

PERSONAL STORIES DOCUMENTING RACISM AND
POLICE BRUTALITY IN IDAHO

IT DOES HAPPEN HERE



"I wonder why people say, 'It doesn't happen here' as a way to ignore the very real problems of racism and inequality (...) It happens in Idaho in America, and in the world, and it needs to change." - Esther David, Idaho resident

• STORIES CURATED BY KENNEDY HINES AND ARLIE BLED SOE

A Timeline of Black History in Idaho

1805 York travels with Meriwether Lewis and William Clark through Idaho. York was Clark's man servant.

1860 Blacks are among the many miners, explorers, trappers, soldiers and cowboys plying their trade in Idaho. Rhodes Creek in Clearwater County is named after miner, William Rhodes, whose fortune equaled \$80,000.

1861 Jane R. Allen born in Ada County

1864 John West moves to Boise from Philadelphia; named "Dean of Colored Pioneers in Idaho"

1865 Bella Carvan born in Boise County

1869 John F. Allen leaves Boise because he cannot get his children into public schools.

1870 The census indicates 60 Blacks living in Pocatello, Alturas, Lemhi, Nez Perce, Silver City, Idaho County, Shoshone County, Boise County and Boise City. The Desert Land Act encourages many Black Mormons to move to Idaho.

1879 George Washington Blackman, a miner, arrives in Hailey. Blackman Peak, in the White Cloud Mountains, is named after him.

1890 Idaho becomes a state

1892 The 25th Infantry Regiment, a Black unit, is brought from Missoula, Montana to put down labor unrest in the Coeur d'Alene mining district.

1899 Jennie Hughes becomes the first Black to graduate from the University of Idaho.

1899 Ned Leggroan moves to Bonneville County

1900 The 1900 Census lists 47 "colored" people living in Ada County

1903 The African American League and the Women's Athenian Club, both of whom work for equal rights, are founded in Boise.

1906-1907 Doc Hisom and William White stake mining claim in "The Cove."

1908 St. Paul Baptist Church is founded in Boise by Rev. William Riley Hardy

1910 The 1910 Census lists 135 Blacks living in Ada County

1920 In Pocatello, 2.4 percent of the population is Black - 366 people, compared to 63 in Boise. The Ku Klux Klan becomes active in Boise and Pocatello.

1921 St. Paul Baptist Church is built

1942 Mountain Home Air Force Base opens, bringing more Blacks to Idaho

1952 Reginald Reeves is the first Black to graduate from the University of Idaho Law School. He joins an Idaho Falls law firm.

1964 Dorothy Johnson, a Pocatello resident, wins Miss Idaho USA title

1966 Frank Cummings, Jr. a champion model airplane enthusiast, moves to Kamiah with his wife Marion.

1968 Idaho's first civil rights rally is held at the Idaho State Capitol following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in Memphis, Tennessee

1972 Mamie Oliver is the first Black professor at Boise State University

1973 Les Purce wins a seat on the Pocatello City Council. He is the first Black elected official in the state.

1974 Boise Mayor Dick Eardley declares Boise's first Negro History Week.

1974 Aryan Nation compound opens in Hayden Lake.

1977 Idaho Purce, daughter of Birdie and Tracy Thompson, and mother of Pocatello Mayor, Les Purce, is named "Humanitarian of the Year" by the Salvation Army.

1981 Les Purce is named director of the Idaho Department of Health and Welfare

1982 St. Paul Baptist Church is placed on the National Register of Historic Places

1983 The Idaho State Legislature prohibits malicious harassment based on racial and ethnic identity.

1986 Cherie Buckner is first Black woman to be a member of the Boise Junior League

1990 Idaho becomes the 47th state to honor Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. holiday.

1993 Jerome Mapp is first Black elected to Boise City Council

1995 St. Paul Baptist Church vacates its original building for a larger facility and donates the original building to the Idaho Black History Museum, Inc.

1998 The former St. Paul Baptist Church is relocated to Julia Davis Park

1999 The Idaho Black History Museum opens

2003 Joe B. McNeal is elected Mayor of Mountain Home

2009 Dayo O. Onanubosi becomes first Black Magistrate Judge, Third Judicial District, Canyon County

2010 Cherie Buckner-Webb is first Black elected to Idaho Legislature

SCR133 Sen. Buckner-Webb



The Impact of White Silence

By Dr. Charlene Taylor

This essay was inspired by events that took place at restaurant in the Hyde Park area of Boise, ID.

Today was not the first time I've been called a "nigger." But it felt the same. Today, like that day, I was on a sidewalk, minding my own business, surrounded by white people, as a racist sped down the street in his car and hurled that word at me like a rock. And though it wasn't actually a rock, it felt like one. The first time it happened, I was 8 years old. And, like that first time, I was there alone and no one said a word. Not one word to him. Not one word to me. And I felt as alone and vulnerable as I did as a little girl. This time, I just sat on that patio and sipped my wine, shockingly UNshocked by what had just happened. But as I have processed it, now I am angry. Angry at the fact that we live in a place and time where this is so accepted, so typical, that no one was even moved to respond. Angry at the fact that, after 45 years, I've come to just accept it. And mostly angry at the silence. The deafening white silence.

We are in a moment of unprecedented civil unrest in response to racism in the United States. In every state and several countries around the world, racially and ethnically diverse crowds have gathered to march, chant, hold signs, and protest the killing of unarmed black men by police officers and the larger systemic racism that permeates the fabric of America. When comparing the videos of the protests and marches of the Civil Rights Movement and the protests that are still raging on today, it appears that the fight against racism has finally become less a black issue and more a human issue. In record numbers, white people are standing up to identify themselves as anti-racist and as allies to the black community. Even in my town of Boise, Idaho, a city with a black population of about 2%, one of the state's largest ever gatherings at the State House was a candlelight vigil honoring the lives of George Floyd and the other black people killed by police officers. Over 6,000 people attended. For a city the size of Boise, that is HUGE. Against this backdrop, for the first time in my life, I started to think that we were at a turning point in the fight against racism. And in this moment of blatant racism directed at me, I expected to see outrage, support, solidarity. Instead I saw what I have always seen...white silence.

