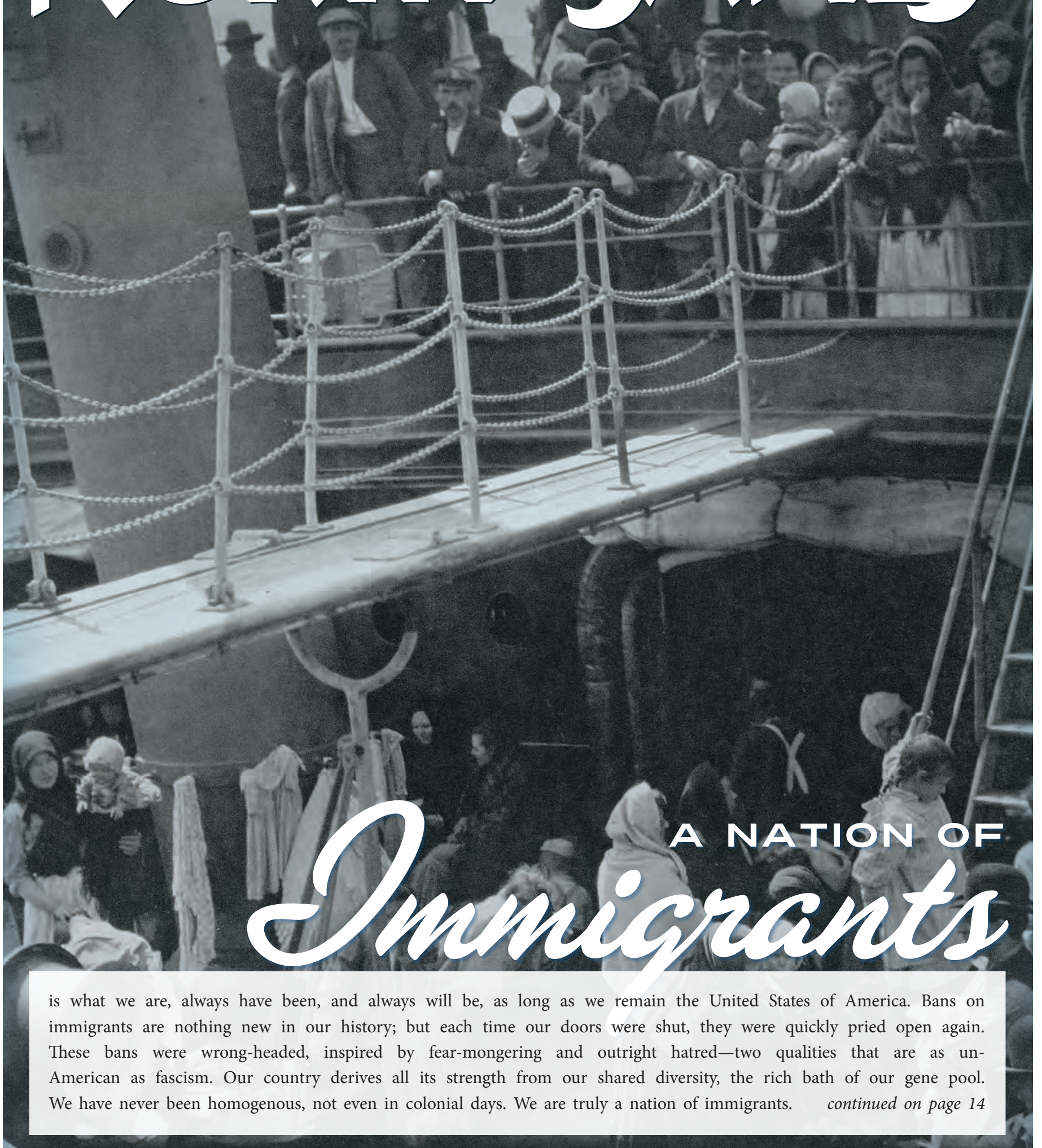


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COVER PHOTO: THE STEERAGE by ALFRED STIEGLITZ, 1907

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editor/publisher

CHARLES G. MCGUIGAN

art director

DOUG DOBEY at Dobe Design

contributing writers

**DALE M BRUMFIELD
BRIAN BURNS
ORION HUGHES
JACK R JOHNSON
ANNE JONES
CATHERINE MCGUIGAN
JUDD PROCTOR
FRAN WITHROW**

contributing photographers

REBECCA D'ANGELO

editorial: charlesmcguigan@gmail.com

advertising: charlesmcguigan@gmail.com

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LETTERS

ON CHRIS PEACE: CONSCIENCE OF A TRUE CONSERVATIVE



Keep the faith, my friend. Protect the Constitution.

Best, Ron Smith

Outstanding article, Christopher Kilian Peace. Sounds like your mom was something else!

Berkley Jolly

What a GREAT article!

Will Shumadine

That's a great read! Blockbuster baby!

Keck Baker

Great read! Captures your essence and dedication to true service. Well done!

Cathie J. Vick

Really nice article. Keep fighting the good fight. I wish we had more Republicans like you leading us

Bryan Tims

Great article and solidifies my support for you. Glad to read there are still republicans with an appropriate perspective. I am ready for Peace for Governor!

Steven Tuppence

This is a great article, Chris. Thoroughly enjoyed it and was reminded how much I've always admired the work that you and Jennifer McClellan did together. Other Democrats sometimes look at me sideways when I say we're lucky to have you in the House, but I mean it sincerely.

Travis Moskalski

Excellent article! Thank you for sharing I knew I liked you!

Paul Rowles

I liked this...I never thought being a moderate made someone "weak" or "squishy". To me, it makes a person open minded and reflective. I'm not sure if I would agree with all of your political views, but I've always considered myself both traditional and forward thinking...so I can relate. I guess being both traditional and forward thinking made me choose Richmond as my home.

Bernice Hook O'Donnell

Chris, I really enjoyed reading this well-written article and being able to catch up on everything you have done and gone through since our days on the Hill. Love that you named your daughter Nina and wish you and Ashley continued success in your endeavors!

Thanks for sharing,
Jay Warren

Good read. I was impressed that you were as honest about your setbacks as you were about your accomplishments. Takes guts.

Matt Danielson

Great article, Chris. I went to high school with Jennifer McClellan, and later got the opportunity to work with you early in your GA days. I know both of you to be good folks, from good people and great places (Matoaca & Hanover). I very much appreciate your style and inclusiveness. That's the right way to do business, no matter how much you may disagree. So many in today's world of politics could learn a lot from you and your approach!

Rob Crandol

There's the honesty and humility spoken of at the Forum - both traits missing in many leaders. Thank you for representing Hanover with distinction

Linda D. Mabry Wilkinson

I enjoyed reading the article. I too, like that Cat Stevens song:)

Lara Mills Brown

I miss your mama, Chris. She was a force and a friend! From teaching at PH for 30 years, I have met so many people whom she had helped. Her intellect was electric, and her compassion was phenomenal. This is a wonderful article about you and your family. I share your hopes as well as

fears for our political future. One of my sons is a diplomat on his first assignment in Caracas. I am a Democrat and I admire your independence and willingness to compromise and work with everyone to get the job done. Wishing you the best!

Angela Miller Will

Wonderful article Chris. I sat through several of your mother's court hearings. She was always fair. Strong woman. Good luck with all that you aspire to. You had a great foundation.

Catherine Christian Stanley

ON DAVID HUDSON: THE CENTER WILL HOLD

My name is David D. Lindsay. I am writing this letter in regard to the article on David Hudson. I do support Mr. Hudson, and worked with him while on the Holton PTA where I served as vice-president of the ways and means committee. But I do have an issue with the first paragraph of the article, which claimed that Holton was in rapid decline.

