

Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Vol, X, Issue 2 * Summer 2013

Sergio

Faith

April

Timmy

Neko

Oscar



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.

TAKING INVENTORY

by Jenni Doll, DVM

What is Witty Kitties? That used to be an easy question to answer.

When people pull up to our property to see the shelter, they are often surprised by the motley bunch of creatures walking around. To be honest, there are more non-kitty animals than actual kitties. It started out as a simple little special-needs (“special-needs” being FeLV positive, FIV positive, or just unwanted elsewhere) cat shelter in 2000 when I started plucking sick cats and kittens from various farms, or shelters, or even off my own property. But since then it has morphed into something much larger and stranger than that.

Shortly after Torben and I were married in 2002, we developed a very dangerous “why not just take other stuff?” philosophy. Alligators, black bears, pythons, goats, pot-bellied pigs. . . all came and went over the years.

Flash forward to the present. *Jenni, you have a b-jillion animals on the property. Which are yours? Which are Witty Kitties? Who is adoptable?* Half the time I don’t even know. It is hard to keep track. If it is hard for me, then I figured anyone else would really not know. So, introducing....

THE LIST:

(Before I start, I will state a very common rule many have heard me say many times. It is, **“If you can legally take an animal off our hands, and give it a better and larger home than we can, PLEASE DO.”** As far as I am concerned this goes for all the animals, even my pets. Yes, if I truly believe my very own pet would love being with someone more than with me, I guess I would honestly need to be selfless and say I would need to let him/her go. Now, before anyone starts thinking I don’t love my pets, then listen to what happened with Cha Cha Burrito Dog (aka The Cha), the terrier that was found as a pup, unable to walk, in a ditch by Marion police a decade ago. She had it pretty good here. She could run in a huge yard (once her illness was treated), play, swim at the lake, and sleep in our bed.

But then Tootsie came. Tootsie is a young terrier who looks much like The Cha, but has absolutely no concept of what it means to behave like a dog. She was a young puppy at a shelter when she developed Distemper. The disease almost killed her, took some of her ability to hear, and the ability to breathe through her nose, causing her to snort. Because she spent her most impressionable puppy period sick and confined, she had no role models. She is in Cha’s face constantly, biting at her playfully, then aggressively at the turn of a hat. She doesn’t understand the invisible “bubble” animals have around them. She crosses into personal space any chance she has. This is especially annoying to poor Cha. Cha is sensitive, and prefers to hang out and be allowed to be with her people, not harassed incessantly by a growly-gurgling snot dog who insists on staring into her eyes, taunting her, egging her on to bite so a fight could ensue.

Cha isn’t as happy here. I made half-hearted attempts to find a home for Tootsie. Many say they do, but no one has followed through with the offer. So, when Kat and Chris’ beloved Whitey Dog passed away, their Django Dog was very lonely. The answer was a shared ownership of The Cha. Django actually gets Cha to play with him, something she has never done with any of our other dogs. They really do love each other. So for most of the week she is over there. She comes here for the weekends when she is taken

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out on long jogs with Torben, or to the lake, or for walks in the woods. It seems like a good balance. I feel the guilt of having “ruined” her life with Tootsie, but know she is as happy as ever. The guilt is mine. I know this is the right arrangement.

I digress. *Get to the list, Jenni!*

Cats at Witty Kitties: All but one cat, Manny, is up for adoption, including the current “greeter cats.” Tally: 56

Cats at our house: Pets, including Jake, the Driveway Cat. Tally: 64

Dogs: Mumma, Jake the Dog, Tootsie, +/-The Cha, our pets. Tally: 67.5

Fish: Those in the aquarium in the house, that aren’t feeders for the aquatic turtles, Kirsten’s pets. Tally: 76.5

Rat: Ratatat is Kirsten’s pet, though it has been extremely difficult for Torben not to use her for the snakes. If he does, it wouldn’t be the first time a pet rodent “died unexpectedly.” Tally: 77.5

Rabbits: Kirsten’s pets (see Rats). Tally: 79.5

Leopard and Crested Geckos: Pets in the house. Tally: 82.5

Ben Bear: As a declawed geriatric bear, he is not likely to be transferred anywhere. Zoos and sanctuaries want bears to be able to defend themselves from the bears they are grouped with. Technically, he is under the care of Animals All About, my for-profit veterinary service. Having spent 20 years in a circular corn crib, most of which were with another adult bear, we feel he is at least better off than he had been. He also has a soaker tub here! Tally: 83.5

(This brings up rule #2: If we can give an animal an environment better than the previous one they were in, we feel we are doing a good job. Not perfect, but good.)

