



Western Washington University
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Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

6-2016

Klipsun Magazine, 2016, Volume 46, Issue 04 - Summer

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Recommended Citation

Raschkow, Amanda, "Klipsun Magazine, 2016, Volume 46, Issue 04 - Summer" (2016). *Klipsun Magazine*. 260.

https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/260

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KLIPSUN



IMPACT
SUMMER 2016



Dear Reader,

Every day we have the ability to influence others and our surroundings. We share our stories in hopes that we can inspire change and create a conversation. Our stories can be tragic, happy or anywhere in between. But everyone has a story to tell.

As time passes by we realize how the little points in our lives can lead to bigger experiences. We listen to others while they motivate us to express our voices.

In life we may not always know exactly where we are headed but eventually we will find our path. As when the tides on a beach rise and fall the waves crash against the shore with a variation of intensity. These are the moments of our lives.

And with everything there is impact.

Best,

Amanda Raschkow

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THE MAN WITH SOUL

Larry Jamerson spends his days on the streets of Bellingham sharing his poetry and music

Story by **Genevieve Carrillo** / Photos by **Kjell Redal**

Sitting at a table in Bellingham’s Black Drop Coffee House, Larry Jamerson drums a steady beat against the shaky wooden table, spoons and coffee cups clinking together rhythmically. Jamerson is a man whose presence is announced before he is seen.

A hat covers his head and a large bone necklace lies against his chest, both staples of Jamerson’s daily wardrobe. A black leather bag and a folding chair sit at his side. From the bag, Jamerson, the self-proclaimed “People’s Poet,” removes a stack of dog-eared papers containing his poetry. Intermingled in the colorful prose are CDs dating back to 2001.

Jamerson uses his music and poetry to unite people. For 20 years, Jamerson has been spreading his new art form: “drumalone rock ‘n’ roll.” With the help of his djembe (jem-bay) — a medium sized hand drum, which can be heard from a long distance — Jamerson is rocking and rolling his blues away.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri Jamerson attended school at Lincoln University in Jefferson, Missouri. For three years, the poet studied psychology, and later decided to put the two together as a way to help people.

Jamerson hides his age well for a man of 60 years old. “You see my hair?” Jamerson asks, gesturing to his thick, black-without-a-trace-of-gray hair. “I’m not greedy, and I don’t have all those negative emotions in me, so I don’t age.”

The Shamrock Motel, home to Jamerson, sits alongside Interstate 5 in the Bakerview district of Bellingham, near the Bellingham International Airport. A cracked asphalt parking lot is flanked on either side with a depleted row of one-story motel rooms. The waterlogged awning above Jamerson’s room is threatens to collapse with the next gust of wind.

Jamerson has been living in motels for over 20 years, three of which have been in Bellingham. Sitting on his bed, the mattress slumped in the center from use, Jamerson points to framed and laminated pictures on his wall. “My room looks like some sort of shrine,” Jamerson says.

A signed poster from Evergreen Community College students hangs on the wall, as a thank you for sharing his poetry with them. Next to that is a profile printed in the Reno News & Review from 2002. Letters from the children he used to mentor sit alongside a framed letter from President Barack Obama. During Obama’s campaign for re-election, Jamerson mailed some of his poetry to the president and first lady as a way to inspire them, and he recieved a thank you letter from the Obamas.

Jamerson takes a long sip from his mug of drip coffee, hazelnut syrup and a splash of cream, exhales and says, “I only have one regret. I wouldn’t have smoked crack. It was my choice; it was my mistake. I don’t blame anybody but myself, and that’s why I beat it.”

For Jamerson, poetry did not become important to him until he hit that lowest point in his life. He says his poetry brought him back from the dead, and since then he’s been writing and singing it daily.

Eventually, Jamerson decided to call Bellingham his home and a place to sell CDs and poetry. To Jamerson, the Canadians make Bellingham a little nicer and a little less hateful.

However, even in Bellingham Jamerson is not immune to discrimination, and now avoids selling his CDs and performing in the Fairhaven neighborhood. Jamerson has been heckled and called derogatory names, but he says people always come back to apologize when they find out he is a veteran.

“I HAVEN’T SAVED THE PLANET, BUT
I’VE MADE THINGS BETTER.
EVERYWHERE I GO, I MAKE IT A
BETTER PLACE. I KNOW THAT.”
- LARRY JAMERSON

According to Title 10.24.040 of the City of Bellingham Municipal Code, a person is only guilty of pedestrian interference if, in a public place, he or she intentionally obstructs pedestrian traffic; or aggressively begs. The Municipal Code describes, “aggressive” begging as “means to beg with intent to intimidate another person into giving money or goods.”

When it comes to city ordinances, Jamerson follows the rules; he moves when asked, suggests people purchase his CDs rather than aggressively trying to get sales and he responds to every “no” with “have a nice day.”

The “People’s Poet” has devoted his life to putting others before him and does not dwell on those who try to stop him from spreading his knowledge. Jamerson is proud he has been able to make a difference in people’s lives.

“I haven’t saved the planet, but I’ve made things better,” Jamerson says, drumming his thumb against the rim of his mug, keeping his rhythm going like a one-man metronome. “Everywhere I go, I make it a better place. I know that.”

Amidst the noise of the Black Drop Coffeehouse, Larry Jamerson recites poetry, decisively articulating each word. Customers glance curiously at Jamerson, who has his eyes closed as if the words he says radiate through his entire body and soul. Every day is a performance for Jamerson. As he leaves, his words trail behind him, echoing down Champion Street, announcing his presence for his next audience.



Top / Jamerson poses for a photo outside his room on April 14, 2016 at the Shamrock Hotel next to the Bellingham airport.

Bottom left / Jamerson sits on his bed in the one-room residence he rents at the Shamrock Motel on April 14, 2016. After a day spent on the street corner selling CDs, Jamerson watches the TV mounted on a wall he’s decorated with memorabilia from his past.

Bottom middle & right / In his recognizable white sunglasses and purple U.S. Army ball cap, Larry Jamerson plays the harmonica for passers by on April 13, 2016 next to the Red Square fountain. Jamerson plays his music in public in order to sell the CDs he makes his living with.

Since the day her sister passed, Jessica has collected Josie's belongings such as photographs, artwork, clothing and personal diary entries. Below, Jessica compares photographs of her and her sister from when they were little, to their senior prom, photos she now greatly cherishes.



LIVING FOR BOTH OF US

Jessica Eikenberry reflects on losing her twin sister to a tragic car accident

Story by Lauren Prater, as told by Jessica Eikenberry

Photos by Lauren Prater

3-15-16

I open my eyes, slowly blinking sleep away. Just as the blur in my vision fades, my chest tightens, as if someone is squeezing my heart with all of their strength. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end and my stomach drops.

I haven't heard from Josie.

I shoot up in bed. She was visiting her boyfriend in eastern Washington for the weekend but she should be back by now. If anything, she should have called or at least texted.

I begin calling everyone I can think of and frantically driving circles around her house. I am sitting alone in my car with my seatbelt still fastened across my lap when my grandfather calls. He mutters the words "a 20-year-old woman passed away in a car accident on Stevens Pass early this morning." Everything he continues to say becomes lost in a mess of tears.

I know it is Josie – I just don't want it to be true.

I pound my fists into the dashboard and I scream into the silence. This couldn't happen to her, or to us. I keep shouting "NO! NO! NO!" until I can't scream anymore.

They said she got into some slush; that she swerved into the other lane and was hit directly on the passenger side. They believe she died on impact and that it was fast and never painful.

OUR BEGINNING

We were identical twins born on Jan. 14, 1996.

Although we were identical, my hair was naturally lighter than hers. My jaw line was more prominent and she always had a baby face and a lazy eye. We had the same birthmark – a little dot on our butt cheek, only they were on opposite sides.

Josie liked to say that we could have been switched at birth and that she could be Jessica and I could be Josie. I was born a minute earlier than her, making her the little sister. I think that's why she didn't like answering that question. I didn't mind it though, probably because I'm older. Being older naturally made me the caretaker, or sort of like the mother hen to Josie and to our little siblings.

I have a hard time putting my childhood memories in chronological order. It's almost as if someone took the timeline of my life and scrambled the first six-or-so years, leaving me with only haunting snapshots of our past.

Josie and I were dropped into the foster care system at an early age, along with our three younger siblings.

After spending months going from house to house, Josie and I were adopted at the age of nine. We lived with our adoptive family until we were old enough to live on our own.

After sticking together though foster homes and adoption, you would assume that Josie and I were inseparable, but to say we were always best friends would be a lie.

Very early on we were forced into a repetitive cycle of being the same. Our biological mother and eventually our adoptive family enjoyed illuminating the fact that we were identical twins rather than individual people. For a while we had a continuous struggle of fighting for our independence and not being grouped together as one. Our dad didn't even call us by our names; he called us "Josica." I hated that.

I dreaded our birthday.

It was easy for everyone else; they could just buy two of everything and call it good. We would plop down on the carpet and push our backs up against one another, facing in opposite directions. Without turning around, we would carefully peel back the colorful wrapping paper. I always had to keep my mouth shut because if I said anything before Josie opened hers I would ruin the surprise.

If we were lucky, they were at least opposite colors.

Josie and I hated being constantly compared to one another. Throughout elementary and middle school we were close, but not as close as you would expect from identical twin sisters.

