



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter

Winter 2007

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 providing low-cost medical care and spay/neuter services for local shelters, rural cat colonies and individuals with multiple cats. 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.

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Jenni Doll, DVM

Torben Platt, Reptile Wrangler

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Website Address

www.wittykitties.org

The Good Ones

by Jenni Doll, DVM – Part 3 of 3

I recall standing in a barn on a very cold October morning in the fall of 1990, with my toes already numb, worrying the veterinarian I was riding with around rural Wisconsin didn't have the ability to sense cold, and would plan on having an extended conversation with this farmer. I was a senior in Veterinary School, on my ambulatory rotation, meaning I rode with farm veterinarians for two weeks, day or night. My lodging was a cot in the clinic office, and I was getting along fine. What lifted me from my preoccupation with my toes, however, was to be the first of many true animal rescues I would attempt as an adult. Dr. Smith -- can't remember his real name -- gave some uncharacteristic attention to a tiny little fluffy kitten huddled against a pail of hot water used to clean the cows' udders before milking. He picked it up by the scruff and said to me, "What do you think we should do with this?" The kitten was dull, had a twisted back leg with some type of wound, and simply crawled back to its pail as soon as she was set down. Having grown up in rural Minnesota, and knowing cats aren't always the most appreciated animals on most farms, and remembering I was here to do a billion pregnancy checks (ever see WHY vets need such long gloves for this?), I nonchalantly said, "Gee, maybe we should euthanize the little thing." However, as I walked past her, I began a new obsession: **HOW** do I get her off the farm without being accused of having a lack of interest in doing the gazillion rectal exams we were starting?

An eternity went by before we finished our work. The pail of water was gone, and so was the kitten. Once in the truck, I very casually asked if the farmer was going to do something for the kitten. Though the husband had no interest, I was pleasantly surprised to hear that his wife was trying to help by giving the kitten injections of cattle antibiotics in tiny doses, but that the treatment wouldn't go beyond that. Hmmmm. "Well, I wonder if they'd mind if I took her and tried to take care of her?" I asked in a manner I hoped would hide the fact that I was just dying inside for that little dot of a kitten. If nothing else, I could get her warm and toasty before giving her a humane ending.

"Huh. I'll mention it when I'm there tomorrow."

Yes! I had a foot in, and I couldn't wait to see if he could pull it off. Mind you, there are some folks who would be insulted if asked to give up an injured kitten they were caring for, even if they didn't plan to take it to a vet. This thought was a little irksome.

When the next day dawned, I rode with a different vet, saw plenty of cattle and pigs, froze, ate with "the boys" for lunch, and returned to the clinic for the evening. Dr. Smith had a surprise for me, an almost limp little kitten tucked in his jacket. Nancy, the farmer's wife, was thrilled the kitten might have a chance to live, and I was thrilled to be able to give her that chance.

But, boy, did that little girl have problems! She was 1.2 lbs, emaciated, dehy-

(continued. . .)

drated, had a fever of 104 degrees, and an open fracture of her left femur (thigh bone). The entire leg was actually extremely enlarged, with a hard black skin, and draining tracks. When examining her, I kept seeing fleas moving the hairs on her face, and even walking across her eyes! (Those of you who have flea treated heavily infested animals know this happens). Did I mention the smell too? Whoa!

The clinic owner was extremely kind, and allowed me to have the kitten radiographed, and it was obvious the leg was way beyond repair. We started her on antibiotics and tucked her in for the night. Once alone in the clinic, I went to get her, and snuggled her into my bed for the night, stink and all.

The next day the entire clinic staff assisted in helping me with the kitten as no small animals were coming in for several hours. One tech bathed her, we calculated her sedative, and put her under anesthesia for her leg amputation.

I had never done surgery on my own before, and had the surgical textbook out (I still do this at times today!) and began dissecting and identifying absolutely every muscle and major nerve and blood vessel important enough to name. As I recall this process of nervous picking and cutting (which took over two hours), I marvel at three things: (1) the techs didn't get impatient and get a real vet to do the job, (2) I could even distinguish each of the muscles on such a little kitten, and (3) she didn't die! I remember towards the end the tech wasn't getting anything from the monitoring equipment and thought she may have died. My heart sank as I checked her myself, but then I found she was hanging in there.

Today I could do this surgery on this size kitten in a fraction of the time. But when one of the vets in the clinic said, "You could have just nipped that off with a trimmer," I thought he was being too uncaring for such a major deal for me. Though I thought this at the time, I now know just what he meant. I could have saved her an eternity of anesthesia, the first in so many lessons I've learned since then.

