



BOOKS

WHAT ARE THEY READING?



Fetch some tissues for this dog tale

Veterinarian writes about friendship, family, and loss

By **TERRI SCHLICHENMEYER**
Special to The Daily Astorian

Your dog knows all the basic commands.

He can SPEAK, indoor voice and outdoor voice. He's got SIT all buttoned up, with his behind planted firmly on the floor. He can STAY all day long if you need him to, and he FETCHes like a pro — which is great. You'll need him to fetch you some tissues when you read "All Dogs Go to Kevin," by Dr. Jessica Vogelsang.

With few friends and a need for solitude, nerdy teen Jessica Vogelsang knew that she was expected to attend college but she wasn't happy with her choices. Being a doctor "was the most palatable option" but by her senior year in college, "the luster had worn off the idea" and

she was "completely confused."

Stubbornly determined, she soldiered on, until the day she followed students into a lab to observe surgery on a pig.

She graduated, went home, and enrolled in veterinary school.

A guy named Kevin

Vogelsang came late to being an animal lover.

When she was 8 years old, her parents allowed a Lhasa Apso named Taffy into the household. The dog was grumpy but Vogelsang understood, since she also just wanted to be left alone. Taffy was the first dog she loved and she was rightly upset when, years later, her mother had the elderly pooch euthanized without notice. Really, though, as a veterinarian, Vogelsang understood that, too.

A seize-life-by-the-throat kind of guy named Kevin had introduced Vogelsang to the man who would become her husband, and she was married by the time Taffy died. Her dog's death made Vogelsang long for the pitter-patter of little (puppy)

BOOK REVIEW
"All Dogs Go to Kevin," by Dr. Jessica Vogelsang
Grand Central Publishing, 325 pages, 2015
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feet, so she and her husband adopted a Golden Retriever, Emmett, who'd been abandoned.

He ultimately saved Vogelsang's life.

Goldens, however, are prone to cancer, which is what befell Emmett, who lived long enough to see two children born to the family. His death left a void that Vogelsang couldn't bear and her children couldn't grasp. In a misunderstanding, they thought Emmett had gone to stay with family friend, Kevin.

Not forgotten, Emmett gave way to Kekoa, then Brody, then ...

We like to believe "that ... we own (our pets)," says Vogelsang, at least until the "lease has expired." The truth is, "We teach our dogs to 'stay,' but they never do."

Lesson about motherhood

It's really quite trite to say "I laughed, I cried" at this book.

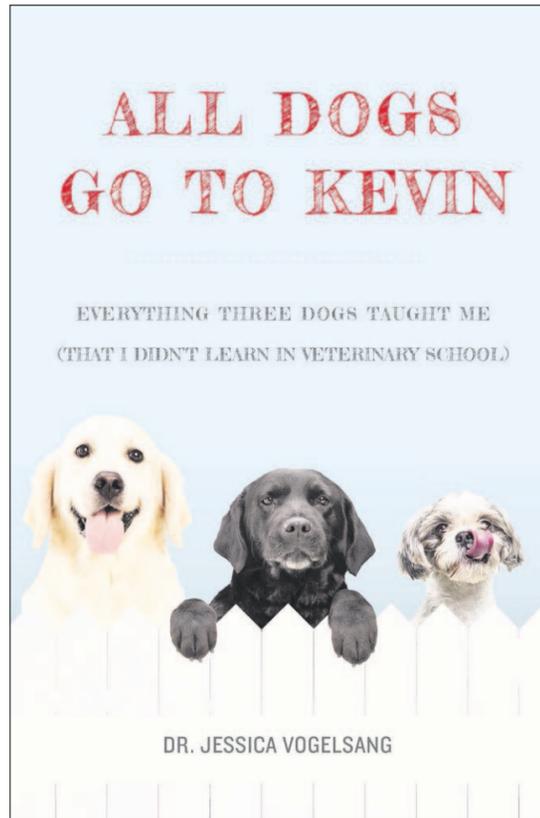
I know it is, but I can't help it. That about sums up what I found in "All Dogs Go to Kevin."

Author Dr. Jessica Vogelsang doesn't just write about dogs, though. This is also a book about family, friendship, untimely loss, and making dreams come fearlessly true. It contains those behind-the-scenes tales and unique client stories you expect in a book by a veterinarian. We learn an important lesson about new motherhood that's "delivered ... by a Golden Retriever."

And yes, if you've ever loved and lost a pet (particularly, a dog), this book will make you laugh, and you'll cry.

At the very least, for sure, "All Dogs Go to Kevin" will make you SIT for awhile.

Terri Schlichenmeyer has been reading since she was 3 years old and she never goes anywhere without a book. She lives on a hill in Wisconsin with two dogs and 14,000 books.



Submitted Photo

BIRDWATCHING

Pileated woodpecker — another drummer

By **MADELINE A. KALBACH**
Special to EO Media Group

The pileated woodpecker, like the hairy and downy woodpeckers, is also a drummer.

The drumming is loud and is used to proclaim territory, but it is not the Ringo Starr of birds.

Its call, however, is loud, and a lot louder than those of either the downy or the hairy. The pileated sounds like a flicker, but is much, much, louder and stronger.

Evidence that a pileated woodpecker is in the area is the presence of deep, wide rectangular holes in trees. The pileated digs these holes as it

forages for ants and wood boring beetle larvae. It has a long, sticky, saliva covered, pointed tongue with barbs that it uses to extract the ants and beetles out of tunnels in the wood. It will also eat fruit and nuts.

