

SE Region April 2012 Newsletter



Things to Look Up

- Cage Curtains – 1. <http://www.concentric.net/~vanadis/cages.htm>
2. <http://www.showcatstyle.com/>
3. <http://www.castlepaws.net/curtains2.html>

- Cat Stories – 1. <http://lovemeow.com/2012/01/top-10-amazing-cat-stories-from-2011/>
2. <http://www.lisaviolet.com/cathouse/amazing.html>

Pet Blog - <http://taildom.com/blog/>

- Pet Coupons - 1. <http://printable-coupons.blogspot.com/2005/10/pet-coupons.html>
2. <http://www.dailydeals.com/coupons/pets.htm>
3. <http://www.petcouponseveryday.com/>





'Adventure Cat' Caught by Catch of the Day? by Patti Schroeder



This is the story of the night my ten-year-old cat, Rudy, got his head stuck in the garbage disposal. I knew at the time that the experience would be funny if the cat survived, so let me tell you right up front that he's fine. Getting him out wasn't easy, though, and the process included numerous home remedies, a plumber, two cops, an emergency overnight veterinary clinic, a case of mistaken identity, five hours of panic, and fifteen minutes of fame.

First, some background. My husband, Rich, and I had just returned from a five-day spring-break vacation in the Cayman Islands, where I had been sick as a dog the whole time, trying to convince myself that if I had to feel lousy, it was better to do it in paradise. We had arrived home at 9 p.m., a day and a half later than we had planned because of airline problems. I still had illness-related vertigo, and because of the flight delays, had not been able to prepare the class I was supposed to teach at 8:40 the next morning. I sat down at my desk to think about William Carlos Williams, and around ten o'clock I heard Rich hollering something undecipherable from the kitchen.

As I raced out to see what was wrong, I saw Rich frantically rooting around under the kitchen sink and Rudy, or rather, Rudy's headless body scrambling around in the sink, his claws clicking in panic on the metal. Rich had just ground up the skin of some smoked salmon in the garbage disposal, and when he left the room, Rudy (whom we always did call a pinhead) had gone in after it.

It is very disturbing to see the headless body of your cat in the sink. This is an animal that I have slept with nightly for ten years, who burrows under the covers and purrs against my side, and who now looked like a desperate, fur-covered turkey carcass, set to defrost in the sink while it's still alive and kicking. It was also disturbing to see Rich, Mr. Calm-in-an-Emergency, at his wits end, trying to soothe Rudy, trying to undo the garbage disposal, failing at both, and basically freaking out. Adding to the chaos was Rudy's twin brother Lowell, also upset, racing around in circles, jumping onto the kitchen counter and alternately licking Rudy's butt for comfort and biting it out of fear. Clearly, I had to do something.

First we tried to ease Rudy out of the disposal by lubricating his head and neck. We tried Johnson's baby shampoo (kept on hand for my nieces visits) and butter-flavored Crisco: both failed, and a now-greasy Rudy kept struggling. Rich then decided to take apart the garbage disposal, which was a good idea, but he couldn't do it. Turns out, the thing is constructed like a metal onion: you peel off one layer and another one appears, with Rudy's head still buried deep inside, stuck in a hard plastic collar. My job during this process was to sit on the kitchen counter petting Rudy, trying to calm him, with the room spinning (vertigo), Lowell howling (he's part Siamese), and Rich clattering around with tools.

When all our efforts failed, we sought professional help. I called our regular plumber, who actually called me back quickly, even at 11 o'clock at night (thanks, Dave). He talked Rich through further layers of disposal dismantling, but still we couldn't reach Rudy. I called the 1-800 number for Insinkerator (no response), a pest removal service that advertises 24-hour service (no response), an all-night emergency veterinary clinic (who had no experience in this matter, and so, no advice), and finally, in desperation, 911. I could see that Rudy's normally pink paw pads were turning blue. The fire department, I figured, gets cats out of trees; maybe they could get one out of a garbage disposal.