Coyotes: After being orphaned, Minnie and Scoop were raised in a home the first few months of their lives. They too are under the care of Animals All About indefinitely as they are illegal to take across state lines. And the only in-state facility willing to take them had a pen much smaller than ours. Tally: 85.5

Emus: Flynnie was running at large years ago north of Marion. Torben captured her while serving as director of CVHS. Schoonie was purchased by us to provide Flynnie companionship. They don’t like to be alone. We consider them our pets: Tally: 87.5

Farm geese: Started out as a flock of seven taken off Hwy. 30, again back when Torben was at CVHS. Reproduction, combined with normal attrition and adoptions has left us with these offspring of the original seven. Don’t know if any of the original survivors are among these. Tally: 91.5

White Moscovy Ducks: Started as three who came from someone who brought them, along with a pot-bellied pig who needed a home. Pets, but wouldn’t mind letting some go. Tally: 109.5

Green Duck & Splotched Ducks: The mallard mix drake came from a shelter. He didn’t blend in well with the Moscovies, but he tried. A year

after coming, a man brought a female Pekin/Runner mix that had been left at his backyard stream. She was hopelessly lost. She must have been kept alone as a chick, as she did not want anything to do with any of the other ducks. Undeterred, Green Drake spent many hours pacing back and forth along the fence trying to win her heart. He was a lonely guy who just needed a girl a bit closer to his type. To the Moscovies, he was an outcast. Eventually, we left them together. It was touch and go at first, literally. But now they have established themselves as a bonded pair. Tally: 111.5

Chickens: Odd variety. Some came from shelters, some were purchased. Finally have the numbers back up after a massacre by a former foster dog. The oddest chicken story is of the hen I simply call “Chicken” (I refuse to name my chickens or ducks. When I do, they die. So, there). She was picked up recently by the Iowa City shelter after she fell out of a truck. She was likely from a factory egg farm. Her nails are long, and her beak has been blunted by being trimmed short as a chick. This is done to keep the hens from pecking each other as they are packed into the cage. Her back two-thirds was only partially feathered. After a number of years, factory chickens are shipped off for slaughter. She lucked out. I kept her in a cage for the first days. She seemed confused, especially when the subordinate, gimp rooster began courting her. He would jump on the crate in front of her raised cage and dance and shuffle for her. He was smitten! When I finally let her out, she didn’t go far from her pen, but he persisted and finally won her affection. She still insists on sleeping in the pen while he roosts on the deck. But during the day you can find him hanging close to his woman. The dominant rooster seems okay with this, as he has won over all the other hens, all of which pick on poor “chicken.” Hey, if I put that in quotes, does it mean “Chicken” is her name? Uh, oh. Tally: 120.5

Doves: Came from a hoarding situation. Even those that can fly can’t be released. They are not native, not wild. Cats seem to know this. Tally: 125.5

Willow, the Horse: She has a tilted pelvis and would not be a good trail horse. Yet she is very gentle and willing to let Kirsten stay on her as long as she wants. But she can be awfully mean to animals who try eating her food. We adopted her from IERAL (Iowa Equine Rescue & Awareness League). Tally: 127.5

Dee Dee, the Goat: Dee Dee and Stinky (R.I.P.) were the first goats we ever had. She came from Muscatine in 2001 or 2002. Many have come and gone, but she is the last of the group that had been as high as eight at one time. She had already had kids before coming to us. She is 13 years old, or more. The most eventful day for Dee Dee was a few days after Pasado arrived. When he arrived, I left his halter on so it would be easier to catch him for his “little surgery.” I didn’t think much about the fact that he liked pushing the goats around with his head until the morning I heard a horrible cry from the pasture. He had Dee Dee’s horns caught in his halter, and was running up and down the hills trying to get rid of her, only to step on her with his sharp hooves as she was dragged under him. It was a nightmare! I was alone, but finally was able to flag down a neighbor who was willing to stand in the doorway of a gateless pen I had Pasado cornered in, AFTER I swore Dee Dee was not going to get her teeth kicked in (they are very straight and white). I jumped on Pasado’s head, got the halter off, then let him go. I nursed Dee Dee for days in her own pen. She was always much calmer after that, and willing to be hand fed. I wish I could erase the sights and sounds of that day, though. Tally: 132.5