After an evening of comatose-like rest, the next day Nancy Coplein (named after the farmer's wife) was up and eating, her already tiny size reduced from 1.2 to 1.0 lbs. with the loss of that gargantuan leg. It was early morning, and I had a day of driving and farm vet work to do. That evening I took her out and saw a scene that has engraved itself into my memory and is crystal clear to this day. I had given little Nancy a ping pong ball and put her in the entryway to play. I could have cried when I saw that tiny little fluff prancing and bouncing and hitting that ball all over the place. In less than 48 hours she went from soon-to-die to being the life of the party. Wow! That just blew me away.

Though I told Al, my ever-patient husband at the time, that I would find her a home, I never planned on letting her go. We both fell madly in love with her, and that kitten grew into the naughtiest little princess cat you could ever meet! She decided she had the right to call the shots, and made sure we

never stepped too far away from her rules. She even allowed us to drag her from Wisconsin to Washington State the following summer to start our lives as newly graduated doctors.

That little cat made me believe impossible things could happen, and I feared it was beginner's luck. But I've since had many more cases that went from worst of the worst to shining star.

Take little Beano (Please! OK, no.). He sits beside me at the moment, totally content to be with me, chubby, reasonably clean, and free to do whatever the heck he wants around here. He refuses to understand crate training, and I've learned to deal with it. Considering his previous life, I can't hold it against him too much.

Beano's story begins when I went on a confiscation of animals with the Muscatine Humane Society from a man who owned a puppy mill. That day was full. First the long line of law enforcement vehicles, humane society folks, volunteers, and I arrived, and, after determining the seriousness of the situation, began removing the ninety dogs, along with livestock, from the property. The room was small, noisy, and stinking. Many dogs were not able to be handled, but I think I remember seeing Beano at the time. There were a few dogs that didn't need tops to the wire cages they were in, and they were standing eagerly at the edge of their cages, trying to get our attention. Two in particular were heavily matted, dingy grey things with little dots for eyes in all the mess. We plodded through, and I dealt with each one accordingly. Quite a few days later, it was noted a particular dog had horrible diarrhea, loved to step in it and mess himself up, and wasn't putting on weight like the others. The dog was now clean, much skinnier and shaven. He had heavily pigmented corneas (from a long history of untreated dry-eye), was almost blind, didn't hear well, had a fairly loud heart murmur, pale color, and didn't have a tooth in his head. It was thought at the time he could be 12 years old. Figuring his emaciated condition was likely from some serious underlying problem, we discussed blood work to try to find what was wrong with him. However, contrary to many people's beliefs, humane societies usually don't have a lot of money, and taking on more than ninety dogs for one shelter is an enormous burden. Who will feed all of the extra dogs? Who will provide food, keep them clean, find loving homes? Money just couldn't be spent on major testing and care by the Humane Society. Knowing this little guy had the cards stacked against him on so many fronts, I said, in a somewhat nonchalant way, "I'll take him home. I'll check him out. Poor guy probably doesn't have a month to go considering how bad he looks now."

Unfortunately (SMILE!) three years later he is still here! Yes, I took him home. Did I do all kinds of heroics? No, I took this terrified, scrawny little skeleton of a dog home, and fed him. Done. OK, I did treat his dry-eye, too, to minimize further sight loss.

I took him everywhere I could, tucking him in my coat. He

was quiet, shaking, and just leaned into me when meeting people. At home, he hid under the TV. I figured after seeing his weight improve, after a month, that I would neuter him. After another month I figured I should prepare myself to keep him longer or look into a new home. But who wants a little android that makes not a sound, never walks, except to hide under the TV, and doesn't mind pooping on himself, and being stinky?

So Beano was christened into the family, and we slowly began seeing some personality forming. I'll never forget how confused he was when he walked on gravel and then encountered this foreign material called grass (all the dogs in that puppy mill lived 24/7 on wire floors). He made such an effort to leap onto the grass, and continued to do the same when encountering any new surface.

My son Joseph and I remember the first day he showed actual happiness. He had been with us a good three months, so we took him to a nearby park. He sniffed, he peed, he walked around, and then...he frolicked! He did a real tongue-out-of-the-mouth-yippee-skippee little series of leaps, and then some more! We both laughed so hard, and couldn't believe how cute that was.