The dispatcher had other ideas and offered to send over two policemen. This suggestion gave me pause. I'm from the sixties, and even if I am currently a fine upstanding citizen, I had never considered calling the cops and asking them to come to my house, on purpose. I resisted the suggestion, but the dispatcher was adamant: "They'll help you out," he said. The cops arrived close to midnight and turned out to be quite nice. More importantly, they were also able to think rationally, which we were not. They were, of course, quite astonished by the situation: "I've never seen anything like this," Officer Mike kept saying. (The unusual circumstances helped us get quickly on a first-name basis with our cops.) Officer Tom expressed immediate sympathy for our plight. "I have had cats all my life," he said, comfortingly.

Also he had an idea. Evidently we needed a certain tool, a tiny, circular rotating saw that could cut through the heavy plastic flange encircling Rudy's neck without hurting Rudy, and Officer Tom happened to own one. "I live just five minutes from here," he said; "I'll go get it." He soon returned, and the three of them, Rich and the two policemen got under the sink together to cut through the garbage disposal. I sat on the counter, holding Rudy and trying not to succumb to the surreal-ness of the scene, with the weird middle-of-the-night lighting, the rooms occasional spinning, Lowell's spooky sound effects, an apparently headless cat in my sink and six disembodied legs poking out from under it. One good thing came of this: the guys did manage to get the bottom off the disposal, so we could now see Rudy's face and knew he could breathe. But they couldn't cut the flange without risking the cat.

Stumped, Officer Tom had another idea. "You know," he said, "I think the reason we can't get him out is the angle of his head and body. If we could just get the sink out and lay it on its side, I'll bet we could slip him out." That sounded like a good idea at this point, ANYTHING would have sounded like a good idea and as it turned out, Officer Mike runs a plumbing business on weekends; he knew how to take out the sink! Again they went to work, the three pairs of legs sticking out from under the sink surrounded by an ever-increasing pile of tools and sink parts. They cut the electrical supply, capped off the plumbing lines, unfastened the metal clamps, unscrewed all the pipes, and about an hour later, voila! The sink was lifted gently out of the countertop, with one guy holding the garbage disposal (which contained Rudy's head) up close to the sink (which contained Rudy's body). We laid the sink on its side, but even at this more favorable removal angle, Rudy stayed stuck. Officer Tom's radio beeped, calling him away on some kind of real police business. As he was leaving, though, he had another good idea: "You know," he said, "I don't think we can get him out while he's struggling so much. We need to get the cat sedated. If he were limp, we could slide him out."

And off he went, regretfully, a cat lover still worried about Rudy. The remaining three of us decided that getting Rudy sedated was a good idea, but Rich and I were new to the area. We knew that the overnight emergency veterinary clinic was only a few minutes away, but we didn't know exactly how to get there. "I know where it is!" declared Officer Mike. "Follow me!" So Mike got into his patrol car, Rich got into the drivers seat of our car, and I got into the back, carrying the kitchen sink, what was left of the garbage disposal, and Rudy. It was now about 2 a.m. We followed Officer Mike for a few blocks when I decided to put my hand into the garbage disposal to pet Rudy's face, hoping I could comfort him. Instead, my sweet, gentle bedfellow chomped down on my finger, hard, really hard and wouldn't let go. My scream reflex kicked into gear, and I couldn't stop the noise. Rich slammed on the breaks, hollering "What? What happened? Should I stop?" checking us out in the rear view mirror. "No," I managed to get out between screams, "just keep driving. Rudy's biting me, but we've got to get to the vet. Just go!"

Rich turned his attention back to the road, where Officer Mike took a turn we hadn't expected, and we followed. After a few minutes Rudy let go, and as I stopped screaming, I looked up to discover that we were wandering aimlessly through an industrial park, in and out of empty parking lots, past little streets that didn't look at all familiar. "Where's he taking us?" I asked. "We should have been there ten minutes ago!" Rich was as mystified as I was, but all we knew to do was follow the police car until, finally, he pulled into a church parking lot and we pulled up next to him. As Rich rolled down the window to ask, Mike, "where are we going?" The cop, who was not Mike, rolled down his window and asked, "Why are you following me?"

Once Rich and I recovered from our shock at having tailed the wrong cop car and the policeman from his pique at being stalked, led us quickly to the emergency vet, where Mike greeted us by holding open the door, exclaiming, "Where were you guys???" It was lucky that Mike got to the vet's ahead of us, because we hadn't thought to call and warn them about what was coming. (Clearly, by this time we weren't really thinking at all.)