OUR CONNECTION

Freshman year of high school we began to distance ourselves from our adoptive family, allowing us the opportunity to grow into separate people without the pressure of being the same. It was then that we started to realize how we had been trying so hard to be unique when in reality it was unique to be exactly the same.

The summer following our freshman year we were stuck together and I mean literally, stuck. We had no car, no jobs and no family to occupy our attention. One day, I was being funny and started dancing around, stuffing as many Hot Cheetos in my mouth as I could, leaving several flying through the air, dodging my flailing arms and legs. Of course, Josie clicked record on her phone and captured a moment that would later be used to embarrass me in front of cute boys. She always found ways to embarrass me until I was red in the face.

We both showed up to our first soccer tryout that year, brand new to the school, not knowing anybody. We were both nervous to meet new people but for some reason I think Josie was a little more nervous than me. She just started saying “meatballs” in a bunch of different voices over and over again, each time a little bit weirder. It ended in us laughing until we cried.

She was always so awkward that it was funny.

At that point in our life, we were inseparable. In high school we got awards like “best duo,” and “partners in crime.” We even started crushing on the same boys and when we did, we tried to see who could talk to him more times and that would determine which of us he liked most. Maybe that’s why we were both awarded “biggest flirt” our senior year.

We started to realize that we did really need each other and we are the only ones to really truly understand. Josie was the one person that I could fully connect with and that I could tell absolutely anything to.

Following high school, we continued to be inseparable until the day she passed away. When my long-term boyfriend broke up with me, Josie was with me through it all. She listened to me, spent time with me, she knew exactly what to say. She was the only one that was really there for me.

I can’t thank her enough for that.

HER LEGACY

Josie always dreamed of being a doctor.

In high school, we took sports med together and we both loved it, but Josie really latched onto the idea of the medical field. She got a thrill from helping other people and she was the happiest when she had the opportunity to do so.

Among many other things, she was an organ donor. After she passed away her body was able to give life to over fifty people. Someone else gets to live because of Josie, with her heart, her liver and even her eyes. That was a hard thing for me to hear, because I didn’t want to picture them taking things away from my sister, but when I think about it from her point of view, I realize that she was able to reach a goal that she had always strived for – to save lives.

She was able to follow her dream, even after she passed away.

She shared part of a poem by David Romano on Pinterest a few days before she passed and I honestly feel like she left it for me:

“When tomorrow starts without me and I’m not here to see if the sun should rise and find your eyes filled with tears for me,

I wish so much you wouldn’t cry the way you did today, while thinking of the many things we didn’t get to say. I know how much you love me and how much that I love you and each time you think of me, I know you’ll miss me too. When tomorrow starts without me don’t think we’re far apart, for every time to think of me, I’m right there in your heart.”

Usually when people lose someone, they don’t have to look in the mirror and be reminded of them every single day. At first it made things harder to see so much of her in myself, but now I can look in the mirror and be reminded everything I am, because of her.

For me, each day is different. Since she had passed, I make a conscious effort to make every day count even more. I talk to her all the time or I write to her as if she is really here, I tell her about my day, or what I’m doing in that moment or when I’m upset. I most often tell her how much I miss her and how I don’t know how to do it without her here.

“AT FIRST IT MADE THINGS HARDER
TO SEE SO MUCH OF HER IN MYSELF,
BUT NOW I CAN LOOK IN THE MIRROR
AND BE REMINDED EVERYTHING I AM,
BECAUSE OF HER.”
—JESSICA EIKENBERRY

Losing an identical twin sister is like losing a piece of yourself. A piece of you that has been by your side since before birth, seen you in all of your forms, picked you up and held you and is the closest person to you on this planet. It’s unimaginable. The hardest part is the beginning and the end of each day because another day has started and ended without her here.

Now that she’s gone, all I can do is to try to make her proud in everything I do and promise her that I will live life for both of us.

4-25-16

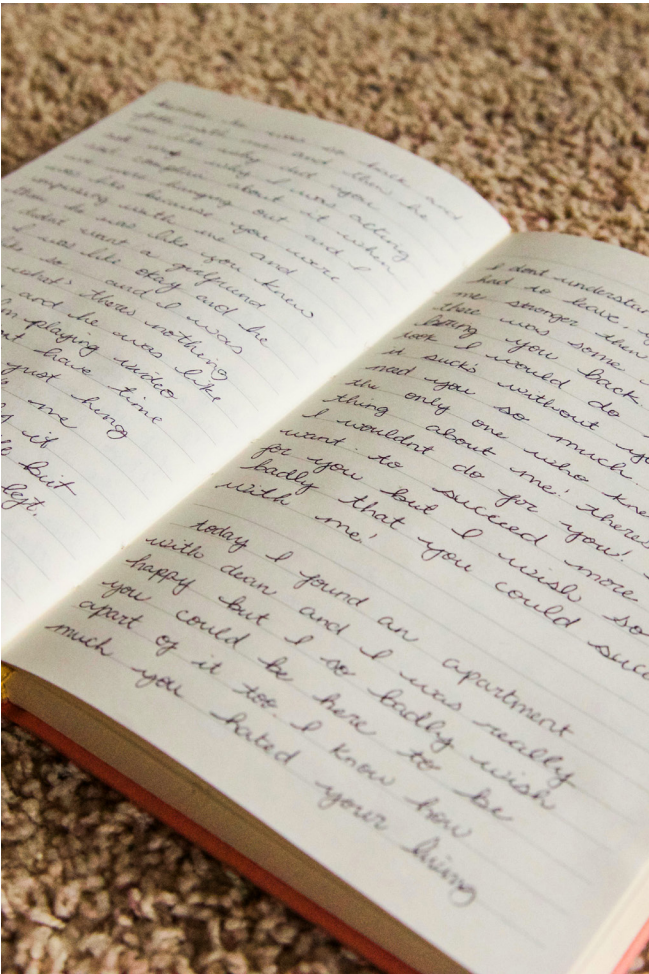
Dear Jo,

I don’t understand why you had to leave; you always made me stronger than I was. I wish there was some way I could bring you back, whatever it takes, I would do it because it sucks without you. I still need you so much; you were the only one who knew everything about me! There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you! I want to succeed even more now, for you, but I wish so badly that you could succeed with me.

Love always,
Jess



Left / Jessica Eikenberry, 20, poses for a portrait outside her home in Everett, Washington. Eikenberry lost her identical twin sister to a tragic car accident on March 15, 2016 and has since been focusing on making it through each day and reaching for her goals in order to make her twin sister proud.



Right / Jessica has kept a journal dedicated to writing letters to her sister. She writes about what’s going on in her life, how much she misses her and what her goals are for the future. Jessica got the inspiration for the journal from Josie who used to journal on a daily basis.



COMMANDING THE ADVENTURESS

EVERY YEAR, MORE THAN 3,000 PEOPLE CLIMB ABOARD THE
103-YEAR-OLD SCHOONER TO TRAVERSE THE SEA

Story by **Sierra Tryon** / Photos by **Nick Danielson**

Ninety-eight tons of wood and canvas rock gently against the dock at Squalicum Harbor Marina. A calm morning wind travels across the water, carrying the sounds of a few dozen anticipatory voices. It's 70 degrees, making it a perfect day for the schooner Adventuress to take her passengers out to sea.

Adventuress is massive, with two main masts and more than 5,400 square feet of sail area. To the eager passengers waiting on the dock, she is something out of a movie. Ships in "Pirates of the Caribbean" are not a far cry from Adventuress herself, a type of ship engineered centuries ago to aid pirates and evade authority.

Sound Experience, a nonprofit operation that leads day, overnight and multi night sails from numerous Puget Sound ports, operates Adventuress. Today, she'll make figure eights around Bellingham Bay during a three-hour sail. Adventuress' passengers will be treated to an afternoon of sailing songs, knot tying, hoisting the sails and marine life education.

There are 42 passengers on board for the Sunday morning sail, including eight children and 13 crewmembers. Rosie Wilson-Briggs, the program coordinator of Sound Experience, is a short 30-year-old sporting a pixie haircut, a face of freckles and a pair of glasses on her face with sunglasses on her head.

"When Adventuress was first built in 1913 for a very rich man

named John Borden II, she was a private yacht," Rosie says. "She was state-of-the-art, had an engine, a spiral staircase, a clawfoot tub and electricity, which at the time wasn't even in all homes yet."

In her maiden voyage, Adventuress left port in Maine and sailed around Cape Horn and all the way up to Alaska, where crew attempted to catch a whale but turned around due to the blistering cold.

Adventuress motors out of the harbor, and deckhand Becky Cristoforo begins to lead children, parents and older couples on board through a sea shanty as they position themselves amongst the ropes, preparing to raise the mainsail.

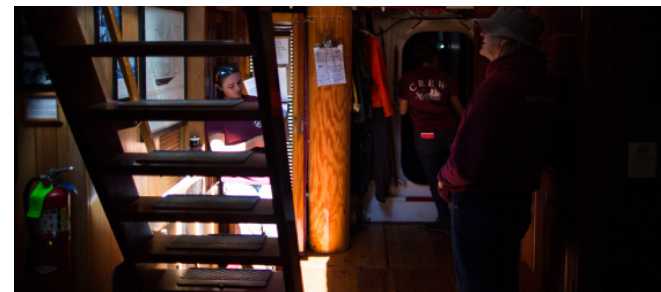
"Sally is a girl that I loved dearly,"

"Way, hey, bully in the alley!"

"Sally is a girl that I spliced nearly, bully down in Shinbone, Alabama."