With each month he came out of his shell. And I can say with all seriousness, I'm grateful for his lack of teeth, for he is a BAD DOG! He was no longer quiet and scared! Oh, he used to love to attack our big dog, Buster, over food, attention, whatever. Thankfully, Buster must have thought it was a joke, and grumbled on by, rather than bite Beano in half with a single bite. Although Beano is obsessed with me, if I don't let him have something that he wants to eat, he'll even bite me! My two-year-old daughter gets bit on a routine basis, and laughs every time. Poor Beano is so tough, yet the rest of the world doesn't know it. If he had teeth, we would have found ourselves in a real dilemma since there are kids in our house. Oh, I forgot, he really barks a lot now, and he has a funny way of finding a corner, sitting in it, and howling sadly as though he was all alone. Telling him you're there doesn't help. He needs to be picked up and moved.

My true feelings for my bad boy came out one summer day when he went on a jog with Torben. Usually, four dogs started the run, then they returned to the car in their usual order, Beano usually being the first, as he never wanted to go far. Well, that day, Beano was nowhere to be found. Torben raced home to have Joseph and me help search for him. It was nearing evening, but I wasn't too worried, as I figured we would be able to see a white spot of a dog easily in the green surroundings. However, I called and I called, walking up and down the path. Then I called some more, and then more. Then I cried. I pictured my poorly sighted, nearly deaf Beano getting tangled in the brambles, not really knowing he was in trouble till he realized he wasn't going home. Anthropomorphism or not, it was sad.

Finally, Torben yelled that he had found him. **Beano had been in the ditch not ten yards from the car, sound asleep!**

Torben simply picked him up, and all Beano was aware of was that he had had a good nap, and now it was over.

Oh, Beano. You pee where you want, you growl and bite at other dogs, and bark a bit much. But I couldn't love any other little mop-like, fluffy, huggable dog more than you.

I've got a million of these stories, so if you've enjoyed these two, I've got more!

Volunteer Spotlight

*Many Hands Make Light Work
(and considering the many paws around here, the more hands, the better!)*

by Kathleen Schoon, Volunteer Coordinator

As 2006 dawned, the volunteer situation at Witty Kitties was more or less on life support. But by year's end, the prognosis is much improved. Here's the story of how the turnaround happened:

In January of 2006, I was just finishing my first month of a three-month recovery period from a broken back (I was bucked off a horse, but that's a whole different story). I was in a hip-to-neck brace, bedridden, and unable to do any of my regular work at the shelter during that time, which meant that daily chores depended solely on Torben and Jenni doing them. Torben was putting in a lot of extra hours at the post office, then doing as much work at the shelter as was humanly possible on his off hours. By the end of this three-month period, Jenni, with little Kirsten on her hip, was at the end of her rope as the amount of work for her and Torben was just overwhelming. With only three regulars doing all of the daily work to keep the shelter clean and running smoothly, it can be a serious burden when one of those three is unable to pull their usual weight. I was able to come back in late February, and am now fully recovered, and Torben got his own mail route, making his schedule a bit more predictable and allowing him to take on more of the daily chores (what a guy!). With all three of us back on duty, we were once again just barely able to keep ahead of the daily "to-do" lists.

The next big event at the shelter was a real bear! As you may recall from our last newsletter, Witty Kitties was given a grant from the Miccio Foundation in order for us to install new doors in the cats' outdoor exercise yards at the shelter. I suspect that the press coverage about the escape and unfortunate demise of one of our caimans helped to motivate the Miccio Foundation to give us some help to get



B-Bear

some solid doors! Around this time, B-Bear came to live at Witty Kitties. He was confiscated from a dire situation, and through a complex string of events, ended up living in Jenni

(continued. . .)

and Torben's reinforced garage for a few months. This gentle de-clawed 400-pound black bear caught the attention of several animal welfare organizations in eastern Iowa. The animal welfare network went to work notifying people across the state, bringing in vital donations, publicity and volunteers. In our last newsletter, we pleaded for all of you to come out for the "Goodbye, B-Bear Send-Off-Party" and work day to put the Miccio funds to good use. You didn't disappoint us! What a wonderful sight to see over twenty people busily working inside and out to help the cats and other critters and make their lives better, safer and more comfortable! THANK YOU to all of you who were there and worked so hard!



*Back: Jan Ercey, Stephen Fasnacht, Chris Schoon, Sue Hartung, Virginia Sorenson, unidentified young woman & John Erceg
Front: Miss Kirsten, Jenni Doll, 'Whitey' & 'Jango' Schoon, Kathleen Schoon & Jackie Ferdig*

(Thanks to Sarah Neighbors for these photos!)

