tank (he brings Sir Winston Churchill to mind with cigar and maybe even top hat). Smokey & Lucy are always eager to race into the lobby when opportunity calls & Vincent may be collaborating. Clay doggedly was giving Brando and Walter the 3rd degree (both alarmed, angered, and apparently afraid of him -- Mr. Minus can vouch for Clay's fearsome belligerence). Of late, Casper is eating well. Greystone continues to be elusive, despite all efforts to establish greater trust. Norman seems stalled out also -- or I am. He seems somewhat skittish as was, 'to a degree,' his dearly departed brother Leo. Oh yes I just remembered, Tuesday has been eager to venture out into the lobby in recent days. And more besides...but that's for some other time.

Summer 2010 approaches
Auf Wiedersehen ~ Timothy

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

*In honor of **Teresa Kopel**, guardian to Mouse, by Lisa Pooley, Kristin Johnson & Kathy Magarrell*

*In honor of my brother **David's** birthday, by Margalea Warner*

*In memory of **Elmo 'Bud' Ruby**, father of Peggy (and Jim) Kubczak, by Joanne & Roger Rayborn*

*In memory of **Cletus Kaska**, father of Sony Kaska, by Kat & Chris Schoon*

*In memory of **Starlight & Cleo**, beloved kitties of
Harriet & Damon*

*In memorial of **Snickers**, beloved cat of Sony Kaska, by Kat & Chris Schoon*

*In memory of **Mouse**, whose guardian was Teresa Kopel, by Lisa Pooley, Kristin Johnson & Kathy Magarrell*

*In memory of our beloved mother, **Eleanor Louise Brown**,
by Margalea Warner*

*In memory of **Monte**, the little cat from PALS who spent only a month at Witty Kitties before going over the Rainbow Bridge, by
Karen & Gary Schroeder*

*In memory of **Bob**, who we rescued and loved and brought to Witty Kitties, by Natasha Voelker & family*

*In memory of **Tucker**, beloved & adored dog of Dona Pearce, by Witty Kitties*

*In memory of **Dr. J(erry)**, one of our fosters and our favorite Witty Kitty -- great lover of shoulder rides -- he left us way too soon,
by Trish Wasek & John McLaughlin*

*In honor of the wedding of **Maggy Tomova & Karen Haslett**, who stipulated gifts should be donations to Witty Kitties. Gift givers
included Patricia & Philip Randall, Julie Fenster, Charles Frohman & Nancy Ostrognai, Jennifer Knights, Joan Bierly,
Warren Fenster, Jacqueline Haslett, Angella Fish, & Cynthia Wyels*

*In memory of **Naja** the corn snake, who lived in a Burlington classroom from 1972 until 2002 & belonged to teacher Joe Desy, by
Amy McBeth*

VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Jeannie Link

My name is Jeannie Link, and my children, Patrick and Mariana, and I have been volunteering at Witty Kitties since the spring of 2009. Our friends have called our house 'The Link Home for Wayward Cats' because of the number of stray cats that we have taken in or found new homes for. In the spring of 2009, a lovely tabby showed up at our house. We named him Elliot and took him off to our vet. It was devastating to learn that he was positive for FeLV. We contacted Witty Kitties, but they did not have any openings at the time, so we took Elliot to C and W Rustic Hollow in Nashua where he lived a short, but happy, life. We began volunteering at Witty Kitties in memory of Elliot but have stayed because we love the cats and people. Patrick's favorite cat at Witty Kitties is Jackson and Mariana loves Giselle. I don't think I can pick a favorite cat because it would be a bit like picking which of my kids I love best. My favorite thing at Witty Kitties is to watch cats come in, often scared and not completely tame, and watch them just blossom with the attention that is lavished on them. The best is when they get adopted.



Patrick, Mariana, Jeannie & felines

When I'm not at Witty Kitties, I knit scarves and sell them at local arts and craft shows. Patrick is in eighth grade at North Central Junior High in North Liberty and Mariana is in fifth grade at Penn Elementary. Patrick is an avid Boy Scout and Mariana is into dance, Girl Scouts, and sewing. We have four cats named Lily, Thomas, Black Jack, and Porche and a hamster named Marshmallow. We are always grateful to Witty Kitties for letting us come play with their cats.

A SPECIAL, HEARTFELT THANK YOU TO BRIGHT EYES & BUSHY TAILS!

Thank you, Dr. Allan Berger, of Bright Eyes and Bushy Tails. Dr. Berger took radiographs and a long ultrasound on a four-paw-declawed Siamese cat that our neighbor found. Although this cat lived for a time at Witty Kitties, she never did thrive, and, sadly, has since passed away, but Dr. Berger deserves a BIG thanks for the work he did for this sweet cat, as well as all he has done and continues to do for Witty Kitties. We are very grateful!