Bonnie and Clyde, the Odd Couple: Bonnie, the pot-bellied pig, and Clyde, the Billy Goat, arrived a week or so ago. Clyde was raised with

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Bonnie and feels she is his mate. Bonnie is willing to tolerate his affections only so far, and can be heard objecting to his attention periodically throughout the day. Tally: 13

Lex and Lois: These American Alligators are two out of about a dozen to come through here. Were we to let Lex go down south, we would see him on 'Animal Planet' wrapped in duct tape in the back of an animal control truck after being seen at the back doors of locals' homes begging for steaks. Zoos don't want him. Leather makers and alligator farmers do, but for the wrong reasons. These two are technically part of Witty Kitties. Tally: 136.5

Sully and Mr. T: These are two male Sulcata tortoises who cannot be kept together. When they are, Mr. T attempts to mate with Sully, only to be flipped onto his back by Sully! So Mr. T has to be happy chasing chickens around, hoping they will be agreeable to a mixed marriage. They, too, belong to Witty Kitties. Tally: 138.5

[Has anyone noticed the odd pairings we have here?]

Red-Footed Tortoise: He was relinquished by a pet store I wish could be shut down. The store had him in a ten-gallon aquarium under a hot light. No one could figure out why he was not eating, not realizing they were literally baking him! My first meeting with him was several minutes after leaving the pet store, and he was still hot to the touch and so underweight, he seemed hollow. He has made up for the slow start. He is Witty Kitties'. Tally: 139.5

Three three-toed Box Turtles: Bobbie, the smallest, was given to Kirsten as a pet. The other two are adoptable through Witty Kitties. Tally: 142.5

Ornate Box Turtle: This guy was owned by someone in Illinois who was told it was a tortoise. So for three years, the poor guy was fed a strictly vegetarian diet. When he came to us, his legs were edematous (swollen with an excessive accumulation of fluid), his eyes were swollen closed and his skin was peeling. A few days of good husbandry and various protein meals produced a very animated turtle who has been a good eater since then. Tally: 143.5

Caimans: Dastardly things. Anyone want to drive to South America? These two crocodilians will take a finger off in the flash of an eye. Moving them in the spring and fall is not easy. Take a look at Torben's scar. I often wonder if Kirsten remembers walking around in just her underwear on the deck while watching me stitch up Torben's arm while he bled all over the chair, drinking some hard liquor and talking to his step-brother, saying to him, "Guess what I'm doing RIGHT NOW?" Despite the fact a bit of Torben may or may not have ended up in the Caiman, I was able to do a pretty good job, I think. Tally: 145.5

Aquatic Turtles: Sliders is a spotted turtle given to me by a friend as a pet. He is my buddy, but the others are adoptable. Tally: 149.5

Iguanas: One huge handsome dude and three females. The females are available for adoption. One is missing a tail and one is very crooked due to malnourishment as a baby, even though it wasn't really obvious at the time. A herp veterinarian told me once the curvature defect of the bones has begun, it becomes more dramatic as the lizard grows. They are part of Witty Kitties. Tally: 153.5

Burmese Python: Lucifer is the most gentle giant snake we have ever had. He was confiscated during a drug bust. He has never been up for

adoption due to his wonderful, calm demeanor, allowing us to take him to various events. This is how much I love Lucifer. Lucifer only eats rabbits. There was a time when we ran out of rabbits (purchased frozen). We had a surplus of frozen jumbo rats, but Lucifer refused to eat them. I had a solution, however. A rabbit breeder had given us several boxes of rabbit heads to use as we pleased. You can imagine that a box of bunny heads is pretty gross, and I couldn't fear to feed them to anyone. They just sat in the freezer. However, I did take two out and performed an experiment. I literally sutured two rabbit heads to two rats. It was very disturbing, but it worked like a charm. He fell for it. Thought it would be very cost effective to continue doing this, I told Torben it was a one-time deal. But I would be happy to teach him to make the "ratbits." To date, he hasn't taken me up on the offer. Tally: 154.5