Passengers echo, "Way, hey, bully in the alley!" as Becky continues to sing and deckhands throw their body weight into heaving the ropes and lifting the mainsail.

"Haul awaaaaay!" Captain Gordon "Bucko Billy" cries.



"Haul awaaaaay!" the crew and passengers echo back.

Everyone, young and old, is positioned on a rope either starboard (right) or port (left) of the mainsail. Arms work the rope; hand over hand, until all 3,000 pounds of the mainsail have been hoisted up the mast.

As the sail nears the top, Becky pauses her shanty to call "Two - six" and 30 passengers yell back "Heave!" as they throw all their weight behind their rope.

An hour into the sail, all four sails are up and Adventuress is cruising. The motor ceases and calm takes over. Rosie calls for two minutes of silence. Everyone quiets. The wind has a sweet whistle when unobstructed by other noise, one that is best heard with eyes closed and sun warming the face.

Two minutes pass and passengers disperse, exploring the cabins below— bunks, tea stations, heads (toilets) and the vegetarian galley.

Back above deck, Kelly pulls out a box of shells, teeth and baleen and passes them around a circle of children. She explains that orca whales are in two categories: those who eat fish and those who eat other mammals. They all have unique vocal dialects.

Caroline, a third-grade student from Lowell Elementary, moved from Houston, Texas, last August and wants to get better acquainted with Puget Sound. She recently saw two different orca pods on one very lucky whale-watching trip.

"For an hour-and-a-half, one of the pods swam right up alongside the boat," Caroline's mom says. "It was incredible."



Tomorrow, Caroline will return to Adventuress with her elementary class and spend another day sailing around the bay and learning about marine biology.

Complete peace has taken over when Adventuress steers back to the marina. Three crewmembers climb into a small inflatable boat, while others furrow (fold) the sails and Adventuress transitions back to using the motor.

Several passengers have chosen to pay an additional five dollars in order to become yearlong members of Sound Experience. The membership will allow them to return for unlimited sails; some families have already pulled up a calendar of sails to register. It seems to ease the gloom of disembarking Adventuress at the end of the day.

The inflatable boat hovers around the bow (the front end of the ship), ramming the front of Adventuress, pushing her parallel with the dock. A group of spectators pauses halfway down the dock, shielding their eyes from the sun as they watch the ship return.

Opposite page / Adventuress Chief Mate, Nate Seward, prepares the century-old schooner to sail a group of passengers out into Bellingham Bay on Sunday, May 1st, 2016.

Above photos / Guided by crew members, passengers aboard the Adventuress have the opportunity to steer the ship, hoist the sails, learn about the local environment and relax with coffee and cookies in hand.



Anonymous Blue Group members Cindy (top) and Jarrett (bottom) pictured above.

UNDOCUMENTED, UNDETERRED

Western's Blue Group provides resources for undocumented students

Story by **Ariana Hoyer** / Photos by **Nick Danielson**

Editor's Note: The names of the students in the story are to remain anonymous.

The average college student has to worry about grades, being away from family and the rising cost of tuition. On top of that, undocumented students often have to worry about being deported or not receiving adequate financial aid to pay for tuition on the basis of their undocumented status.

An undocumented student, as defined by the National Immigration Law Center, is a foreign national who either entered the U.S. illegally without inspection or with fraudulent documents, or who entered legally as a nonimmigrant but violated the terms of their visas and remained in the U.S. without authorization. The Pew Research Center estimates there were 11.2 million undocumented immigrants in 2012 in the U.S. Around half this population was from Mexico, with numbers declining in recent years.

Between 7,000 and 13,000 undocumented students were enrolled in college in 2012 in the U.S., according to Educators for Fair Consideration. It is difficult to know these numbers for sure because undocumented students are difficult to reach due to their fears of detection.

It is not a federal requirement to be a citizen to access higher education. States and colleges determine specific policies, such as whether undocumented students can enroll at an institution, are eligible to receive financial aid, or pay in-state or out-of-state tuition, according to the UndocuScholars Project by the Institute of Immigration, Globalization and Education at UCLA.

The exact number of undocumented applicants or students at Western is confidential and difficult to determine, Clara Capron, assistant vice president of Enrollment and Student Services says. Cindy, a Western freshman with an undecided major, and Jarrett, a junior transfer student studying computer science, are two of these undocumented students.

FINDING COMMUNITY AND SUPPORT

When Cindy and Jarrett came to Western in search of assistance and support, they were directed toward Blue Group, an Associated Students club for undocumented students and allies. Cindy is an active member, but Jarrett has not yet had a chance to attend because of his school and work schedule. Named after Purple Group, the undocumented students club at University of Washington, Blue Group provides support, community and access to resources and services.

"It serves as a community and a place where students can come in and voice their concerns. Emmanuel Camarillo, Blue Group co-adviser says they just want to be around people who they know and feel comfortable with, who would understand without having to say anything."

Blue Group helps students fill out the necessary paperwork, such as the Washington State Application for Financial Aid (WASFA) and Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA), which gives them a valid temporary Social Security for two or three years so they can work. DACA has many stipulations, including age of arrival in the U.S., amount of time in U.S. and year of application and arrival.

Once undocumented students reach college, they find a lack of resources and safe spaces. Students often feel a sense of isolation and uncertainty about whom they could trust, especially with high levels of unfair or negative treatment reported on campus.

"Schools are not prepared enough to consider and take into account all of the different resources undocumented students need in order to be supported and be successful in higher education," Camarillo says. Camarillo works with the Blue Group to help create more resources for undocumented students at Western. Workshops, conferences and work with on-campus organizations encourage students to feel comfortable sharing their stories.

The combination of balancing work and academics, high financial need and concerns about their legal status leads to higher levels of anxiety among undocumented students, with 28.5 percent of male and 36.7 percent of female surveyed students' anxiety levels above a clinical cutoff level, according to the UndocuScholars Project. This contrasts to the 4 percent and 9 percent of the U.S. population.

The most common concern for undocumented students is the cost of higher education, meaning that nearly 70 percent of these students work while attending college. Students are able to work if they are eligible for the DACA, but it is a lengthy process that requires extensive documentation of one's time in the U.S.

More than 75 percent of surveyed undocumented students reported worries about deportation or detainment.

JARRETT

Jarrett came to the U.S. in search of a good education a few months after his 18th birthday, and lived in the Seattle metropolitan area with his aunt for four years before coming to Western this year. He took a year off between his junior and senior years of high school to meet the requirements for in-state tuition.

Washington is one of 17 states that offer in-state tuition for undocumented students, provided that they have lived in state a minimum of three years before graduating from a high school in state. Undocumented students are unable to receive federal aid.

Jarrett's parents are still in China and send him some money for college, but even with in-state tuition, he is worried about the financial costs of university.

Jarrett does not have the necessary paperwork to be legal, and has additional challenges because he was an adult when he arrived in the U.S. He arrived in 2011, too late to apply for DACA. Without DACA, it is nearly impossible for Jarrett to get a job, he says. He works about 25 hours a week under the table now, making less than minimum wage, but he worries that his status will prevent him from finding a job after graduation.

His hope is to learn and develop skills and wait for a new president or new legislature that will allow him to gain legal status and find employment.

He is soft-spoken and shy, which combined with English as his second language has made it difficult for him to make friends at Western. Though he wants friends, this way he has more time to focus on his studies, he says.

“I study to improve myself. If I can get the knowledge and the skills, I can live anywhere,” Jarrett says.

Though he would be OK moving back to China after graduating, Jarrett wants to pursue graduate school and find a job in the U.S. as a programmer or software developer at a business like Microsoft or Amazon. He’s worried he won’t be able to because of deportation or his illegal status, which prevents him from pursuing his dream.

“I like America. The quality of life is higher. It’s happier here, more relaxed. In China it is very intense,” Jarrett says.

Jarrett worries that if he tells people he is undocumented, they might have a negative perception of him because of his status, but he feels like any other student.

“I think I’m pretty normal,” Jarrett says. “It doesn’t matter if I’m undocumented or not. We are the same. Illegal in status, but not illegal in anything else.”

CINDY

Cindy and her mother crossed the border from Mexico to California when she was six months old; her father had crossed earlier. She is a proud member of the Latinx community, and prefers the term “Latinx” rather than “Latino/a” because it is more inclusive of individuals outside of the gender binary. Growing up, Cindy was always scared her parents wouldn’t come home at night; that their undocumented status would mean they would be deported. Or even that she herself would be deported.

“There were a lot of high school seniors being deported, so it was hard not knowing ‘Oh, could that be me?’ and just hearing all these stories and all this fear among the community,” Cindy says. “I just didn’t know what all that meant.”

Cindy’s family moved to Tukwila, Washington from the San Francisco Bay area when she was 13, because of increased California anti-immigration laws. In California, undocumented immigrants were not allowed to have a driver’s license.

With the increased anti-immigration laws, businesses started laying off undocumented people. Cindy’s father was a manager, which meant he was responsible for laying off a lot of undocumented people. An undocumented person himself, he knew his time would come, so he chose to resign and moved with his family to Washington, which offers more rights to undocumented people, including licenses and in-state tuition.

Even so, life in Washington was different from what they were accustomed to, Cindy says. Cindy’s parents, uncle and brother lived in a one-bedroom apartment and were reliant upon food banks and the food stamps they received from her now 17-year-old brother. Since he was born in the U.S., he is the only person in her family who is a citizen.