We brought in the kitchen sink containing Rudy and the garbage disposal containing his head, and the clinic staff was ready. They took his temperature (which was down 10 degrees) and his oxygen level (which was half of normal), and the vet declared: "This cat is in serious shock. We've got to sedate him and get him out of there immediately."

When I asked if it was OK to sedate a cat in shock, the vet said grimly, "We don't have a choice." With that, he injected the cat; Rudy went limp; and the vet squeezed about half a tube of K-Y jelly onto the cat's neck and pulled him free. Then the whole team jumped into code blue mode. (I know this from watching a lot of ER) They laid Rudy on a cart, where one person hooked up IV fluids, another put little socks on his paws ("You'd be amazed how much heat they lose through their pads," she said), one covered him with hot water bottles and a blanket, and another took a blow-dryer to warm up Rudy's now very gunky head. The fur on his head dried in stiff little spikes, making him look rather pathetically punk as he lay there, limp and motionless.

At this point they sent Rich, Mike, and me to sit in the waiting room while they tried to bring Rudy back to life. I told Mike he didn't have to stay, but he just stood there, shaking his head. "I've never seen anything like this," he said again. At about 3 am, the vet came in to tell us that the prognosis was good for a full recovery. They needed to keep Rudy overnight to re-hydrate him and give him something for the brain swelling they assumed he had, but if all went well, we could take him home the following night. Just in time to hear the good news, Officer Tom rushed in, finished with his real police work and concerned about Rudy. I figured that once this ordeal was over and Rudy was home safely, I would have to re-think my position on the police. Rich and I got back home about 3:30. We hadn't unpacked from our trip, I was still intermittently dizzy, and I still hadn't prepared my 8:40 class. "I need a vacation," I said, and while I called the office to leave a message canceling my class, Rich made us a pitcher of martinis.

I slept late the next day and then badgered the vet about Rudy's condition until he said that Rudy could come home later that day. I was working on the suitcases when the phone rang. "Hi, this is Steve Huskey from the Norristown Times-Herald," a voice told me. "Listen, I was just going through the police blotter from last night. Mostly it's the usual stuff: Breaking and entering, petty theft but there's this one item. Um, do you have a cat?" So I told Steve the whole story, which interested him. A couple hours later he called back to say that his editor was interested, too; did I have a picture of Rudy? The next day Rudy was front-page news, under the ridiculous headline Catch of the Day Lands Cat in Hot Water.

There were some noteworthy repercussions to the newspaper article. Mr. Huskey had somehow inferred that I called 911 because I thought Rich, my husband, was going into shock, although how he concluded this from my comment that his pads were turning blue, I don't quite understand. So the first thing I had to do was call Rich at work. Rich, who had worked tirelessly to free Rudy-and swear that I had been misquoted. When I arrived at work myself, I was famous; people had been calling my secretary all morning to inquire about Rudy's health.

When I called our regular vet (whom I had met only once) to make a follow-up appointment for Rudy, the receptionist asked, "Is this the famous Rudy's mother?" When I brought my car in for routine maintenance a few days later, Dave, my mechanic, said, "We read about your cat. Is he OK?" When I called a tree surgeon about my dying red oak, he asked if I knew the person on that street whose cat had been in the garbage disposal. And when I went to get my hair cut, the shampoo person told me the funny story her grandma had read in the paper, about a cat that got stuck in the garbage disposal. Even today, over a year later, people ask about Rudy, whom a 9-year-old neighbor had always called the Adventure Cat because he used to climb on the roof of her house and peer in the second-story window at her.

I don't know what the moral of this story is, but I do know that this adventure cost me \$1100 in emergency vet bills, follow-up vet care, new sink, new plumbing, new electrical wiring, and new garbage disposal, one with a cover. The vet can no longer say he's seen everything but the kitchen sink. I wanted to thank Officers Tom and Mike by giving them gift certificates to the local hardware store, but was told that they couldn't accept gifts, that I would put them in a bad position if I tried. So I wrote a letter to the Police Chief praising their good deeds and sent individual thank-you notes to Tom and Mike, complete with pictures of Rudy, so they could see what he looks like with his head on.

And Rudy, whom we originally got for free (or so we thought), still sleeps with me under the covers on cold nights and unaccountably, he still sometimes prowls the sink, hoping for fish...