Finally, in the fall the heavens parted and brought us two extraordinary and dedicated new volunteers. Arriving with halos sparkling and sleeves rolled up were **John McLaughlin** and **Trish Wasik**, a recently retired couple who were fostering cats for the Iowa City Animal Center. John and Trish needed some care for a sick foster kitty, and as Jenni is the shelter veterinarian at the Animal Center,

they ended up contacting her. John and Trish live in Swisher, Iowa, a mere hop, skip and cat-leap from Witty Kitties, but they had never heard of us! Unfortunately, their little foster kitty had an incurable disease. We were very sad that it took the sickness and inevitable demise of their kitty to lead them to us, but we choose to think that the little guy's passing had one positive outcome in bringing Witty Kitties the wonderful and much-needed gift of these two new animal-oriented volunteers.



Some of our tireless volunteers making the area outside the shelter beautiful!

John is a tireless organizer and comes several times a week to

do all of the things which we never have the time or energy to get to at the end of the regular chores. He has even started recycling all of the cat food cans! Both John and Trish fill in for the regulars if we can't make our shift, and generally pitch in to make chores easier, faster and more efficient. Trish has even agreed to take on the badly-needed project of updating and improving the website! I really can't say enough about these two, but I know that they get embarrassed by my over-zealous praise, so now I'll give it a rest.

There are also several other folks who have gone the extra mile to spend some quality time with the animals at Witty Kitties. All of our volunteers are priceless treasures, but I'd like to take the time to name just a few. **Amy McBeth** does lots of volunteer work for the Johnson County Humane Society, but still finds time to help us on many weekends, and always brings food and treats for all of the animals. **Nancy Smith** often brings her friend, **Bob**, who lives in an assisted living home and can't have pets. Bob pets the cats, especially Parker, his favorite Witty Kitty, while Nancy helps with the chores. We'd also like to thank all of the young women from **SPEAK**, a responsible pet awareness group formed by students at the University of Iowa. A big, warm-and-fuzzy THANK YOU to all of you who have taken time out of your busy lives to turn your concern for animals into compassionate actions. We literally could not do this without you!



Wayne Schilling & Lee Eberly



Torben & Rozie Sorenson checking out a resident emu at our Fall workday

Now, please don't think that just because we have a few great new volunteers that we don't need more. We can always use additional assistance. It's amazing the uses we can find for humans and their handy, opposable thumbs! The good news is that we now have reliable, regular volunteers so that the necessary daily upkeep isn't quite as daunting a chore as it used to be. Many hands do, in fact, make light work. And the smiling faces that come with those hands are truly a welcome sight to behold each and every time we see them at the shelter. So, please, come and help us out. We can really use the extra hands and faces. And. . . you just might make some great new friends, opposable-thumbbed and otherwise!

Exotics Corner

by Torben Platt

Our intrepid editor has gently informed me that it is time for my letter from the “exotic corner” of Witty Kitties. Luckily, this past quarter was not as eventful as the last so this missive will be shorter (if not sweeter) than the one before it. No 400-pound black bears in the garage, no caiman escapes, no cougars to take care of, everything is back to “normal”.....that is if you consider normal trying desperately to prevent a (silver phase) red fox from stealing the last baby bottle from your 2-year-old daughter, or removing the 30-odd eggs your 12 foot reticulated python has laid and is currently wrapped tightly around. The fox was dropped off (at ICAC) by a young couple who purchased him at the reprehensible exotic animal auction held in Kalona every month or so. The couple took very good care of him, but were moving to an area where foxes were illegal to keep as pets. Of course he was originally being sold as a potential fur farm breeder animal, but they were determined to save his life. Now he lives in our house, playing with Cha Cha, one of our dogs, hiding treats you give him in litter boxes (or worse places), chewing the nipples off baby bottles, and urinating on food/dishes not immediately picked up off the floor.

Other than Todd (the fox), there have not been too many significant exotic arrivals at Witty Kitties. We did lose one of our favorite inhabitants, however, when our African spur-thighed tortoise, Tucker, passed away on Christmas Eve. She was the pet of our friends, the Drexlers, who had run out of room for her and brought her to us last summer. She had only been with us a short time, but she was a cutie and will be missed. Our other sad loss is that of our beloved Buster Brown, as well as the many Witty Kitties’ inhabitants we’ve lost over the past twelve months. It’s been a pretty tough year for us.

