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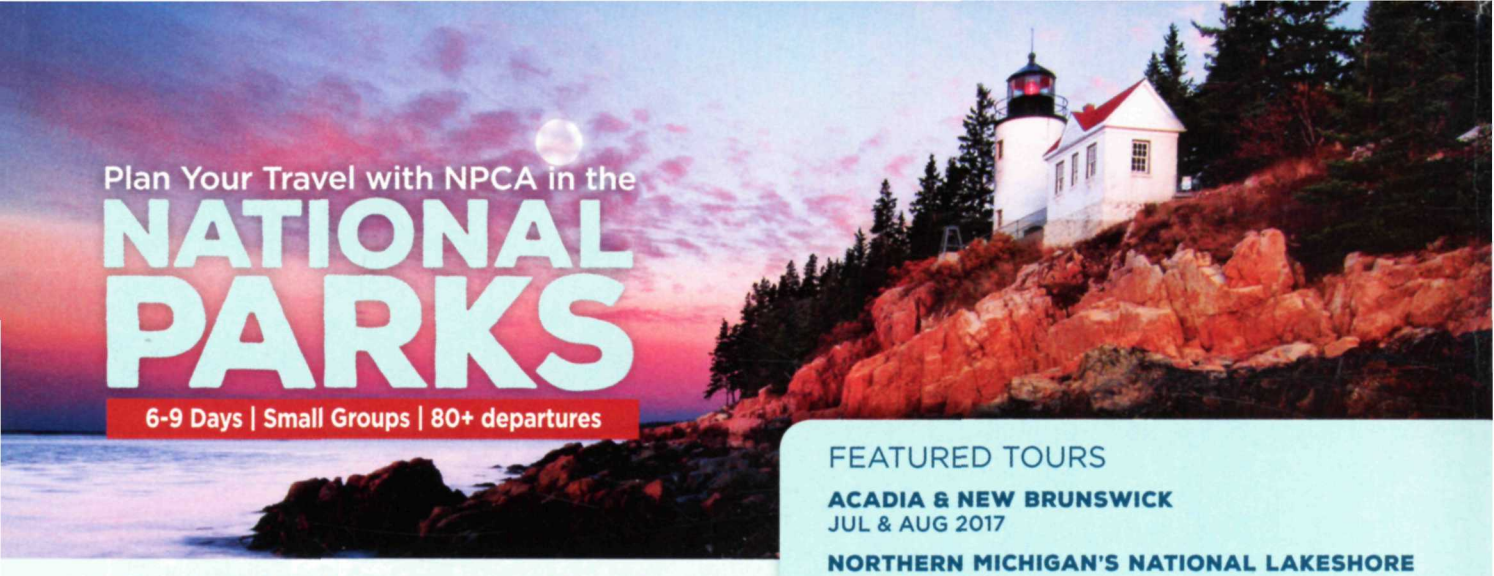

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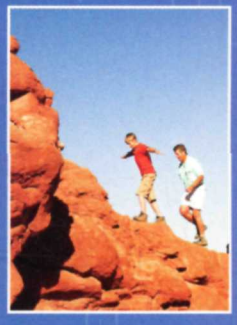

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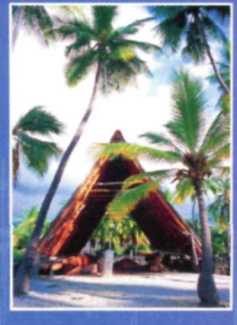

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Surfing at Rockaway Beach.
© MICHAEL FALCO

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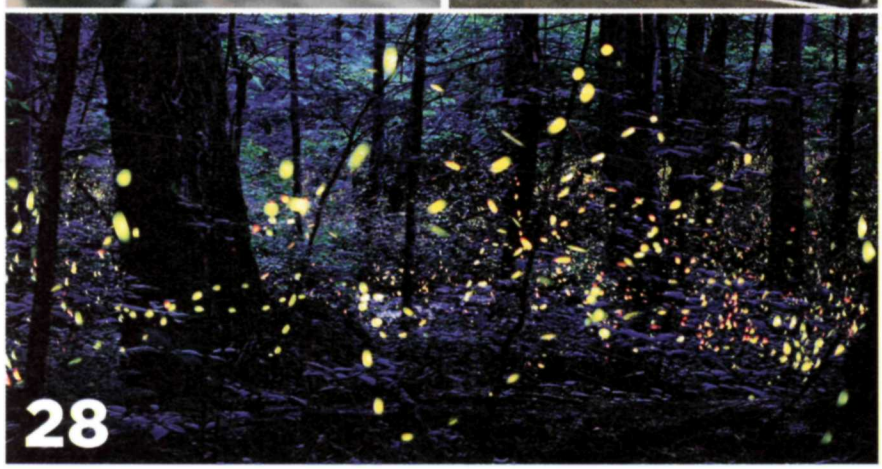

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History Lessons

This is the last issue of the National Park Service's centennial year, and what a year it's been. Record numbers of visitors were welcomed to more than 400 park sites across the country, and people have reignited their passion for these special places. We celebrated the creation of several new parks including Belmont-Paul Women's Equality National Monument in Washington, D.C., which honors suffragist Alice Paul and the fight for voting rights, and Stonewall National Monument in New York, the only site in the park system focused on LGBT history. (See p. 21.)

It's vital that, as our nation grows and evolves, our national parks grow and evolve with it. To understand who we are as a nation, we not only have to look ahead and set our sights on the future, but we also must look back and reflect on our past.

Manzanar National Historic Site was established in 1992. The incarceration camp that once stood there was one of 10 such camps where more than 120,000 Japanese-Americans and Japanese residents were imprisoned shortly after the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. It was a dark time in American history, but one that should continue to be recounted so we can learn, grow and heal from it.

That is exactly what those who were incarcerated in the camps do each spring when they and their descendants and supporters travel to Manzanar to remember. In recent years, they have been joined by Muslim students and other young activists who hear echoes from that era in the current discourse and want us to take lessons from our past. (See p. 48.)

These stories aren't always easy to hear, but perhaps they are the stories we need to hear most. This history is part of what makes our parks so powerful. And it's yet another reason why we must protect our parks for the next century.

With advocates like you, I know that, together, we will be up for the challenge.

Warm regards,
Theresa Pierno

Editor's Note

AUTHOR, environmentalist and activist Terry Tempest Williams.

Breathing Spaces

Even among the many fascinating books that have streamed into our office during the Park Service's centennial year, Terry Tempest Williams' latest work, "The Hour of Land: A Personal Topography of America's National Parks," immediately stood out.

Many of you already know of Williams: A passionate conservationist and graceful writer, she often appears on "most influential" lists next to the likes of Henry David Thoreau, Peter Matthiessen and Edward Abbey. Her new book, a collection of essays about 12 parks, takes readers on a cross-country journey from the battlefields of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to the Gates of the Arctic in Alaska. She has said that she set out to write a joyful book, but it didn't quite work out that way. "I wanted it to be a lyrical, beautiful portrait of our national parks," she told one interviewer, but she quickly realized that "lyricism wasn't enough."

We understand all too well here that if you are writing honestly about land, boundaries, history, people, politics, geography and science — as she is — you have to write about the scars and struggles. But if, in places, the book's themes are dark, Williams' exuberance and hope still shine through. Parks, she writes, are "portals and thresholds of wonder" and "breathing spaces for a society that increasingly holds its breath."

We are very pleased to be running an excerpt from the book in this issue. (See p. 30.) And we are very happy to have Williams on our side, thinking deeply about parks and putting her love of nature into words in her inimitable way: "Wilderness is not my leisure or my recreation," she writes. "It is my sanity."

Rona Marech
NPMAG@NPCA.ORG

NationalParks

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Established in 1919, the National Parks Conservation Association is America's only private, nonprofit advocacy organization dedicated solely to protecting, preserving and enhancing the U.S. National Park System.

WHAT WE DO
NPCA protects and enhances America's national parks for present and future generations by identifying problems and generating support to resolve them.

EDITORIAL MISSION
National Parks magazine fosters an appreciation of the natural and historic treasures found in the parks, educates readers about the need to preserve those resources, and illustrates how member contributions drive our organization's park-protection efforts. The magazine uses the power of imagery and language to forge a lasting bond between NPCA and its members, while inspiring new readers to join the cause. National Parks magazine is among a member's chief benefits. Of the $25 membership dues, $6 covers a one-year subscription to the magazine.

MAKE A DIFFERENCE
Members can help defend America's natural and cultural heritage. Activists alert Congress and the administration to park threats; comment on park planning and adjacent land-use decisions; assist NPCA in developing partnerships; and educate the public and the media. Please sign up to receive Park Notes, our monthly e-mail newsletter. Go to npca.org to sign up.

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HIKING MEMORY LANE

Reading the submissions to "Your Park Stories" in the summer issue brought back so many memorable images of the many years and many visits to national parks that I've made with my husband, our four children, our six grandchildren and a special couple we call our "hiking buddies." I could have read an entire magazine about the inspiration and experiences that the parks have provided so many lucky folks. I would love to see "Your Park Stories" as a continuing feature in each issue. The article led me to write down some of my own memories. I hope the park stories will motivate others to take advantage of the great opportunities at our national parks.

SALLY WILKINSON
Hellertown, PA

KEEP THE STORIES COMING

I loved the summer issue! From "Your Park Stories" to "Cosmic Vibes Abound" to "Founding Mother" — all were superb articles.

My husband and I plan to return to Joshua Tree as it is one of our favorites. Can't wait to go back and take your magazine with us as our guide.

But I am kicking myself that I have not written my own park story about my dear mother's adventures up until she passed away at 93 in 2012. She loved the national parks. And at each park, she faithfully had her national park passport stamped. She was a native Texan through and through, so her favorite park was Big Bend, of course.

Now I'm fixing to look through pictures and submit my mother's story.

KAYE LINDSEY
Utopia, TX

We were delighted to see that you sent in your story and a photo of your mother at Petrified Forest! Thank you. And thanks to all our readers who were inspired to submit their own park stories after the article appeared. You can continue to contribute at any time at www.myparkstory.org.

-Editors

LETTING THE RIVER RUN

I very much enjoyed the summer issue of National Parks, in particular the wonderful article by Rona Marech about her four perfect days in Olympic National Park ["Sunny Days"]. In 2010, I enjoyed a spectacular walking trip in Olympic with Country Walkers. I can't say our weather was quite as good, but I vividly remember the three ecosystems, especially the green, moist and lush hairiness of the Hoh Rainforest. Toward the end of the trip, we visited the Elwha River to see the beginning of the end of the first dam. We were all given buttons saying "Last Dam Summer," and since then, I've followed reports of the progress of the project with great interest. Marech's account confirmed the success I've read about and added that beautiful detail about the new beach created by the free-running river. Wow! Thank you so much for an article that made my day.

JUDY OLMER
Cabin John, MD

COMMA WARS

I read the Editor's Note about the magazine's decision to use the AP Stylebook over the Chicago Manual of Style and got a good laugh. Oh, the debates that have raged over the comma-no comma issue. At the library where I work as the communications manager, our librarians always put it in, and I always take it out, explaining that we follow AP style. They, meanwhile, are hanging on to what they learned in high school English. You should have heard the discussion when the Associated Press decided not to capi-

talize internet or web any longer!

Those of us who love the intricacies of grammar and language are fascinated by all the nuances that we know others don't understand. I've brought entire conversations to a halt explaining archaic punctuation marks and why they are so cool.

And you're right, 99 percent of your readers won't even notice.

SUSAN DENNISON
Chicago, IL

DEBATING GRAM PARSONS

Thank you for your article about Gram Parsons ["Cosmic Vibes Abound"]. Like Gram, I was born in 1946, and I am a native Kentuckian. While attending the University of Kentucky, where I was one of the university's few hippies, I bought "GP" and brought it to my rental house. When I put it on the turntable, my roommates said, "Who is that?" and immediately became Gram fans. I previously had bought "Sweetheart of the Rodeo" since I am a huge Byrds fan. My connection to Gram continued when he and Keith Richards became friends. (The Stones are my favorite band ever.)

Back in the early '90s I visited Joshua Tree and very reluctantly asked a ranger about Gram Parsons and where he had been cremated. I didn't know if this would set off bells and whistles, but to my surprise, the ranger told me about Cap Rock. I found the site and left Gram an offering.

Your article was wonderful. Thank you for the memories.

TERRY L. WAGNER
Louisville, CO

I love our national parks and enjoy supporting them. They represent much of what is good in our country. In my opinion that "good" does not include a lifestyle of drug and alcohol addiction. Those individuals who participate in that lifestyle, no matter how successful in worldly terms, send the wrong message to our young people. I strongly oppose the Park Service glorifying such an individual.

JOHN S. HERRING
Saluda, NC

HOPE FOR TREES

I read with interest Nicolas Brulliard's article in the Spring issue of the magazine about the hemlock woolly adelgid attacking eastern hemlock trees in Shenandoah National Park ["Saving Goliath"]. Trees face a variety of threats today from climate change to harmful native and non-native species to imbalanced ecosystems. Sometimes the disease in one park is the cure in another. Brulliard's story points out that the hemlocks in Shenandoah could be saved by a non-native beetle that feeds on the deadly adelgid. Meanwhile, we have the opposite situation halfway across the country. The Black Hills of South Dakota were so named because from a distance the dense growth of trees makes the hills appear black. Whether the hills will continue to appear black in the future is a real concern. The native mountain pine beetle is responsible for killing thousands of ponderosa pine trees in that part of the country. Removing the dead trees and thinning the forest has slowed the destruction caused by the mountain pine beetle. It's encouraging to know that not all of the news is bad, and researchers are coming up with innovative, promising solutions that may help save our trees.

PAUL CLARKE
Tarrytown, NY

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

As a historian of the South and a national parks enthusiast, I would like to answer Kate Siber's question about whether Americans are ready for a national park site devoted to Reconstruction: Yes, yes, yes! ["A Complicated Past," Winter 2016]. We absolutely need not just one site but many sites that explain this period, which I would argue is more important to understanding modern America than the Civil War itself. As much as I love the park system, it has been either appallingly silent on Reconstruction or downright wrong — witness the antiquated interpretation of the time peddled at the Andrew Johnson National Historic Site in Tennessee. The park praises Johnson, a man widely viewed by historians as among our worst presidents, as a "defender of the Constitution" and portrays Reconstruction as an unconstitutional experiment by power-mad Radicals.

We should not allow neo-Confederate groups with their long-discredited notions about the "horrors" of Reconstruction to dominate our memory of what was a tumultuous but hopeful time during which our nation made extraordinary but short-lived progress. Let's create many sites to honor the revolutionary history of the time.

CHRIS MYERS ASCH
Hallowell, ME

Send letters to National Parks Magazine, 777 6th Street NW, Suite 700, Washington, DC 20001-3723. **Or email** npmag@npca.org. Include your name, city, and state. Published letters may be edited for length and clarity.

The National Park Service has failed to uphold its fundamental duty to protect one of America's prized national park units and its endangered wildlife.

Nick Lund, senior manager for conservation programs at NPCA, quoted in Naples Herald. In July, NPCA and a coalition of environmental groups filed a lawsuit against the Park Service for violating the National Environmental Policy Act when it approved a proposal for oil and gas exploration in Florida's Big Cypress National Preserve.

The parks, the visitors — every person who comes to a national park once the air is cleaner ... They're the real winners.

Cory MacNulty, Utah senior program manager for NPCA, to the Salt Lake Tribune about the Environmental Protection Agency's decision to require two coal-fired power plants in Utah to install additional pollution controls to improve air quality at eight Southwestern national parks, including Arches, Canyonlands and Capitol Reef.

This marine reserve is the only way to protect Biscayne's fisheries sustainably over the long term.

Caroline McLaughlin, Biscayne program manager, quoted in National Parks Traveler after Florida Sens. Bill Nelson and Marco Rubio proposed a new bill that would effectively block the creation of a marine reserve in Biscayne. Last year, the Park Service approved a plan for a 10,502-acre, no-fishing zone to protect the national park's struggling coral reefs.

PHOTO: A GREAT EGRET IN BIG CYPRESS NATIONAL PRESERVE

© VINCE M. CAMIOLO/TANDEM STILLS + MOTION

DARIUS NABORS on the Racetrack Playa in Death Valley National Park

Great American Road Trip

During the Park Service's centennial year, more travelers than ever are tackling the challenge of seeing all of the national parks.