Dr. Curry, who was principal at the time, had Holton up and going in the right direction. Many of the programs today were created under her leadership. He leavening was done in an unprofessional way by a few unprofessional people. Yet, dirt was done and she is gone. The only thing at that time that was declining was the building. I and a few members of the PTA went before the School Board on this issue. I am writing this letter in defense of Dr. Curry, the teachers, the staff and Holton Elementary School, with at that time was on point which is true today.

Yours truly,
David D. Lindsay

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We encourage all letters to the editor. Submit letters to the editor one of three ways: Go to northofthejames.com/contact; respond on our g-mail address at charlesmcguigan@gmail.com; or send a letter to: North of the James, P.O. Box 9225, Richmond, VA 23227.

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IN MEMORIAM

Dick Glover Henrico's Full-Time Supervisor

by CHARLES MCGUIGAN

RICHARD (DICK) Wade Glover, resident of his own beloved Brookland District, died on Ground Hog Day. He was 82 years old, and had been married 59 years to the love of his life, Joan Sadler Glover.

Preceded in death by his brother, Armstead, and two sisters, Dorothy and Nancy, he is survived by his wife, Joan; his children, Jerry Glover (Liz) of Mechanicsville, Donna Parrish (Terry) of Plano, Texas, Karen Glasco (Doug) of Manakin-Sabot and Joe Glover (Trish) of Forest; grandchildren, Davis (Austin), Cole and Carson Glover, Annah and Jena Parrish, Sidney and Mason Glasco, Victoria, Jack, Emily Elizabeth and Rebekah Glover; and his sister, Juanita Angelini of Oxford, Connecticut.

Dick was born in Lunenburg County, down in Southside Virginia, when tobacco was still king. As a boy he worked beside his father in the field, planting the precious seeds in mounds of rich earth, then harvesting the golden leaves, one at a time.

In 1953, at age 18, Dick left his home and enlisted in the U.S. Navy. After basic training in Maryland, he attended radio school in San Diego, and then shipped off to Guam.

After that two-year stint, Dick briefly attended the School of Pharmacy at MCV, and then enrolled in a business program at Richmond Professional Institute (now VCU). He spent much of his professional career as a salesman, and then started his own successful business.

Dick Glover was Henrico's full-time supervisor, an elected position he held for 30 years. Prior to that he served on the county's planning commission. Each week he worked up to 70 hours serving those he represented. On an average day, Dick received more than 60 calls from Henrico residents along with scores of emails and social media messages. As soon as he received a message he was on the phone to the appropriate government official to resolve the problems. For many years, Dick Glover often referred to his style of representation as "Visible, receptive,



responsive." It was not an empty campaign slogan or vacuous motto.

Unlike certain national politicians who seem to have a penchant for axing the arts, Dick was always a proponent of culture. He was responsible for transforming an old Henrico County School building into one of the Commonwealth's most impressive venues for the arts—the Cultural Arts Center at Glen Allen.


Some twenty years ago, Dick was instrumental in launching what became known as the Lakeside Enhancement Plan. This aging suburban commercial district had been neglected for years. So Dick, along with his colleagues on the Board of Supervisors, committed funding to improve Lakeside Avenue. The results are palpable. Lakeside is now a bustling commercial corridor of thriving, independently owned businesses.

Throughout his tenure as a supervisor, Dick negotiated for large tracts of green space to satisfy the needs of his constituents. RF&P Park on Mountain Road, for instance, has become one of the most alluring complexes of baseball and football fields in the nation. Built on land donated by CSX, this park boasts several quality baseball diamonds including fields used by Glen Allen's Youth Athletic Association for both girls and

boys who play America's most enduring game. Crowning it all is the Glen Allen Stadium modeled after the Cal Ripken Stadium near Baltimore.

Dick spent much time and effort preserving Henrico's heritage by protecting important edifices along the Mountain Road Corridor—a sort of historic roadway linking the county's past to its present.

"To be responsive and effective, an elected official must be visible and accessible to the public," Dick Glover said during an interview several years ago. "I feel that it is important that I personally keep my constituents informed and I welcome the opportunity to hear their concerns directly." Refreshing language from a Republican, when so many of that party's leadership today run from town meetings, no longer interested in the will of the people.

Above all else Dick Glover was a family man who lived by true Christian values. He believed that every human being is a sacred vessel. He was an active member of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, and was utterly committed to his family, including the woman who had been with him most of his life. Dick Glover once told me, "If Joan ever leaves me, I'll understand; but she'll have to take me with her." 

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Mayor Levar Stoney Takes Aim At Anti-Immigration Policies

MAYOR LEVAR Stoney, a man of deeply held principles and an enduring love of the United States Constitution, reaffirmed his commitment to our immigrant population by signing a mayoral directive that orders city leadership to “protect and promote policies of inclusion for all of its residents, regardless of their national origin, immigration or refugee status, race, color, creed, age, gender, disability, sexual orientation or sexual identity.”

He also assured city residents that Richmond Police would not inquire about immigration status during encounters in the community.

“America is a nation of immigrants,” the mayor said. “It is what this country was built on, and why so many people want to come here and make this their home.”



He also took aim at the president, and some members of the Virginia General Assembly.

“Actions such as those taken by the 45th president, through executive orders and actions, like those embedded in several [anti-sanctuary city] bills currently before our General Assembly, whether it’s HB2000 or SB1262, do nothing to strengthen our community’s security,” he said. “These actions peddle fear. They are ill-informed, and I believe misguided. Some are unconstitutional, and others are just plain un-American.”

ACLU-VA, Other Rights Groups Tell Governor Not to Let Virginia Take on Immigration Enforcement

The ACLU of Virginia and 15 other immigrants’ rights and social services organizations have joined together to urge Governor Terry McAuliffe not to accept responsibility on behalf of the Commonwealth for enforcing the federal government’s immigration laws.

The groups point out any agreement to do so will take the pressure off of President Donald Trump and Congress to enact comprehensive immigration reform, which is the only solution to the problems associated with today’s badly broken and unworkable system.

Citing a recent executive order signed by the president entitled, “Enhancing Public Safety in the Interior of the United States,” the organizations signing the letter sent to the governor and copied to Attorney General Mark Herring expressed concern the order will be used to pressure the Commonwealth into helping federal authorities enforce rules of the broken immigration system. No state or federal law requires either state or local governments to do so.

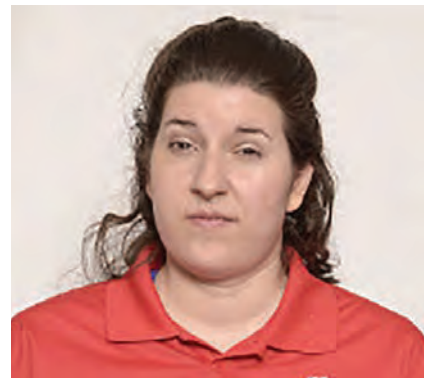
The letter expresses the organizations’ deep concern about “the possible voluntary use of state and local police to enforce federal immigration law, the

adverse effect this will have on the relationship of trust between immigrant communities and law enforcement, and possible legal liability for Commonwealth of Virginia law enforcement agencies that investigate, arrest, or detain people on behalf of the federal government.”

It goes on to detail a number of reasons why the governor should not sign any voluntary agreement to accept delegated enforcement authority or share information with federal authorities in the absence of a warrant or court order.