At the moment, things are relatively quiet on the reptile front. Many of our snakes are spending the winter snoozing away in hibernation, and all the caimans, alligators, lizards, and turtles have been moved indoors. As I mentioned earlier, our female reticulated python is currently incubating a clutch of eggs that will have to be removed, as they are hybrid, the result of a mating with Lucifer, our Burmese python. I have been putting off this chore as she tends to be crabby even on a good day and will probably defend the eggs vigorously and enthusiastically. Just another “normal” day at Witty Kitties !

Happy New Year and best wishes to all our friends and supporters!

Couldn’t Leave on a Happy Note

[so I promised you an upbeat Part 3 article for this issue, but I can still slip into a rant!]

by Jenni Doll, DVM

It’s my day off, so to speak. That means that on most days, after I tidy up the house, get my son off to school, feed the farm animals, change their water, feed Baby K and get us both dressed for the day, we trudge out to the shelter to take care of the kitties, bunnies, and do a little reptile stuff. (Torben has already left, hours ago, and as a deliverer of mail, is already “enjoying” whatever January temp we’re having).

It’s lunchtime when we finish. Shortly after lunch, Torben arrives home, and I leave to take part in a neglect case in Marion. Karla Sibert heads the new IERAL (Iowa Equine Rescue & Awareness League — not to be confused with IERN). IERAL is a horse rescue and welfare organization whose aim is to end abuse and neglect of horses via education — and in rare situations — removal of the animals. Karla puts her blood, sweat and tears into this task. She does this without any government support, very rare grants, and yet takes on dozens of cases at a time.

On this day, it’s cold, only 29 degrees. Karla, her team, and the rest of us who are participating in this sad case are all bundled up against the cold. There are thirty horses that the



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with no body fat to keep them warm, makes for a very miserable existence. One mare was utterly skeletal and seemed to be spaced out. She moved with the others, but never as far or as fast. It was as if she had given up on life.

The man has obviously lied and not done much, or any, of what he claims to have done. He is 74 years old, doesn't appear to be malicious, but doesn't seem to see the suffering right before his eyes.

Surprisingly, three of the horses looked okay. They seemed to be receiving feed. Why them and not the others? Why did some have such bad feet that their legs were beginning to curve? And why did this same fellow have twelve coon-hounds chained in various spots in the barn with only a small radius in which to live? What does he do with the twenty-some rabbits in the small wire cages, each one with only one to two square feet per rabbit, in which to eat, drink, sleep, pee, poop and frolic?

My mind can't understand the disconnect. This isn't the first case like this that I've seen. Unfortunately, it's all too common. Starvation of animals occurs before people's eyes, yet they don't seem to see it, and they'll be darned if they ever want to get rid of the animals.

Even more disturbing is that there is essentially no money set aside by the state, county, or city for cases like these. Cats and dogs have little support, but horses have less. Other livestock has none. The sheriff, myself, the county attorney and Karla can seize these horses now, legally. Why don't we? **Because there is nowhere to take them.** Karla has already taken in numerous animals. So, after much chastising and recommendations to the owner, we leave, hoping a second chance will take. I don't think some of the horses will live until Spring.

[Now, for those of you who have read the *Press-Citizen* letter to the editor, feel free to stop reading right here]

I live in a state where I could go out in my yard, set a live animal on fire in front of my neighbors, and not worry about doing any prison time. My dog can live 24/7 on a six-foot chain, with absolutely no human contact, other than being given food and water, and this would not be considered cruel, even if the dog never, ever got to walk beyond his chain, or see another dog, or have any of the "perks" I think a pet dog should have.

I can legally go to the Kalona sales barn and purchase a bear, a cougar, a silver fox, a baboon — whatever I want. I can then confine it to as small a pen as I choose. I need not give it a second of stimulation for years and years, yet as long as food and water are provided in the small shelter it has, I'm considered a good animal owner.

Not three miles from our house is a fur farm. It has mink and silver foxes. After a sad life of living in a wire cage, walking on wire all of their lives, the end to these miserable lives

comes the day they have a rectal probe inserted so that they can be electrocuted.

(Editor's Note: Never mind that the animal dies a cruel death. Gotta protect that beautiful coat — after all, it's "only" a dumb animal).

Okay, I'm on a soapbox of self-righteousness, and we all know I have too many shortcomings to list, but we all need to step out of our comfort zone more, start getting uncomfortable, and ask questions. Animals, children, the people in Africa — whatever moves you to do something, get out and make a difference. The world beyond the nose on your face may surprise you, but it is absolutely essential that more of us open our eyes to it and look for solutions to make life better for all of the unfortunates who live a miserable existence on this planet.