Show confirmations – musings of an entry clerk

(copied with permission of Ruth)

I don't think many exhibitors realize the importance of first carefully completing an official TICA cat entry form for every cat they want to bring into the show hall and then thoroughly checking their confirmations when they receive them from the entry clerk. Entry clerks are usually very busy and do make errors and a lot of times are guessing at the information they are receiving because details are missing or the entry is illegible.

A catalogue that has very few errors is an important part of a smoothly functioning show. The judge's books are only as good as the catalogue because the judge's books are based on exactly the same source of information.

If my email helps exhibitors understand the importance of what they send to entry clerks then publishing it will be well worth it.

I'm a member of the

Best regards,

Ruth Sogz
Member
Southern Alberta Calgary Cat Fanciers
Calgary, Alberta, Canada



This email is so true. The show catalog and judges books can only be as good as the information that is put into them.

Please please check your confirmations carefully..!!.. Check name, sex, color, birth date, TICA number (They should be the same except for the last 3 numbers) If there are any typos let the entry clerk know so they have plenty of time to correct the errors... This also helps the Master Clerk and Ring Clerk books too... If you do not have a confirmation you are not entered in the show... The last show I was at I wrote to the entry clerk asking for my confirmation because I had not received one... Well she said she had sent 2 of them but I never got either one... She then copied and pasted one in the email and wa la, the confirmations were sent to the wrong email address... You as the exhibitors need to keep up on your confirmations...

If anyone has any trouble with filling out the official TICA entry form I will be more than happy to help and I know any entry clerk will as well...

Laurie



Recipe Webpage of the Month

This is a MUST see webpage... So full of fun...

<http://familyfun.go.com/easter/easter-recipes/>

Submitted by Laurie Patton



Did You Know..??..

The following plants are poisonous to cats...

Calla Lily, Pig Lily, White Arum, Trumpet Lily, Florist's Calla, Garden Calla, Arum Lily, Aloe vera , Norfolk Pine, House Pine, Norfolk Island Pine, Rosebay, Rhododendron, Maidens (Baby's) Breath, Amaryllis, Fire Lily, Lily of the Palace, Ridderstjerne, Chrysanthemum, Mum just to name a few... Get a bigger list at;

http://cats.about.com/gi/o.htm?zi=1/XJ&zTi=1&sdn=cats&cdn=homegarden&tm=25&gps=86_538_1243_686&f=00&tt=14&bt=0&bts=0&zu=http%3A//dcn.davis.ca.us/vme/DrSue/poispnt.html

Submitted by Laurie Patton



The Contents Of My Cat Show Bag...

I have an airplane size carry-on bag I use for the show hall. It is on wheels so it is easy to wheel it along. Inside

I have my cage curtains, cat bed, litter box, scooper, plastic dog walk bags, dry cat food in a bowl with lid, canned food, various toys, and of course a grooming bag. In the side zippered pocket I have a copy of my cat's shot record as well. My grooming kit includes a zip lock bag of Q-tips and cotton balls, comb, brush, anti-static spray, Band-Aids, business cards, and a couple pens. I also pack a hotel only bag. This bag has a scooper, dry food, canned food and water from home or bottled water. I also pack extra bowls and a roll of dog walk bags.

The bags are so easy to use for soiled litter...!!.. Zip lock baggies also work great... I have a zip lock bag of cotton balls and Q-tips for use at the hotel. I also bring full size trash bags to contain all litter. My cat sleeps in a fold down canvas crate and before I fold it down at home I put his bed in there so I don't forget it. For me the two bag system works great because if I forget something at the show hall I usually have it packed in the hotel bag and I don't have to carry as much from the hall to my room. If you use a Sturdi bag you can of course pack all your show things in it, only downfall is that it is not on wheels ☺

Submitted By Laurie Patton

If you have any tips or tricks you would like to share please send them to me PiratesLairMC@aol.com

Anyone wanting to submit articles, recipes, trivia or anything you think others would like to read can send me the info at PiratesLairMC@aol.com

I am in need of some Meet Your Neighbors...

Thanks to all who contributed this month..!!..

Laurie

Don't forget that the SE Region is on Facebook
<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=300505338191>

Until next month!