The letter asks the governor to commit publicly to: “i) decline to enter into any 287(g) agreement on behalf of the Commonwealth or any other agreement by which state agencies would voluntarily share information with ICE not pursuant to a warrant or court order; ii) make clear to the public that the Commonwealth of Virginia will not accept voluntarily this responsibility of the federal government; and iii) commit to fight vigorously any effort by the federal government to use threats of loss of federal funds to blackmail Virginia into accepting delegated responsibility to enforce federal immigration law.”

Local Athletes Will Head to Special Olympics World Games in Austria



Special Olympians, Christina Dryer and Craig Licorish, Jr.

Two local Special Olympics speed skaters will join 2,700 participants from around the globe March 14 through 25 for the Special Olympics World Winter Games.

Christina Dryer, of Chester, will go for the gold in speed skating this March. For Christina attending World Games is a great honor. If it wasn’t for Special Olympics, she notes she would not have had the incredible opportunity to travel and compete on a world stage. Christina, 27, has been involved in Special Olympics for 16 years; this will be her first time participating in World Games. Outside of speed skating, Christina loves to roller skate, and play basketball and softball.

Chesterfield County resident Craig Licorish, Jr. will also be hitting the ice to compete for the gold. Through Special Olympics Craig, 16, has met new and interesting people outside of his family and school, which has boosted

his confidence. A 10-year veteran of Special Olympics, Craig is looking forward to attending his first World Games, traveling abroad and learning about other countries and people. “I must put my best foot forward and show that I deserve to represent my country,” he says.

Two Richmond-area nonprofits—Miracles in Motion, and SPARC (the School of Performing Arts in the Richmond Community) also will be participating in the Games’ Opening and Closing Ceremonies. Taylor Carpenter, one of two local athletes who will be dancing with Miracles in Motion, also is a Special Olympics Virginia basketball player. Additionally, Mechanicsville-native Jason Mraz will be performing during the Games’ Opening Ceremony.

The Special Olympics World Games will be broadcast on ESPN and ABC. Check listings.

ACLU Urges Virginia Legislators To Preserve First Amendment

The ACLU of Virginia and seven other free speech organizations have joined to urge a Senate of Virginia committee to reject a bill that would require parental notification and consent for any curricular materials containing any “sexually explicit” content.

A letter was sent today to Sen. Stephen Newman (R-Forest), chair of the Senate Committee on Education and Health, and copied to all members of that committee, stating that House Bill 2191, sponsored by Del. Steve Landes (R-Weyers Cave) would be an unconstitutional limit on free speech.

“Singling out books with sexual content for special scrutiny constitutes constitutionally impermissible content

and viewpoint discrimination,” the letter states. “The First Amendment prohibits agents of the state, including public school officials, from restricting or burdening access to books or ideas based on their content or viewpoint or because they are controversial, unpopular, or offensive.”

The letter was jointly signed by representatives of the ACLU of Virginia, the National Coalition Against Censorship, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, the National Council of Teachers and English, American Booksellers for Free Expression, the Free Expression Advocacy Association of American Publishers, the Authors Guild, and the Children’s and Young Adult Book Committee of PEN America.

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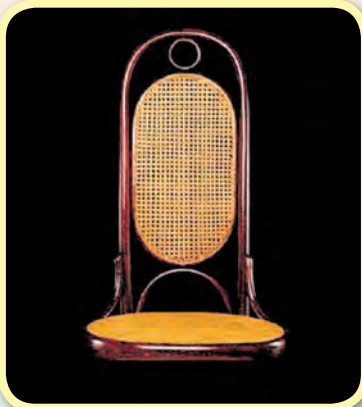
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Die and Prove It

by DALE M. BRUMFIELD

BY 1945 ALL PRISONS in northern states had long abandoned flogging convicts with a leather strap, yet most all southern states, including Virginia, could not let it go.

In November of that year, a brash young Richmond lawyer named Howard Carwile was contacted by Helen Kuntz, the sister of an inmate named Edward Wall, regarding sadistic treatments committed against her brother at the Goochland State Farm. Kuntz charged that her brother, a 30-year-old sentenced to a three-year term for bigamy, had not received medical attention while he and others endured overwork and bloody beatings by guards and other convicts.

After interviewing Wall and many other convicts, Carwile later told Governor Colgate Darden that he had dozens of prisoners ready to testify of abuses and substandard living arrangements. He also requested an open hearing before the Board of Corrections. Darden agreed, but kept the hearing closed.

Penitentiary Superintendent Rice Youell admitted prior to the hearing that he gave State Farm Superintendent R. L. Royster permission to flog convicts as State law provided. According to Wall, on September 19, Royster oversaw the strap whipping of twelve men – including Wall – for refusing to work in a knee-deep muddy cornfield. Wall also claimed he was struck in the head with a rifle butt, breaking three teeth. Carwile designated Royster his main target in the investigation, charging that he was a sadist and unfit for his job.

Wall, on the other hand, was considered a “malingerer” at the farm and according to officials seemed to complain of a different malady almost every day. But it was not until Wall was eventually taken back to the penitentiary hospital that Dr. Asa Shield reported “in his present condition, I don’t think he’s fit to do any work.”

On November 10, a prisoner named R. C. Almond verified all of Wall’s farm mistreatment claims to the Richmond News-Leader. Almond said that one of the convicts, Robert Johnson, was sunburned on his back, yet was still



Above left: Lawrence Starling in Kansas City, 1946; Above right: Lawrence Starling displaying bruises he received at Virginia’s South Hill Work Camp, 1946.

Courtesy VCU James Branch Cabell Library Special Collections

beaten 39 times with a 2-inch wide strap, “making him bleed profusely.”

Almond also told of a young convict named Dye who was kept in chains for 11 months. Later the 23-year-old Dye was found to be diabetic, and was only given medical care after he wasted down to 98 pounds.

A subcommittee chaired by Albert Bryan of Alexandria and State Senator A. E. Stevens was formed on November 14 to investigate the charges brought by Carwile. Then, a hearing conducted November 20 before the State Board of Corrections branched into the airing of other charges not just at the farm but at all units of the state penal system.

The cat was suddenly out of the bag. A penitentiary parolee named Jesse Woodson testified that a road camp guard, Johnny Perry, told sick men to “die and prove it.” Another camp guard named W. Harvey allegedly kicked sick men in shackles and beat men in the face with blackjacks when they were “hung up” and unable to defend themselves.

“After reading the reports in the News-Leader concerning the inhuman treatment of the prisoners at the State Farm

of Virginia, I begin to wonder why our servicemen went abroad to relieve persons in the concentration camps,” stated a 1945 letter to the editor of that newspaper signed “Worried Reader.” “Seems to me the Gestapo could have taken lessons on this side.”

Guards and administrators insisted that there was no abusive behavior by guards against inmates, and that the inmates were fabricating charges against them. All told 55 witnesses – guards and inmates – testified.

On December 17 the subcommittee submitted their report, showing no instances of unjust punishment against inmates. One statement benignly said “temporary road camps give rise to objectionable although unavoidable conditions and practices, such as the chaining of prisoners at night to secure them, inadequate sanitary facilities, and unprogressive methods of punishment which could be eliminated in a system of permanent road camps.”

The report also stated that the practice of flogging was authorized under state law but “under limited conditions.” The report reminded readers that a particular flogging in question, in which 12 men were lashed over their

bare buttocks and backs for insubordination, was attended by doctors both before and after the whippings.

The report also stated that punishments known as “hanging up” and “the rack” were deceptively named. Prisoners were not suspended over the floor, it stated, but left in a standing position with their arms locked to a bar at eye level.

The report glossed over the charges of sexual perversions, noting that such activities were “common,” that they “exist in all institutions of this type,” but were “far from widespread.” Food was found to be “ample, wholesome and clean.”