I know I'm "preaching to the choir," and that by reading this newsletter, you are already committed to helping animals. However, if we don't urge others to do their part, the suffering will continue. If you're already working to make a difference, that's wonderful! But if you've been meaning to get involved, why not do it today? The longest journey always begins with a single step. Take a stand for those who have no voice and no vote.

From the Prez

by Dona Pearce

Well, folks, what can I say that hasn't already been said in this issue? Even though it's cold, and the fire, a comfortable chair and that mug of hot cocoa beckon, there are animals who are dying out there — from starvation, neglect and plain old cruelty.

You don't have to leave your warm house to make a difference. Write to your representatives and demand that animal cruelty laws be changed and that they are finally given some clout! Scoff loudly when you're told it's "just an animal." It's NOT just an animal — it's a living, breathing, suffering being whose only crime was being born into the animal world and being unable to fend for itself because of the jerks and idiots of the world being allowed to own it and inflict suffering. If we stand back and allow things to remain status quo, the suffering will never end. It's not fun to nag — it's not pretty — but someone, somewhere, has to do it or it won't get done.

So, as Jenni has already requested, get involved today. Like the hundreds of starfish washed up on the beach, you won't be able to save them all. However, you will save some, and the ones that you do save will most certainly have a better life, free from pain, and they will be forever grateful that you stepped in and made a difference. With new laws in place that have some teeth in them, future generations of animals will never know the agony of being hungry or being in pain. And you'll sleep SO much better at night because you'll know you worked hard to make a difference.



Thank you for making life sweet!

Wish List

CAT FOOD—Purina Cat Chow (the original formula in the blue bag, is the favored brand).

CANNED CAT FOOD FOR A.M. FEEDINGS—used as treats and for medicating.

CAT LITTER—scoopable, please.

DONATIONS OF SKILL—carpentry (cat walks?); experienced folks with vet tech and grooming skills for periodic dematting, ear cleaning, etc.

VOLUNTEERS—please call to arrange a visit and see just how you can help our furry friends.

LOVING HOMES for our special-needs animals.

PLASTIC GROCERY BAGS, NEWSPAPERS, MR. CLEAN (No PineSol), MONETARY TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DONATIONS!

*We say it every issue, but we mean it — **THANK YOU** to one and all who give items, money, and time. Without your support, our furry friends would be in a pretty pickle. **YOU** make life so much better for the animals in our*



'Buster Brown' Platt "talking" to the camera, with Kirsten Platt in background

Memorials

In memory of 'Trapper Bergan-Weyer,' beloved kitty of Sally Weyer.

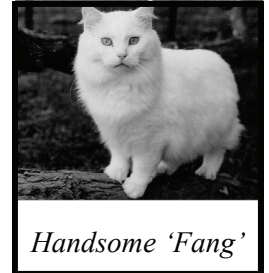
In memory of 'Kim Chew,' beloved pet cat of Mary Chew.

In memory of my father, **Eugene Kramer**, who gave me my first cat, by Deb Peterson..

In memory of our mother, **Eleanor Louise Brown**, by Margalea Warner and David Crombie. "She was gentle and loving and let us have our cat, 'Who-Me,' even though she was allergic to cats. In heaven they have no allergies so she can have them next to her pillow."

In memory of 'Romeo,' our foster kitten, by John McLaughlin and Trish Wasek.

In memory of the many Witty Kitties we have lost this year: 'Craig,' 'Kiki,' 'Sabastian,' 'Noodles,' 'Otis,' 'Sheba,' 'Ronni,' 'Borg,' 'Fang' and 'One-Eyed Jack.' We miss you all so much. By Jenni, Torben, Kat and Chris.



Handsome 'Fang'

In memory of our sweet 'Buster Brown,' by Jenni Doll, Torben Platt, Joseph Klingelhutz and Kirsten Platt.. "We'll miss our big, sweet, goofy, lovable boy."

Honorariums

In honor of **Nick Russo and Nancy Semota** — a holiday tribute, from their friends Jon, Jerry and Sondy.

In honor of **Barb Rivademeira's** birthday, by Amy McBeth. Happy Birthday, my friend!

Honoring or memorializing a person or pet pays a special tribute, and also helps the animals at Witty Kitties who depend on us for their care and comfort.

(See back page for form to mail in)

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.

THANKS!

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!).

Gift: \$ _____

Memorial for: (name) _____
 Person Pet

Honorarium for: (name) _____
 Person Pet

Send notification to: (name) _____

(please provide city, state and zip)