Two years ago, newlyweds Cole and Elizabeth Donelson were hiking through the woods outside Kansas City when they started idly chatting about their bucket lists. Starting when he was 6 years old, Cole had road-tripped out to nine Western national parks with his family. They'd camp out, hike and oftentimes attend mountain-man-themed family reunions during which the Donelsons dressed up in 1800s frontier garb — fur hats, leather pants, feathers. Cole loved it. The parks captured his imagination, and he dreamed of going to all of them one day. It just seemed that it would take a lifetime.

"What if we did them all in one year?" asked Elizabeth. Cole stopped. The idea seemed grand and preposterous. And intriguing. Within six months, the couple, both 24 at the time, decided to drop their budding careers and go for it.

"We realized that if we don't do it now, we'll really regret it," Cole said. "And with the Park Service centennial, our timing couldn't have been better." For a year and a half, they each worked several jobs — Cole worked at a health care IT company, ran a home-efficiency business on the side and moonlighted for Uber while Elizabeth worked as a

SUNSET ON THE South Rim trail in the Chisos Mountains of Big Bend (left). Middle: Cees and Madison Hofman take Vladimir the cat on a paddle on Mirror Lake in Yosemite. Right: Cole and Elizabeth Donelson as they neared the end of a 32-mile backpacking trip in Bryce Canyon.

sixth-grade language arts teacher and sold crafts on Etsy. By August 2015, they had saved up more than $20,000 and departed in a Ford Escape with little more than some camping gear, outdoor clothes, backpacks and a cooler.

So far, the Donelsons have gazed over the desert and mountains from the top of 13,063-foot Wheeler Peak in Great Basin; performed the hokey pokey for their Samoan host family in American Samoa; hiked through moss-draped rainforests in Olympic; and camped everywhere from the dune fields of Colorado to Haleakalā's crater in Hawaii.

You don't have to have a trust fund to go on a year-long road trip, said Elizabeth, who, with Cole, has maintained a blog about their adventures. "It's achievable for almost anybody."

The Donelsons are part of a swell of adventurers who are visiting all 59 national parks in celebration of the Park Service's 100th birthday this year. Two friends, Darius Nabors, 31, and Trevor Kemp, 32, kicked off a 59-week journey in Ohio's Cuyahoga Valley National Park in July 2015. Jonathan Irish, 42, and Stefanie Payne, 36, a husband-and-wife photographer-and-writer team, departed from Washington, D.C., on Jan. 1 in a four-wheel-drive SUV with an Airstream in tow. Cees and Madison Hofman, newlywed Brigham Young University graduates, left Utah in a 1989 Toyota motor home in April and plan to finish in January. And Conor Knighton, a correspondent for "CBS Sunday Morning," is producing "On the Trail," a biweekly television segment on his adventures in all of the parks, from scuba diving in Biscayne to night hiking in Acadia National Park.

Some travelers have bitten off an even bigger mission: visiting all 412 national park sites. In April, Mikah Meyer, a 30-year-old lacrosse coach and choir director, started a three-year journey in a tricked-out van to honor his late father, who died of cancer before he'd had a chance to pursue all his post-retirement travel dreams.

Comprehensive statistics on people visiting all the parks are tricky to collect, but the National Park Travelers Club, which runs a forum for such enthusiasts, reports an uptick of trips among its members. Over its 15-year history, the organization has bestowed about 35 awards to those who have visited all of the park sites. This year alone, at least 10 more people are expected to snag the honor.

"It's not just about the scenic grandeur but about exploring really interesting chapters of the American story and people," said Roland Spies, president of the club, on the allure of the mission. "It's a great way to be American — to connect with who we are and who we've been."

In interviews, travelers offered many similar explanations for undertaking their journeys: to have grand adventures, to see cool and beautiful things, to seize the moment and live a life without regrets. But adventures aren't always easy. They are also feats of grit and endurance, and this year's crop of park trippers has endured plenty of discomforts so far.

"We get sick of eating bananas every day," said Elizabeth Donelson. "We're in a tent. We're sleeping on the ground, usually in a different place every night." This spring, the Donelsons frequently slept in their clothes to stave off the chill of an unseasonably cool season in the Rocky Mountains. "It's humbling," said Cole. "We've worn the same clothes for more days than I care to admit."

Nabors, a college fundraiser, and Kemp, an engineer, get demoralized camping in multiday downpours, have endured stomach aches and sustained injuries from running and hiking. In Arches, the Hofmans staved off an

onslaught of enormous spiders that emerged during a storm. Meyer is concerned about enduring loneliness and travel fatigue. And Irish and Payne sometimes overdose on the "amazingness" of the parks and head to a movie theater for a break from the awe and wonder.

But perhaps the greatest hurdle is funding. Most travelers have saved up their own money, but they've also gathered corporate sponsors, crowd-funded and pursued more creative money-making schemes. Nabors, for example, won a $10,000 Bear Naked Granola Instagram contest with a photo of himself posing mostly naked with a bag of granola in Alaskan bear country. Meyer has agreed to emblazon his van with the logo of a candle company, which gives him a share of the proceeds from candles sold with his unique code.

To cope with the challenges of the road, many of the travelers have been in touch with each other, even meeting up in parks to swap stories and advice. Some have reached out to Chris Calvert, a paralegal from Washington, D.C., who finished visiting every national park site in 2013, when there were 401. (He is currently ticking off the newest additions.) And each has invented quirky traditions to break up the monotony of the road. Meyer sings at churches along his route. The Donelsons go to all-you-can-eat buffets and, after long backcountry hikes, consume an entire half-gallon of ice cream together.

"It makes us really happy," said Elizabeth.

Cees and Madison Hofman bring their cat, Vladimir, to every park, photographing him next to the welcome signs, taking him hiking on a leash and even outfitting him in a cat-sized harness and rappelling off cliffs. Nabors and Kemp try to hit a body of water in each park and complete every junior ranger program.

"I have more badges than will fit on one vest," said Nabors, at least triple the age of most junior rangers. "Half of it is kind of funny, but you also get some good information about the park." Nabors has become so accustomed to sleeping in a hammock that he insisted on sleeping outside during a recent family visit.

"That's one of the things I'm surprised by — the amount I enjoy living out of a truck," he said. "People say, 'Isn't it terrible not showering?' I'm like, 'No, not really, doesn't really bother me.' It's freeing in that sense."

The trip has also, he said, renewed his faith in humanity. Fellow park visitors are typically intrigued when they learn about his ambitious mission. Supporters — often strangers who have read about his quest — have sent Nabors letters, Halloween candy and donations. People have taken him out to dinner and become his pen pals, offering advice on their home parks.

"People are stoked," said Cees Hofman. "They get so excited. One older man we met just couldn't contain himself and gave both me and Madison huge hugs." Photographer Jonathan Irish says people often ask him if he needs an assistant.

The support is motivating, but the true rewards, naturally, are the parks themselves. Nabors spoke reverently of walking alone through nine inches of fresh snow on Sentinel Dome in Yosemite and watching a bison shake off dust in the waning evening light in Theodore Roosevelt National Park. Cees Hofman has relished sunsets in desert parks — Arches, Canyonlands and Joshua Tree — where the light tints the rocks shades of bronze and terracotta.

"I feel like I create a little competition in my mind among the parks, but I am never disappointed," said Hofman. "They've all been amazing."

And Elizabeth Donelson recalled sitting on a beach near her campsite in Dry Tortugas National Park after the last ferry departed with day-tripping visitors.

"It was the absolute perfect temperature, the bluest water I've ever seen — like teal blue, like better than Hawaii — white sand, and it's just a small beach with no one else there," she said. "There were maybe 10 people on the entire island, and I had this feeling of complete peace, like this is what a national park is supposed to be."

—KATE SIBER

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ARMCHAIR TRAVEL

Check out the road tripper's blogs:

Cees and Madison Hofman: **ourvie.com**
Cole and Elizabeth Donelson: **switchbackkids.com**
Darius Nabors and Trevor Kemp: **59in59.com**
Jonathan Irish and Stefanie Payne: **thegreatestroadtrip.com**
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ON THE ROAD in Acadia with Jonathan Irish and Stefanie Payne.

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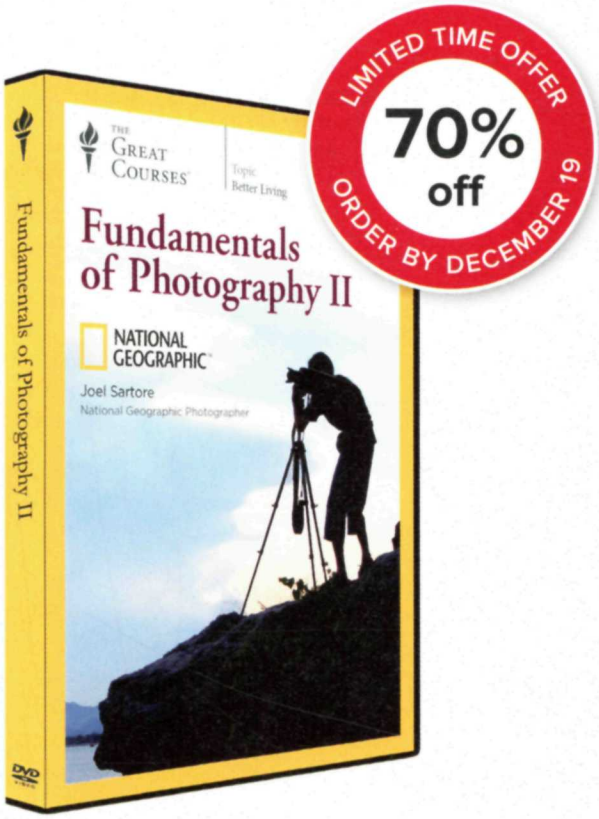

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THE MUSICIANS in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. From left to right: Daniel Ketter, Hanna Hurwitz, Lauren Becker, Emily Sheil, Emlyn Johnson, Ellen Breakfield-Glick, Colleen Bernstein.

© GEOFF SHEIL

Songs of the Wild

Celebrating national parks with new music in the great outdoors.

On a glorious Saturday in June, seven musicians dressed in black stood in a semicircle on the grass near the entrance of a Shenandoah National Park visitor center. They wore sunglasses and hiking shoes. With a light breeze lifting the American flag overhead, a flutist, clarinetist, horn player, cellist, violist and violinist played "From Noon to Noon," a piece by Daniel Pesca, which opens with a flute solo and imagines a sunny day-long excursion into a park.

The ensemble finished, and violinist Hanna Hurwitz showed a visitor her handmade carbon fiber violin — better suited than her 19th-century Belgian instrument for outdoor play. Abruptly, she turned her attention to the neck of the violin, where a red speck crept under the strings. "Oh," she said. "A spider!"

To celebrate the National Park Service centennial, these musicians brought original compositions to audiences across the country this summer through a program called Music in the American Wild. Their tour of 12 parks and historic sites began in June in the Southeast and finished in August in the Pacific Northwest. The contemporary classical pieces were inspired by the parks and include many sounds suggesting the noises in nature: wind blowing through prairie grasses, bears lumbering, frogs croaking or crickets chirping.

"We don't often associate parks with music," said flutist and ensemble director Emlyn Johnson, who received a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester last year. "We want to help people see parks as a places for artistic inspiration."

The idea came to Johnson and cellist Dan Ketter nearly two years ago when the couple was hiking in New York's Letchworth State Park and fantasizing about performing in nature rather than

in concert halls. They learned about the Park Service's centennial, and their plan began to take shape. With the help of a $20,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts' "Imagine Your Parks" program, Johnson commissioned 11 composers to write the pieces and hired the musicians, all academics in their 20s and 30s who are Eastman alumni.

Though the music is celebratory, Johnson's diverse group of composers created a range of work: One wrote about Wizard Island at Crater Lake National Park. One considered human encroachment on animal territory. One borrowed a title, "Everything Flowing," from a passage in John Muir's book, "My First Summer in the Sierra." And another explored wide open landscapes, from the Pacific Ocean to prairie grasses in Kansas. Some of the music is haunting; other pieces are jaunty and playful.

Composer Robert Morris, a 74-year-old member of the Eastman faculty who has been composing since he was 9, is known for his works inspired by nature but only rarely has written music meant to be performed outside. Morris said his commissioned piece, "Birds Soaring over Mountain Paths," is about the beauty and grandeur of parks but also reflects another side of the mountains: unforgiving surfaces, dangerous ledges and rough trails. "Being exposed to mountains, canyons, beautiful meadows — it's all incredibly germinating for composers," Morris said.

At Mammoth Cave National Park in Kentucky in June, the ensemble descended 69 steps to the chilly underground rotunda, carrying instruments, music stands and recording equipment. They played there intermittently for a few hours, surprising more than 1,000 touring visitors. With the help of a ranger, the musicians discovered natural spots in the cave that reverberated with a B-flat pitch when they tapped their feet or clapped their hands, and they delighted in matching the note on their instruments. Ketter described the setting as "an indoor Mars," noting that he'd never played in a place so strange and may never do so again.

"It was a different way to experience the size and sensuality of the cave through all your senses," said public information officer Vickie Carson. The cave was an ideal spot for introducing visitors to a new kind of music, she said: "It's such an alien environment, your mind is open to almost anything."

One piece called for each of them to rattle a colorful desk bell. Percussionist Colleen Bernstein, the youngest in the ensemble at 22, played instruments as diverse as a frog-shaped guiro, which makes a ratchet sound, to steel square tubing and a threaded metal rod from Lowe's. Chris Chandler, who composed the Shenandoah piece, discovered the pleasing sound of metal mixing bowls when his toddler was playing with them. He incorporated those into his work and shipped the bowls to Bernstein for the tour.

Ketter, who is in a doctoral program at Eastman, said performing in untraditional venues is a growing trend among young ensembles, but the musicians were apprehensive about bringing abstract pieces to campers and hikers. "When people think of new music, it can seem out of touch or super intellectual," Ketter said. "We were very excited to see that people related. The applause and standing ovations were a good metric."

Emily Jones, a senior program manager at NPCA, which has helped promote Music in the American Wild, said artists have always been an integral part of the parks. "In this centennial year," she said, "we want to remind people of the importance of the parks not just as places for recreation but also as laboratories."

When the group arrived at Shenandoah, they recorded a session under gray and drizzly skies at Big Meadows. The next day, they hiked with their instruments up Hawksbill Mountain, where a Boy Scout troop from southern Maryland enjoyed an impromptu performance. Later that day, they performed in an auditorium and again in the meadow.

Horn player Lauren Becker, a professor at SUNY Potsdam, said the horn is historically an outdoor instrument used to get the attention of townsfolk or call hounds for a foxhunt. Atop Hawksbill, Becker heard the sound of her horn echoing back to her and described it as a larger-than-life experience. Elsewhere, they heard birds chirping and grass rustling while they played. Sometimes, wind turned the music pages or bugs buzzed by or sun glowed in their faces.

"It's more unpredictable outdoors," Becker said. "And a lot of fun."

—MELANIE D.G. KAPLAN

THE CHIMANI APP allows park-goers to see where they are on a map or figure out when the sun sets — without an internet connection.

© ANNIE RIKER/NPCA

Have Phone, Will Travel

Introducing a paperless travel guide to the national parks.

On a rainy day in April 2008, Kerry Gallivan set out on a long day hike from his campsite in Acadia National Park. Snow still clung to the mountains in parts of the park, and high on a ridge, Gallivan found himself wondering about the trail ahead, the weather and the elevation. He pulled out his iPhone, but cell service was intermittent, and even when he briefly had a connection, he couldn't find much useful information. That's when he had an aha moment: More and more people will be traveling to parks with these miniature personal computers, he thought. Why not find a way to get the information they need into the palms of their hands?

Fast-forward eight years: Gallivan is now the co-founder and CEO of Chimani, a Maine-based company that has developed what is essentially a set of digital guidebooks to the national parks. Using an overarching National Park System app and 59 individual apps that detail parks from Acadia to Zion, travelers can decide where to go, see where they are on a topographic map, find the nearest bathroom, read about a hike or learn when the sun sets. And because the apps can be downloaded in advance and use GPS, visitors can do all that without an internet connection.

"I was a longtime Lonely Planet fan, but I didn't want another paper guide," said Gallivan, a dedicated world traveler who has lived in Southeast Asia and Africa, where he worked in international development. "I wanted something that was designed for and could be used on a mobile device."

The complete collection of individual guides to the national parks (plus a few extras such as Cape Cod National Seashore and Baxter State Park in Maine) became available in June, and since Chimani's launch, the apps have been downloaded 1.2 million times. (They are free; funding comes primarily from brand sponsorships and local advertising.)