Carwile raged that the report “was as complete and thorough whitewashing as was ever perpetrated, and is the same as if Hitler were presiding at his own trial.”

Just as the report exonerated penal officials, House member Charles Phillips abruptly proposed an anti-flogging bill in the January, 1946 General Assembly session after a prisoner named Lawrence Starling, who escaped from prison camp 24 at South Hill, was recaptured in Kansas City, Missouri.

An articulate spokesman with Hollywood good looks, Starling described a “bitter story of spread-eagle treatment, of shackles and lashings” at the Virginia camp to a United Press International reporter. Suddenly, Virginia’s penal system was pushed into an ugly national spotlight, especially after photos of Starling displaying his bruised wrists and feet circulated among the legislators. Missouri Governor Phil Donnelly decried Virginia as “medieval” and “barbaric,” to the great embarrassment of Governor William Tuck.

Phillips’ bill forbid the use of “whipping, flogging, or administration of any similar corporal punishment of, or to, any prisoner.”

The bill passed. It was signed by Governor Tuck and became effective June 18, 1946. Flogging in Virginia was officially over. **NS**

Editor’s Note: This is a short excerpt from Dale Brumfield’s illustrated history of the Virginia State Penitentiary which will be published by Arcadia Publishing this coming September.

The Underground Railroad

by **FRAN WITHROW**

I T HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since a novel haunted me as much as “The Underground Railroad.”

Something about the way Colson Whitehead presents the life of a plantation slave hit a huge nerve for me. This gripping fictional work had me thinking about life-long post traumatic stress disorder. It made me blink back tears. I felt angry and ashamed and horrified. I read late into the night, and then slept fitfully and woke often, holding the story in my heart.

I am undone by this powerful book.

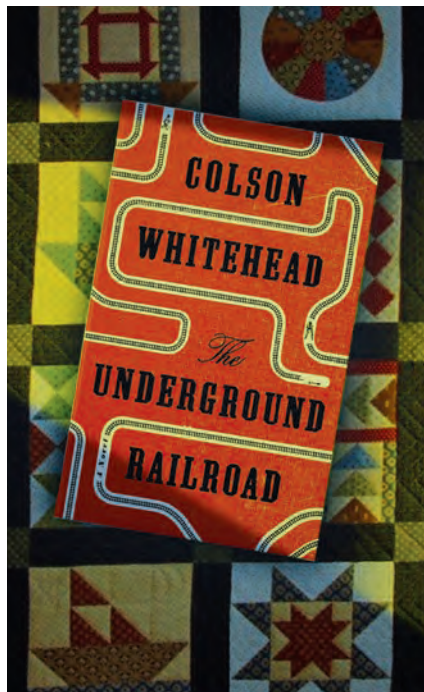
“The Underground Railroad’s” main character is Cora, a tough and courageous woman if there ever was one. Her grandmother was kidnapped from Africa and brought to the Randall plantation, where she spent the rest of her life. Cora’s mother escaped the Randalls when Cora was a baby and never returned. Many years later, Cora, now grown, and fellow slave Caesar take the plunge and run away by heading north on the underground railroad.

Whitehead’s novel is unique in that he presents this famous railroad as an actual one, and his description is so spot on you will find yourself believing it was so. Stations are well hidden, sometimes closed, often shabby. The unpredictability of these trains intensifies the danger for Cora as well as for everyone she comes into contact with, both black and white.

Not everyone survives.


Every character is richly drawn, even the evil ones. Slave catcher Ridgeway, who spends much of the book chasing Cora, is one of the most despicable characters I have ever come across. He is not content to simply catch runaways and return them to their “owners,” but also heaps mental abuse and humiliation on his captives. The fact that anyone in his clutches survives, let alone attempts to escape from him, is almost beyond my comprehension.

Whitehead’s book does not sugarcoat anything. He deftly describes the daily grind, the hopelessness, the constant, relentless undercurrent of fear



that was the lot of each slave. Ridgeway explains why plantation owners and slave catchers work so hard to retrieve people like Cora. He says, “People like you and your mother are the best of your race....You need to be strong to survive the labor and to make us greater....But we can’t have you too clever. We can’t have you so fit you outrun us.”

Yet Cora is clever, as well as strong and courageous and determined. I was weeping and cheering by the end of the book. I found myself wanting to apologize to Cora and her mother, and to all African Americans whose forefathers and foremothers bore such a horrendous burden for so long, and whose descendants still struggle with the aftermath of this heartbreaking time in our nation’s history.

Whitehead’s book has come at a very unsettled time in our country, which is all the more reason to pick up a copy and read it. A well-written, sobering, fascinating tale, “The Underground Railroad” will be with you long, long after you have turned the last page. 

The Underground Railroad
by Colson Whitehead
Doubleday
320 pages
\$27.00



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A Nation of

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN LATE NOVEMBER, my grandmother stood before a mirror in the kitchen, powdering her face and daubing her lips with cosmetics from Charles of the Ritz. In the corner of the kitchen, near the narrow winding stairs that led to the second floor, my grandfather attacked his shoes violently with a brush, coaxing out a mirror black finish that you could see your reflection in. He helped my grandmother into her coat, slipped on his own black topcoat, and with a straw whisk broom brushed the brim of his grey fedora. The bristles of broom rasped on the felt of the hat as he moved with rapid strokes from the brim to the crown. It was ritualistic dressing reserved for Sundays or the monthly walks into Center City to pay the bills, and, of course, for Saturday afternoon confession. The soles of their shoes clacked evenly on the brick sidewalks as we made our way up Catharine Street to Second and then over to Queen Street. My brother Marty and I dawdled, catching up, lagging behind, until we all stood in front of St. Philip Neri Catholic Church, an imposing structure. Inside, we waited in the pew while my grandparents, one at a time, entered the confessional. The altar and the communion rail were carved of blinding white marble. On the ceiling there was a mural of Mary, Queen of Heaven, in among the clouds and surrounded by cherubs, one of which seemed to be lifting up her blue gown. Haloing Mary's entire body was a starburst of gold, as if she were the sun itself, a goddess of the day. After my grandparents asked forgiveness, left the tight quarters of the confessional with souls clean as scrubbed slate, my grandfather took my brother and me outside the church where he pointed out large jagged craters carved out of the brick and mortar of an exterior wall. Years later I would learn that this church had become something of a fort to protect Irish Catholics back in the mid-1840s during what would become known as the Nativist Riots.

"On the evening of May 8, 1844 a mob marched toward Saint Augustine's Catholic Church in Philadelphia," says Ryan K. Smith, reading the introduction from his book, "Gothic Arches, Latin Crosses". Ryan is an associate professor of history at VCU, where he's worked for a dozen years. His specialty is American history and he has a deep understanding of both religious and architectural history. When I had set up the interview a few days before, I had no idea Ryan's book opened with the Nativist Riots that took place in the city of my birth.

We're in the conference room at Stir Crazy, and Ryan wants me to listen to what he wrote. "Two days earlier, thousands of anti-Catholic rioters had stormed immigrant neighborhoods in the northern suburb of Kensington, clashing with Irish residents and destroying dozens of homes and shops," Ryan reads. "A fight at a political meeting had sparked the riots, but ethnic and religious tensions had long been simmering. By the third day of rioting the city's militia

had yet to restore order, and the mob turned its attention to nearby Catholic churches and seminaries. Rumors circulated that these structures housed arms but the buildings also held symbolic importance representing what nativist leaders called 'the bloody hand of the pope.' In the afternoon, a crowd set fire to St. Michael's Catholic Church and prevented interference from area firemen. One reporter observed, as this 'beautiful gothic structure' burned 'the mob continued to shout and when the cross at the peak of the roof fell, they gave three cheers.' Militia units then scrambled to post defenses around other Catholic targets as rioters left Kensington for St Augustine's Church, a proud old sanctuary within the city proper. Philadelphia's mayor hurried to the spot. Speaking from the steps of the large brick church he attempted to calm the hostile crowds and

assure them that the building was unarmed. His words had little effect and the masses continued to swell. The city's troops held a thin line until nightfall when rioters finally overcame them and charged on the structure with a battering ram. Shortly thereafter flames burst from the windows and began climbing to the high belfry. An onlooker watched the flames spread up the church walls to at last reach the cross, a primary symbol of Roman Catholicism at the time, which 'soon fell in and thousands of throats yelled applause.'"