Cobra: Though Cobie has had his venom glands removed, he is still a scary snake. He is unlike the others in that he seems to seek out prey instead of just waiting for it. He is also incredibly fast, and has an unusually painful bite, according to Torben. He is part of Witty Kitties. Tally: 155.5

Red-Tailed Boas: We have six of these very beautiful and common pet-trade snakes, ranging in size from three to nine feet. They can reach nearly 10 feet, which is why so many people turn them in. However, one crazy girl came from an apartment that was next to an apartment that had burned up in a meth lab fire. She is a strange one. Tally: 161.5

Ball Python: These are also very common, but do not get nearly as big as boas, and they tend to be gentle, balling up when held. They don't stay long as they are the most adoptable snakes we get. We currently have a larger stray from Iowa City that suffered a head injury. We hope he/she will eat, once settled in. The other is much smaller, but seems a bit more active than a typical ball python, for some reason we don't understand. Adoptable via Witty Kitties. Tally: 163.5

Anaconda: Torben's newest pet Tally: 164.5

King Snake: Queenie, the King Snake, is Kirsten's beloved pet, despite a bite or two. Tally: 165.5

Gopher snakes: Two, up for adoption through Witty Kitties. Tally: 167.5

Alligator Snapping Turtle: Gift to Torben from friend. Tally: 168.5

Monitor Lizard: He/she was a stray from Muscatine. Be careful with your fingers. It sits waiting for someone to drop something, anything, down to it for a meal. Tally: 169.5

Sand Boa: Given to us by a pet store that was having trouble getting it to eat. It belongs to Witty Kitties. Tally: 170.5

Mole snake: This beautiful slate grey snake was part of a pay back from a guy who deals in snakes, and owed Torben a few grand. Instead of paying Torben like a normal person, this guy paid with a snake. I think it is Torben's pet. Tally: 171.5

Blue tongued skink: "Hockey" is the only pet we have left from Seattle. His odd story is the fact that the day I, my first husband Al, and Joseph left Seattle Hockey disappeared. Though we cleaned out the old house completely, we were sure he had gone outside while the moving vans were being filled. Nine days later, after moving thou-

sands of miles during a very hot summer, I opened a box of shoes and boots. There in my hiking boot sat my little Hockey. He was very mad and hungry. Besides that, he seemed no worse for wear.

Tally: 172.5

Bearded Dragon: This guy is a great option as a pet for anyone looking to adopt a reptile. It is great as a side-by-side comparison between the skink (smooth, burrowing lizard), and the Bearded Dragon's rough spiny skin.

Tally: 173.5

Chinchilla: Chinchi came to us about four or five years ago from Muscatine. She and her mate were supposedly as old as 13 at the time. The male wasn't too healthy to start with, and was with us only a week before dying. But Chinchilla is like a motorized little toy, bopping around when left out of her cage. She was adopted out, but returned due to allergies of a house member to the hay she needs to feed on. After that, we just held on to her. She is available for adoption as long as people know we don't know exactly how old she is.

Tally: 174.5

Baby Duck: Though the Muscovy hens have been laying eggs and nesting like crazy, some mysterious animal has been raiding the nests. Considering our numbers, this is okay. However, similar to late last summer, a single little butterball baby showed up a few days ago. As a single child, you would think it would have its mom's undivided attention. However, thanks to the incessant courting by the drakes, the momma duck flew away, leaving the baby in the pasture. Despite its crying, she didn't come back, which is surprising considering how tenacious they were as moms when they had larger batches a few years ago. So, this little duck is being raised similar to the single baby from last year. It is being raised by the two doves who are unable to fly. They don't leave it behind, and hang out with it allowing it to follow them anywhere they go. It is very sweet and sad, really. But, in several days, if I can move them all outside to an area that is exposed to the other ducks, I can transition the little duck back into duck life. Last year's did well after a standoffish period, but is now indistinguishable from the others.

Tally: 175.5



GIRL SCOUTS HELP WITTY KITTIES!



For the second year in a row, Girl Scout troop 8947 of Irving B. Weber Elementary School in Iowa City hosted a craft and bake sale to support Witty Kitties. Many thanks go to (row 1: Kaitlin Lamkins, Audrey Koch; row 2: Katie Ruppenkamp, Rachel Podhajsky, Emily Niemiec. Witty Kitties' volunteers Karen Haslett and daughter Rae (back row) helped out at the event.

EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt



As you can probably tell from Kathleen's volunteer updates it hasn't been the best year so far at Witty Kitties. We have had a lot of "good byes" to some of our favorite residents. The Exotic Corner, unfortunately, has not been immune from the sadness, either. There will always be good news and bad news at an animal shelter, and I'm going to get the bad news out of the way first. Recently, I came home from a long day at work to find our reticulated python dead. This was quite a shock, as snakes usually go through a long period of decline (not eating, wheezing, rapid shedding) before succumbing to an illness. I had tossed her a large, aggressive, rooster the night before and she had grabbed it enthusiastically as usual. Then I turned off the lights and locked the garage for the night. When I looked in her cage the next day, the rooster had been regurgitated and she had died. Jenni did a brief necropsy when she got home and found nothing. An on-line search turned up a similar case at an Ohio zoo, and the cause of death was probably obesity. These snakes do tend to get overweight in captivity and ours was no exception, but I've seen many worse cases than hers. Alas, she is gone and remains in our freezer, all 20 feet and 300 lbs. of her. I, like most herpers, tend not to get too emotionally attached to our animals, but her death took a lot out of me. She was so beautiful and such an impressive animal. It's not the same going into the reptile house now. What makes it worse is I'm afraid "Lucifer", our big Burmese python, won't be with us much longer, either. He is getting really old. Any of you that have been to one of our reptile demonstrations can attest to his popularity. He is usually the last animal I bring out and the screams and gasps you hear when he is uncoiled from his crate can be really loud! Usually, within minutes, he is being paraded around on the shoulders of a bunch of moms and kids that seconds before were telling me how scared they were of snakes. He is a great ambassador for his tribe, and has made many converts, I'm sure. We still have several terrific snakes at Witty Kitties, of course, but none are as big and as well behaved as he is.

As for better news? All the critters we like to keep outside for the summer are in their outdoor enclosures, even though it still rains every day. We (Jenni, Kirsten, and I) recently took Lex (10 ft. alligator), Sully (150 lb. tortoise) and Lucifer to the Marion HyVee for a "Kids Day" during their Spring Fling. A good time was had by all, but I came home before Jenni and had to move Lex from the vehicle to his enclosure by myself. Since it took 4 grown men to load him up, you might think that would be difficult but I ended up getting help from an unlikely source, Lex himself. When he got about 50 feet away from his pond he rose up and trotted next to me like a dog on a leash. What a good boy! We have several appearances lined up this

month (6/8, 6/11, and 6/27) and I might bring him along if he'll be that good (doubtful). We also recently got a couple of new residents to our front yard, Bonnie and Clyde, a pot-bellied pig and a fainting goat. They are truly in love and inseparable. They join Sully and Mr. T (tortoises), Lex, Lois (small alligator), 2 caimans, 5 turtles, 2 emus, 2 rabbits, 1 bear, 2 coyotes, and countless chickens, ducks, and geese. Directions to our house are getting easier all the time; just drive down Sandy Beach until you come to the crazy people with all the animals in their yard.

Well, that's about it for now. I wish everyone a happy and healthy Summer and as always, thank you for your support. We couldn't do it without you.

Torben



Those of you who have been to a Witty Kitties' Open House before know they are fun and entertaining,

**so
MARK YOUR CALENDARS
AND**

Don't Miss This!



Our special critters have

Tails & Scales!

Meet them all at our 7th annual...



**Witty Kitties Fundraiser
and Open House
Saturday, August 10, 4-7pm**

Free Will Donations
Appreciated

FEATURING:
* SILENT AUCTION *
* CRAFT SALE *
* FACE PAINTING * MUSIC *
* SNACKS & BEVERAGES *

Tails and scales big shots:

- Valentine, the 18 pound kitty
- Ben, the 400 pound black bear
- Sully, the 120 pound tortoise
- Lucifer, the 15 foot long python
- Lex, the 10 foot long alligator

Directions & info at www.wittykitties.org

VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Jill Roloff

It's A Family Thing!

We are animal lovers. We have had more pets than you can count, and we can still name each of them. Dennis, my husband, has been known to try to hatch a nest of abandoned duck eggs and stitch up an injured bunny. I cry every time I see an animal hit on the road and get angry when people in a new housing area complain about deer. So, when Jerry McGillicuddy asked me to give Witty Kitties a try, I was a bit reluctant. How was I going to be around all those cats and not bring them all home? But as a retired teacher looking for things to do I decided to see what it was like.