Robert Caston, the content manager of a catalog that sells park furnishings, used the Everglades guide to make plans and locate hiking trails on a recent trip to Florida. Once back home, he found himself browsing through the overview app and daydreaming. "It's one of those things where you can sit on your couch and use the app to look at the parks, and once you see the photos, you're like, 'That's it. I'm going there,'" he said. "To me, it's a way to get you off the couch and into a park."

Gallivan also hopes the app will encourage some budding conservationists. To that end, he has partnered with NPCA, and the park system guide now has information about the organization, pressing issues facing parks, recent victories and ways to help.

"The parks may seem like primitive, beautiful places that won't change, but there are real pressures on them, and nothing is locked in time. I don't think a lot of people realize that," Gallivan said. "If we can graduate people into being advocates for parks, that's my ultimate goal of working with NPCA."

Over the next year, the company will continue to roll out guides to other Park Service sites including seashores, recreation areas, lakeshores, historic sites and national trails. Gallivan also plans to expand to include apps for national parks around the world in places from England to Iceland to Costa Rica and New Zealand.

"It comes back to one of our primary missions: to get people to explore and to inspire them and to spark curiosity," he said. "This planet is a pretty incredible place."

—RONA MARECH

© ALISON ZEMANSKI HEIS/NPCA

A PARK RANGER gives out high fives to celebrants in front of the Stonewall Inn during New York City's pride parade in June.

Remembering Stonewall

A spark, a movement and now, a monument.

On June 26, thousands of participants in New York City's pride parade marched past the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in Greenwich Village. The route and the cheers weren't unusual, but the circumstances were: Just two days earlier, President Barack Obama had formally declared the bar and its surrounding area the Stonewall National Monument. It is the first National Park Service site dedicated to telling a piece of gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender history. In a video about the designation that the White House released, Obama said, "I believe our national parks should reflect the full story of our country — the richness and diversity and uniquely American spirit that has always defined us."

The 1969 uprising at Stonewall, when patrons of the bar fought back against police harassment, was a major turning point in the modern-day LGBT rights movement. The bar continues to be a symbolic hub and a meeting place: It was the scene of celebration last year when the Supreme Court legalized same-sex marriage, and crowds gathered there for emotional vigils in June after the mass shooting at a gay nightclub in Orlando.

For years, staff at NPCA have advocated for the creation of a park site for Stonewall. "The LGBT movement is really a struggle for human rights and civil rights, and it's a story that needs to be told," said Theresa Pierno, president and CEO of NPCA.

Philip Bockman, an original participant in the 1969 protests, told the Washington Post that the start of the riots was "the end of my loneliness" and that he was profoundly affected by the designation.

"It feels like it legitimizes me as a U.S. citizen, as a human being, as a part of our country in a way that I've never been able to fully feel before," he said.

—EDITORS

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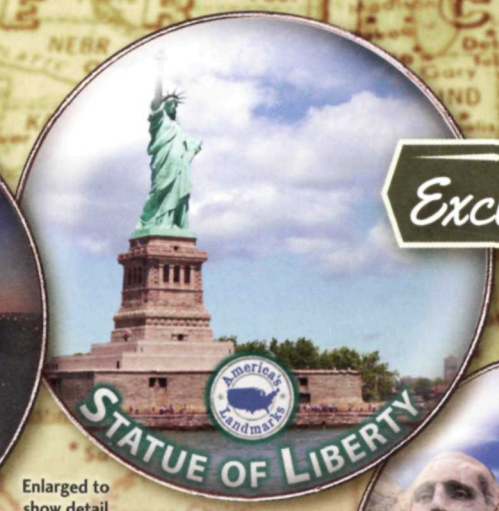

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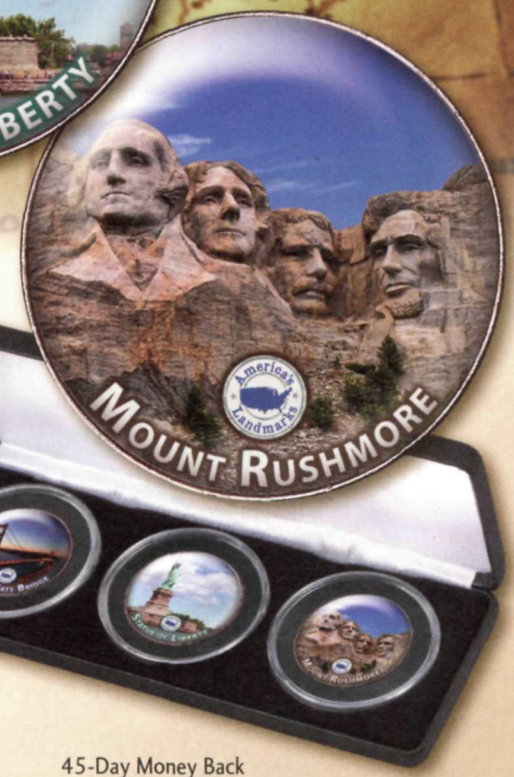

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THOUGH L.A sits next to thousands of acres of parkland, some coyotes prefer to spend their time in densely populated areas.

Coyotes and the City

Researchers in Los Angeles are tracking urban coyotes and collecting scat to find out how humans and these wild canids can live peaceably side by side.

AROUND 3 A.M., JUSTIN BROWN INCHED QUIETLY DOWN A CENTRAL LOS ANGELES STREET in a hybrid Ford Escape. Darkness cloaked the rows of apartments, but residents still lingered outside. Brown, an ecologist at nearby Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area, a patchwork of 155,000 acres of mountains, chaparral woodlands and beaches, was trying to keep a low profile. Using radio telemetry equipment, he was tracking a coyote through a dense neighborhood in the core of the city.

Brown watched as Coyote 144, a female he had collared in May 2015, trotted briskly in the street a couple of hundred feet ahead. She approached what looked like a bag of trash in the middle of the road; circled, sniffed and inspected it; then walked away. To his astonishment, the trash got up and walked away, too. It was a cat.

That night, Brown watched Coyote 144 encounter 15 domestic cats and decline to pounce on a single one, as he would have expected. The observations made him realize just how much mystery remains around these wild city-dwellers.

"People know a fair bit about them living in more natural environments, but there's just a lot of misinformation out there about coyotes in very urban areas," Brown said. "We don't know how coyotes respond to domestic dogs, cats or just people moving around the environment. Actually getting to radio-track the animals and see what they're doing, we can answer some of those questions."

The radio-collaring project is one of a series of studies Brown and a National Park Service intern, Binta Wold, are organizing to better understand urban coyotes' diets, movements and habits in Los Angeles. The research is motivated in part by an uptick in complaints about coyotes in the city. Mostly, residents complain of nuisance behavior, such as eating garbage, but occasionally, a coyote attacks a pet or, more rarely, a human. The trend has prompted Los Angeles Department of Animal Services to provide more detailed and substantive information about coyotes to residents in public meetings and on its website. Brown's hope is that the research will inform policy, improve residents' relations with wildlife and raise awareness about the national recreation area, an enclave of surprising wildness in the country's second-largest metropolitan area.

"A lot of people don't even realize there's a national park here," said Seth

Riley, supervising wildlife ecologist for the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area. "We want to expose them to the National Park Service, natural areas and wildlife and increase their knowledge and appreciation."

Coyotes are not newcomers to Los Angeles. They have lived in the area since long before European settlement. As the city grew, they may have been temporarily extirpated, but wildlife managers believe they have lived in the concrete landscape for at least the last three decades. Ranging from 22 to 44 pounds, L.A. coyotes are extremely adaptable, known to eat everything from small mammals to frogs, carcasses and human trash. As many of their competitors declined over the last century, coyotes proliferated, moving into new regions and ecosystems. A forthcoming study in the journal Landscape and Urban Planning found that coyotes now populate the 35 largest cities in the U.S. Like other city-savvy wildlife, their conflicts with humans make them polarizing figures.

"Opinions range from one spectrum to the other, from 'don't touch the coyotes, we love them' to 'they're these big bad nasty predators that belong in the wild and have no place in urban landscapes,'" said Camilla Fox, founder of Project Coyote, a California-based nonprofit that promotes peaceful coexistence with wild canids. "We've seen a tremendous gap in terms of information being provided to communities about how to coexist with these animals."

One matter Brown hopes his research will clear up is what the city's coyotes are eating. Are they preying on pets, other small mammals, plants, human trash or all of the above? To find out, Brown solicited volunteers to walk city parks and cemeteries and collect scat. More than 180 people applied. Since June, about 25 have been venturing out once a month to pluck coyote poop from the ground, place it in a brown paper bag and send it to Brown to be dried and sanitized.

During scat parties, volunteers pick through the poop for bits of fur, bones, seeds, insect parts, berries and manmade materials.

"I thought all of my friends would be grossed out, but people are actually really interested — some have even asked to come with me while I'm collecting," said Emily Han, a food writer and coyote scat volunteer. "So, hopefully, this gets people interested in wildlife and the park."

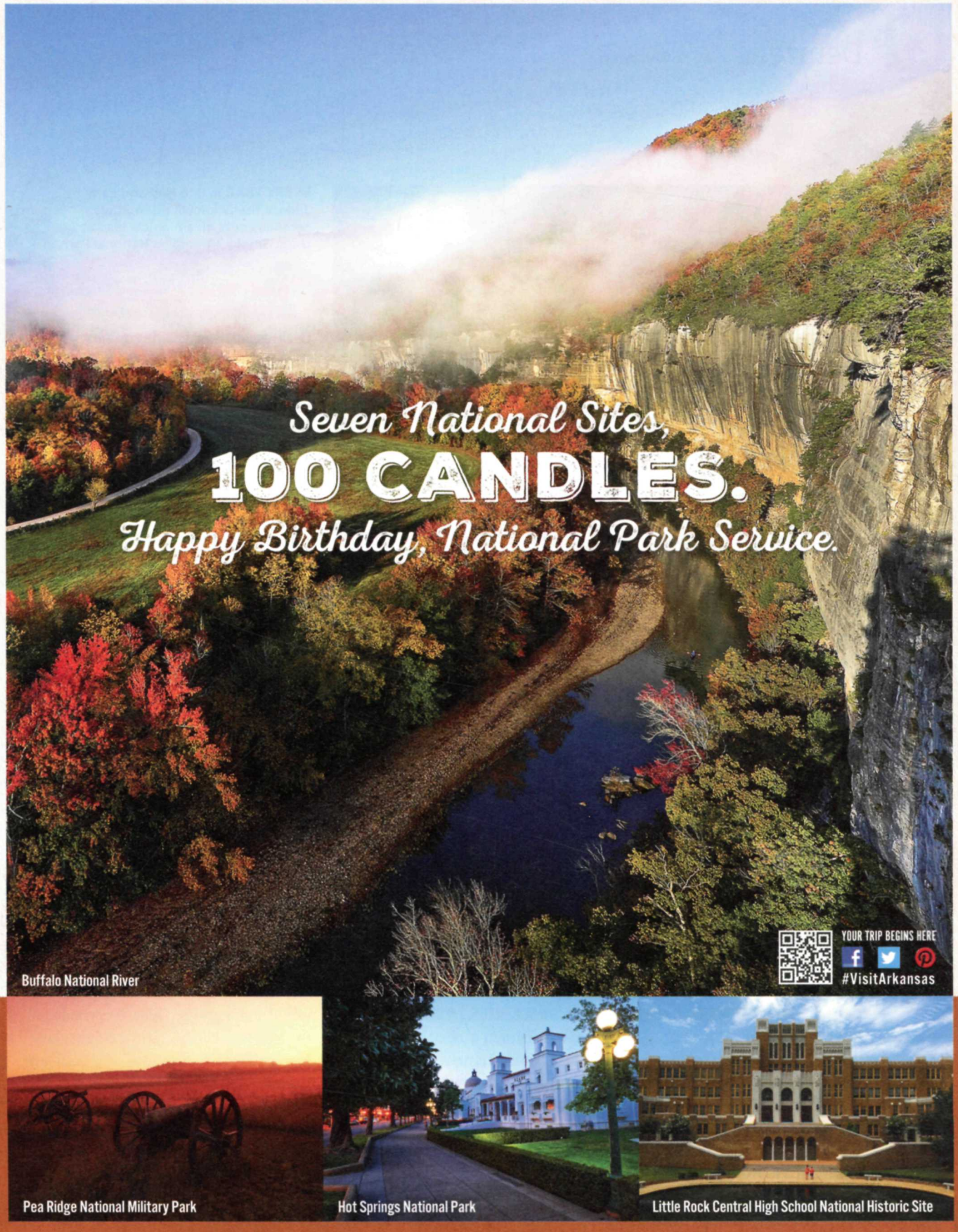
During scat parties, volunteers pick through the poop for bits of fur, bones, seeds, insect parts, berries and manmade materials such as wrappers, then they identify the food sources. A wildlife officer from Animal Services (in conjunction with Park Service biologists) is also organizing volunteers to collect scat from sites where complaints have arisen to determine if correlations exist between nuisance behavior and diet.

Meanwhile, Brown is also tracking three coyotes and plans to attach radio collars to two others starting this fall. Eventually he will create maps of their routes, determining what areas the coyotes prefer. He has also lent two motion-detecting critter cameras to biology teachers at the Academy of Environmental and Social Policy, a public high school, and Crespi Carmelite High School, a Catholic school. Students in science classes and an after-school program tagged photos taken on school grounds and added them to a database. Brown plans to distribute more cameras this fall so that students can take them home and monitor wildlife in their own backyards. The photographs will help determine which neighborhoods coyotes frequent.

Research results will start emerging in 2017, but already surprises have come to light. For example, many Angelenos believe that coyotes come from the park to haunt the city, but radio tracking suggests that some don't frequent the park at all. They live all of their days in small territories right in the heart of the city, even raising pups and occasionally crossing eight-lane highways. Also, more coyotes live within city limits than previously thought. Despite government predator-control programs in the area, it appears coyotes are here to stay. So the question is: How do residents live with them?

"There's always going to be occasional conflict," Brown said. "But in most scenarios with coyotes, if we change our behaviors to make sure they maintain their natural fear of humans, avoid giving them access to our food and trash, and protect our pets, we can pretty easily live with them. Just looking at where they're able to survive, they're pretty amazing animals." **NP**

KATE SIBER is a freelance journalist based in Durango, Colorado.



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THE NATURAL STATE

EVERY YEAR in late May and early June, a firefly known as Photinus carolinus puts on a magical display in Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Forest Lights

Are the synchronous fireflies of Great Smoky Mountains getting too popular?

"LOOK — OVER THERE. SEE THEM? THEY'RE STARTING."

Lynn Faust pointed to a spot in the forest bordering a quiet section of the Little River Trail in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Peering into the woods, I watched as a quick set of flashes interrupted the sapphire twilight. I'd come from New York hoping to witness the synchronous fireflies' spectacle, and it looked like I was in luck. Crowds would arrive the next evening, but for now we had the trail to ourselves. Faust checked the time. "Nine-eighteen," she said, grinning. "They're right on time."

It began like the tuning strains of a symphony. Six quick pulses of light followed by darkness. A few yards away I saw it again — six flashes, then darkness. Other fireflies quickly joined the party, syncing their flashes to their neighbors', until soon an entire swath of woods filled with undulating light. Six flashes, then darkness. Six more. Dark. Six. Dark.

Fireflies are heralds of summer, captivating children and adults alike with a single flash — there one moment, gone the next. But every year between late May and early June in a small pocket of Great Smoky Mountains, a firefly known as Photinus carolinus puts on an even more magical display: thousands of sparkling fireflies all pulsing in rhythmic waves.

Faust, a lifelong naturalist and author of a forthcoming opus on these bioluminescent insects, "Fireflies, Glow-worms, and Lightning Bugs," has watched the fireflies' dazzling spectacle for decades in the park's historic Elkmont district — a collection of turn-of-the-century cottages and other buildings that were occupied until 1992, when their leases expired. It was Emily Faust, her mother-in-law, who christened it "The Light Show" in the 1960s, the same moniker park officials use nowadays.

"We'd all be sitting out on the porch after dinner," Faust said, "and Miss Emily would suddenly go, 'Okay, everybody put the babies to bed because the light show is going to start!' And then we'd turn out the cabin lights and watch the waves of flashing travel down the hill."

Other species of synchronous fireflies have long been observed in Malaysia and Indonesia, but the phenomenon was presumed nonexistent in the Western Hemisphere by the scientific community. That changed in 1992 when Faust read an article by Cornell University mathematician Steven

Strogatz detailing the synchronous behavior of certain Asian firefly species. The author's description sounded just like the lightning bug show Faust had been watching her whole life. Strogatz led Faust to another firefly expert, who determined that she had indeed identified the first synchronous species in the Western world.