During the riots, fourteen were killed, fifty injured and scores of homes were burnt to the ground, along with the two churches and the Seminary of the Sisters of Charity. There was a brief lull in the violence, but the nativists had long hated Irish Catholics as a sub-human breed of human beings, and their passionate intensity simply grew over the next couple months.

On July 3, Father John Patrick Dunn of St. Philip Neri Catholic Church was warned in advance of a planned parade by the Native American Party (a nativist political party) on Independence Day. There was no violence during the parade, but the following day, thousands of nativists converged on St. Philip Neri.

Father Dunn and volunteers rallied to protect the church. They had fifty-three muskets, ten pistols, a keg of gunpowder and ammunition. A local company of volunteers and city guards under the leadership of Major General Patterson came to protect the church. Over the next two days, things steadily escalated. The military presence grew, and three cannons were stationed outside the church.

On July 7, nativists returned in full force and brought up two cannons from the wharfs on Delaware Avenue, and fired on the church. And that's where those craters in the brick walls of the church came from, those scars my grandfather had pointed out to me years ago. Nativists finally gave it up on July 8, but there would be continued assaults on the Irish, and future immigrants, up until the present day. The Nativist Riots at the time were blamed by a Philadelphia grand jury on "a band of lawless" immigrants, which was an outright lie, or, as it might be called today, an "alternative fact".

"It's very cyclical isn't it?" says Ryan Smith. "It seems to get better for a couple decades, only to flare up thereafter. It goes all the way back to the founding of the United States and the second administration under John Adams with the Alien and Sedition Acts.

BY CHARLES MCGUIGAN

Immigrants

EMBRACING THE OTHER



*Left: Catherine and Charles McGuigan,
Center: Charles and Frances McGuigan,
Right: Laura and Martin Cosgrove.*

The worry then was the supposed radical French who were fueling the Democratic Republican Party under Jefferson. So the Federalists in Congress passed the Alien Acts which were supposed to prolong the period of time that it would take for an immigrant Frenchman to be able to enroll as a voter.”

Uncanny how history repeats itself, and how we as a nation seem, in the end, to learn nothing from our past mistakes.

The first Charles McGuigan arrived on our shores to begin a new life in Philadelphia just seven years after those Nativist Riots ended. The country of his birth, Ireland, was in the throes of the potato famine, and a forced starvation masterminded by the English. When the famine, forced and otherwise, finally ended, half of the Irish population was gone, most of them starved out of existence. I remember my grandfather relating a story his grandfather had told him about a young Irishwoman from his na-

tive County Tyrone found one morning dead on a hillside with her infant son's mouth clamped to her breast. The mother was emaciated, and her mouth full of grass and red earth. In a last desperate attempt she was trying to eat something, anything, so she could produce enough milk to feed her child. Both died of starvation. So when my great-great grandfather arrived he was fleeing from what amounted to genocide to find a better life in a free land, just as Syrian immigrants are doing today.

Less than ten years after that first Charles McGuigan arrived, he chose to fight in the Civil War that would test the foundation of the Republic itself. He worked at the Diston Saw Mills at the time, and raised a company there to fight against the insurrectionists. At Gettysburg, his company joined the Irish Brigade, and his son—another Charles McGuigan, just nine years old at the time—joined the brigade as a drummer boy. They marched into battle, and my great-great grandfather was shot in the leg, which

gave him a limp until his death. His son, though, was unscathed.

Like all immigrants, my forbears were intensely proud to be Americans, even when this country treated them as if they were unwelcomed visitors, or worse. My ancestors believed in the principals laid down by the Constitution, and would fight and die, if necessary, to defend it. My grandfather joined the Navy in 1917 to fight in the war to end all wars. He was assigned to the USS Zanlin, a Dutch merchant ship, interned, and later converted into a troop ship. She traveled between New York and France, delivering precious human cargo. On a return trip, a third of the way out of France, torpedoes struck the Zanlin's hull and she began to sink. My grandfather ensured that the entire crew was able to abandon ship. To the bitter end, he operated the winches, lowering lifeboats into the icy North Atlantic. Even the captain deserted the ship before my grandfather jumped into the safety of a lifeboat. He had been

the last on board. They drifted for two days and two nights before being picked up. My grandfather was taken to Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston. His heart was irreparably damaged, and would threaten his health for the rest of his life.

His son, my father, also a Charles McGuigan, was seventeen years old in the closing days of another war that would end all wars. He wanted in and entered the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kingspoint. He was just a kid, not quite eighteen. For three months he did basic training at the academy, and then shipped out for his year at sea aboard the Cedar Mills, a T-2 tanker that shuttled gasoline to Allied forces around the world. His first tour was to Leyte in the Philippines, site of a decisive Allied victory over the Japanese. The ship returned stateside, loaded up, and then steamed for the Mediterranean. After unloading a store of gasoline for the British and Polish Eighth Army in Ancona, Italy, on the Adriatic, the Cedar Mills pulled past her moorings and ploughed for open water. A series of mines, probably detonated from shore by fascist sympathizers (World War II was over by then), ripped through the hull like a can opener, and the “valiant” ship (that was an official designation) went down. My father, a midshipman, was on bow detail, standing high atop the superstructure. The explosion of the mines sent my father twenty feet into the air and he landed on shoulder, striking the steel deck. From that moment onward he was plagued by almost constant pain. He became the youngest seaman in history to ever receive the Mariner’s Medal.

A few years after the sinking, he served in the Navy during the Korean War, and after that worked tirelessly in the nation’s defense, ultimately becoming senior research analyst for undersea warfare for Naval Ordnance Systems Command. All of these sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of immigrants served their country, loved their country, as did those who first arrived on our soil.

PBS used to do a beautiful thing at the end of the MacNeil Lehrer Report every Friday evening after the startup of the Iraq War. It went on for a couple years. After the credits, the names of men and women killed in battle that week were scrolled up the screen. And here’s what I often noticed: the vast majority of those names were Hispanic, the names of immigrants, or sons and daughters of immigrants—legal or otherwise—who had laid down their lives for America, their love of country ran so deep.



Author, and associate professor of history at VCU, Ryan K. Smith.

On about the time of the nativist movement, a national party was formed that embraced anti-immigration ideologies. It was called the Know Nothing Party.

“It grew out of the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner, a secret society thing,” Ryan says. This group, which rose to national prominence, played on American fears of the other, particularly where Catholics were concerned. They contended that Catholics were led by the “pope in Rome,” that they would do his bidding and destroy the Republic—very similar to the asinine rhetoric about Muslims and Sharia law promulgated by the conspiracy theorists and the loons of today’s far right.

“It was fear-mongering,” Ryan says. “They had some governorships, they had some state representatives, they had a few members of Congress, but they never had anything approaching a significant footprint in the federal government.” By the late 1850s the movement fizzled out.

But even after the Civil War, Irish Catholics, many of whom had served, were treated like second-class citizens, and sometimes not quite human. The odious political cartoonist Thomas Nast—racist and xenophobe of the first order—often portrayed the Irish as bug-eyed monkeys.

