



A Circular for the McCroskey Township

March 20th, 2026 (Spring Equinox)

Issue #23

The Hyphenated-American

Well, we just celebrated St. Patrick's Day, perhaps the most popular non-official holiday of the United States. Other than good beer and a good time, the commemoration of a Christian saint receives no government recognition. It is strictly a folk festival.

But I don't hear demands from Irish-Americans for territory so that they can have an "Irish-America." Nor do they demand government hand-outs just because they are Irish.

Their grievances against the English are just as valid as any other oppressed minority group. Yet, they recognize that the English themselves have had their turn at being oppressed when the Normans conquered England in the 11th Century. The lessons of history teach us that every ethnic group has had its turn at being the oppressed and the oppressor.'

All of us are the descendants of good people and bad people. That is why the U.S. Constitution forbade laws which caused "the corruption of blood." Everyone is responsible for their own actions. The demands of "critical race theory," "class victimization," and reparations, are unAmerican. They open a Pandora's box that, once opened, cannot be put back in. Once a cycle of recriminations begins for real or imagined wrongs done in the past, it never ends but worsens until a cooperative and friendly society turns into a decaying violent one.

McCroskey: Founder of our Open Sky Cathedral

Virgil T. McCroskey (1876-1970) might have been a "Mic" but he was certainly not a hyphenated American. Born in the year of our nation's first centennial, he was the 9th of 10 children from a Palouse pioneer family. He grew into his manhood

during the time of Teddy Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" and the exciting time when the great American West still captured the imagination with a grandeur that demanded admiration for its Creator.

He scaled the mighty peak of Mount Rainier in 1903 - long before there was a recreational facility to assist the less demanding climbs of our day. And in the decades which followed, he perceived the need for a sanctuary, a preserve, which would instill the feeling of a place where one can be truly alone in a wilderness - a minimally developed park - before the experience was gone for the rest of us.

Largely through his efforts, the Palouse boasts a preserve at Steptoe Butte (1946) and in 1955 the McCroskey State Park. Dedicated to the memory of his mother and all pioneer women who settled the Palouse, the story of the McCroskey State Park is an interesting if somewhat depressing tale of Idaho politics, conflicting business interests, and a careful balance between the extremes of conservationism and preservationism.

Mr. McCroskey was a thoughtful man, an optimist and persistent in reaching his goals. Today, it is hard to believe that anyone would have opposed his efforts, but there were plenty. Yet, he was undaunted.

Today, like encampments around a Sacred Mountain, the homesteads which dot the countryside at the base of this elevated ridge that is "Skyline Drive" turn our eyes away from the bustle of our local communities toward its forested peaks and silhouettes, and reminds us that Nature, unmolested, lies just outside our doorsteps.

I have often bragged that I can walk to the end of my driveway where my property meets with tribal land, then the state park, then the national forest, then the Bitterroot Mountains, then the Rocky Mountains

proper. Theoretically, I could walk a thousand miles before encountering another human being. . .

(The next few issues of our McCroskey Agrarian paper will feature stories about the park and important people connected to it. If you want to learn more, a booklet from the WSU Department of History - *Virgil T. McCroskey: Giver of Mountains* (1983) has been republished to savebenewahcounty.com.

The County Commissioners and Their Secret Meetings

I have discovered through the years that if someone has something to hide . . . well . . . they try to hide it.

Case in point: the past ten years, we have not heard a peep from the Commissioners about the status of Water Adjudication. After every public meeting, the room would be emptied for them to have their “executive sessions” in which their routine administrative matters were addressed - according to law - but then they would spend the rest of their time deciding our fates.

Now, suddenly, the Press announces that we have “water adjudication” and everyone is happy. They don’t tell us that it involves monetizing “tribal sovereignty” to buy rights that belong to all of us from God anyway and then to “sell” it to enrich the grifters and other carpet baggers that can’t seem to make a living unless they are taking it from the government.

They have been careful not to let out the details and two of our Commissioners have decided not to run for re-election. What does that tell you? Are they in a hurry to collect their PERSI retirements before public outrage materializes? More reports forthcoming.

The McCroskey Agrarian
1435 Desmet Rd.
Desmet, ID 83824



Celebrating America’s Sesquicentennial

Don’t forget, this year is America’s sesquicentennial. 250 years ago, the Declaration of Independence was signed. It’s time to revisit America’s heritage and identify the principles that made us unique in the world of nations. Why?

If nothing else, we need to re-educate our local “Communitarians” (see last issue) that Americans are doing fine on their own. If we need help, we will ask. We don’t need government in our daily lives or dictating the use of the property that we paid for ourselves.

Setting the Record Straight

Did you remember to read the two new highway signs at the Desmet visitor’s turnout?

What was once a charming remembrance in honor of the personal sacrifices of Father DeSmet on behalf of Indian missions, it is now forgotten and replaced by a dour complaint about the White man’s religion.

And gone is the sign about McCroskey State Park. It is replaced by a worn-out complaint about the Dawes Act, an Act of Congress from over a hundred years ago that intellectuals blame for the failure of tribal homesteading. Read the lower corner of these signs to find out that they are the work of the Governor’s Office, not the Tribe.

The McCroskey Agrarian (©copyright, 2026) is a newsletter for the McCroskey Territorial Agrarian Society. It is published monthly and after a two-week delay, it is archived at the savebenewahcounty.com website.

James Stivers, Editor/Publisher jwstivers1@gmail.com. Let us know if your postal carrier failed to deliver your copy.



*Postal Customer
Rural Route
Desmet, ID 83824*