Isolated groups of the fireflies have since been found as far north as New York state, but the population in Great Smoky Mountains is the densest, and those in the know figured it was just a matter of time before the public caught wind of the spectacular. In fact, by 2006, so many people were traveling to the park to see the show that park officials closed Elkmont to cars, requiring visitors to take a shuttle instead. Demand has been so high that this year, for the first time, hopefuls had to enter a lottery to secure one of the 1,800 parking passes for the eight-day event.

Managing even the limited crowds is challenging. Artificial light can disturb the synchrony, so rangers urge visitors to cover flashlights and LCD panels on cellphones and cameras with red or blue cellophane. With hundreds of people corralled in a small section of Elkmont, I saw many stray from the path into the forest, where mating clusters and egg-laying females hiding in the leaf litter are vulnerable to trampling.

Demand has been so high that this year, hopefuls had to enter a lottery to secure one of the 1,800 parking passes.

"That's why we strongly encourage people to stay on those hardened areas: so they're not dispersing throughout the woods and destroying habitat for the fireflies," said park spokeswoman Dana Soehn.

The window when the fireflies mate is only a couple of weeks long, so minimizing disturbances is crucial. Females must first recognize the males of their own species before emitting the receptive quick double flash that eventually leads to coupling. The distinct flash train that the males display — six then dark — is helpful for this recognition, but when many males flash together, they increase the likelihood that the females will know they're surrounded by the correct species, said Andrew Moiseff, a biologist at the University of Connecticut. At the sight of the double flash, a swarm of potential suitors descends upon a female, each hoping for the chance to mate.

"One way to think about it is that if you don't synchronize, you never mate," Moiseff said. "The higher probability of successful mating will be for males that synchronize and pass that trait on generation by generation until most of the males will synchronize."

Like any of nature's miracles turned tourist attraction, the Smokies' firefly event is a catch-22. The detrimental effect of throngs of humans is worrisome, but exposure to these phenomena can nurture a spirit of conservation — people naturally seek to protect the things to which they have a connection. The flash of a firefly sparks childhood memories of running barefoot through the cool grass with a jelly jar. There's an ethereal quality about these insects that gives us a thrill.

Coming down from Little River that first night, we made our way toward a section of Elkmont known as Millionaire's Row where the Fausts' now empty cabin still stands. From a small bridge over Bearwallow Creek, we watched as cascades of tiny sparkling lights that appeared to come from some cosmic disco ball illuminated the blackness. One section would begin, followed by another and another. Then, like children singing in a round, when the last batch finished, the first group began anew.

"One thing about the fireflies is it's flat-out spiritual, it makes you be quiet, it makes you think, it makes you have a feeling of joy that just comes from somewhere outside of you," Faust said. "If you're going to see it — if someone's going to only see it once in their life — I want them to be at Elkmont on a peak night." **NP**

GINA VERCESI is a freelance writer who works and chases fireflies in New York.

AN INTIMATE SHOW

Can't get a pass for Great Smoky Mountains' synchronous fireflies display? Head to Congaree National Park in South Carolina, where one of two other species of synchronous fireflies in North America, Photuris frontalis, puts on a smaller, but less crowded, show from about mid-May to early June.


GRANITE PARK
CHALET

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

A dozen family members gathered in Glacier for a vacation and birthday celebration. Then the perfect storm of fire approached.

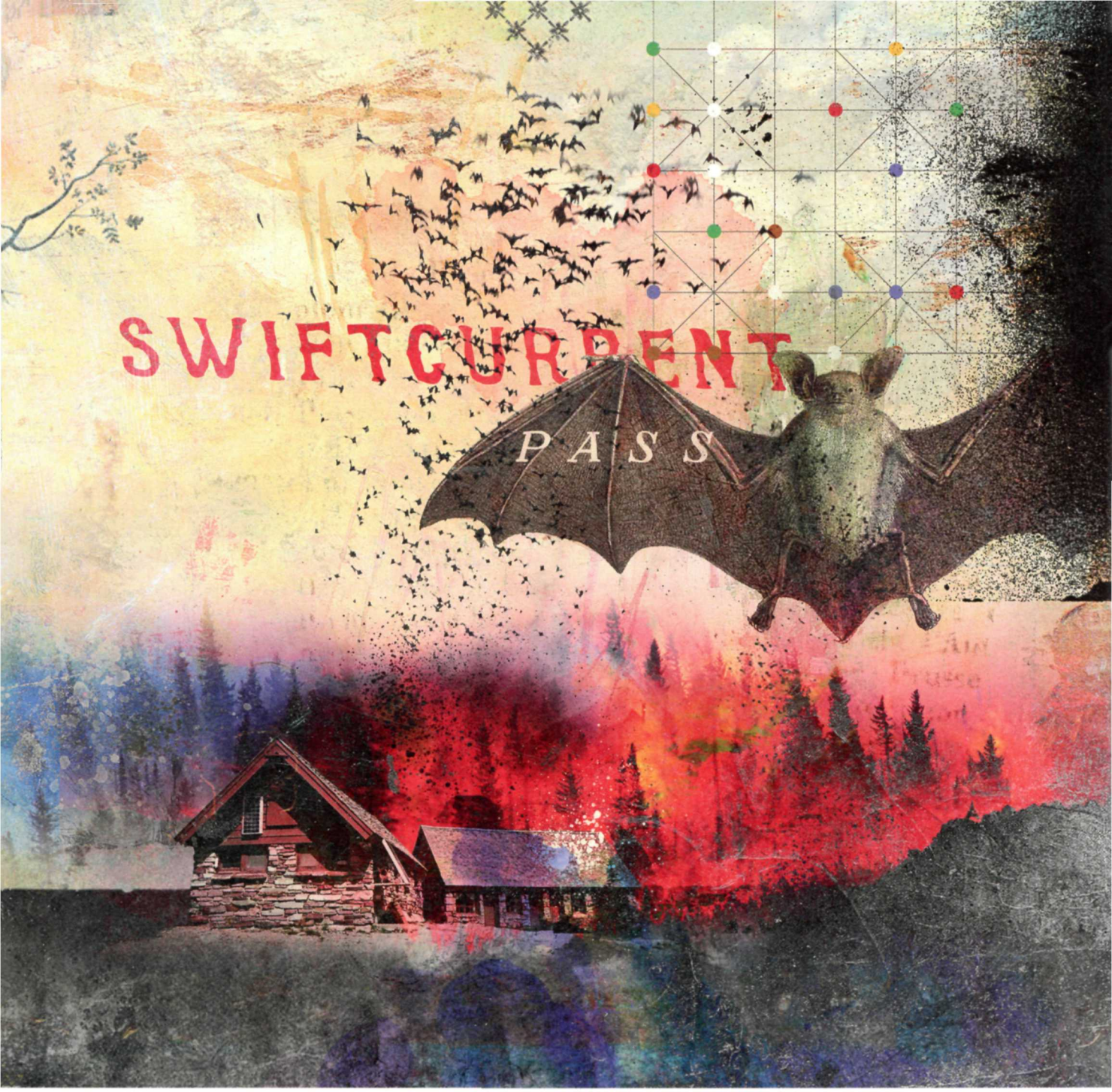
By Terry Tempest Williams
Illustrations by Dung Hoang

For my family, Glacier National Park is a landscape of fire, not ice.

The summer of 2003 is known as "the pinnacle year of fire" in the history of Glacier: 26 fires burned in the park, consuming more than 145,000 acres in three months and breaking all records. It was also the summer the Tempests decided to take a family vacation to celebrate our father's 70th birthday.

On July 23, 2003, we had reservations for 12 at the Granite Park Chalet for one night. We would stay at the Sperry Chalet our last night and had campsites reserved in between. My father wanted to replicate the backpacking trip we made in 1982, when we hiked 66 miles in six days from the Sperry Chalet to Many Glacier Hotel, stopping at the Granite Park Chalet and crossing Swiftcurrent Pass. This time we were hiking the route in reverse, beginning with the Highline Trail.

More than any other park I know, Glacier embodies the majesty of alpine landscapes — rock castles surrounded by slow-moving rivers of ice and secret lakes the color of turquoise. The hike to Granite Park Chalet, beginning at Logan Pass, is a glory of wildflowers: red paintbrush, sticky geranium, larkspur and flowering stalks of bear's grass appearing as white globes lighting up the meadows. Our family spaced themselves evenly along the narrow trail beneath the cliff face known as the Garden Wall, with the strongest hikers in front, led by my brother Steve and his wife, Ann. They were followed by their family: Callie and Andrew (newly married), Sara and Diane. My father and his companion, Jan, walked with them; my brother Dan and his wife, Thalo, followed behind. And my husband, Brooke, perhaps the strongest among us, stayed in the rear with me, gathering bones.



There is something soul-satisfying about carrying what you need on your back: water; food; a cook stove; a sleeping bag, pad, and tent; rain gear; a down vest or parka; a hat; gloves; a change of clothes; camp shoes; sunglasses; sunscreen; bug dope; a first-aid kit; a good book and headlamp to read by; a journal; pens; binoculars; camera. And then, with a topo map in hand, you chart your course and walk.

Some of the miles you may talk to your hiking partner, some of the miles you remain quiet, observant to the world embracing you. And there are other miles when your mind not only wanders through a labyrinth of thoughts but climbs the steep hills of obsession, be it love or loss or laments. "Walking it off" is not just a phrase but a form of reverie in the religion of self-reliance, where every mile is registered in the strength of calf muscles.

Eight miles later, Granite Park Chalet greeted us with an opaque view of Heavens Peak. Visibility was obscured due to the smoke. The Robert Fire was raging in a far-off drainage that we could see with our binoculars, and the Trapper Fire, with plumes of smoke visible to our naked eyes, had begun earlier in the week. But we had been assured by rangers at Lake McDonald, who carefully checked our itinerary, that the current fires would pose no threat to us.

The Granite Park Chalet is full of alpine charm, a largely stone

building that sits at the base of Swiftcurrent Pass with the Grinnell Glacier Overlook just a short, steep hike above. The chalet was built by the Great Northern Railway, between 1914 and 1915 to attract more American tourists with a hut-to-hut trail system like those found in Europe. Of the nine alpine chalets that were built in that era, two remain.

We settled into our designated cabins, furnished with a set of bunk beds that we completed with our sleeping bags. Half the party stayed at the chalet, while the other half hiked up Ahern Pass for a wider view.

My brother Dan and I sat at the picnic table on the chalet's porch and talked about Jim Harrison's novella "Legends of the Fall," set in Montana.

"Do you think fathers and sons are fated to destroy each other?" Dan asked.

THAT NIGHT, I DREAMED THAT A SPIRAL OF BATS FLEW OUT OF THE FOREST FOLLOWED BY FLAMES.

"I can't answer that," I said, "but I remember hearing a psychologist talk at a conference on boys. He said, 'If you want to see a man cry, ask him about his father.'"

Our conversation changed to our mother.

"Do you think we'd all be different if Mother had lived?" Dan asked.

"No question."

"How?"

And that conversation carried us into the late afternoon.

We all cooked dinner together inside the chalet, having been warned by a large handwritten sign not to touch the shrimp in the freezer. Rumor had it the shrimp had been flown in as a special surprise for First Lady Laura Bush, who, with some of her girlfriends, was arriving at the Granite Park Chalet toward the end of the week.

We watched the sun burn through the smoke and stare at us like the red eye of a demon. And then a blue haze settled on the valley.

That night, I dreamed that a spiral of bats flew out of the forest followed by flames. I woke up anxious.

The next morning, we all noticed the smoke had thickened. As we ate breakfast on the porch of the chalet, fire was on everyone's mind. Chris Burke, a Park Service employee, appeared anxious as well, his worry heightened by the discovery that the water pump at the chalet was broken. He hiked out to meet a maintenance worker on the trail to get a new part as a safety measure.

About midday on July 24, the flames from the Robert Fire appeared to be coming closer. Dad walked down to the edge of the chasm, a sizable rock-faced cliff that separated us from the forest, to calculate the distance from the fires to the Granite Park Chalet.

"It's a fair distance," he said. "But if the winds change, we could be in trouble."

Just then, a helicopter hovered above us and landed on flat ground. To our surprise, a captain from the smoke jumpers, stationed in Los Angeles, stepped out of the chopper looking like Cool Hand Luke. He had been instructed to stay with us in case the fires escalated. He found a canvas director's chair, carried it to the top of the knoll, sat down and crossed his legs as he gazed toward the burning horizon, offering us a relaxed image, the epitome of calm.

The other guests at the chalet began to gather, also alarmed by the smoke and the fires that seemed to be advancing. Chris installed the new part needed for the water pump and, with the help of Brooke and Steve, quickly began wetting down the roof of the chalet.

Suddenly a spiral of bats flew out of the forest, just as in my dream. They rose in a black column of wings against the gray sky and then disappeared. My heart began to race. I looked at my watch: 4:30 p.m. The smoke was increasing. The fire was escalating, with spot fires gaining momentum ahead of the blaze, igniting all around us. The captain stood up from his chair. Several deer emerged from the trees and ran behind the chalet. Chris was on his cellphone, talking to the fire lookout. What we didn't hear from the woman on the other end of his conversation was this: "We can't calm the beast of Trapper Fire ... It looks like it's making a run for the Granite Park Chalet!"

Chris and the fire captain called us together.

"We seem to be at the center of a perfect storm," the fire captain said. "The Robert Fire, the Trapper Fire and a new fire unnamed seem to have merged into one crown fire they're calling the 'Mountain Man Complex.' It's all blown up in the last four hours — and it appears to be heading in our direction."

"We must prepare ourselves," Chris added. "Keeping the chalet wet will help, and we need to get rid of whatever could burn on the porch. I could use some help."

Brooke, Steve and Andrew worked with Chris, throwing the picnic tables and chairs off the porch and down the hillside so there would be nothing burnable next to the stone walls of the historic chalet.

The propane tank nearby was a concern. The winds were picking up dramatically; it was increasingly hard to hear. Chris and the captain passed out particle masks. We stood on the porch bathed in an eerie orange glow, watching in disbelief as firs and pines exploded into flames and pieces of charred bark rained down on us. We could feel the waves of heat as the flames roared from all directions.

Thalo and Dan ran down to their cabin and returned with their backpacks strapped on.

"We're leaving," Dan said. "Does anyone want to come with us?"

"I'm gettin' the hell out of here, before we burn up!" Thalo said, her blue eyes bloodshot and frantic. "I saw what happened to the people who listened to the authorities inside the World Trade Center on September 11th and thought they'd be rescued."

"You're better off staying here with the rest of us," Chris said. "Don't panic — I don't think you'll make it up to Grinnell, the fire's moving too fast."

Thalo was already gone.

"I'm going with Thalo," Dan said. And we watched them walk toward the Grinnell Glacier Overlook, a steep mile and a half away, and disappear into the smoke.

"Do something, John," the fire captain said to my father.

"He's a grown man, he's going to do what he's going to do," Dad said. "I can't stop him."

"The next person who leaves is under arrest," the captain said. "Everyone needs to put on their hiking boots and make sure you have your personal ID with you. Go — now — hurry! I want to see everyone inside the chalet as fast as you can get there."

Flocks of birds were flying helter-skelter into the chaos of the crosswinds. More deer were running out of the woods ahead of the burn. Heat singed my eyelashes. Our eyes were red, and our faces were flushed. Everyone wore masks. I had two extra and put one on each breast for comic relief. Sara and Diane laughed.

I TURNED TO SEE THE BLAZE, NOW AN INFERNO, RACING UP THE MOUNTAIN TOWARD US.

Dad, Jan and I rushed down to our cabin to get our necessary gear, fear accelerating with the advancing fire. Chris had run down to the campground and brought other hikers back to the chalet for safety. He mentioned that two former Bureau of Land Management employees from Alaska who had registered at the chalet earlier in the day had disappeared.

Walking briskly back to the chalet with the heat chasing us, I kept looking up the mountain to see whether I could spot Dan and Thalo, but it was consumed in black smoke. The spot fires increased as flames jumped over trees; the wind howled. I turned to see the blaze, now an inferno, racing up the mountain toward us.

Ann was inside the chalet with the girls. Callie and Andrew were standing on the side porch, watching the flames behind us. Brooke and Steve were still working with Chris, getting rid of other flammables and trying to move the propane tank farther away from the building. And then, with long white canvas hoses screwed together, they continued spraying down the roof and porch of the chalet until the very last minute.

"Everybody inside, now!" the fire captain yelled.