“The Irish received the brunt of it all,” says Ryan. “There’s a great study called ‘How the Irish Became White.’ At first they weren’t seen as true European, or truly white.”

Which leads us to what may well be the largest immigrant population in America’s history—immigrants who were forced to our shores, were bought and sold to make life easier for the landed gentry, immigrants who were seen as chattel, much like horses or a cows or a dogs.

Ryan Smith invites me to think of an imaginary line inscribed in the sand.

“White Americans had drawn a line with every wave of immigrants and said, ‘This is the line that we just cannot cross,’” he says. “These people are not going to be able to assimilate into our values, into our economy, our families.’ That line was drawn in the sand about a hundred times. And every time we’ve seen that line erode.”

Except in the case of the forced immigrants—black Americans.

“Why is race so persistently a problem in this country?” Ryan asks. “Why hasn’t that line in the sand been erased for black Americans? Because, I think it’s pretty clear that black Americans are treated differently by the criminal justice system, by the jails, by inner city schools, by neighborhoods, by economic opportunities. So generation after generation after generation after generation and, it’s the same thing. They made the supreme sacrifice serving in the military from the Civil War up until the present, founding businesses, getting all kinds of grief along the way and holding families together, and yet the country as a whole doesn’t seem to have gotten over its concerns that somehow black Americans shouldn’t be treated the same as white Americans.”

When I ask him why, Ryan frowns and shakes his head. “Race is something so real that it can define a young kid’s life, and yet so unreal as to make no scientific sense at all,” he says. “It’s a made-up social idea. It’s something I wrestle with in teaching my classes and trying to explain to students that there’s no scientific basis at all for race, and yet it has a very real action in the world in the way we define people.”

Ryan had briefly expected that the election of a black American to the highest office in the land would change all that. “I was hoping, as probably a lot of white Americans were, that President Obama could lead us into a better place on this that could somehow rattle skeptical whites,” he says. “And I’m a supporter of Obama, and I think he did a great job. But there was no trickle-down effect in seeing black Americans by the majority of white American as being intelligent, capable and hard-working.”

Just consider the lunatic birther theories put forth by the intellectually challenged which American idiots, schools of them, swallowed hook, line and sinker. Ryan shakes his head again. “It’s probably not an accident that the president we get after Obama is this guy who is openly racist about a lot of those issues I talked about,” he says.

Over the past few years I did a num-

ber of interviews with my mother (who is now dead. My mother’s father was Martin Cosgrove. He was the son of two Irish immigrants—Catherine Hennessy and Joseph Cosgrove. Like many Irish immigrants of that place and time, Joseph worked longshore on the Delaware River front. One afternoon, as he stood on the dock, guiding a load off the ship, the davit, which the company understood was damaged, gave way and the palette it held fell and crushed my great-grandfather like an insect. This was in the early 1900s and sadly there were no unions and there was no welfare. The company gave my great-grandmother a pittance for her husband’s death, and she was left to fend for herself and six children. She went to work cleaning offices in Center City, twice a day, four miles each way, and she had to walk, she could not afford what they called “car fare”—trolley fare.

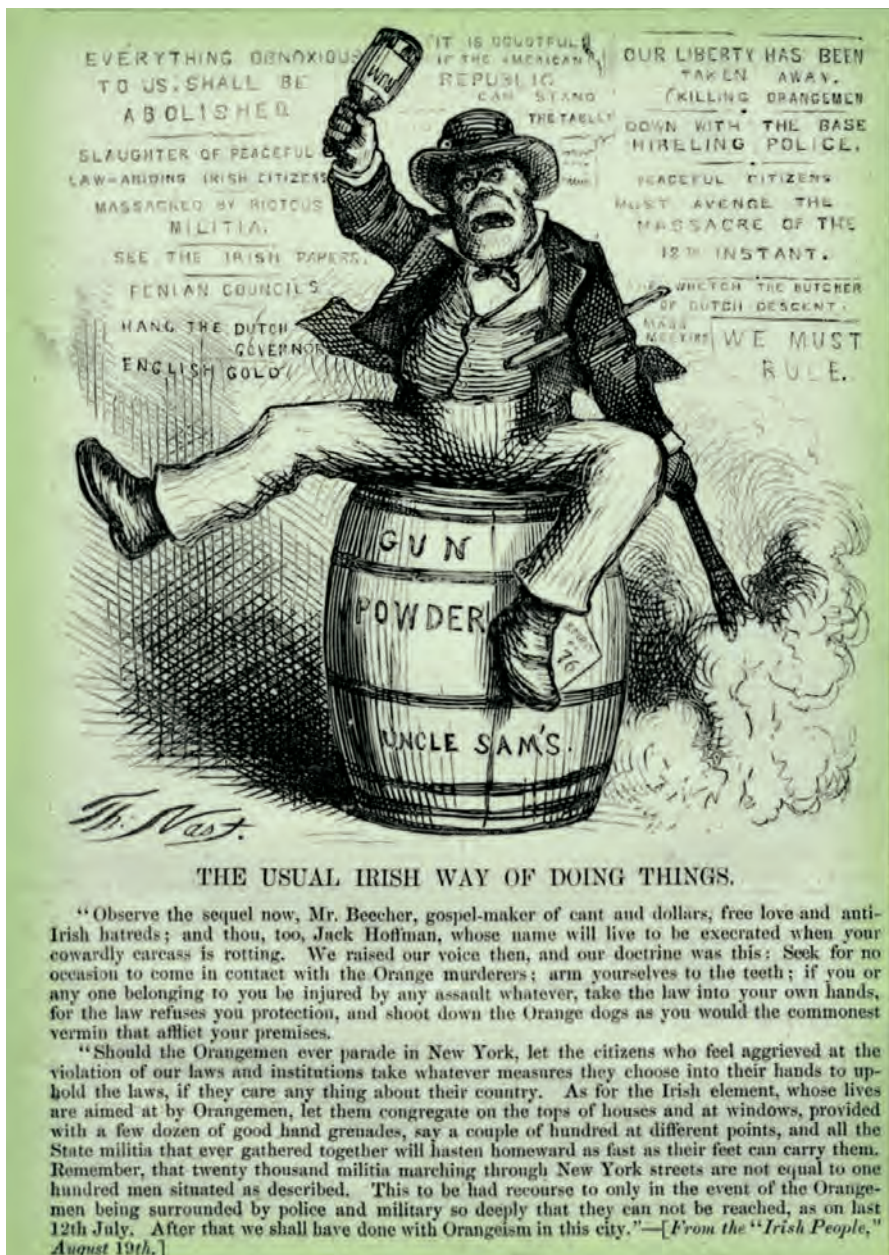
“My father told us what they ate every day for breakfast and dinner was oatmeal, not with milk, but with water, and sometimes with lard, if they were very lucky,” my mom told me. “A sandwich was a slice of bread spread with lard or, for a treat, ketchup. It was a very, very grim life.”

My great-grandmother’s children, as soon as they were able, left school so they could go to work and help support the family. “Living was so frugal, so each of the boys contributed money so they could survive,” my mom told me. “They stayed very honest kids, and were very well-educated through books and newspapers.”

Her father would later become a Philadelphia police officer—Marty the cop. In his entire career, walking beats in some of South Philly’s rougher sections, he only drew his gun one time, and then he simply fired a single shot into the air. “Because he thought, ‘If you draw your gun, you’re going to use it, and if you use it, you’re going to kill someone,’” my mother said. “And he didn’t want to kill anyone.”