“SCHOOLS ARE NOT PREPARED ENOUGH TO CONSIDER AND TAKE INTO ACCOUNT ALL OF THE DIFFERENT RESOURCES UNDOCUMENTED STUDENTS NEED.”
- EMMANUEL CAMARILLO

A first-generation student, Cindy’s financial worries stand in the way of her academic success. She was not eligible to receive WASFA this year because of settlements her parents received for the house they left behind in California and her father’s lost wages after being paid under minimum wage. She received some scholarships and work-study this year, and will have WASFA next year, she says.

She doesn’t want to put her parents through the financial burden of higher education. Even though her parents have always encouraged her to pursue college, there came a point where there wasn’t anything they could do but encourage her, since they’ve never gone through the process.

Cindy hopes that after graduation she can work with marginalized youth to be the person for them she needed when she was younger, to provide support and empowerment and eventually create institutional change, she says. She’s not sure how she will do this, because though she has DACA, it’s temporary, and there is no long-term alternative.

CREATING CHANGE

Currently the Blue Group is working with the Counseling Center to help them best support undocumented students through the unique challenges and anxiety they face.

Cindy and another Blue Group student recently went to a Counseling Center staff meeting, where they shared their stories and expressed their needs as a community. The goal is to build a trusting relationship between the Blue Group and the Counseling Center where the Counseling Center can meet the needs of undocumented students in a culturally sensitive and culturally specific way, Shari Robinson, Counseling Center director says.

“There’s a lot of trauma that we don’t really talk about because we’re always told not to talk about our status, so it’s something that I feel like the community hasn’t dealt with,” Cindy says. “Even being Latinx, there’s stigma that comes with talking to a mental health professional. We’re trying to change the stigma and also heal ourselves by talking to professionals.”

The stigma and concerns of undocumented students have only increased with the upcoming election and the hateful rhetoric of some of the candidates toward undocumented immigrants.

“The major challenge right now in society in general is trying to understand who they are and understanding that they are also people,” Camarillo says.

With the support of communities like Blue Group, Jarrett and Cindy are able to overcome these obstacles and achieve success.



THE UNDOCUMENTED POPULATION

in the United States

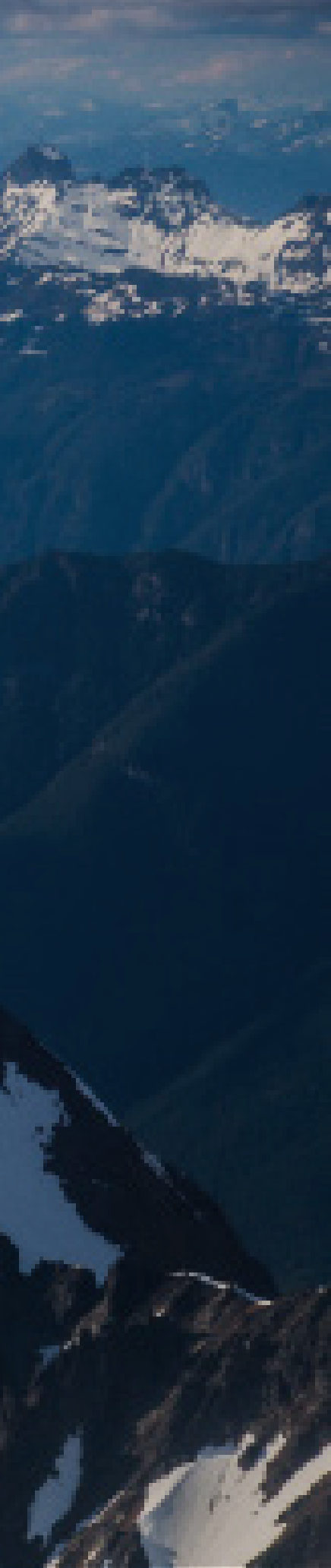
- **1.1 million** undocumented children under the age of 18.
- **65,000** undocumented students who have lived in the U.S. for five or more years graduating from high school each year.
- **7,000 – 13,000** undocumented students enrolled in college.

CASCADIAN CRIME ACROSS THE CUT

Illicit activity in one of America's most remote border regions.

Story and photos by **Kjell Redal**

Sunlight hits the American and Canadian Border Peaks on May 12, 2016. Working its way through some of the most inhospitable terrain in the lower 48, the international boundary between the countries passes over the saddle seen between the two peaks.



It's mid-May when National Park Service rangers Kevin Davis and Jordan Mammel prepare for their trip through what many climbers and mountaineers refer to as the most rugged swath of land in the lower 48. With snow only recently melted from Ross Lake's banks, the rangers are taking a boat from the dam on its southern end 23 miles north to the Hozomeen campground on the Canadian border.

Davis drives his white Chevy Tahoe, complete with National Park Service logos plastered on the doors, to the foot of the lake along curvy Highway 20. Despite the outside of the vehicle promoting a Smokey the Bear image of NPS rangers, Davis rides with an armored cage at his rear; a service pistol on his hip and a 12-gauge shotgun and M4 assault rifle at his side.

He used to interdict marijuana-grow operations in armed raids around the Yosemite area, but moved to the little town of Marblemount, Washington, outside the park for better pay and cheaper living costs. Cracking down on drug trafficking didn't stop when he moved here.

Davis and Mammel meet two border patrol agents at the floating boathouse adjoining the Ross Lake dam. As the sole backcountry ranger for the park, Mammel is ready for her solo, two-day, 32-mile trip down the east bank of Ross Lake.

She throws her large, worn Arcteryx pack over the boat railing and adjusts the pistol in her holster. The official ranger shirt and unofficial black rain pants she wears strike an unusual but pragmatic balance between law enforcement and the geography in which she must carry it out.

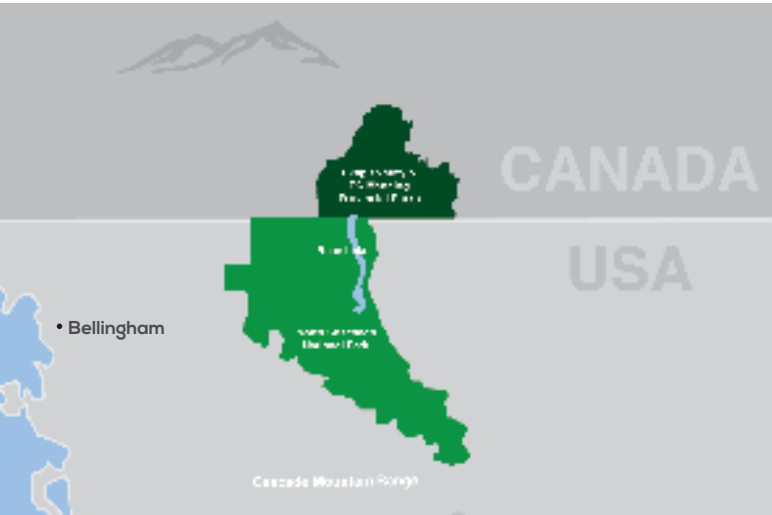
Mammel's work shifted from Stehekin to Mount Rainier National Park, then eventually to North Cascades.

The boat departs and cuts through azure glassy water as it coasts north up the lake. Jagged snow-capped peaks tower 7,000 feet above this 23-mile-long stretch of the dammed Skagit River. The entirety of it is inaccessible by road.

In 1996, a boat full of tourists saw a hypothermic man dressed in street clothes on the shore. Seeing his predicament, the tourists helped the man, pulled him into their craft and then contacted the parks service.

Rangers responded to the call, and after talking to the man they learned that he'd lost his friend after crossing from the Canadian side of the park the night before. But the rangers grew suspicious once they found his friend. Neither of them carried camping gear and no car was at the trailhead from which they claimed to have left from. The friend, Jamal Abed, was also suffering from hypothermia. He carried a Jordanian passport, a Washington State driver's license, a U.S. employment authorization document and \$600 in U.S. currency. Suspecting there was more to these men than meets the eye, the NPS contacted the border patrol, which then organized the return of the two men to Canada. Neither had a criminal record in the U.S. and, at the time, it was border patrol policy to return those whose only charge was illegal entry.

Fast forward one year, and a team of New York City police officers burst into a Brooklyn apartment, shooting two men as they attempt to detonate an explosive. They summarily arrest them, injured but alive. The leader of the two, Gazi Ibrahim Abu Mezer, is the same man the NPS rangers apprehended on the shores of Ross Lake. He was a terrorist who pledged allegiance to the militant wing of Hamas. This time he doesn't possess only street clothes, but also a 9-inch pipe bomb packed with gunpowder and nails along with



Top / map of the Canadian and United States border

Bottom / NPS ranger Jordan Mammel points border patrol agent Brooks Madden to a hillside where the clearing they stand on, demarcating the U.S.-Canada border, continues up the opposite side. The obelisk at Madden's side is number 72, with the first of them starting at the Pacific Ocean.

AGENTS AND RANGERS
RECOUNT EVERYTHING FROM
A MAN WHO CROSSED THE
BORDER IN A FULL FORMAL
BUSINESS SUIT TO AN
INDIVIDUAL HAULING A
KAYAK FULL OF MARIJUANA
UPHILL FROM THE LAKE TO
HIGHWAY 20.

various other explosives with which he plans to bomb the New York City subway system.

Abu Mezer's failed bombing attempt set off myriad investigations and allegations among law enforcement agencies as to how he was able to enter the country and how he slipped under authorities' radar since. To the federal government, it highlighted the role of Washington state's mountainous international border as a security threat to the American homeland.