A couple had been playing Scrabble. They quickly put away their game. Two women held each other's hands, crying. A young man in the corner, seeming a bit dazed or drugged, continued playing his guitar, quietly singing, "Come on, baby, light my fire," until Chris put a hand on his shoulder to get him to stop. I stared out the windows. All I could think of was my brother and his wife in the middle of the firestorm.

Chris made a quick count and turned to the captain. "Two others besides the two that left are unaccounted for. Everyone else is here."

Thirty-five of us stood in the center of the chalet, most of us coughing. "Okay, everybody, listen up: I want the children sitting in the center. Everyone else sits in a circle around them. The fire is going to reach us in minutes. Stay calm — low to the floor. You're going to hear a loud roar coming closer and closer. It's going to get hot, real hot. The windows will shatter. The oxygen's going to be sucked out of the room — temporarily — and then, hopefully, the fire will quickly move over us and shoot up Swiftcurrent Pass, and we'll all be just fine. The Park Service knows we're here. Any questions?" No one said a word. We just sat on the floor, children in the center, holding each other, waiting ... some with their eyes closed, praying.

We would later learn that we had been taken for dead by the Park Service. Miraculously, we survived — as did Dan and Thalo, who watched the fire come within 200 feet of the historic Granite Park Chalet, split around us, then rejoin, gather force and roar up Swiftcurrent Pass. The windows didn't blow out, nor did the oxygen get sucked out of the room. The fire missed us. We were alive.

In Chris' words: "We could see that the crown fire that had been coming our way had arced around and above us, burning through Swiftcurrent Pass with 200- to-300-foot flame lengths ... At sunset, the flames surrounding us lit up the chalet with an orange-pink glow, and spot fires continued to burn above and around." The two former employees of the BLM who had disappeared reemerged before dark from the latrines, where they had positioned themselves next to the pit toilets, ready to jump in the dark, nasty holes if necessary.

Our family stayed up all night and, from the porch of the Granite Park Chalet, we watched the fires burn. The intensity of our focus must have been tied to a delusional belief that if we just kept our eyes on the flames, we could keep them at bay. This kind of magical thinking soothed us, even though we all knew it was only the luck of the winds changing direction that had allowed the flames to split and burn around us instead of through us — leaving behind a charred heap of bodies, a circle of ash.

Early the next morning we "escaped" the continuing fires by hiking out the way we had hiked in — single file on the Highline Trail. Only this time, we were led by Chris, with the fire captain bringing up the rear. Three grizzlies walked out with us, slightly below the Garden Wall ledge, having also survived the historic Trapper Fire of 2003.

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A Campsite Grows In Brooklyn

Snowy egrets, oversize bagels and old-time charm in the city that never sleeps.

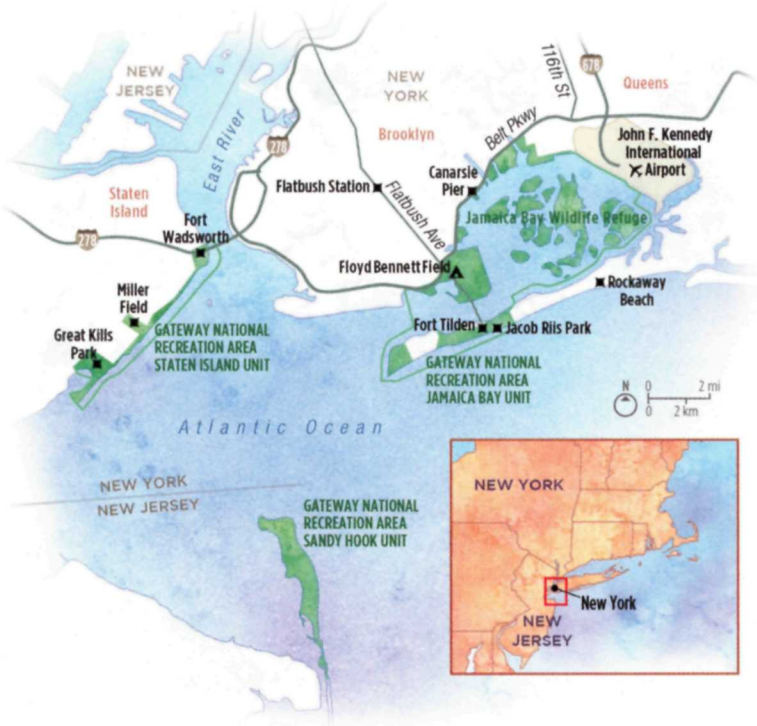
When I told my New York friends I was taking the subway to camp at an old airport in Brooklyn, they seemed intrigued. Then I asked if they wanted to join me, and suddenly their calendars were booked up. Let us know how it is, one said. Next time, another promised. I never go to Brooklyn, announced a third. None of them said it — not even the Queens psychologist who did her training in a notorious Brooklyn mental hospital. But it was implied. Camping in Brooklyn? You gotta be nuts.

I would not entirely disagree. Camping at Floyd Bennett Field, a defunct airfield, has all the drawbacks you might expect. It isn't exactly Yosemite.

And yet: Floyd Bennett, the city's first municipal airport, has several things to recommend it, starting with the fact that it's in the middle of Jamaica Bay. Due, in part, to its location on an island-like strip of land, the airport was never particularly successful. It was turned over to the National Park Service in 1971, along with several other sites, and is now included in Gateway National Recreation Area, a 27,000-acre park spanning two states, three boroughs and one enormous estuary.

I was also intrigued by the multiple entreaties on internet travel sites to "take your MetroCard camping." A national park in New York City is still a national park — it would have exotic birds, tall trees and interesting historical displays. More important, it was a place I could easily return to with my daughters for the price of a couple of bus tickets and subway fares, or a tank of gas.

BY RONA KOBELL • PHOTOS BY MICHAEL FALCO



GATEWAY'S THREE SITES straddle two states and three New York City boroughs. Opposite (clockwise from top left): The park's beaches and marshes can seem a world away from Manhattan, but New York City's skyline is visible from parts of Gateway, which can be reached via subway and bus. Floyd Bennett Field, previously the site of the city's first municipal airport, offers the only year-round camping in Gateway. When Jacob Riis Park opened in the 1930s, advocates hoped that immigrants would flock to the park and its "People's Beach." A freshly banded fledgling osprey in Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. Previous page: Adam Keene explores East Pond at the wildlife refuge with his son, Finley (squatting), and a friend, Alex Cheney (standing).

Wildlife organizations and the federal government have been advocating for improved access to outdoor recreation and nature for decades. What could be better than a campground in the middle of everything?

The decision to see the park via public transportation would mean limiting my visit to the Jamaica Bay unit of Gateway, which straddles Brooklyn and Queens. I'd have to return another time to see Sandy Hook, a beachy park with biking trails and a lighthouse in New Jersey, and the Staten Island sites, which include the Fort Wadsworth military base dating back to the American Revolutionary War. As I would learn, getting around the Jamaica Bay area alone would pose enough challenges — and even with a car, I'm not certain I would want to tackle the entire park in a short trip.

Fortunately, one of my Maryland friends was game. I told Susan that Jamaica Bay is known for its snowy egrets. I might not have mentioned that the waterway had spent more than a century as a dumping ground for everything the city did not want — landfills, sewage, oil, even dead horses. And I can't quite remember whether I said that the campsite sits next to JFK International Airport. Oh well, I told myself. If New York is the city that never sleeps, maybe we wouldn't either.

What little I knew about Jamaica Bay came from my father. He grew up on the Rockaway Peninsula in Queens, just over the Marine Parkway Bridge from Floyd Bennett Field. As a teen, he scooped ice cream at the Howard Johnson's at Jacob Riis Park, an expansive beach that opened in the 1930s and is now part of Gateway. (Named for the famed crusader who pushed the city for better housing conditions, Riis Park was created in honor of immigrants; advocates hoped they would flock to the park and its "People's Beach.") Though my dad fished in Jamaica Bay, he never ate his catch. No one did. And he rarely ventured to Floyd Bennett, which was a naval air training facility then. In those days, it sat next to Marine Park, a park in name only. It was, my dad said, nothing more than a landfill — one of many around there.

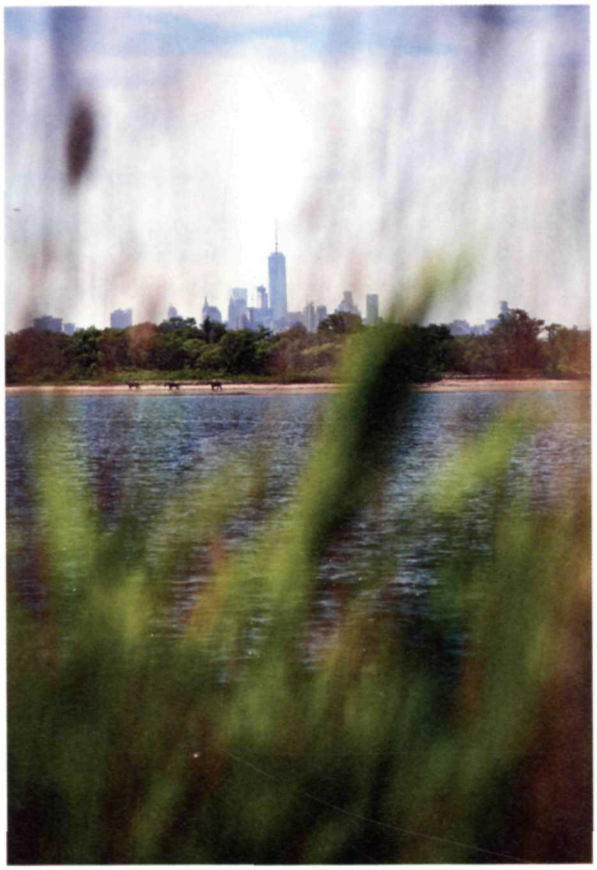
As a child visiting New York, I remember sitting on my grandparents' porch and hearing the locals greet each other in thick Queens accents with a sprinkle of Yiddish. My dad would take me to the Fulton Fish Market in Lower Manhattan and walk out with a giant cod fillet smothered in tartar sauce for us to share. Then my mother would take the four children to Alexander's, a discount store across from Bloomingdale's, and let us choose a new coat for school.

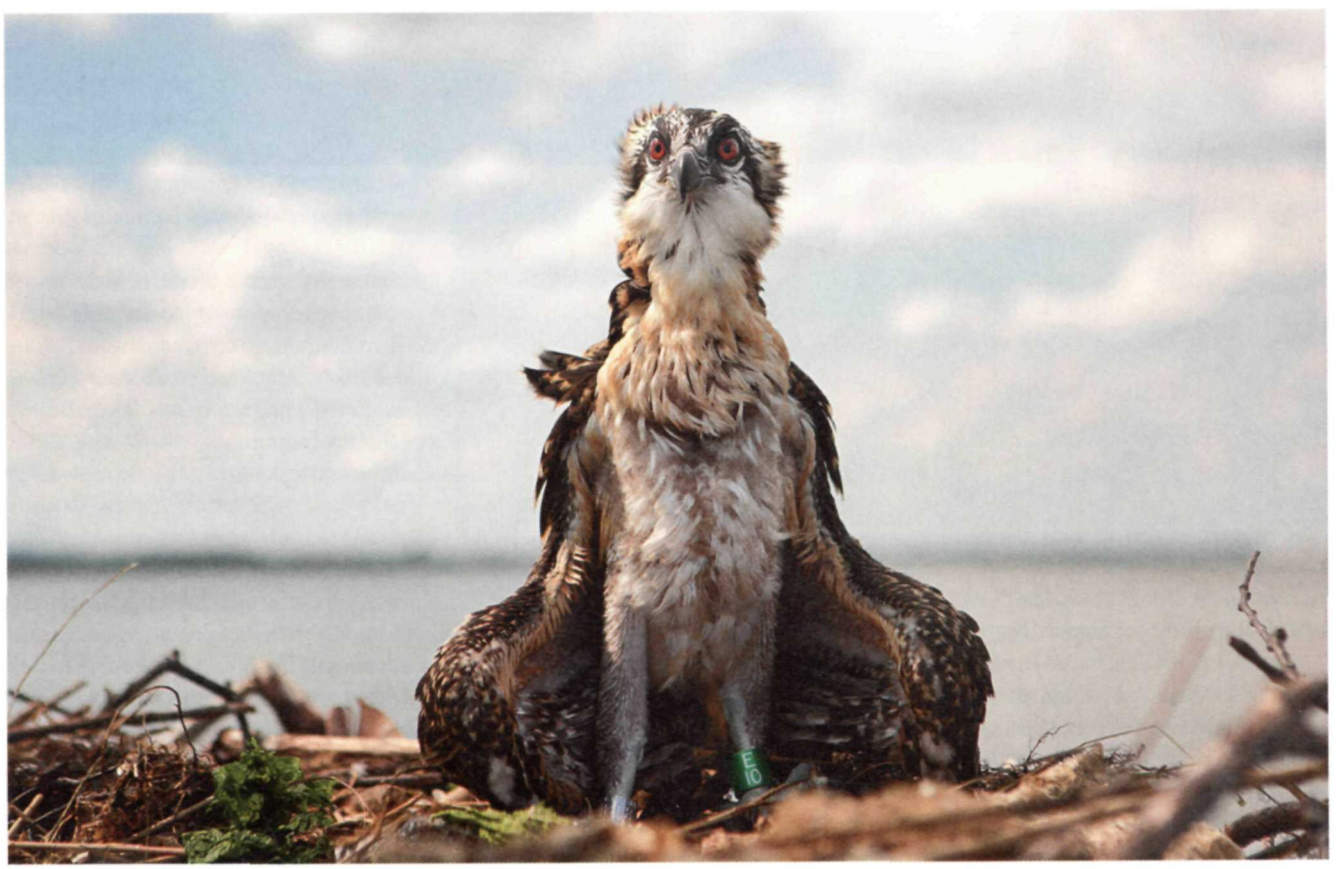
But the Fulton Fish Market left Fulton Street for the Bronx. My grandmother moved to New Jersey when I was 10, then died when I was 26. Alexander's went out of business in 1992, and my mom passed away in 2005. None of my New York friends have the Queens accent, including the ones who live in Queens. New York today seems like a fancy, icy cousin who doesn't much care if I go or stay.

Maybe we would see a snowy egret while camping in Brooklyn. But I was also hoping to glimpse that old New York. Did it still exist?

MetroCard Camping

Susan and I took a three-hour bus trip from Baltimore to New York, the tent in Susan's wheelie suitcase-turned-backpack. We walked three blocks to Penn Station and took the 2 train to





TAKING THE A TRAIN over Jamaica Bay to reach Gateway.

Flatbush Avenue. Then we rode the Q35 bus to Floyd Bennett Field and walked into the Ryan Visitor Center, a former airport terminal that Amelia Earhart and Charles Lindbergh both visited during their heydays as aviators. The center is now a museum about the history of flight, complete with Art Deco transportation posters and knowledgeable rangers.

I had arranged in advance to meet filmmaker and Jamaica Bay advocate Daniel Hendrick at the visitor center. Good thing, because he drove us the long mile to the Camp Store — a trailer at the end of the old runway — where we checked in and got a map.

The campsites, clustered in shrubbery beyond a parking lot, were deserted except for one man, middle-aged, sitting at the picnic table about 15 feet from our spot. It was hot. He took off his shirt. I tried not to stare at the tattoos on each upper bicep. Was he drinking a Pabst? Did the rules say no beer? Did he know that? Susan and I looked at each other. Who camps in Brooklyn? And alone?

He turned out to be Doug Owen, a Michigan jeweler visiting one of his daughters for her 23rd birthday. She'd recently moved to Brooklyn, where it's practically impossible to find a hotel for less than $200 a night. Floyd Bennett, in contrast, was only $30.

We immediately liked Doug. He was sensible. Doug, we decided, would protect us. From what, we weren't sure. But we felt safer with him there than without him.

In 10 minutes, we had the tent up.

Saving Jamaica Bay

"I fell in love with the place, and then I fell in love with the people," Hendrick said as we headed out together for a tour of the area. As a reporter for the Queens Chronicle, he came to know the residents of the beach communities along the estuary and to understand their battles over better environmental protections. In short, they were trying to save Jamaica Bay's disappearing salt marshes and force New York City to reduce the amount of nitrogen and phosphorus its sewage plants discharged.