Marty Cosgrove also understood how susceptible black youths were in a criminal justice system that seemed bound and determined to grind them to a pulp. So if he caught a teenager committing a petty crime, he would take them home to their parents, and not book them at the local precinct. “He always kept the kids out of the system,” my mom recalled.

Every successive wave of immigrants experienced the same kind of unfounded bigotry in this nation of immigrants. “Americans have a fear of the other, of people who don’t look



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“Observe the sequel now, Mr. Beecher, gospel-maker of cant and dollars, free love and anti-Irish hatreds; and thou, too, Jack Hoffman, whose name will live to be execrated when your cowardly carcass is rotting. We raised our voice then, and our doctrine was this: Seek for no occasion to come in contact with the Orange murderers; arm yourselves to the teeth; if you or any one belonging to you be injured by any assault whatever, take the law into your own hands, for the law refuses you protection, and shoot down the Orange dogs as you would the commonest vermin that afflict your premises.

“Should the Orangemen ever parade in New York, let the citizens who feel aggrieved at the violation of our laws and institutions take whatever measures they choose into their hands to uphold the laws, if they care any thing about their country. As for the Irish element, whose lives are aimed at by Orangemen, let them congregate on the tops of houses and at windows, provided with a few dozen of good hand grenades, say a couple of hundred at different points, and all the State militia that ever gathered together will hasten homeward as fast as their feet can carry them. Remember, that twenty thousand militia marching through New York streets are not equal to one hundred men situated as described. This to be had recourse to only in the event of the Orangemen being surrounded by police and military so deeply that they can not be reached, as on last 12th July. After that we shall have done with Orangeism in this city.”—[From the “Irish People,” August 19th.]

Best known for his portrayal of Santa Claus and the symbols of our two party system, illustrator Thomas Nast has a go at the Irish.

like us,” Ryan Smith said. “There were Greek, Italian, Russian, Jewish, Polish immigrants and many others along the way. And they all had to contend with this fear of the other.”

Both of my grandmothers were of Polish extraction—the Andrzejczyks and the Wisniewskas. They left a Poland that had been devoured by Austria, Hungary, Germany and Russia. The patriarch of the Andrzejczyk clan was always called Dziadzi (Polish for grandfather). I had never met him, but my mom told me he left his home near Suwalki when he was twenty-one years old to escape service in the Russian Army. His father led a resistance movement against the Russians, hid a cache of arms, and was later executed. Dziadi was a smart young man. He was studying for seminary and spoke seven languages—Latin, Hebrew, Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, German and English. When he came to Philly, after having worked on a farm up on Long Island for several years, he had to change his name to Janger, so he could get a job as a machinist in one of

the sugar houses that operated along the Delaware River. They wouldn’t hire Poles, but they would hire Germans. So to his employers he was a German.

There are hundreds of stories about those who preceded us filed in the cabinets of memory. My mother used to say: “You stand on the shoulders of everyone who came before you.” That’s true. And as Americans our entire culture rests on the generations of human beings who hailed from every remote corner of the globe and chose to set down roots here.

“Somebody told me a while back that when you get despondent or discouraged about all the badness in the world, all the chaos and war, to look around when you see a tragedy happen and there’s almost always somebody around trying to clean it up, trying to fix it,” says Ryan Smith. “So if you have a car crash, here comes the ambulance or the doctors or the grief counsellors trying to make that situation better. And I think we’re seeing that with the immigration crisis right

now. You’ve got a whole other aspect of the population that’s now energized in a way that it hadn’t been before and actively seeking ways to connect with these immigrant communities and to defend them in a way that hasn’t happened before. You have to look for our good angels.”

Ryan ponders our past, as all good historians must. He mulls over the cycles of anti-immigration that have recurred throughout our history. “We, as a country, have thought that there is no way that X, Y, or Z immigrant group could assimilate to become true-blue Americans and we’ve seen that premise overturned time after time after time,” he says. “There is no reason to think this won’t be the case with Muslim immigrants as well.”

We talk about the creation of sanctuary cities, where leaders are vowing to protect immigrants from Draconian measures that simply destroy families and trounce civil liberties. I mention universities all across the country—and I’m not talking about places like Liberty, and other finishing schools for bigots. I’m talking about real universities that encourage dialogue and critical thinking, and that provide safe harbors, shelters, for the immigrant members of their student bodies.

Ryan Smith nods and smiles. “We’re proud of that at VCU, our diversity, Muslims, Latinos, atheists and so on,” he says. “I went to a college that was almost all white, a place called in Stetson University in Florida. I got a great education, but the kind of discussions we have in my classrooms at VCU that I benefit from are night and day from the discussions that I got to have when I was growing up. I’m envious of the students in my class because they’re getting exposed to ideas and backgrounds that will shape them for the rest of their lives.”

Here’s what I believe will always happen. When any one of us witnesses someone being verbally or physically attacked for his or her ethnicity or color or religious beliefs, we will go to their aid and fend off the un-Americans who harass them. The stories of these strangers in a strange land will resonate with us, if we simply maintain the courage to look directly into our own immigrant pasts. To not do so will destroy our country. For in the end we are not a nation of thugs and bullies, of fear-mongers and haters, of conspiracy theorists and liars. We’re quite the opposite. We are a nation of immigrants, a nation of others. And the stranger among us is always a manifestation of God. **NJ**

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John G LaFratta

Criminal Law
Traffic Violations
Estate Planning
Family Law

EDUCATION:

University of Richmond,
TC Williams School of Law, JD
University of Richmond, Robins
School of Business, MBA
North Carolina State
University, BA

PROFESSIONAL
ASSOCIATIONS AND
MEMBERSHIPS:

Richmond Criminal Bar
Association
Virginia Bar Association
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SOMEBODY'S ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING. JUST LISTEN.

RESTAURANT REVIEW

Demi's

by ANNE JONES



“LOOK AWAY, just look away, keep your eyes that way! You would think that in a fancy restaurant at these prices you could

keep the snails out of the food! There are so many snails there you can't even see the food! Now take those away and bring us those melted cheese sandwich appetizers you talked me out of.”

That's Steve Martin's famous Navin Johnson in *The Jerk*, and unfortunately, it's a bit like me. So when my more, shall we say worldly, friend K ordered the octopus during her recent birthday dinner at Demi's, it was with some embarrassing trepidation that I sampled it. Who knew? I loved octopus! It had a smokey, savory flavor with a scallop-like texture, grilled with red wine vinegar, herbs and olive oil. Tasted almost buttery smooth. And it was only one of seventeen equally appealing appetizers on the menu. There was fried calamari, baked oysters with spinach and feta, dolmades, and dried apricots stuffed with ricotta cheese, spanish almonds and a drizzle balsamic reduction, to name a few.

On my first visit to this new Demi's Mediterranean Kitchen, MacArthur Avenue's latest dining destination, I started with the the fried artichoke hearts with harissa aioli and specially-requested tzatziki sauce; it was simply perfect. The batter managed to be both light and crispy and in just the correct proportion to the rightful star – the artichoke flavor. No stranger to tzatziki, I found the creamy yogurt dip to be some of the best I've tasted. C's spanakopita was a satisfying marriage of spinach and cheese with a tart zing of lemon, wrapped snugly in light and flaky phyllos.

Twice I chose as my entree the grilled salmon sauteed with fresh garlic olive oil and spinach, and it was consistently done right, meaning cooked through enough to quell any fears and reach perfect flakiness, but still moist, tender and mouth-watering, and the garlicky spinach a nice topper.

M's beef empanadas also passed with flying colors; these were flaky, buttery turnovers stuffed with shredded, very tender beef. E chose the linguine with sun-dried tomato, capers, and artichoke hearts, sauteed with garlic. The three main ingredients were generously served and with robust flavors, the sun-dried tomato the most prominent.