Jessica, Jill & Dennis' daughter, & Dennis

After my first visit I knew I had only two choices. 1.) Never go back because reading the cat's biographies broke my heart. These cats needed loving homes and I couldn't give that to them, or, 2.) start going and love as many of them as I could in the time I was there.

Now almost a year after that visit, I chose #2 and have started going twice a week. What made me go back? The biggest reasons were two cats in Room 3. Snuggles was a 14-year-old blind cat whose owner couldn't take her when she moved, and Bunny, a partially paralyzed newbie who was skittish. I felt if I didn't come back every week, who would love them? Now I feel that about all the cats but I have learned that there are so many other people who also feel that way.

Starting in January going through May, my mom had numerous health issues, and I spent most of that time in Clinton helping her. But I was only able to leave my Witty Kitty duties because my wonderful husband Dennis was willing to fill in for me. He knew the volunteers and the cats needed that extra pair of hands, and he also found his favorites. There were many times this winter I sat at my computer reading Kathleen's updates crying my eyes out over the losses of so many of our kitties. But I keep coming back. I can do this because I know that they all get the best care possible while they are at Witty Kitties. They are warm, fed, loved and treated medically. They are given a chance to live the best life they can and their final outcome always comes as the very last resort and with much anguish from Vet Jenni. So, if you have some spare time to help clean or hold and love a needy cat, or have an empty spot in your home and heart, come check out the lap lovers at Witty Kitties and maybe take one home.

SMOKEY FINDS HIS FOREVER HOME!

by Trish Wasek

Adoptions are a major happening at Witty Kitties, as you can imagine. When a feline leukemia positive cat finds a forever home, well, that's even more special, because so many people are leery of adopting a cat with this virus.

Smokey is one lucky guy who has truly beaten the odds. He is a declawed cat who either escaped from home or was dumped out in the country. Luckily, before anything bad happened to him, he wandered onto Norma Ariosa's farm in rural Marion in the summer of 2009, when he was about a year old. Smokey was emaciated and sickly, and Norma nursed him back to health, only to find out that he tested positive for the feline leukemia virus.

Smokey arrived at Witty Kitties in early 2010 and quickly became a shelter favorite. Almost every morning you could hear someone saying, "Smokey, get back here!" since his favorite activity was darting out the door of his room into the lobby.

He'd been with us for nearly three years when Helaina Thompson started volunteering this past winter, often cleaning Smokey's room. Unbeknownst to us, Smokey was pouring on the charm and Helaina was falling in love! She kept telling her dad and step-mom about this awesome, cuddly kitty with personality to spare, and when they came to meet him, they had to agree! On a wonderful spring day in April, after over three years at Witty Kitties, Smokey went home.



Helaina Thompson with Smokey and Angus

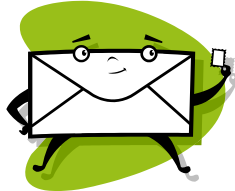
Helaina tells us that Smokey's favorite toys are catnip mice and ice cubes. He loves batting them around the kitchen floor! And with a new, big house to patrol, he no longer feels the need to be an escape artist. Smokey quickly became friends with Angus, the dog, and they're often curled up together on the couch. Just as when he lived at Witty Kitties, Smokey loves meeting new people. Helaina says he had a ball with all the graduation festivities. When he got too pooped out, he'd curl up on the couch for a nap with grandma.

At almost five years old, Smokey shows no signs of the virus and is going strong. We're so grateful to Helaina and her family for giving Smokey all the love he can handle in a home of his very own. You can see a video of Smokey by clicking on his photo on the Happy Adoptions page of our website, or by going directly to <http://wittykitties.org/id140.html>.

NOTICE SOMETHING MISSING?

by Trish Wasek

Yes, that self-addressed return envelope has gone AWOL. Here's why...



The U S Postal Service recently changed its bulk mailing regulations. One of the new rules requires that we use a slightly heavier weight paper. Another rule requires that we use those little round sticky seals rather than tape to seal the edges. Finally, if the newsletter weighs an ounce or more, we have to use 1-1/2" diameter sticky seals. If it's less than an ounce, we can use 1" seals.