The pileated is the largest woodpecker in North America. It is the size of a crow. Its body is nearly all black with white wing

linings. The male has a prominent red cap, white face and neck stripes, a red moustache and a gray bill. The female is similar, but her moustache stripe is black, as is her cap.

Look for this bird in the forest and at forest edges. It is considered uncommon in the Willapa National Wildlife Refuge and in other areas of the peninsula,

but is seen all year round. The best locations include Cape Disappointment, Beard's Hollow and Leadbetter Point.

In addition to insects, the pileated enjoys suet and sunflower seeds. Thus, we can also look for this woodpecker at feeders, but looking in areas with hollow trees and snags is the best bet.

THE SHIP REPORT

'The Captain's A Woman'

By **JOANNE RIDEOUT**
Special to The Daily Astorian

Recently I came across a story about a milestone in the maritime industry that will happen later this summer: The first American female cruise ship captain will take command of a ship, a Celebrity Cruises vessel.

San Francisco native Kate McCue is 37 years old, and rose through the cruise ship industry ranks to reach the level of master mariner. By all accounts she's an impressive person, and indeed, with so much at stake (91,000 tons of ship to command, 2,158 passengers and 952 crew) there's no way she'd be on the bridge in that role if she wasn't a crackerjack sailor.

I'm celebrating this well deserved honor, and I imagine that McCue dearly loves her work or she wouldn't be there. I've found that to be true of all the women mariners I have met, and there are many. They, like their male counterparts, have the sea in the veins and feel most happy when they are on something that's afloat.

This occasion also seems like a good opportunity to recognize and thank all those other women who also serve on ships, and have been serving for awhile now. The ones who

have, in effect, paved the way for McCue and others after her to attain leadership positions on ships — people who proved (against popular industry sentiment) that women can do as good a job as any man.

A pioneer

One of these pioneers is a former resident of our Lower Columbia community. Many of us around these parts know Deborah Dempsey: Captain, master mariner, Columbia River bar pilot, expert sailor, and all around impressive human being.

I was fortunate to meet Deb in the course of my work with The Ship Report, and she's a friend. I've talked with her a lot about her work and learned about what it's like to be a woman in the industry.

Deb's life has been one of firsts. She started out on the East Coast as a water-crazy teen who learned to sail well and spent summers delivering yachts from New England waters to warmer climes down south.

At some point, she decided that a life at sea was the way to go. She began a groundbreaking career when she applied and was accepted into the Maine Maritime Academy. During those years, women

were scarce in the seagoing professions. She encountered a great deal of resistance in some quarters on that educational journey, but to her credit she persevered and became the first woman ever to graduate from a U.S. maritime academy.

She went on to become the first woman ever to attain an international unlimited tonnage master's license — which is industry lingo for someone who has reached the point in their professional career where they can captain any ship, anywhere, of any size, on any waters. Later in her career she became the first female Columbia River bar pilot.

Deb retired from that post a few years back and moved north to Washington state, so we don't see her around Astoria much these days. But looking back on my interviews with her, I found her to be someone who preferred not to talk much about being the first woman this or that. Mostly she wanted to be considered a good friend, an honorable person, and then a mariner.

Regarded with suspicion

Deb was acutely aware that she was regarded with suspicion and even disbelief by many men in the industry, especially in her early years

on board. She told me about boarding ships as a pilot and having the captain look around for the "real" pilot, assuming that she was the pilot's wife just along for the ride.

Deb mostly took all this in stride, but she did tell me that she learned early on that she would have to be "twice as good" at her work as her male coworkers in order to be considered adequate. She more than rose to the occasion.

You can read about Deb's illustrious career in a book she published a number of years back called, "The Captain's A Woman." It gives readers a taste of the struggles and intestinal fortitude it took to push her way through those cultural barriers.

When I consider all this about Deb, I can't help but wonder what barriers Capt. McCue has had to rise above to get where she is. I hope the barriers were fewer than what Deb encountered — that would be progress.

There are more women than ever in the maritime industry, and I salute them all. It's an unconventional life that is not for everyone.

Anyone who knows me knows that I celebrate all mariners for the work they do, male or female. It's a profession



Joshua Bessex/The Daily Astorian

KMUN General Manager Joanne Rideout is the voice of The Ship Report.

where expertise trumps all barriers when things start to hit the fan. It's work that's largely unseen but vitally important.

Imagine

Imagine something with me for a moment, right here on our own Columbia River: It's the middle of November in the dead of night, a gale is howling, the seas are topping 15 feet and the Columbia River Bar Pilots and the Coast Guard are debating whether to just close the bar at the mouth of the river and be done with it. The seas are getting too big and the rising wind is making it hard to control a big ship in the narrow channel.

Into that maelstrom, every winter, male or female, and without most of us knowing it's happening, go the Columbia River Bar Pilots. All that matters then and there is

whether you can do the job. We have those experts right here. And they perform those miracles day in and day out.

As a woman myself, I'm very glad to see those doors opening the maritime industry to allow more women to pursue work they love.

Here's to a future of workplaces everywhere, where what matters is what you can do, not what you look like.

Joanne Rideout is general manager of Coast Community Radio (KMUN-FM) in Astoria. She's also the creator and producer of The Ship Report, a radio show and podcast about All Things Maritime. You can hear The Ship Report on Coast Community Radio at 8:48 a.m. weekdays at 91.9FM, streaming at www.coastradio.org. Podcast available on The Ship Report website at www.shipreport.net.

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GIVES YOU MORE

Our new **CAPITAL BUREAU** covers the state for you

From left: Peter Wong, Hillary Borrud, Mateusz Perkowski