HAPPY ADOPTERS' STORIES!

LORENZO AND BUCKEYE

by Ellen Pfannenstiel

Hi, everyone!

It's been a month and a half since we picked up Lorenzo and Buckeye down in Iowa and made the trip up here to Madison. And now that they're all settled in, it's hard to imagine that Buckeye looked like he was having a seizure when we took him to the car to leave Witty Kitties. [Ed. Note: poor Buckeye was frothing at the mouth – it was scary!]

Once we got on the road, Buckeye was the adventurous one to come out of the carrier and explore the backseat of the car. When we got home, though, Buckeye darted straight under the dresser, and Lorenzo tried to follow, but he was too



big! After a week or two, and a ton of coaxing, Buckeye finally began to come out of hiding. Buckeye is now totally out of his shell, and has made a habit of following us around the apartment when he is bored. He's turned out to be quite the lap cat.



Ellen holding Buckeye, and Ted with Lorenzo

Lorenzo was outgoing and friendly the day after we got him home, especially when he found the wet food in the bedroom! Although he has even lost a pound, he is still too big for his favorite spot on the back of the futon (when he sits on it, the mattress sags down a couple of

inches!). And while Lorenzo loves being petted, his appetite for play seems bottomless. Even the Fling-a-String won't tire him out, and we completely understand about the mops now.

We're attaching some pictures of them here in Wisconsin (including one of Lorenzo trying to get under the dresser he is too big for). Thanks for everything, and we hope all is well in Iowa!

Ellen & Ted

HAPPY ADOPTERS' STORIES. . . CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

SIMON AND HARRY

by Wendy Kadner

Simon and Harry are wonderful additions to our family. We are enjoying them a lot. They both are such lovers. I thought our other two cats were loving boys, but Simon and Harry are even more so. I love this, having been most familiar with dogs originally. I love being able to give them attention, have them sit on my lap, and have them paw at me for more!



Simon & Harry

Harry is Mr. Explorer and checking everything and everyone out. Yet, he is very conscious of Simon and makes sure he spends ample time with him too. His tongue hanging out makes me smile. Silly boy! He is eating great, using the litter box, and having no problems at all.

Simon is eating well, sits in the window, and is out in the room more and more. Yesterday and today, he came out on his own and jumped up to sit with me. And, when I am up there, he wants attention the entire time. He fell asleep on my chest last night. He also walks around while we are there and he does not scurry to hide when we leave. All great signs he is adjusting and getting more comfortable in his surroundings.

They both sit and lay together, which is awesome. And, if Simon is hiding when we go up to be with them, Harry is often hiding with him too. Harry always pops right out, where Simon is delayed or we have to coax him to come out and be with us. Neither of them have hissed, scratched, or shown any sign of being uncomfortable. They are very, very sweet boys. And they lick and clean each other. I truly believe they enjoy having each other around. It was a good choice to take them both.

Once our foster dog goes to his new home, we plan to move the boys to the main level of the house and fully integrate them. Harry loves wandering around and has checked everything out. I am going to start Simon off in my bedroom and then let him come out when he is ready. With the positive signs so far, I think we can take this next step. If they are uncomfortable, we can always take them back to the playroom.

Just wanted you to know how they are doing. (The attached photo is of the two of them lounging on my daughter's bed.) Thanks for all you do for these special kids!

A WEDDING GIFT FOR WITTY KITTIES

by Trish Wasek



Maggy Tomova & Karen Haslett

When Maggy Tomova and Karen Haslett rescued Vince in the bitter cold last New Year's Eve, we knew we had met a couple of truly dedicated animal people. They came to visit Vince often after he came to Witty Kitties, comforting him and watching him heal. Then they decided to volunteer for Wednesday evening chores every week. We were thrilled! As we and the kitties got to know Maggy and Karen better over this past year, everyone realized how special they were.

However, none of this prepared us for the gift they gave this fall. Maggy and Karen got married in September and there were only two items on their "gift registry" – donations to either Witty Kitties or another charity. They recently presented us with over \$900 in donations, including their own continuing sponsorship of Vince. We are truly grateful to them – for saving Vince's life (he is a gem – watch his video at <http://www.wittykitties.org/id136.html>), and for their generosity to Witty Kitties. Maggy and Karen, on behalf of the board of directors and all our supporters, all the best for a long and happy life together!!



Vince

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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 HOW TO GIVE TO WITTY KITTIES 8

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)



Fall 2010