



## “WHERE WILL YOU STAY TONIGHT?”

See *America First, If You Can*.

—Ernest Dunbar, *Look* senior editor, 1968

**Every year**, after school let out, my parents took my brother and me on vacation. Often that meant going south to visit my grandmother, but they thought other destinations could be enriching, too. Besides Niagara Falls (on the Canadian side), there were trips to Toronto, Gettysburg, Philadelphia, and Washington, DC. In 1967, my father decided that we needed to experience air travel, so he booked a trip on Air Canada to Expo 67 in Montreal, and we flew for the first time. During the relatively short flight, which departed from Newark, we were even served a hot meal. My father, a dedicated amateur photographer, took home movies as we rode the Expo monorail. My parents liked Canada. They felt comfortable there.

A few times, our summer vacation consisted of a camping trip. We loaded our Ford station wagon with coolers, sleeping bags, and a camp stove and drove to one of the New Jersey state forests—Jenny Jump Forest was a particular favorite. My parents found comfort in the regular patrols in the state forests, and my father always made friends with the park police. You parked your car right at the campsite and walked a short distance to hike well-traveled trails or go to a swimming hole. Like many African American families, we were not going to walk alone into the wilderness, fearing encounters with dangerous folks. Although some black families chose to visit the national parks, they held little interest for my parents. The idea of hiking without protection of any kind brought to mind white lawlessness and even lynchings. We had no fear of the four-legged animals; it was the two-legged variety that were

“Freedom is never  
voluntarily given  
by the  
oppressor...”