The border Washington shares with Canada still has a tantalizingly gaping hole in it for anyone wanting to cross, granted they have a helicopter, plane or some outdoors know-how.

Davis talks with Mammel as they continue on the 30-minute ride up the lake. Both rangers have young kids in the area and

they chat about mutual concerns regarding the lack of schooling opportunities in the remote region.

Chatter over the boat radio interrupts them as the group moves up the lake. "We got someone over here with a respirator, it looks like. They're spraying the ground. Not sure what it's for and we might want to check it out," says a crackling voice.

It's instances like this, where something or someone looks out of place, that tip off authorities, Brooks Madden, one of the border patrol agents on the boat says. Spraying crops, moving building materials or carrying tarps and other strange items all raise red flags.

In 2008, various law enforcement agencies uncovered a large, cartel-run marijuana-growing operation on the banks of Ross Lake. The NPS destroyed 16,742 plants

holding a value of nearly \$48 million. The agents and rangers laugh about other strange occurrences they've seen as the boat nears its destination. They recount everything from a man who crossed the border in a full formal business suit to an individual hauling a kayak full of marijuana uphill from the lake to Highway 20.

Partially submerged tree stumps, left from the days before the dam was erected, greet the vessel as it arrives. Not a soul is anywhere near. A single dirt road enters the campground from Canada but stops 2 miles south of the border.

Davis approaches the borderline via this road. The line is a quite literal one; its 50-foot width cleared of trees along the 49th parallel all the way from Blaine, Washington to Lake Superior.

Though not a wall, this northern border is



Top left /Border patrol agents Deshonn Noble, left, and Brooks Madden, right, eye the banks of Ross Lake by boat on May 14, 2016 as they return from the Hozomeen Campground straddling the Canadian border. With Ross Lake serving as an aquatic thoroughfare from the international border to Highway 20, smugglers peddle drugs through this corridor using everything from their own feet to kayaks to helicopters.

Bottom left / Park service ranger Kevin Davis drinks a sweet tea while driving along Highway 20 in North Cascades National Park on May 14, 2016. Having previously broken up marijuana grows with armed raids in Yosemite, Davis now finds the cheaper living costs in Washington to be more appealing. He rides with a 12-gauge shotgun and M4 assault rifle at his side, as well as a .40-caliber pistol on his hip.

Right / A cleared stripe of land, referred to by many locals as 'the cut', demarcates the U.S.-Canada border from the Pacific Ocean to Lake Superior. "It's that obvious so that people know they're crossing," said Brooks Madden, deputy agent for the Bellingham border patrol station.

Opposite page / Park service ranger Kevin Davis walks on May 14, 2016 near the shore of Ross Lake's northern end. The Hozomeen campground, a hotbed for Canadian recreationists and drug smugglers of different varieties, lies a few hundred yards ahead of him.

unmistakable in its location. Besides the cleared slash, five-foot tall silver pointed obelisks mark its entire length.

Other than during the summer season, there are only three year-round rangers monitoring the entirety of North Cascades National Park, Davis says. The time they spend cracking down on cross-border activity only comprises a small portion of what their normal duties are.

Corey Warren, wilderness deputy ranger for the park, is in charge of monitoring some of the land's most remote reaches. Duties in those parts are also multifaceted by necessity.

"We patrol the trails for trail maintenance, permit checks, visitor assistance and law enforcement. We are thinking about all of that when we plan our patrols," Warren says.

These staffing constraints mean that the main deterrent, but also facilitator, of criminal activity in the North Cascades is the region's ruggedness.

Davis says it's difficult to stop these operations in the park's 504,781 acres without a specific sighting or tip from a recreational user.

Other rangers also suspect that there is more criminal activity in the area they aren't aware of.

"As far as grow sites, we haven't discovered one since 2008, but all of our training tells us that if there is one site there are probably more," Warren says. "We know that it happens more than we're hearing about."

This remoteness is what attracts so many climbers, mountaineers, hikers and fisherman to the area. It also presents a problem for law enforcement. Rangers try to limit their use of motorized vehicles,

especially helicopters, to maintain the feeling of solitude so many recreationists seek.

Davis says the park only uses a helicopter once or twice a year in crucial rescue situations.

Criminal organizations active in the area aren't empathetic to the ideal of nature untouched by motorized travel.

Drug cartels have flown helicopters loaded with marijuana, cocaine and firearms low in mountain valleys to avoid radar detection by authorities. Canadian and American radar waves hit high mountain peaks and bounce off them, leaving the lower areas undetectable from the air.

"Whenever I hear a helicopter or a small airplane I look up at it to see, hey is this official?" Warren says.

That doesn't mean that is how most people try to cross illegally, however. The Blaine sector of the U.S. Customs and Border Patrol, as well as NPS rangers, routinely arrest people in what they call "rescue-arrests."

The rangers say the way these occurrences typically play out is that a trafficker from the city embarks into the mountains clad in street clothes and lacking essential outdoor equipment. They get lost, injured or worse, and the NPS stages a rescue. The rangers find out that said trafficker has a backpack full of drugs and they arrest them after treating for any injuries if they've sustained them. "Folks who decide to undertake something like that aren't prepared for the weather that the North Cascades can provide," Warren says.

The border patrol erected a set of 24 camera towers in the wake of

9/11 to monitor the Canadian border from the ocean in Blaine west to the edge of the national park. Most of these cameras have long fields of vision and two agents monitor the feeds 24/7. Though the

actual border here is only a foot-deep ditch in most places and demarcated by occasional plaques, agents keep a watchful eye and apprehend illegal crossings daily.

Madden also says the border patrol maintains hidden "Buckshot" trail cameras activated by motion sensors.

"If one of those goes off I immediately get a picture that pops up on my iPhone," Madden says, "I can tell if it's a deer or not and then have someone check it out."

For agents on the ground, though, checking it out might take a while. Madden is the deputy agent at the Bellingham station and unless he or someone else is already in the area, it will take them well over two hours to get anywhere near the north end of Ross Lake from Bellingham.

The rugged, remote geography and lack of vehicle access in the North Cascades present a unique situation with regard to cross-border illicit activity. "It's a huge park and a huge wilderness," Warren says. NPS rangers and border patrol agents focus their enforcement efforts in places known for smuggling and other malicious activities, but the sheer scale and nature of the North Cascades means that everyone from climbers to terrorists can cross throughout the region.

The North Cascades' benign facade holds true for many visitors, but others that are not so welcome, like Abu Mezer, give the region a more sinister dynamic than many realize.

Campus safety: the untold story

With an increase in campus crime, is Western doing enough to provide resources for student safety?

Story by **Samantha Rogers** / Photo Illustration by **Kjell Redal**

It was 1:15 a.m. on a Friday night. She promised she would never walk home alone at night, so she told herself it was a one-time thing. She also told herself that it was a quick walk home and she would be there before she knew it.

The only noise she could hear through Western's campus was the faint laughter of friends slowly making their way home after a night downtown. She wished she were laughing about the night's events with her friends as they all made the walk home together.

Campus was dark. She began to pick up her pace as the comforting laughter disappeared completely into the distance and was replaced with the sound of footsteps behind her slowly getting louder.

A piercing scream instantly came from her mouth as a man gripped her arm. He then grabbed the phone from her hand and started to lunge for her purse. He gave up once he realized it was wrapped across her body.

By the time she turned around, he was gone. All she saw was a black silhouette running through Red Square until he disappeared.

That night, my roommate from freshman

year was paralyzed with fear. She had been warned about this very situation so many times before. This was the kind of thing she only heard about. She never thought it would happen to her.

Throughout spring quarter 2016, there have been two cases of robbery on Western's campus that have been reported. Both incidents were cases of males attacking female students.

Transgressions like this occur frequently on our campus. There have been more indecent exposure incidents during our college career than we can count. Not to mention that this past November, school was shut down because of a hate crime. Our campus is becoming increasingly more dangerous, like many college campuses across the country.

College crime is one of the most worrisome social problems that the U.S. faces today, according to the FBI. During a study the FBI conducted in 2004, the increase in college crime is particularly evident when the offender reportedly knew the victim.

Despite this, campuses are not providing enough resources for students, both prior to an act of violence and after they have witnessed a crime. College campuses have started to offer self-defense classes around

the U.S., but attendance rates are low. In 2014, there were five incidents of forcible sex offenses on Western's campus: one case of domestic violence, one case of aggravated assault, six burglaries, four incidents of simple assault, three hate crimes and two stalking incidents, according to Western's Annual Crime Statistics.

With college crime on the rise, has Western taken enough preventative measures to keep our campus safe?

Korinna Knapp, a senior psychology major, said that Western is lacking a sense of security when it comes to campus. Numerous times she has walked home from the library and didn't see one campus police officer.

"It's scary, especially as a female, being on campus late at night," Knapp says. "I either have to change my plans so I get home before dark or make sure I know someone will be able to walk me home."

As students, we shouldn't have to worry about being on campus once the sun goes down. Knapp believes that we pay enough money in tuition and fees for the campus to provide enough resources and campus police around the clock.

"Yes, Western has Green Coats that walk



around a lot, but in my opinion they're students," she says. "They care more about whether they're getting their paycheck than if students walking by themselves are safe."

Knapp is aware that Western implements safety precautions, including campus police, Public Safety Assistants and a SAFE campus phone number where students can report any campus violence or violent threat. But she is firm on her stance that more needs to be done.