Jamaica Bay had once been productive farmland and home to some of the East Coast's best oyster beds. But pollution from

TOM FOX, a former Gateway ranger, walks past a World War II-era battery at Fort Tilden. Bottom: An osprey nest in the wildlife refuge.

smokestacks, fish oil factories, fertilizer factories, landfills and horse-rendering plants sullied the waters. The dredging to create Floyd Bennett, JFK Airport and other projects disrupted the ecosystem. Filling in salt marshes to create runways took away crucial habitat and left the shoreline with fewer protections from hurricanes.

Hendrick's film, "Saving Jamaica Bay," chronicles the residents' battles, and his book, "Jamaica Bay," lays out how the bay became a dumping ground in the first place. He worries that the water could again fall victim to the demands of modernization. JFK Airport could expand its runways, or something more drastic could happen. (Though it was many decades ago, the waterway once narrowly dodged a plan to become a giant port.)

One of the best tour guides for the bay's natural treasures is Don Riepe, the longtime manager of the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. Now retired from that job, Riepe still lives in Broad Channel, a feisty community of 3,000 that is the only inhabited island in Jamaica Bay. Many of the residents have waterfront homes and have lived there for decades; Riepe describes himself as a newcomer — after 35 years.

As the Jamaica Bay Guardian for the American Littoral Society, Riepe takes out groups to clean up the shoreline, supervises planting projects in marshes that are being restored, installs osprey platforms and nest boxes for barn owls and attends civic meetings about the bay. He offered to show us the refuge at sunset but was having dinner with a cleanup group at Lenny's Clam Bar in Howard Beach, an Italian enclave east of Floyd Bennett. Would we mind waiting while the group finished eating?

Hendrick dropped us off, and we slid onto bar stools next to an Estonian woman. Susan ordered a ribs appetizer that would have satisfied Tony Soprano, while all around us, large families celebrated communions and graduations. One girl, maybe 10 years old, was dressed like a bride. I asked the bartender, an Irishman named Patrick, if he could make a good Manhattan.

"Best in the city!" he boasted, then stirred the ingredients with a steak knife.

It was delicious, and every time I turned to the Estonian woman, Patrick topped off the martini glass. We talked about kids. Patrick's wife was expecting their second any day. I ordered a fillet of striped bass on top of buttery mashed potatoes. This was not a bar for the health conscious.

"Kale?" Patrick said when we asked about Brooklyn's rumored

DON RIEPE, who has lived and worked in Jamaica Bay for decades, leads a tour of the wildlife refuge.

obsession with the vegetable. "Kale is not a food. Kale is a ga-a-h-nish."

He insisted on wrapping my leftover fillet, but I explained we were camping.

"In New York City?" he asked. He shook his head.

Nature of New York

Riepe, 76, has worked in the Park Service's only wildlife refuge for more than half his life. He's helped identify some of the 340-plus bird species and 100 fish species found in Jamaica Bay. While Central Park welcomes more than 40 million people a year, Jamaica Bay's refuge sees only 50,000. (Gateway as a whole gets 6 million, according to official Park Service statistics; at least a third of those visitors head to Sandy Hook.) That doesn't bother Riepe.

"It's here. You find it, fine," he said. "Let this place grow at its own pace. It's a wildlife refuge, a special place. We don't need to drag people here."

As if on cue, we noticed laughing gulls swoop overhead and horseshoe crabs in the water mating. The New York City skyline emerged to the right; to the left were the high-rises of the Rockaway Peninsula. It was clear that the place where my father grew up is a sandy barrier island that never would be developed today.

Later, we went to Riepe's home, and he showed us the damage from Superstorm Sandy. Like most of his neighbors, Riepe lost nearly everything. I was about to ask if he ever considered moving when the sun set over his deck. Jamaica Bay became a reflection of amber and orange with the New York skyline in the distance, and I realized I had answered my own question.

Sleep? Fuhgeddaboudit.

Susan and I woke up at least six times in the night. Once, a helicopter whirled overhead. There were jets from JFK, noise from a nearby carnival, one loud raccoon (Doug the Jeweler thought it was a feral cat, but the next night would prove otherwise), rap music and, finally, chirping birds. In need of coffee and food, we walked the mile to the Q35 and headed to Rockaway Beach. A firefighter at the local engine company directed us to Rockaway Bagels, where Susan got eggs, sausage and pancakes for $5.50. I asked if I could get my lox on a mini-bagel, which was the size of what we Baltimoreans call a regular bagel. Sure, said the Israeli proprietor. But why? I told him I was trying to go low-carb.

"Low carb?" he said. "Fuhgeddaboudit!"

TRAVEL ESSENTIALS

Gateway National Recreation Area includes three units that straddle two states and three New York City boroughs. The Jamaica Bay unit is in Brooklyn and Queens.

Floyd Bennett Field, the only Gateway site offering year-round camping, is a great base for exploring Jamaica Bay. Bikes and kayaks are available to rent; guided kayak tours can be arranged in advance. The site, a former municipal airport, can be difficult to find. It is located off of Flatbush Avenue just before the toll plaza that crosses over the Marine Parkway–Gil Hodges Memorial Bridge to the Rockaways. Driving from Manhattan, the trip takes about an hour.

On public transportation, figure you'll need an additional half hour for travel. From Penn Station, take the 2 or 5 train to Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn, the last stop. Walk two blocks to the Q35 bus and ask the bus driver to let you off at Floyd Bennett Field or the Aviation Sports Complex. You can also take the A or S train to Rockaway Park–Beach 116th Street and then hop on the Q35.

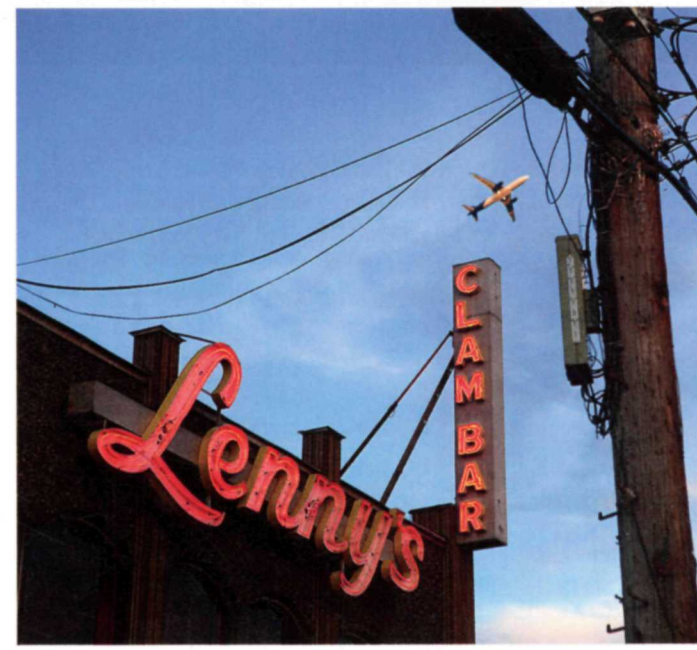
At the Ryan Visitor Center, you can check in for camping and get fishing permits, maps and park information. From there, it is a mile to the camp store and the campground. Camping fills up on weekends, so reserve early. You can leave things at the campground while exploring, but keep valuables and electronics with you.

Flatbush Avenue is the conduit to everything a traveler needs. It runs from the Manhattan Bridge all the way across the Rockaway Peninsula. Head north (via car or the Q35) to shop at Kings Plaza or Target. Or travel south to 116th Street and the Rockaways for restaurants and an unparalleled view of the Atlantic Ocean.

The camp store (open mid-May through late October): 718-807-9287

Ryan Visitor Center (closed Mondays and Tuesdays in the winter): 718-338-3799

Reservations: 877-444-6777 or book through www.recreation.gov



THE BUSY STRIP at 116th Street in Rockaway Beach (top) and Lenny's Clam Bar, a well-known restaurant in Howard Beach (bottom), are both a short distance from the park.

FISHERMEN try their luck near Floyd Bennett Field.

I'd read that the Rockaways had become a hipster haven. But aside from one young man inquiring about the provenance of the garlic, the regulars were a hodge-podge of ordinary New Yorkers: transit workers, mail carriers, nurses.

After we ate, I called my friend the Queens psychologist.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"Rockaway Beach," I said.

"Oh God," she replied.

"We went camping last night in Brooklyn," I reminded her.

"Oh God," she repeated.

In 22 years in New York City, she had been to Rockaway Beach only once. And she could not come today. Too far.

"Call me next time, when you're in the city," she said.

"But this IS the city!" I protested.

We returned to Floyd Bennett Field, where I explored the terminal and several short trails. As I walked around, I pondered something that several people had told me before we arrived: that Gateway had so much potential.

The park seems on the cusp of a new era. It's not only a large swath of wilderness within a short drive of millions of people, it's also one of very few in the country that can be reached by bus and subway. Gateway's superintendent, Jennifer T. Nersesian, has worked on a new park plan that includes adding more bike trails, increasing boating opportunities and improving access to the park. One idea, for example, is shuttle buses from the Flatbush subway; another might be a ferry from Manhattan, as Sandy Hook has in the fall.

Some of those changes are underway: For several years, one ranger, John Daskalakis, has guided kayaking trips. The newly constructed Jamaica Bay Greenway biking and walking trail connects Floyd Bennett to the refuge and local beaches.

"We're named Gateway for a reason," Nersesian said. "We're right in the middle of 10 million people. We're opening up a whole new world of experience and opportunity."

A Soggy End

I'd met Tom Fox the week before our Gateway excursion, at a conference in France. A ranger at Gateway in the 1970s, Fox was the only person who did not laugh when I told him we would be camping at an airport in Brooklyn, even though it was clearly a change from our accommodations at a seaside gambling resort in Normandy. He offered to pick me up for cocktails at his house in Breezy Point, a housing cooperative within Gateway that's sometimes referred to as the "Irish Riviera" because of its original settlers.

When Fox pulled up, he said Floyd Bennett looked much as it did in the 1970s. We piled in — me in the front, Susan and our new friend, Doug the Jeweler, in the back. Fox, a jovial fellow who grew up in Flatbush and said he came to love the outdoors while serving in the jungles of Vietnam, narrated a tour of the Rockaways and post-Sandy fortifications. After leaving the Park Service, Fox became an entrepreneur, environmental advocate and zealot for better transit. He'd started the New York Water Taxi. Current plans for a city ferry to Rockaway Beach would bypass Floyd Bennett and that was a mistake, he said: If Gateway and Jamaica Bay were easier to find, more people would fight to preserve them.

At his house, Fox took out a couple of guitars, and he and Doug the Jeweler played "Louise" while Fox's wife, Gretchen, sang. Susan and I checked the weather. Rain. I took another swig of rum.

It rained all night and all morning. Susan's side of the tent was soaked, so she spent the night on a picnic table under a pavilion, locked in a standoff with a raccoon that had reinforcements in the bushes. A ranger had said he'd give us a lift to the Q35. We waited an hour in the rain, as Susan — who had to get home for an event at her son's school — grew increasingly nervous. The camp store wasn't open. Neither was the main visitor center. Doug the Jeweler had packed his PT Cruiser too tightly to squeeze us in.

I was trying to sweet-talk the construction workers at a nearby airline hangar into giving us a ride when Susan yelled that she had summoned Uber. In the downpour, she screamed directions into the phone, and we began to flail our arms in a desperate attempt to flag down the driver, who passed the runway a couple of times. When we got in, he said, "This place is really hard to find."

We dried off as he plugged in the coordinates. He was from Russia, he said. Well, really Tajikistan. When we asked why he came to New York, he said, softly, "More opportunity. For my children."

At Penn Station, we ran for it, stopping just long enough to buy some kabob sandwiches from a halal truck when we could see our bus hadn't yet departed. As we settled in, still panting, I thought of the driver from Tajikistan, and the Estonian woman, and Patrick the Irish bartender in the Italian restaurant. I thought about the kindness of Tom and Gretchen Fox and the little girl dressed like a bride. Together, they captured the beauty of a place where old-timers can thrive and people still come to make a brand-new start of it.

This city still has your back. And yes, it knows how to make a Manhattan. My New York is still there. Who knew I'd have to camp out in Brooklyn to find it?

RONA KOBELL is a staff writer for the Chesapeake Bay Journal and a former Baltimore Sun reporter. **MICHAEL FALCO** is a freelance photographer based in New York City.

NPCA AT WORK

It seems inconceivable that a 27,000-acre park in the middle of New York City could be a secret, yet many of the nearly 1.7 million people who live in the Jamaica Bay area don't realize that Gateway exists. "They know about tributaries in their neighborhoods, but they don't know that they connect to a watershed and have no idea that it's managed by the National Park Service," said Lauren Cosgrove, senior coordinator of NPCA's Find Your Voice initiative. "They feel disconnected from the water."

For the last two years, NPCA staff have been trying to address that. They have helped organize beach cleanups, volunteer projects for veterans and advocacy workshops. They also produce a newsletter about park activities — from biking to birdwatching to attending live music performances — that more than 700 people now receive.

"We're just trying to get people to come out and explore the park," Cosgrove said.

NPCA staff have also recently focused on the restoration of the Jacob Riis Park bathhouse, an Art Deco building dating to the 1930s, which has been shut down since 2012, when it was severely damaged by Superstorm Sandy. Park advocates envision a refurbished space with food, souvenir shops and other visitor amenities and have successfully pushed for funding: The renovation work is expected to be done by late November. A similar grassroots campaign has helped secure funding for the restoration of the West Pond Trail, another casualty of Sandy.

Improving public transit access to the park has been another priority for NPCA. Staff are working on a report that will highlight low-cost recommendations, including improving ferry service connections, extending bus service and expanding the Jamaica Bay Greenway so that more people can reach the park by bicycle.

"It's a remarkable urban park: the history, the art, the culture, the fact that you can go camping in Brooklyn," Cosgrove said. "The opportunities are there. We're just trying to push these projects forward and help people discover the national park in their own backyard." —RM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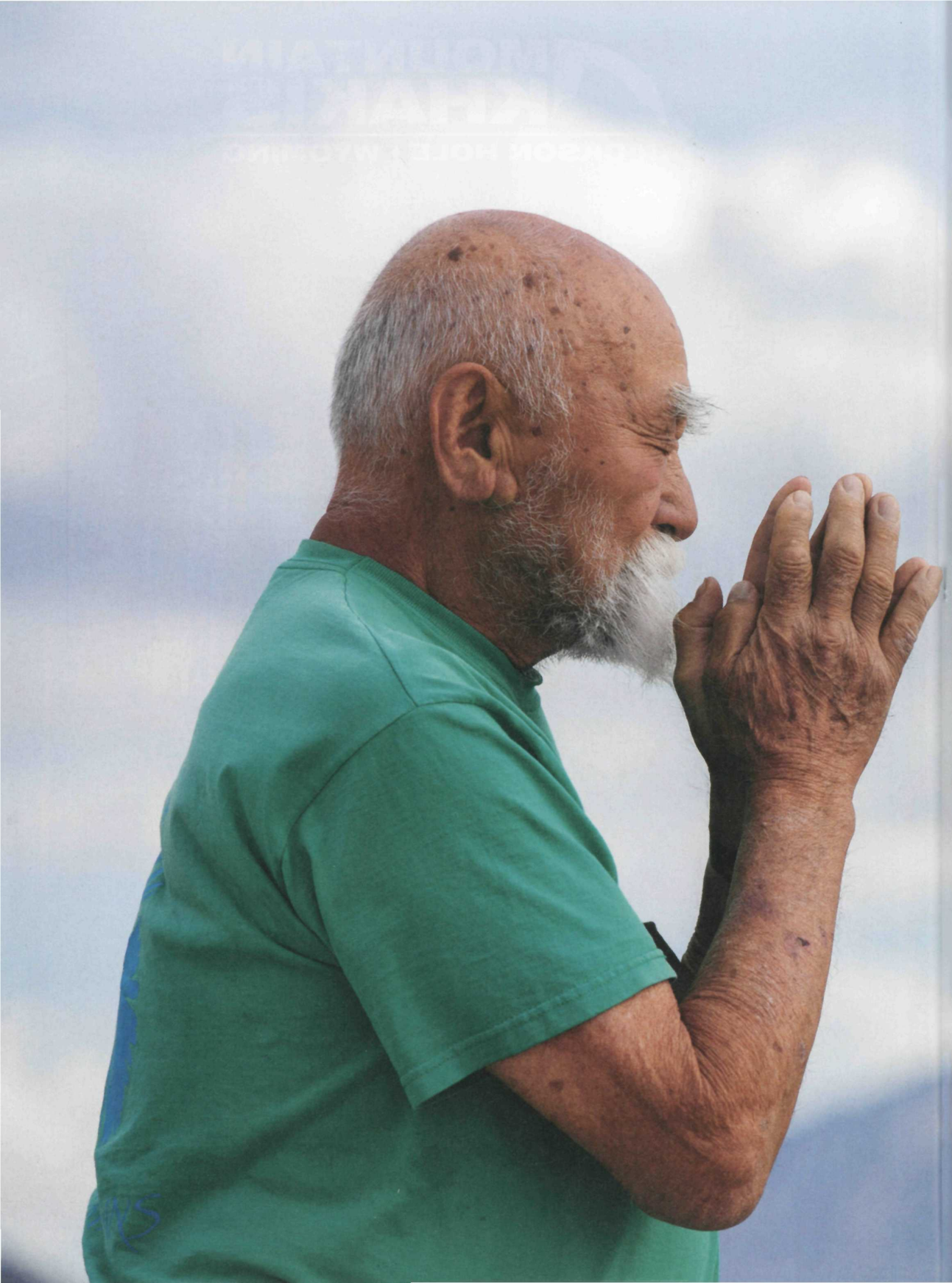


As the number of Japanese-American incarceration camp survivors dwindles, a new generation strives to keep the story alive.