Three (count 'em – 3) times I have finished the meal with the Spanish apple tart with Jijona Turrón ice cream. This is to die for. Period. It was a lovely star-shaped pastry – buttery, light, a little sweet and filled with apples. The texture leaned towards being more like bread than pastry and the ice-cream had a subtly, spicy cinnamon flavor that complemented beautifully. That alone is worth a visit.

Demi's knows dough (perfect, flaky crusts seem to be a recurring theme). And seafood (grilled to true perfection and high quality). And meat, and flavors (wonderful, subtle combinations with exquisite tastes). Jimmy and Daniella Tsamouras have created a Mediterranean kitchen that does everything right. Service is consistently excellent: friendly and efficient with a good sense of timing, the surroundings are inviting, and there's a generally nice vibe the moment you walk in the door. And they are open on Sunday nights! Good decision. Let's keep 'em busy. **NJ**

Demi's,
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HIDDEN HISTORIES

America First!

by JACK R. JOHNSON



LATELY, WE'VE BEEN hearing a lot of the phrase 'America First', but the term did not originate with Trump administration. In the late twenties 'America First' was coined by the Mayor of Chicago, William Thompson. His campaign anthem was "America First, Last and Always." When World War II broke out in Europe, a Yale graduate, R. Douglas Stuart, appropriated the phrase and used it to brand his anti-interventionist group the 'America First' committee.

Initially, the America First committee included some well-known Americans. According to author Wayne Cole, they were "the future President Gerald Ford, future Peace Corps director Sargent Shriver, and future U.S. Supreme Court justice Potter Stewart. Future President John F. Kennedy contributed \$100, along with a note saying "What you all are doing is vital.""

Perhaps the best known member was the aviator, Charles Lindbergh who made the famous solo flight across the Atlantic. He became the legendary spokesperson for this committee, and he, along with 800,000 or so Americans, wanted nothing to do with rescuing Europe from its self-destructive tendencies.

"I have been forced to the conclusion that we cannot win this war for England regardless of how much assistance we send. That is why the America First Committee has been formed." Lindbergh said this in 1941, just months before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. "The doctrine that we must enter the wars of Europe in order to defend America will be fatal to our nation if we follow it."

But the America First movement had a nasty anti-Semitic streak. The notoriously anti-Semitic Henry Ford had to be removed from its executive committee. Avery Brundage, the former chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee who had prevented two Jewish runners from participating in the 1936 Berlin Olympics had to be removed as well. A Kansas chapter leader pronounced President Franklin Roosevelt and Eleanor Roosevelt "Jewish" and Winston Churchill a "half-Jew." According to Time Magazine, Lindbergh was not shy about his views of the Jewish people, either. He blamed Jews for "pushing the U.S. toward war and for manipulating the narrative through what he saw as their control of the media." As "America First" became associated with those views "more moderate isolationists dropped out of the committee." Then the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the America First committee fell permanently out of favor.

To give some idea of how far they fell, Dr. Seuss penned a scathing political cartoon of an elderly woman with the label 'America First' on her blouse reading a children's book entitled 'Adolf and the Wolf' to two youngsters. The caption read:

"And the wolf chewed up the children and spit out their bones. ...But those were foreign children and it really didn't matter."

Ominously, copies of this original cartoon have been making the rounds on social media lately, as the Trump Presidency bans refugees from Muslim majority countries and threatens to build a border wall with Mexico, revisiting the volatile language and darker undertones of the original America First crowd. **NJ**

RAINBOW MINUTES

by BRIAN BURNS and JUDD PROCTOR

The Susan B. Anthony Commemorative Stamp



BORN IN THE FARMING community of Adams, Massachusetts, in 1820, Susan B. Anthony would be remembered for improving the lot for American women.

She is best known for her crusade for women's suffrage, which resulted in the passage of the 19th Amendment, giving women the right to vote.

In 1851, she met fellow activist, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Their intense attraction made them a formidable team in the women's rights movement. Anthony described their relationship as "a

most natural union of head and heart."

A three-cent postage stamp was issued in her honor in 1936, commemorating the sixteenth anniversary of the ratification of the 19th Amendment. The stamp was printed in purple with a portrait of Anthony looking to the left. Her name is printed underneath, with the words "suffrage for women" at the bottom in white gothic. The stamp was issued in sheets of a hundred.

Her causes and personal life focused on women until her death in 1906. Her last public words were, "failure is impossible."

Poet and Writer, Radclyffe Hall

Born in 1880 in England, Radclyffe Hall is best known for the novel *The Well of Loneliness*, a groundbreaking work in lesbian literature. Hall herself was an open lesbian. In her twenties she pursued a variety of women. One was singer Mabel Batten. She gave Hall the nickname John, which stuck for the rest of her life.

But in 1915, Hall fell in love with Bat-

ten's cousin, Una Troubridge. They lived together until Hall's death in 1943.

Hall's important novel, *The Well of Loneliness*, was considered scandalous at the time because it spoke of lesbian love. Banned in England, a London magistrate deemed it obscene and ordered it destroyed. The book was allowed in the U.S. only after a lengthy trial.

Cruising the Castro

The Castro District in San Francisco is steeped in gay history, and for sixteen years there was no better tour guide than Trevor Hailey and her "Cruisin' the Castro" walking tour.

Hailey started it up in 1989, after attending a lecture by the leader of the Chinatown walking tour. "It was like a light-bulb went off," Hailey said, "I knew right then that's what I wanted to do."

Her enthusiastic tour included Harvey Milk's camera shop, the Castro Theater, and Twin Peaks – the first gay bar with windows. Crowds were riveted by her anecdotes, which touched on the lavender cowboys of the 1800s.

Hailey retired in 2005, after leading an estimated 4,000 tours. She died in 2007, but not before writing herself into the Castro history books. **NB**

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CALENDAR

March Events

Solar Hearts at Stir Crazy Café



C. Hewat of Solar Hearts

Solar Hearts will be performing from 6 to 8 pm March 23 at Stir Crazy Café on MacArthur Avenue in Bellevue on Richmond's Northside.

Solar Hearts offers an original blend of indie folk, flavored with Americana, vintage soul, and classic rock unplugged. It is music with universal ap-

peal that brings its listeners together. Solar Hearts recently opened for Tim Reynolds (Dave Matthews Band), and has appeared at numerous festivals, breweries, bars, restaurants, and coffee houses. Stir Crazy, 4015 MacArthur Avenue, Richmond, VA 23227. (804) 864-0264.

Rudy Shepherd at 1708 We Are All Trayvon Martin

"We Are All Trayvon Martin", an exhibit of works by Rudy Shepherd on display at 1708 Gallery, considers the role of the artist as witness to contemporary society. Rudy Shepherd's paintings and drawings investigate current events: deceased pop culture icons, politicians, and both criminals and victims of crime. By presenting these portraits, including the artist's self-portrait, with no visual distinctions, space is created for humanity to be recognized in people otherwise reduced to media headlines. This equalized rendering underscores the com-



plexity of people and their stories; and the grey areas between innocence and guilt, or public and private.

Through March 24 at 1708 Gallery, 319 W. Broad Street, Richmond, VA 23220. Tues-Fri, 11-5; Sat, 11-4. (804) 643-1708

Greg Osterhaus 6th Annual Exhibit at Glave Kocen Gallery



The cows, the barns, the glowing colors, the thick paint and the decisive brush work are back. Greg Osterhaus, harbinger of spring, is back for his sixth straight year at Glave Kocen Gallery. His works are as popular as ever and this is the healthiest preview list we've ever collected.

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