Public Safety Assistants, commonly referred to as Green Coats, are students who monitor Western's campus at night. Alec Regimbal, a junior journalism major, has been working as a Public Safety Assistant for the past three years. He also says that most of the Green Coats are simply there because it's a job that's paid.

"I wouldn't say that Western does anything out of the ordinary to prevent crime," he says. "Crime in college is pretty inevitable and it's impossible to completely prevent it."

A new safety measure at Western took effect at the beginning of spring quarter, which shifted the focus onto the individual. The university began offering a self-defense class for students through the Extended Education program.

Prior to this, the class was only offered to faculty and staff members, but became available to students due to the expansion of the Faculty and Staff Wellness Program.

Nicole Ratcliffe, a sophomore human services and Spanish major, attended the class to learn how to defend herself. She is spending this summer volunteering at an orphanage in Guatemala and promised her parents that she would take the class.

“IT’S SCARY, ESPECIALLY AS A FEMALE, BEING ON CAMPUS LATE AT NIGHT.”
- KORINNA KNAPP

Ratcliffe was shocked that this is the first quarter the self-defense class is being offered. She heard about the class from friend, but didn't know why there weren't more advertisements that encouraged students to attend.

The class is led by Rob Eis who has been teaching martial arts and self-defense for the last 25 years. He focuses on a person's overall fitness ability, as well as special moves used as protection. The session costs \$35, which includes 10 classes each Friday of the quarter.

The class was divided when it came to their overall approach to the class. Nine female students and one male student attended the hour-long class. A few participants were focused on every word Eis was saying and the moves he was teaching, but the rest of the class met his direction with laughter when they were asked to have a firm hold on their partner. A campus tour came by the Wade King Recreation Center, which brought the attention of almost every participant away from Eis and his class.

Just like that, the class was finished and the students filed out of the rec center, went back to their classes and began discussing their plans for the evening ahead.

Self-defense and campus safety protocol has become a serious issue in the past few years. Has the system been successful or has our campus failed us when it comes to our safety? What if there would had campus police or Green Coats monitoring the campus the night my roommate was walking alone? What if she had been able to take a self-defense class at Western her freshman year?

Would her story be different?

I think so.

BEEKEEPING IS NO LONGER ABOUT HONEY, BUT THE INTERDEPENDENCE BETWEEN HUMANS, HONEYBEES AND SURVIVAL

STORY AND PHOTOS BY KYRA BRUCE

KEEPING THE BUZZ ALIVE

Hundreds of honeybees flow like water into a clear, wide-mouthed canning jar. They are mixed with a dollop of powdered sugar and sealed off with a screen.

Rolling the jar in his hands, tumbling the bees, a man with a well-kept graying beard and glasses peaks through a mask of white mesh. Firmly, but gently, he shakes the jar upside-down, letting sugar rain on a plastic board. When he’s finished, he spritzes it with water.

In his baggy suit, hunched over a board coated in wet, powdered sugar, 12-season beekeeping veteran Michael Jaross counts tiny, reddish-brown dots interspersed in the semi-opaque mixture. This powdered sugar roll gives Jaross an almost-lab-quality estimate of the number of minuscule, crab-looking mites living in a hive.

It is commonly said that a third of everything that shows up on your table is due to pollination by honeybees. Bees and humans depend on one another to stay alive. For beekeepers, the beaming warmth and budding flowers, brings the buzz of life back to the hives, but it also comes with life and death challenges that demand a close eye on honeybees. It is about controlling mite populations and preventing colony loss through swarming in an effort to maintain honeybees’ health and keep them alive through the season.

Spring Time

The warmth of the early afternoon sun beats down on stacks of brightly colored boxes nestled in the back of the Outback Farm in Bellingham, Washington. There, tens of thousands of honeybees are emerging from their hives. Resting atop their hives and basking in the sun, these tiny, unassuming insects warm their bodies and

prepare their muscles for flight.

They are not the fat, aggressive, yellow and black insects that come to mind when you think of a bee. They are *Apis mellifera carnica* – Carniolan honeybees. Their slim, muted-brown bodies are armored and fuzzy. Their abdomen is striped with light and dark, dusty brown. Their wings are delicate and strong.

In the heat of late spring, when the honeybee population is at its peak and they have confidence in their resources, the bees will work for the entirety of their six-to-eight-week lives. Workers, brood, resources and a queen will leave the hive in an attempt to relocate and reproduce. Carniolan honeybees in particular are prone to swarming, but this is the first time in Pacific Northwest history that honeybees have swarmed as early as March.

“A few of our hives are in swarm control,” Jaross says.

Two stacked boxes containing a queen and worker honeybees sit with a thick “queen divider” screen resting on top. The hive has been separated and divided to prevent the colony from swarming. The top portion contains workers and most of the brood, but lacks the all-important queen who is confined to the bottom box.

The honeybees’ instincts tell them to swarm. They live to provide for the next generation of the hive, but if they swarm, they will not survive long on their own at the hands of the Verroa Destructor Mite. If left untreated, this uninvited guest will kill a colony in one to two years.

Top left / A small amount of smoke is pumped into a beehive before opening the hive. Beekeepers often use smokers when working with honeybees because the smoke acts as a narcotic for the bees, making them more docile and easy to work with.



Top right / Jaross holds up a cage used to separate the queen bee from the rest of the honeybees in commercial packages of bees ordered from breeders. He explains how the queens included in packaged bees need to be introduced to the colony before they can be released from their cage.



For Jaross, an ideal count of Verroa Mites in a hive would be 10 or fewer. His most recent powdered sugar roll revealed a count of 40 to 50 mites at best and over 100 at worst.

“It was the Mite Apocalypse!” Jaross says. He had never seen such high mite populations this early in the year. Usually, it is with the heat of late summer, after the honey season, that Verroa Mite populations soar.

“But that’s climate change for you,” Jaross says with a half joking smile.

The Verroa Destructor

In the last 30 years, new parasites and pathogens have been introduced to honeybee populations around the world due to the boom of global trade. Rapid movement of goods around the world moved diseases and parasites the to U.S. where honeybees lacked any sort of immunity.

The Verroa Mite migrated from Asia and appeared in Europe in the

Bottom left / Jaross briefs workshop attendees on the work they will be doing on a hive in swarm control during one of their bi-weekly beekeeping workshops.



Bottom right / Workshop attendees examine a frame looking for a new queen honeybee in a colony in swarm control. The presence of a new queen will determine whether or not the colony can be completely divided into two separate colonies.



1980s before it found its way to Whatcom County in 1987.

When a honeybee queen lays her eggs in a hive’s honeycomb, worker bees will provide the larvae with food before capping off the cell and leaving the baby honeybees to mature. But, the female Verroa Mite can dart inside and lay her own eggs just before the cell is sealed.

There, in the honeycomb cell, the mites reproduce incestuously, living off the larvae and pupa’s hemolymph, the equivalent of blood in insects. When the matured bee finally chews its way out of the cell, the new Verroa Mites burst forth and the vicious cycle of devastation continues and grows.

Continuous exposure to the mites leads to Varroosis, a widespread contraction of viruses that will ultimately kill an entire colony. Verroa mites infect the honeybees with different viruses as they feed on them and puncture their exoskeletons. Most, if not all of the time, bees do not have any resistance to these viruses and have little hope of surviving in the wild without the help of beekeepers.



Emily Williams holds out a frame coated in honeycomb and honeybees from one of the Langstroth beehives in the Outback Farm in Bellingham, Wash.

“Many people just quit beekeeping because it was almost impossible to keep bees alive,” Jaross says.

Constant Maintenance

A thin, 5-inch strip of plastic is wedged between two sticky, wooden frames that are coated in hexagon upon hexagon of yellow-brown wax. The strip dangles in the depths of the hive from a single toothpick resting on the frames.

“MANY PEOPLE JUST QUIT BEEKEEPING BECAUSE IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP BEES ALIVE.”
-MICHAEL JAROSS

Busy worker bees go about their daily chores, moving in and out of the hive along the frames. The honeybees work, paying no mind to the intrusive strip of plastic hanging in their home. They appear as one fluid layer of brown, fuzz and wings on the surface of the frame.

Little do they know, this strip of plastic, coated in a miticide called Amitraz will sit in the hive for 42 days, slowly killing the intrusive Varroa Mite.

“A lot of beekeeping today, although beautiful, is working together with another completely alien species,” Jaross says. “Beekeeping actually becomes mite-keeping and mite control at one point.”

This is the first time Jaross has felt the need to use a chemical to combat mite populations in his hives. Unlike large-scale beekeepers, Jaross has the ability to keep in touch with his hives and constantly monitor their development. He visits the hives four to five times each week and treats and maintains the honeybees based on what each colony needs.

“It’s more disruptive, which leads to less [honey] production,” Jaross says, explaining how his hands-on methods compare to commercial beekeeping. “There is a limit to how much care commercial beekeepers can lavish on [their] livestock without going out of business.”

Jaross practices Integrated Pest Management (IPM), a method that requires him to open the beehives often, closely monitor them for mites and

diseases and use the least powerful but effective treatment. It’s invasive. It’s time consuming. And after the appearance of the Varroa Mite, IPM became infinitely more labor-intensive.

“I am willing to sacrifice some honey production and perhaps bee production in order to have living colonies,” Jaross says. It is an easy compromise to make when his honeybees have a 90 to 100 percent survival rate each year compared to the 56 percent national average.