By Nicolas Brulliard

Photos by Patrick T. Fallon

RETURN TO MANZANAR

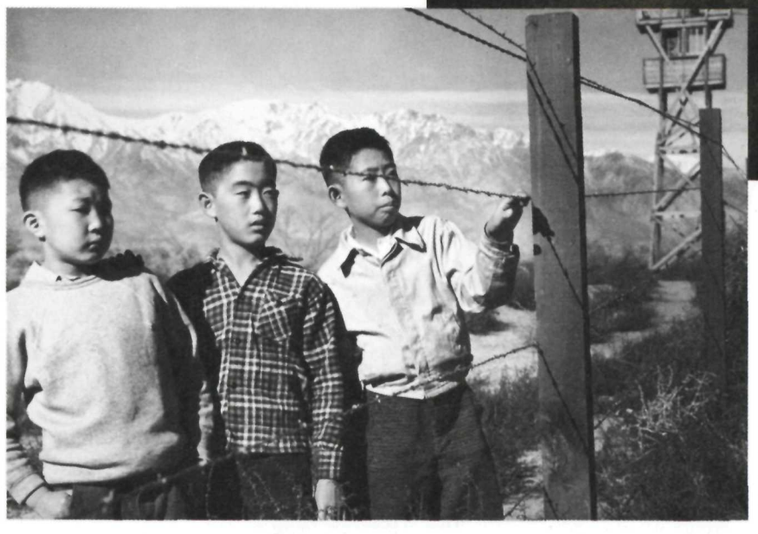
The slow procession moved clockwise around the perimeter of the Lone Pine High School gymnasium. Every few steps, participants paused to read the quotes on posters lining the walls — most from people who had been incarcerated in America's detention camps during World War II because of their Japanese ancestry. The silence that prevailed gave an air of sanctity to the hangar-like structure. Moments later, after the crowd of nearly 200 had taken their seats, seven Japanese-American college students walked up to read some of the quotes aloud.

Rena Ogino began, but instead of reading the words of those who had been detained, she chose to start with a statement that David Bowers, then the mayor of Roanoke, Virginia, issued in November 2015. He had summoned the memory of the forced removal of Japanese-Americans and Japanese residents during the war to justify his refusal to welcome Syrian refugees to his city: "I'm reminded that President Franklin D. Roosevelt felt compelled to sequester Japanese foreign nationals after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and it appears that the threat of harm to America from ISIS now is just as real and serious as that from our enemies then."

The second quote was from February 1942, more than 70 years earlier. Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, commanding officer of the Western Defense Command, said in a report to the secretary of war that U.S. residents and citizens of Japanese descent were an "enemy race" and could not be trusted to remain loyal to the United States: "The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken."

Every year on the last Saturday of April, Japanese-Americans who were incarcerated congregate with family and other supporters at Manzanar National Historic Site for a day of remembrance, but as the number of those who experienced the camps dwindles, the burden is shifting to younger generations, and people like Ogino, to perpetuate their story. These advocates believe this is an urgent task — not only because firsthand witnesses are fast disappearing, but because they are dismayed by the current political discourse. Before the U.S. government sent more than 110,000 Japanese-Americans living on the West Coast to the Manzanar detention camp and nine other so-called relocation centers, that community experienced increasing levels of discrimination and prejudice. Camp survivors, their descendants and others who have become familiar with the story say the current rhetoric targeting Muslims echoes the fearmongering that immediately preceded a dark episode of this country's history, and they want to sound the alarm.

A REBUILT guard tower at Manzanar, one of 10 camps where more than 120,000 Japanese-Americans and Japanese residents were incarcerated during World War II. The former camp is now a national historic site (right). Below: three boys behind Manzanar's barbed wire in 1944. Previous page: Mo Nishida, who was incarcerated at the Amache camp in Colorado, prays at Manzanar on the eve of the annual pilgrimage.



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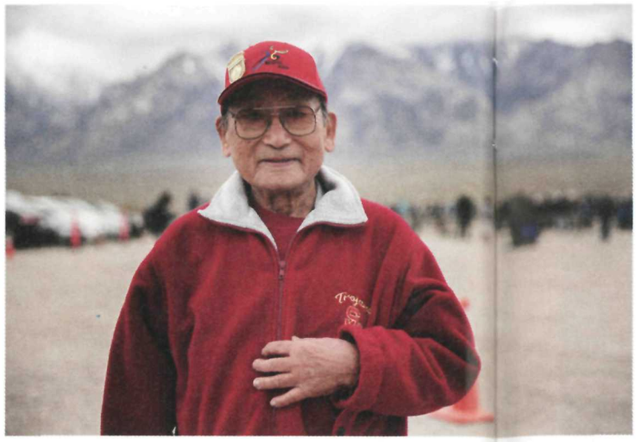
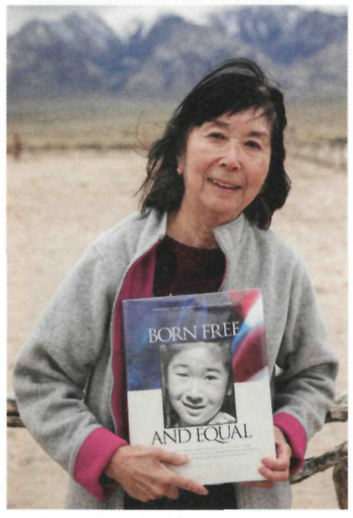
"You can't just save your own story," said Ogino, a student at University of California, San Diego. "We have to also remember that these stories are really alive in other communities today."

Earlier that day, about 10 miles north of Lone Pine's high school, about 1,000 people had assembled near Manzanar's cemetery on the western edge of the former camp. Most of the attendees had traveled on buses from various cities in California, where many Japanese-Americans resettled after the war. A fresh coat of snow had blanketed the summits of the Sierra Nevada to the west, and a relentless wind chilled participants through their blankets, layers of clothing and winter jackets. In this frigid spring weather, you could begin to imagine what it must have been like to spend your first winter at Manzanar in poorly insulated barracks, wearing inadequate clothing.

The diverse crowd included dozens of people who had been incarcerated at Manzanar and other camps. Those born in camp are now in their mid-70s. The most senior survivors are two decades older, but most carried themselves with a spryness that belied their age. Perhaps it was simply the result of self-selection — those too frail decided not to make the trip — but it was tempting to attribute it to "gaman" spirit, a Japanese virtue of endurance and perseverance. As in recent years, a group of Muslim students also attended. The mood was solemn, and on occasion, people shed tears.

As the co-chair of the Manzanar Committee, the group that has been organizing the pilgrimage for nearly 50 years, Bruce Embrey has a very personal connection to the Manzanar story: His mother, Sue Kunitomi Embrey, was a teenager when she arrived at Manzanar with her family. Camp life actually offered opportunities for young people like her, who often spoke better English than their parents. Kunitomi Embrey became the editor of the Manzanar Free Press, the camp's ironically named newspaper. Later, as she reentered civilian life, she realized that a lack of political power before the war had left Japanese-Americans





JOYCE NAKAMURA OKAZAKI, 82, holds a book by Ansel Adams featuring a picture the famed photographer took of her when she was incarcerated at Manzanar (left). Clockwise from top left: Amara Munir, 20, made her first trip to Manzanar this year. Bo Sakaguchi, 91, wrote for the Manzanar Free Press while incarcerated at the camp. Rena Ogino, a student at University of California, San Diego, speaks to the crowd at the 47th Manzanar pilgrimage. Sam Shimada stands inside one of Manzanar's rebuilt barracks. He was 9 when he was incarcerated at the Amache camp in Colorado.

"Let 'em be pinched, hurt, hungry, and dead up against it," wrote syndicated columnist Henry McLemore in early 1942. "Personally, I hate the Japanese and that goes for all of them."

vulnerable. "It hit her that our community was powerful economically," her son said, "yet they got locked up, and all of that got taken away in a flash."

Making sure it wouldn't happen again to anyone required increasing the political influence of Japanese-Americans and other minority groups. So she immersed herself in political activism, working to protect women's and workers' rights and building relationships with minority organizations in the process. She didn't direct any of her energy toward Manzanar; in fact, she kept memories of camp life buried. An invitation to join a pilgrimage to the site of the camp in 1969 would change that. As one of the attendees who had been incarcerated there, Kunitomi Embrey found herself answering questions from the media covering the event. The next year, she co-founded the Manzanar Committee, and she became a main organizer of the pilgrimage. She led campaigns to make Manzanar a state and national historical landmark, and then a national park site. After she and her allies secured the National Park Service designation in 1992, Kunitomi Embrey continued to make the annual pilgrimage. She listened to her last one by phone from her hospital bed in 2006. She died two weeks later.

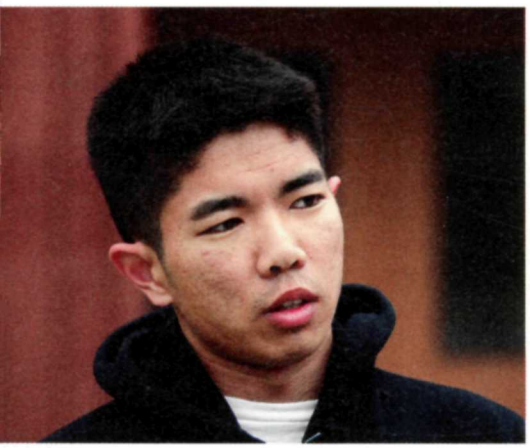
Her son is soft-spoken, but the comments by Bowers and others justifying the use of incarceration camps and discrimination against a minority group have left him angry. And so it was with a forceful tone that he spoke into the microphone on pilgrimage day.

"There are voices daily that we want to counter," he said. "We must say that no one, no people, regardless of where they came from, what language they speak, what religion they practice, should ever lose their constitutional rights and be incarcerated or vilified simply for looking like the enemy."

Japanese immigrants had faced prejudice since they arrived in the country decades before the war, but what followed the attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, was of a different magnitude altogether. Fears of a Japanese invasion and — unsubstantiated — allegations of sabotage from within turned the entire Japanese-American community into a scapegoat. Japanese-Americans were routinely insulted and heckled in public, and calls for their removal from the West Coast rose quickly. "Let 'em be pinched, hurt, hungry, and dead up against it," wrote syndicated columnist Henry McLemore in early 1942. "Personally, I hate the Japanese and that goes for all of them."

There were voices — even within the government — that spoke out against the unwarranted accusations of disloyalty, but Roosevelt bowed to military pressure, and on Feb. 19, 1942, he signed the infamous Executive Order 9066 authorizing the mass removal of Japanese-Americans to detention camps. The military wasted little time. Once registered, most of those of Japanese ancestry had two weeks or less to prepare for their departure. Many had to sell homes, farmland and businesses at bargain prices to buyers taking advantage of their predicament, losing in days the fruits of decades of hard labor. People could bring only what they could carry, so they left behind pets, family heirlooms and other prized possessions. "I was a kid, so the hardest part was not being able to take my toys," said Joyce Nakamura Okazaki, who was 7 at the time.

Because the camps weren't built yet, people were rounded up at what the government called "assembly centers" — fairgrounds or stables located all over the West Coast — with no idea of their final destination. In the rush, some families were separated. Bo Sakaguchi, 91, said a little girl who would later become his wife happened to be hospitalized at the time, and she was left behind when her parents were sent to camp. "So my wife had to stay in the hospital by herself," he said. "At 7 years old, separated from



DARREN KAWASAKI, 20, whose grandfather was incarcerated at Manzanar, made his 11th trip to the site this year (far left). Left: Bruce Embrey is one of the main organizers of the pilgrimage. His mother, Sue Kunitomi Embrey, led the effort to make Manzanar a national historic site.

her family, can you imagine how she must have felt?"

The actual camps were systematically located in remote places with extreme climates. All of the detainees had packed light by necessity, so the first winter was a shock. "It got down to minus 28 degrees, and we were in Southern California clothes," said Takashi Hoshizaki, 90, who was sent with his family to the Heart Mountain camp in Wyoming. Barracks were hastily built and let in cold air and dust. With the collar of his red fleece up to protect himself from the frigid wind, Sakaguchi said the asthma his sister contracted in Manzanar led to the pneumonia that would take her life shortly after she left the camp.

As he walked out of one of Manzanar's rebuilt barracks, Sam Shimada, who was 9 when he was sent to the Amache camp — originally known as the Granada Relocation Center — in Colorado, said the biggest challenge was adjusting to "American" food. "They fed you sausage and sauerkraut," he said. "Everybody said, 'What is that?'"

"No one should ever lose their constitutional rights and be incarcerated or vilified simply for looking like the enemy."

While the conditions were universally harsh, especially at the beginning, individual experiences differed widely based on the detainees' age, family circumstances and personal outlook. Shigeru Yabu's friends say he has an unorthodox take on camp life. "Basically, I enjoyed it as a kid," he said of his experience at Heart Mountain. Yabu, 84, hasn't forgotten the cold nights and the series of menial jobs his parents were reduced to taking in a discriminatory post-war climate. But he also remembers his ant farm, his pet magpie Maggie, the games older teenagers taught him at the recreation hall and the escapades beyond the barbed wire to a nearby river.

Sitting in a motel room on the eve of the pilgrimage, Hoshizaki, his good friend, said he has a hard time seeing any silver lining in his Heart Mountain experience. That's in part because as a teenager, he was old enough to understand the injustice of the incarceration and the devastating effect it had on his family. Also, Hoshizaki was required to fill out what came to be known as the "loyalty questionnaire." In 1943, the government made all detainees 17 or older fill out a document designed to identify those "loyal" to the United States, asking them, among other things, whether they would be willing to serve on combat duty in the U.S. armed forces. Hoshizaki said he had no intention of dying for the country that had put his family behind barbed wire. "I said, 'No, I'm not going because this is crazy,'" he said. (Some detainees did volunteer for combat, and their unit became one of the most highly decorated in the history of the U.S. military.) Hoshizaki and 62 others at Heart Mountain challenged the legality of drafting incarcerated people, and after a mass trial, they were sent to federal penitentiary in Washington state. He stayed there two years until the end of the war and was later pardoned by President Harry S. Truman.

And then there is Karyl Matsumoto. Orphaned at just 3 months, she was taken to Manzanar's Children's Village. Lillian and Harry Matsumoto, the couple who ran the orphanage, fell for the little girl and adopted her. "I'm very fortunate," said Matsumoto, standing at the site of the orphanage where trees have grown out of the foundations. She would go on to a political career and become the mayor of South San Francisco.

It's this diversity of individual stories and perspectives that forms the foundation of Manzanar's projects, films and exhibits today. Alisa Lynch, chief of interpretation at Manzanar, and her team have already collected hundreds of oral histories from camp survivors, but they are racing to preserve stories because they know people who were incarcerated at Manzanar are aging. "There is definitely a sense that time is running out," she said.

Manzanar visitors are called upon to use their imagination. Most of the site is covered with sagebrush and saltbush, and the sandy soil is littered with rusty nails where barracks once stood. The camp was home to about 10,000 people and counted 800 buildings, but all the barracks were sold or dismantled shortly after the war. Only a few original structures remain: the auditorium, which is now a visitor center, sentry posts and the cemetery monument. Two barracks have been rebuilt, and the Block 14

KARYL MATSUMOTO, who arrived at Manzanar's Children's Village as a 3-month-old orphan, stands at the site of the orphanage.

women's latrines should be completed by the end of the year, Lynch said. What to rebuild is a source of constant debate. In an early compromise with local residents who were concerned about the site looking like a present-day prison, only one of the original guard towers was rebuilt.