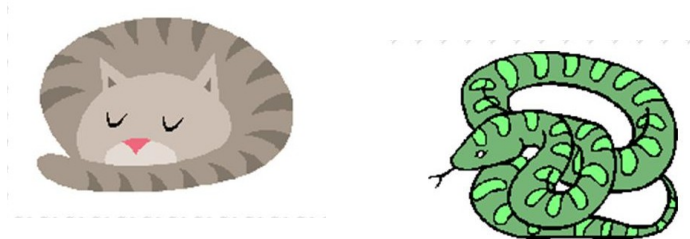
We can't get around the heavier paper requirement. But, wouldn't you know, inserting the return envelope makes the newsletter weigh slightly more than an ounce. We didn't think it would be that big a deal, until we went shopping for those sticky seals. The 1" seals cost about \$7 per mailing; the 1-1/2" seals are \$30!

Who would have guessed a half inch would make such a difference? Anyway, we hope you agree with us that it's not worth an extra \$23 every issue just to include a return envelope. We work really hard at keeping our administrative costs as low as possible so that your donations are used for animal care.

And remember, you can send a memorial or honorarium via PayPal using a credit card (you don't even have to create a PayPal account). Just click the PayPal icon on our homepage and add a note in the area provided during the PayPal check-out process. We'll be sure it's printed in the next issue.

P.S. In case you were wondering, the weight issue is also the reason that the **Tails & Scales Fundraiser** notice is not on a separate, fluorescent orange piece of paper! SO, CUT IT OUT AND PUT IT ON YOUR FRIDGE!

See you SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 4-7 pm!



WITTY KITTIES ACCEPTS PAYPAL!



Manny (left) and Big Sur enjoying the blossoming greenery after a long and sad winter at Witty Kitties. Photos by Witty Kitties' volunteer Tim Van Loh

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

Happy Birthday to the best Dad ever! -- Stieg Klein. We know how much he loves to support all the animals and your family's hard work, Uncle Torben. Love, Kirnan and Jose, San Jose, CA

In memory of Wilma Guetzko, who died on March 14, 2013, by Kim Recker, Waverly, IA

In memory of Mr. White Tip -- loyal, noble and loving; beloved cat of Marge McGowan, by Veronica & Dennis Wieland, North Liberty, IA

In memory of our mother, Eleanor Louise, & our sweet pet from long ago, Tax. By Margalea Warner, Coralville, IA & David Crombie, Arlington, VA

In memory of Lori Dawson's sister, Shauna Stephenson Sorenson, taken too soon, by Mark & Wendy Henrichs, Robert & Dori Butler, & Brittain & Rick Deerberg

In memory Eleanor Louise Brown, mother of Margalea & David, by Margalea Warner, Coralville, IA

In memory of Eleanor Louise, my mother, & kitties Millie and Who-Me, by David Crombie, Arlington, VA

In memory of my mother, Noel Johnson, by Kathleen Castro, Shingle Springs, CA

In memory of Betty Schilling, by Joseph & Linda Skvor

In memory of Mama (Molly), whose human parents are Roger & Jo Rayborn. Thank you for the work you do. By Amy Kriz Ackman, Cedar Rapids, IA

In memory of Molly, beloved cat of Roger & Jo Rayborn, by Dennis & Marilyn Schipper, Cedar Rapids, IA

In memory of Oliver, who came to me long ago when Witty Kitties was still in the little garage. Oliver was FeLV positive. I also honor my "children with 4 paws. I love them so." By Carolyn Devick, Gilman, IA

In memory of Georgie, by Shane Pullman & Andrea Rosenburg, Rapid City, SD

In memory of Jenni's Little Bambina, by Deb Gabrielson Lee

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

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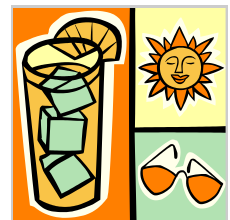
Giftgiving Witty Kitties

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 to Witty Kitties, Inc., 3133 Roberts Ferry Rd., Solon, IA 52333. **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. No stamp? No problem! **Now you can also give via PayPal -- check out our home page (www.wittykitties.org).**

- Gift: \$ _____
- Memorial for: (name) _____
 Person Pet
- Honorarium for: (name) _____
 Person Pet

Send notification to: (name) _____

_____ (please provide city, state and zip)



Summer 2013

Want to get your newsletter electronically? Provide your email: _____