Turning Back Time

Jaross uses a metal tool to prod through the frames of a hive. He inserts the flat end of the tool between two frames and wiggles it to move any honeybees out of his way. Then he inches the frame away from the others, fighting the sticky brown propolis that glues each frame to the hive, sealing off any cracks and crevices.

This hive was divided and the honeybees were separated from their queen a few weeks earlier to prevent them from swarming. Now, the bees have had over three weeks to make a new queen and have all the resources of a small colony.

Jaross pulls frames out of the hive, one by one, in search of the new queen. Protective worker bees surround her on one of the inner frames. It is time to create a new colony.

A box filled with new frames sits on the ground. Jaross pulls frames out from the new box and replaces them with some of the honeycomb-coated frames from the old hive. These new frames will lay the foundation for honeycomb while the old frames move honey, brood and the scent of home to the new hive.

Jaross sets the honeybees’ timeline back to where they were in January as he divides the hive. The new colony will have time to build its population and resources in time to survive the winter, but will not have the excess resources to swarm as summer approaches.

As temperatures rise, Jaross will continue to visit his hives. “It’s hoped that honeybees will eventually evolve some means to coexist with mites. But, as you know, evolution can be painfully slow,” Jaross says.

Until then, Jaross will monitor Varroa Mite populations, divide and treat the hives as necessary to keep his bees happy and healthy.



HIDDEN BY THE INDUSTRY

Amber Walker shares her story of perserverance after being trafficked for commercial sex

Story and photos by Sarah Climaco



Amber works as a survivor leader for trafficking victims throughout King county, by speaking publicly about her experiences.

Editor's note: The name of the officer who was the head of the previous prostitution and trafficking unit of the Bellingham Police Department is to remain anonymous.

Choice is something that many take for granted, until it is taken away. For most of us, choice is present in the every day actions that we make. But the ability to choose has been forcefully removed from millions of people through human trafficking.

They had no choice when faced with inhumane working conditions. They had no choice when others took advantage of them for their bodies. They had no choice when their pimps forced them to walk the street. They believed that they had no choice for any life other than this life.

This was the reality for 34-year-old Amber Walker from Seattle, Washington, who chose to leave a life of exploitation three years ago. She endured years of physical and mental abuse as she was trafficked for commercial sex. Walker lived a life of poverty, human trafficking and homelessness. She is brave enough to talk about it. Her life experiences drove her to speak publicly about the cycles of poverty and then to speak candidly about being trafficked.

“This is what I am passionate about. To

promote local stories that discuss local issues,” Walker says. “People should want to stand with local survivors, to help bring understanding to the severity of this issue.”

Today's slavery isn't defined by skin color, it is more complex and far less visible. It has moved from plantations to sophisticated, underground criminal operations. The Trafficking Victims Protection Act of 2000 defines human trafficking as using force, coercion or fraud to control someone for the purpose of exploitation. Trafficking takes on many shapes including sex work, agriculture and domestic labor. It is hard to detect and track down because traffickers diligently keep their work and victims on the move to avoid discovery.

“PEOPLE SHOULD WANT TO STAND WITH LOCAL SURVIVORS, TO HELP BRING UNDERSTANDING TO THE SEVERITY OF THIS ISSUE.”
- AMBER WALKER

The exploitation of human trafficking goes beyond just sex work. When victims are recruited to work in areas they are unfamiliar with, under conditions that they didn't agree to, because of a contract which they could

not read or understand, that is trafficking. This form of organized crime is the second most profitable and the fastest growing criminal industry, according to the Bureau of Justice Assistance U.S. Department of Justice. Washington state is a prime location for trafficking because of the many empty rural areas, various accessible ports, the international border with Canada and the pressing need for agriculture work.

AMBER'S LEGACY – MORE THAN A SURVIVOR

She is an artist, a writer and a survivor of the commercial sex industry. She utilizes the power of storytelling to embrace the human experience and to generate local awareness about human trafficking. As a writer, she used her work as a way to distract herself from the realities she faced. Her tenacious drive to use her writing as a way to heal may have unknowingly saved her life.

When Walker was only 13 her parental figure died from an overdose, leaving her homeless in Seattle and vulnerable to trafficking. She spent years in “the life,” a commonly used euphemism for prostitution. She was sold multiple times for sex and forced to comply with buyers' fantasies.

In October of 2012, Walker made a choice.

She would not longer be exploited against her will by the men in her life. She was in a van driven by a partner of her boyfriend who was trafficking her at the time. She demanded that the driver of the van pull over and let her out. When the driver complied and came to a stop, Walker ran for her life. She had been sold for the last time, for \$50,000.

After she exited “the life,” she sought out assistance from a faith-based program in Bellingham, Washington. She was the first graduate of their program, after two years. Today she does not affiliate with the organization, but actively works with organizations throughout Seattle.

She now works at First Aid Arts, where she is a creative consultant and a member of the advisory board. First Aid Arts is an organization based out of Seattle, which is dedicated to using art as a tool to promote healing. She uses writing as a form of creative expression and it helped her overcome trauma throughout her life.

Writing has been her lifeline since she was young. Walker works in all of these styles. She uses her talented storytelling to shed light on local poverty, human trafficking and other societal issues. Writing gives Amber an identity other than her bad memories and experiences. Through writing and art, she can promote local awareness and walk along other survivors.

THE PNW PROBLEM

“Seattle is very progressive in anti-trafficking efforts,” Walker says. She has worked with First Aid Arts for the past year and she uses her art to speak beyond her experiences. She is proud to be affiliated with various organizations throughout King County which address trafficking through a wide variety of solutions.

As Washington’s largest city, Seattle provides a snapshot look at the issue of human trafficking in the region. There were an estimated 1,500 cases in 2007 that dealt with underage prostitution. In a 2007 study, Debra Boyer reported that 82 juveniles were arrested for offering and agreeing to prostitution in Seattle. Their average age was 13 and 14.

“We have issues in the Northwest that allow people to be exploited wherever they are,” Robert Beiser, Executive Director of Seattle against Slavery says. “When you bring them all together, since we have a very diverse region that has people from all over the world living in the Northwest, you have a recipe for people who may be exploited.”

Human trafficking is a global demon that wears many faces. Pimps, institutions and loved ones prey on victims in moments of weakness to force them into sex work, agriculture, construction or other forms of domestic work. The public often overlooks instances of trafficking because it doesn’t look the way they expect slavery to.

Sex workers walk in the shadows of the night, meticulously transported by traffickers, pimps and “boyfriends.” The agriculture workers maintain fields and crops that the public wants but no one is willing to tend.

The nail salon technicians cater to those too unaware to ask for their Washington state certifications. All of these victims operate for long hours, under dangerous conditions with no access to their income.

Bellingham also has cases of trafficking and commercial sex exploitation. It doesn’t look the same as Seattle, there’s no “track” known for sex work like Aurora, but it is present even if it is hard to see.

“What we started noticing, mainly up on Samish Way, is that we were constantly coming in contact with ladies that were suspected prostitutes,” a head of the previous prostitution and trafficking unit of the Bellingham Police Department says.

After these observations, he took his concerns to his supervisor and asked to create a trafficking unit. He and another officer attended trainings that educated them on the latest tactics and strategies to combat trafficking.

Local officers in Seattle and Bellingham are the boots on the ground who interact with the victims and perpetrators. The Seattle police department trains their officers to identify victims of trafficking by looking deeper at surface level crimes. The department is learning to differentiate between victims and perpetrators by changing the frame which they view a crime through.

“Women, girls and boys are being looked at as victims now rather than criminals,” Bellingham officer says. “This is a huge change in mindset, for us police.”

Nationally, officers are going through training that helps them be able to identify victims, who were once criminalized, by recognizing that they are often coerced into their illegal actions. The officers’ training reflects a victim-centered approach, which allows the officers to have conversations with survivors and observe behavioral red flags.

Robert Beiser, with Seattle against Slavery, says that slavery is fueled by the distance between the ability to access necessities. “We have a gap between people who have the money to take care of themselves and find housing, and those who don’t [in the Northwest],” Beiser says. When people spend money without considering the source they are perpetuating the struggles of the vulnerable who are trying to make it day-to-day.

Human trafficking is a global issue that is happening locally, throughout the various regions in Washington. The problem is real, and it takes the shape of women like Walker who believe they have no choice in life. There are officers, agencies and individuals throughout Bellingham dedicated to ending modern day slavery but traffickers are constantly adapting to stay two steps ahead. For the general public the solution goes beyond simply being aware. We must be alert and observant in all situations.

Anyone can be trafficked and exploited.



Amber Walker uses writing as a creative and healing tool, to cope with the trauma of being trafficked.

F R E Q U E N T F L O A T E R

Floatation therapy offers a deep meditative state and physical healing

Story by Nick Belcaster

Photos by Beatrice Harper

A white womb emanating a soft purple glow takes up the majority of the room. Bobbing like a cork, I lay back in an Epsom salt bath. There is no sound, save for a heartbeat. There is no light. Even touch is fading now. I may have been puzzled by the term “sensory deprivation” at first, but now it’s really got a hold.

A trendy method that could interest those who meditate or receive holistic healing, sensory deprivation or “floatation therapy” has been building steam across North America since the 1980s. Focused on limiting the stimuli the brain receives, the goal is clear: relax as deeply as possible.

At any float studio across the country the ritual is fairly similar. I’m instructed to begin with a cool shower to clean the body, then enter the tank nude and pull the door closed. The tanks themselves can vary slightly from model to model, but this one allows for a full fingertips-to-toes stretch. The lights tilt out and there’s nothing more to do now other than relax. I’m not sure what I’m expecting to get out of this.