The debate extends to which words to use to describe the camps. Officially called "relocation centers," they have since been widely described as "internment camps," but some, including people who were incarcerated there, object on the grounds that the word "internment" applies to the imprisonment of enemy nationals, which followed American and international law. They say their detention was illegal, and they argue for the use of the term "incarceration" instead. In recent years, the phrase "concentration camp" has been gaining momentum, even though Japanese-Americans acknowledge their experience was vastly different from the atrocities that took place in Nazi death camps.

Interpreting Manzanar's history is the culmination of a lifelong passion for Lynch. She checked out library books about Japanese culture at a very early age, and when she was 9, the movie "Farewell to Manzanar" made a big impression on her. At 13, she stopped by Manzanar on a family trip. She was hooked. "The hair stood up on the back of my neck, and I just felt the power of this place," she said. After an itinerant Park Service career took her from Yosemite to Mount Rainier, she landed her dream job as Manzanar's chief of interpretation more than 15 years ago. As movers packed up her belongings, the terrorist events of Sept. 11 unfolded. Manzanar was pushed into the limelight after Japanese-Americans denounced the singling out of American Muslims, and media turned their attention to the site.

As a 20-year-old, Amara Munir has lived most of her life in a post-9/11 world. Last spring, the college student joined the pilgrimage; it was her first visit to Manzanar. Inside the World War II-era mess hall, she said she was struck by the living conditions, especially the communal bathrooms that offered no privacy. While camp life is hard to fathom, the discrimination that led to it feels very real to her. She fears her attire identifies her as a potential target for abuse.

"I'm a Muslim wearing a hijab, so when you see me you see a Muslim person," she said.

Munir said she is grateful for the show of support from the Japanese-American community. For the past 11 years, the Council on American-Islamic Relations has sent a group of students to the pilgrimage, and Muslim leaders have made speeches at the event. This kind of outreach has become a priority for many survivors of the camps. For the past decade, Joyce Nakamura Okazaki has been giving presentations about her Manzanar experience to students in Los Angeles-area schools. She also routinely responds to inquiries from students who are writing papers on the topic and has helped finance student trips to Manzanar.

For a long time, such openness was rare: People incarcerated in the camps often refrained from sharing their memories because they felt shame at their inability to protect their family from harm or found it difficult to relive the trauma of camp life. Others worried that bringing up the past would exacerbate other Americans' prejudices, which lingered after the war. But after

NPCA AT WORK

Though few of the original structures at Manzanar are still standing, the barren landscape remains pretty much unchanged more than 70 years after the camp's closure.

"That sense of isolation, that sense of remoteness is critical to understanding the experience there," said Dennis Arguelles, NPCA's Los Angeles program manager.

But that untouched landscape would have been marred if the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power had moved forward with a plan to build 1 million photovoltaic panels less than 4 miles from the site. The 1,200-acre solar project would have been a "monstrosity," Arguelles said.

Thanks to the advocacy of NPCA and its partners, including the Manzanar Committee, the project was shelved in 2015, but Arguelles said the utility could resurrect it at any time. "So we'll have to continue to be vigilant," he said.

Efforts to recognize the plight of Japanese-Americans during World War II extend well beyond Manzanar. NPCA is currently supporting the Tuna Canyon Detention Station Coalition in its quest to create a monument memorializing the site of a prison camp where the U.S. government held Japanese men and others during the war before sending them to facilities throughout the country. The city council voted in favor of the monument in 2013, but a developer interested in the site filed a lawsuit contesting the designation.

NPCA is also pushing for the former Tule Lake incarceration camp to become an independent national park site. Currently part of the World War II Valor in the Pacific National Monument, Tule Lake had the largest population of the 10 camps at its peak and received many Japanese-Americans and Japanese deemed disloyal based on their answers to what came to be known as the "loyalty questionnaire." "The increased security for these inmates created a prison-like compound," said Ron Sundergill, NPCA's senior director for the Pacific region. Last December, Sen. Barbara Boxer introduced legislation to create the Tule Lake National Historic Site, a designation that would place it on par with Manzanar and Minidoka National Historic Site in Idaho. —NB

decades of healing and an official apology from President Ronald Reagan, many of those who are still alive feel compelled to speak.

After the pilgrimage's speeches, interfaith service and traditional dance had concluded and she was done packing leftover programs and commemorative T-shirts, Pat Sakamoto said her mother was one of those who remained silent. Born in Manzanar, Sakamoto has few direct memories of the experience, but every year she uses the pilgrimage as an opportunity to tell the story of her mother, who cared for two young daughters in camp after her husband's answers to the loyalty questionnaire led to his detention at the Tule Lake camp in California and, ultimately, his exile to Japan. "Because she couldn't give voice to it, I have to do it for her," she said.

PAPER CRANES adorn the cemetery monument at Manzanar.

A couple of hours after most buses had left, a fraction of the attendees found their way to the Lone Pine High School gymnasium for Manzanar at Dusk. Modeled after a similar program at the pilgrimage to Tule Lake, the event is meant to encourage dialogue between generations and keep the Manzanar story current. Students, some of them grandchildren of people incarcerated at Manzanar, have taken ownership of the program.

Camp survivors used to make up the majority of the crowd at the pilgrimage. This year, fewer than 200 made the trip, but pilgrimage organizers and park officials are buoyed by the commitment of a new generation of advocates. "The story is in good hands," Lynch said.

After the readings, the students led small-group discussion sessions. Then participants walked up to the microphone to share personal impressions, recollections and songs. One of them was a 55-year-old woman whose mother died in November. Exposed to the day's cold wind and dust, she said she finally understood why her mother had covered her plate of food with a napkin or a lid all her life, even though her mother herself had forgotten the reason. The woman's voice trembled when she urged those present to make their relatives talk and collect their stories because doing so "heals them."

It had been an emotional ending to an emotional day. When Darren Kawasaki exited the building, he was drained. The 20-year-old student estimated that this was his 11th trip to Manzanar, the camp where his grandfather was incarcerated during the war. For Kawasaki, the passing of the generation of camp survivors is personal, as his grandfather's health is deteriorating. He is glad Manzanar exists because he will have a place to return to after his grandfather is gone.

"My last connection with him will be this camp," he said before excusing himself, crossing the street and heading to his car.

NICOLAS BRULLIARD is associate editor of National Parks magazine.
PATRICK T. FALLON Is a photojournalist based in Los Angeles.

Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historic Park
Courtesy Bev Rose

COME TO DAYTON

An Aviation Mecca

Dayton—the birthplace of aviation and so much more—was home to the Wright Brothers. In Dayton, the Wrights invented and built their airplanes and "really learned to fly." Come experience the sites of the Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historical Park and learn all about the Wrights and the birth of manned, powered flight! There are more than 16 amazing aviation sites all within close proximity to one another. Visit just seven of them and we'll "air-mail" you a Wilbear Wright Aviator teddy bear.

The fourth building of the FREE National Museum of the U.S. Air Force opened in June 2016! Don't miss Dayton—within a day's drive of more than 60 percent of the U.S. population. To learn more, visit *daytoncvb.com*.

Front porch of the Sebastopol House Historic Site
Courtesy City of Seguin

SEBASTOPOL HOUSE HISTORIC SITE

A Concrete Paradigm of American Craftsmanship

Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, Sebastopol House, now a museum open to the public, is one of the best-preserved "limecrete" structures in America and rests in one of the oldest towns in Texas founded by Texas Rangers. Built in Greek Revival style by highly skilled slaves, it boasts a mystery dungeon and a secret water-cooling system. Also on exhibit is Wilson Pottery, rare artifacts from one of the first businesses in Texas owned by freed slaves. Open Thursday through Sunday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. To learn more, go to *visitseguin.com*.

AFTER FIVE DAYS, rescuers finally reached a plane that crashed just outside Yosemite in 1982. Chas Macquarie, a Yosemite ranger, arrived on the scene first.

Against All Odds

The epic story of one of the National Park Service's greatest rescues.

ON THE AFTERNOON OF SUNDAY, JAN. 3, 1982, Ronald Vaughan, his wife, Lee, and her 10-year-old son from a previous marriage, Donnie Priest, hopped aboard their small private plane at Mammoth/June Lake Airport in California. They were flying home to the Bay Area after visiting family in Oklahoma for the holidays, and this was their last refueling stop.

Just after 3:30 p.m., the single-engine Grumman Tiger plane lifted into the sky, and the meditative hum of the motor quickly lulled Donnie to sleep. Vaughan's original flight plan, to fly the shortest route over 12,000-foot peaks just north of Tioga Pass, had been denied by flight control in Tonopah, Nevada, who warned that a jet stream over the Pacific Ocean was funneling two weather fronts eastward and that a massive storm system was brewing. So Vaughan opted instead to fly north along the eastern edge of the Sierra Nevada and then cross the vast mountain range near Reno.

But 40 minutes after takeoff, Vaughan was radioing flight control in Oakland, saying he was losing altitude and could see the ground.

And then, the radio fell silent. The airplane's last known location on radar was in the vast snowy wilderness a half mile north of Tioga Lake, just outside the entrance to Yosemite National Park.

The storm that blew in that afternoon would end up lasting three days and would be one of the largest on record to strike Northern California. As wind, rain and snow slammed the area, trees toppled, rivers flooded and landslides destroyed homes. A total of 33 people died. The Vaughans had lost contact late Sunday afternoon, but as Monday arrived, the storm raged on and an air search was impossible. Park officials reached out to backcountry rangers Chas and Anne Macquarie, a couple spending their winter at a cabin in Tuolumne Meadows, 8 snowy miles from the airplane's last known location. The Macquaries donned their snowshoes and rescue packs and set off into the blizzard to search for the plane through waist-deep snow.

Conditions changed little on Tuesday, but by Wednesday, the skies had cleared. Mono County rescuers drove a snowcat up the mountain. Navy personnel and Yosemite rangers aboard a search and rescue helicopter surveyed the vicinity of the plane's last known position. Their efforts turned up nothing. The aerial search area was expanded to at least 100 square miles on Thursday, but once again, the search proved futile.

By then, it had been four days since the crash, and the odds of anyone having survived both the impact and subzero temperatures were slim.

Since the plane's emergency locator transmitter, designed to go off on impact, hadn't activated, search and rescue ranger John Dill struggled to locate the airplane on paper. As Dill pored over topographical maps, the flight data baffled him: The plane's last known location was west of Mono Lake, instead of east as it should have

been according to Vaughan's revised flight plan. Civil Air Patrol investigators speculated that Vaughan had gotten lost and had been trying to fly his way back to his revised flight plan. Finally, late on Thursday, they uncovered data from Oakland flight control logs revealing that shortly after takeoff Vaughan had requested and received permission to fly his original route — the most direct path over Yosemite.

"Today, flight information arrives quickly on Google Earth or other digital maps, and there's a whole team of radar specialists to track a missing plane," Dill said in an interview. "Back then, I had no computer, so I had to manually plot the coordinates for the last few minutes of the flight path on a map, to try to guess what the pilot was thinking."

For Dill, news of the revised flight plan changed everything. "The pilot's goal had changed," Dill explained. "We were not searching for a plane traveling north to Reno that had gotten lost but one that intended to cross the higher altitudes of Yosemite." Dill stayed up all night plotting data and, by Friday morning, he'd narrowed the search area to a thin strip of wilderness, 6 miles long, from Tioga Pass north to Mount Conness. The area had been searched on Wednesday, but buoyed by this bit of new information, the helicopter team returned on Friday. Late that morning, they spotted a small section of the plane's tail sticking out of the snow on the steep eastern slope of 12,057-foot White Mountain.

To access the plane, the team needed the Macquaries' expert mountaineering skills. Anne was already onboard the helicopter, so they raced to Tuolumne to pick up Chas, who was waiting with skis, rope-rescue gear and shovels. The helicopter returned to the crash site, the team dropped the Macquaries off on a ridge immediately above the plane, and Anne belayed Chas over the edge. Chas reached the plane and began digging frantically. When his shovel hit the window, he heard a muffled cry from inside.

> By then, it had been four days since the crash, and the odds of anyone having survived both the impact and subzero temperatures were slim.

It was 10-year-old Donnie Priest. After five days of subzero temperatures, the boy was in shock, severely hypothermic, and his legs were badly frostbitten. Donnie's mother and stepfather had died on impact, but he was alive.

The news set off a flurry of activity. As the helicopter lowered Chief Petty Officer Jerry Balderson, the Macquaries pulled Donnie from the back window of the airplane and helped insert him into a harness and attach him to the hoist line. As they did, Donnie's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he lost consciousness.

Donnie regained consciousness in the helicopter, and William Goodin, a naval flight surgeon, was able to stabilize him until they arrived at a hospital in Fresno. There, Donnie met his father and stepmother, Don and Cathy Priest. He was later transferred to Stanford Medical Center. Doctors were forced to amputate his frostbitten legs below the knees, but four months later, Donnie was able to walk out on his new prosthetic legs to throw out the first pitch at the Oakland A's season opener.

After the rescue, helicopter pilot Dan Ellison received the Navy's Distinguished Flying Cross, and Balderson was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal, the service's second-highest noncombat award. In 2008, the Park Service gave Dill a lifetime achievement award, and after 46 years he continues to work for Yosemite Search and Rescue.

"This rescue in 1982 stands out because the odds of survival were so small, odds of finding the plane even smaller and, when we did, Donnie was alive," Dill said.

Donnie Priest went on to compete as a wrestler in high school and win a gold medal in the trick event at the 1993 World Disabled Water Ski Championships in France. In 2007, he returned to White Mountain with Dill, Chas Macquarie and Jim Sano, a former Yosemite ranger who was aboard the search helicopter that first spotted his plane.

Priest, who now works at an orthotics and prosthetics business in Visalia that outfits new amputees, said in an interview that the bond he feels with his rescuers will last forever. "They taught me what it means to risk everything to save others," he said. "I can never pay them back, so I pay it forward." **NP**

KEVIN GRANGE is a paramedic who has worked at both Yellowstone and Yosemite and is the author of "Lights and Sirens: The Education of a Paramedic."

That Was Then

A GEORGE GRANT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAIRY POOL, Mount Rainier National Park, 1932.

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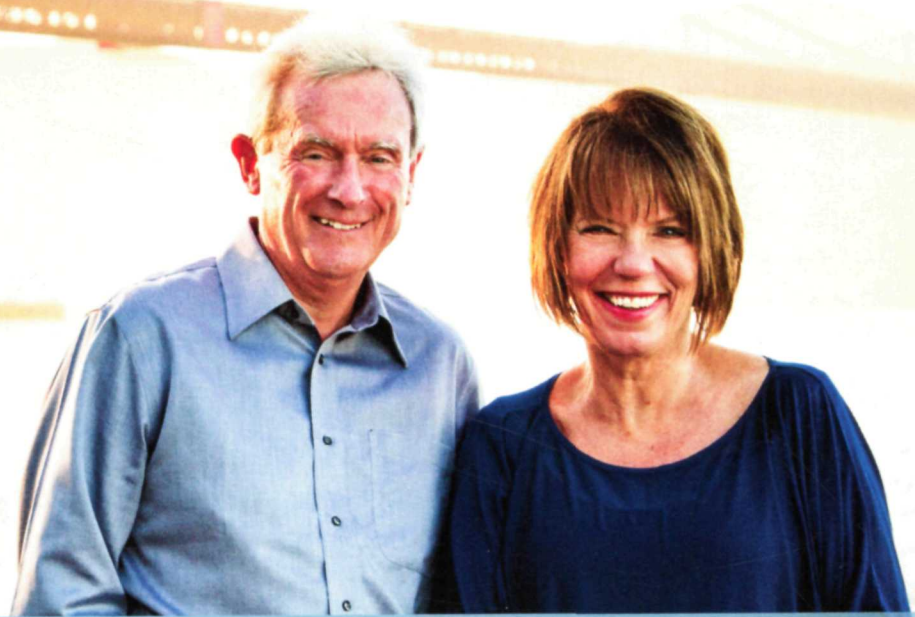

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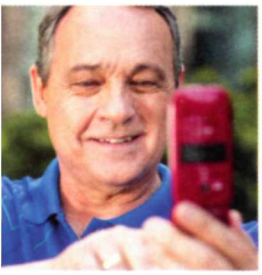

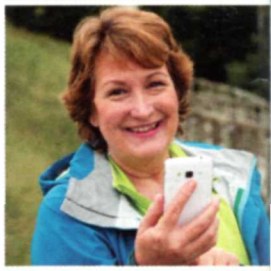

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