As owner of Afloat Float Studio in Bellingham, Washington Dan Martin most often sees two types of people walk through his door: those who are looking for physical pain relief, and those who are looking for mental tranquility. With a masters degreeW in Psychology and an interest in consciousness, it’s easy to say that Martin’s got floating on the brain.

Martin’s interest in meditation and mindfulness, a mental state that directs focus on only the present moment, first led him to floating, but eventually to offer use of the float tank to the general public. Martin says that many may ask themselves, “what does floating in a

dark bathtub have to do with mindfulness?”

There is a state of physical calm, Martin says, that can allow people to achieve mindfulness. Flotation therapy is one avenue into this calm, stripping away most of the sensory input to the brain and allowing it to focus much more deeply.

Originally known as isolation tanks, the devices were pioneered in 1954 by American psychoanalyst and neuroscientist John C. Lilly, in order to test the effects of sensory deprivation. Today these tanks can vary widely, but all adhere to these main requirements: a sound and lightproof tank, which is filled with body temperature salt water to increase buoyancy.

Preparation of the tank is no small feat. Whereas an Epsom salt bath in your home might use two pounds of the floatation aid, most float tanks use upwards of 800 pounds. Martin’s tank utilizes a multi-step filtration system with ultraviolet light to entirely cleanse the solution between clients.

Back in the tank, the power of floatation therapy is really starting to show itself.

Because the water is kept at 93.5 degrees, body temperature, it’s getting harder to differentiate between my body and the water. The position of limbs isn’t really registered and the feeling could just as well be floating on air.

And it isn’t only physical. Behind my eyelids, golden ripples are shimmering back and forth, like being suspended beneath a pool



David Pangborn, graduating from Western with his Masters degree in music composition, floats serenely in a deprivation tank at Still Life, in Bellingham.



of water, someone dragging their fingertips across its surface. It may only be 30 minutes into an hour-long session, but time doesn't mean much anymore.

Martin, of course, has an answer for this. Within your brain is a portion known as the reticular activating system, or RAS, which upon becoming inactive the brain ceases to sense incoming sensory stimuli. From here it's like an echo chamber, and some people can experience visualizations. This is where the common phrase "sensory deprivation tank" comes from, though Martin corrects this by calling it sensory attenuation – you can't entirely cut off your senses in the tank.

Although Martin can recall his most profound float – a five-hour marathon that was highlighted by visuals and a stripping of the self – he finds that his overall time floating has built up a much more deep understanding of himself.

"I think the tank can be more profound than just one-time experiences," Martin says. "I hold [the tank] responsible for showing me these new states of mindfulness."

Many chiropractors, massage therapists and acupuncturists in town recommend their clients to Martin, and across town one massage therapist has brought the therapy

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directly under her practice.

Shannon and Tim Fuller are owners of Still Life Massage and Float; they decided to bring float tanks into the business after

hearing about the practice from a friend and experiencing it first hand. Shannon's introduction to floating was the first time where she felt her brain could just turn off—not an easy task for someone who says her mind is always racing. A profound click occurred, and the therapy became something she could see integrating into her existing massage practice.

Tim was not so easily convinced.

"I was the guy who was so skeptical about this," Tim says. "I actually brought a book thinking there is no way I could lay in water

for an hour, I'll probably last 20 minutes and come out."

Tim didn't end up needing that book. His first float left him amazed with the experience and fully convinced of the therapy's potential. The pair purchased two pod-style float tanks a year and a half ago – the same pod I'm currently suspended in – and have been helping many float since then.

Because Still Life began as primarily offering massage, the duo focus heavily on the body benefit flotation therapy can provide. The weightlessness provided by the tanks allows the body to loosen up, Tim says, and in the time been offering the service, many have been attracted to the combination of therapies.

"The kinds of people that are curious about it come from all spectrums," Shannon says. "There is no age group we found to be more interested."

Tim tells the story of his favorite client: an older man who spent his life as a bull rider and football coach suffering from back pain, but because of his age, surgery was out of the question. After trying float therapy, Tim says the man was able to walk out of the center without the cane he came in on, saying "I don't have the vocabulary in me to tell you how good I feel right now."

It may be difficult to put a price on ultimate relaxation, but it seems most float centers agree on roughly the dollar-per-minute figure. One hour is the average commercial length, though Tim says that some centers around the country are experimenting with the floatation long haul: 2-hour- and up to 24-hour-long sessions.

As an hour comes to a close, soft music begins to play in the tank, signaling that the journey is over. A shower to rinse the salt off, towels to dry, everything is set out to ensure a gradual re-entry into the world.

In a gentle euphoria, I sit in a chair set out specifically for reflection. The window view looks out over the harbor, with hundreds of boats, gently bobbing in the wake.

Opposite Page / Pangborn has floated regularly since Still Life was first opened, finding the floating to completely relax his mind and body. "The evening following the float is the most relaxed feeling (both physically and mentally) that I've ever felt," he says.

Above Left / Oversized bags of salt line the hallway at Still Life – a reminder that 1,200 pounds of salt go into each float tank. Epsom salt contains very high amounts of magnesium sulfate. This greatly boosts the levels of serotonin in the body, resulting in a calm mind and relaxed state of being.

Above Right / Pangborn sits and sips tea in the morning sunshine after his float session, overlooking the sailboats as they pass by in Sausalito Harbor. This room is a quiet, ambient space used to reflect on the experiences gained in the floatation tank.

SUPPRESSED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Story by **Monea Kerr** and photos by **Jake Tull**

As a descendent of the S’Klallam Tribe, I reconnect
to my Native roots



The K-12 Lummi Nation School is one of eight tribal schools of the 29 federally recognized tribes in Washington.

I never identified the Native American aspect of my culture as something to be proud of.

Growing up as a multi-racial girl with a Native American mom who sports blonde hair and blue eyes, you could say I was a bit confused. I knew that I was a blend of black, white and Native American, but felt like I was always confined to the box titled “other.”

I am a descendent of the Jamestown S’Klallam Tribe that once prospered along the entirety of the Olympic Peninsula but now resides in Sequim, Washington. The word S’Klallam means “the strong people.”

I grew up in Mountlake Terrace, Washington, in the suburbs of Seattle. We would spend weekends in Sequim at what my family called the beach house: a bright yellow two-bedroom trailer with great character and a killer view of the ocean.

My cousins and I would venture along the shore, playing on the logs that washed up each night. I loved playing on the beach, but never imagined what it looked like 50 years ago.

Jamestown Road shares the shore with the Pacific Ocean. During World War II, the native residents along this stretch of land lived in fear of enemy ships and submarines. My ancestors fought for their land and they are the reason I can play on the beach to this day.

My favorite time of year as a child was during the summer when the tribe would hold a picnic with an all you could eat smorgasbord of oysters, clams and salmon. I never thought about the generations of practices and tradition which brought the seafood to my plate.

Now a decade and a half later I sit on the same beach, watching the seaweed-filled water as it crashes onto the rocky shore. My confusion has turned to curiosity. I wonder what it was about my heritage that made me set it aside like a paper I didn’t want to write for nearly my whole life.

It never dawned on me that maybe I didn’t know about my culture because I wasn’t taught about it. That maybe it never crossed my

mind because my people were never mentioned in the textbooks that I was required to read.

The victors glorified in American history were all white, my teachers were white and people in the media were white. How does a mixed girl navigate in this world?

My grandmother told me a story recently that sent a shock through my whole being. My great-great grandpa, the one who possesses my Native roots, married his wife because she was white. He wanted the generations after him to look less Native and move through society with more ease. Now I understand why my mother’s side has skin that is such a contrasting color to my own.

“ I WONDER WHAT IT WAS ABOUT MY
HERITAGE THAT MADE ME SET IT ASIDE
LIKE A PAPER I DIDN’T WANT TO WRITE
FOR NEARLY MY WHOLE LIFE ”

The mixing of ethnicities to create a “whiter” family was a prominent idea in the 30s. Native attributes were pushed as far away as possible to make life easier for future generations.

I didn’t realize how the teaching of Native cultures would work in a school environment until I had my first day working at Lummi Nation School. Of the 29 federally recognized tribes in Washington, eight have tribal schools. Lummi Nation K-12 on the Lummi Nation Reservation is one of them.

I was first introduced to Lummi Nation School through my position as a lead mentor for Western’s Compass 2 Campus program. Compass 2 Campus is a pilot initiative, which trains university students to be mentors for youth in the surrounding elementary, middle and high schools.

As a freshman at Western I never learned that the university resides on what was once Lummi land. Right across Bellingham Bay is the Lummi Nation Reservation, marginalized to just a fraction of the

ONLINE EXCLUSIVES

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Pure Bliss

Andi Vann, owner of Pure Bliss Desserts, shows her passion for the art of baking. She opened her business in 2008 and bakes with natural and organic ingredients. By Lauren Prater & Genevieve Carrillo.



Turf risk

Bellingham School District plans to install crumb rubber turf fields in its high schools. This decision can pose health and environmental risks to all who use the fields. By Kyra Bruce & Daisey James.



For the love of hip-hop

Highlighting the diversity of the current hip-hop scene in Seattle. By Sarah Climaco.



Behind the Uniform

A day in the life of a firefighter and what it takes to serve the community. By Kyra Bruce.

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VOLUME 46 / ISSUE 4