In the wake of these protests, many of my white friends have reached out to ask me what they can do. My stock answer has been to speak up. Talk to your kids, teach them about racism and how it plays out in death or serious physical injury to the officers or other persons. Quinton's behavior that day, specifically the violence in the physical altercation and

But I am realizing that maybe my advice wasn't specific enough. Don't just speak up when it's easy. Speak up when it matters.

Now is the time for allies to stand up and actually make black people feel like part of the community that is the United States. In this moment, white silence makes us feel as alone as we have ever been in this fight against racism. Which is in stark contrast to the diversity I have seen in the recent protests. In the big moments, when there are crowds and cameras are catching every step marched and every word chanted, it's easier to stand up, to say something, to blend

in with the crowd on the side of right. But when it's just you, white friend, what do you say? Do you let the black person feel like she has allies in that moment who will stand with and beside her? Do you make her feel like there's a community she belongs to that might not look like her but will embrace her and protect her? Do you act in an effort to create a world that condemns racism all the time and not just when it's easy, convenient, or public? What do you do?

From growing up in Alaska, to attending college in Eastern Washington, to attending graduate school for my PhD, my whole life I have existed in majority white spaces. Throughout that life, I gained a small army of white friends, family, and "family" who I know have my back. The anger and disbelief that erupted from them when I shared this story was genuine and palpable. And I love them for that. But I challenge them, all white allies, to put that anger to work. Not just in a big protest, but in the small moments in which you see racism every day. You won't have to look very hard. It may not be someone yelling racial slurs out a car window. It may be the white clerk being unnecessarily rude to the black customer. It may be a racist comment your white friend or family member says when no black people are around. When it happens, I am asking you to stand up and speak up.

Don't just stand up for me or the other black person (or people) you know. I know I am loved by my white friends and family. I know they would stand up to racism if they were with me and it was directed at me. But this is not and should not be personal. As willing as you are to stand up for your black friend, do it every time. EVERY. TIME. Because that person you don't know, standing there feeling stripped bare and assaulted, is someone else's black friend or family member. And they deserve your allyship as much as I do. EVERY. TIME.

It Happens Here: My Experiences with Racists in Idaho

By Esther David

I am a mixed Asian woman who grew up in the Boise, Idaho area. My parents immigrated to the United States from South Asian countries. As a child, they preached to me how I should be so grateful for living in America and especially for living in Idaho.

I wonder why, then, my parents had professors at Boise State University who refused to talk to them because of their ethnicity.

I felt privileged to attend an elementary school with conservative, religious teachers and students. I was in a safety cocoon and heard the same rhetoric from all areas of my life.

I wonder why, then, my peers made fun of me when I incorrectly solved math problems, saying I shouldn't be Asian.

At school, I learned about slavery, Jim Crow laws, the treatment of Native Americans, segregation, and racism. I was grateful to know that those things were of a past time, and of a place far away from Idaho.

I wonder why, then, a girl I was friends with says black people aren't attractive, stereotypes me, says the n-word, and glorifies the confederate flag.

I learned to be grateful for living in such a great country and state where everyone is treated fairly. The constitution and bill of rights means everyone is tolerant of all religions, races, sexualities, and socioeconomic status.

I wonder why, then, when I met my friend's grandpa with a group of people and was warned that he's "a little bit racist", he refused to look at me, speak to me, compliment me when he complimented all others there, or shake my hand when I offered it.

My family and friends taught me that America is the greatest country in the world. We are truly the land of the free and home of the brave. We respect everyone and their rights to be treated fairly.

this country. Have the uncomfortable conversation with your white friends about racism and white privilege and what it means to be an ally. Speak up.

I wonder why, then, when a global pandemic broke out and the term "Chinese virus" was coined, people called me "coronavirus bringer," "bat eater," "dog eater," and said I should shut up for saying I'm offended by "Chinese virus."

I wonder why people say "It doesn't happen here" as a way to ignore the very real problems of racism and inequality in America. It DOES happen here, even if it doesn't affect you directly. It happens in Idaho, in America, and in the world, and it needs to change. America is literally a dream to millions of people. I know now that it's because inequality is ingrained and normalized in a country that preaches freedom.

Listen. Learn. Let's create change together.

What Does "Like Us" Mean?

Tryphene Bulape: 18 years old, graduate of Borah High

Olive Mbulambo: 26 years old, graduate of BSU, healthcare worker

Tryphene: "What story should I use, cause there's so many! I guess I'll start it off with this. When I was in the fifth grade, it was the only year that I went to school by myself without my siblings. I remember I was coming back home from school, and this white truck pulled up next to me and the people inside screamed N****r. I remember they had been slowing down. That was my first real experience (with racism) because I thought they were going to come out and like, hit me, or kick me, or something. And I remember just being so scared in that moment. I don't even know how old you are in fifth grade, but that was the first time I feared for my life because I thought they were going to do something to me."

Olive: "One experience that I had was at a place where I went to school. It was basically an all-white school, and the way the teachers would teach, there were a few things where I would be like, "Oh, it's no big deal," but then, as the years progressed I realized it was a big deal. It's all the tiny stuff, like someone not being able to say your name right. There's a difference between not being able to say your name right, and not making an effort to say it. So my name is pronounced "Oh-leave." It's written "Olive," and not pronounced how you usually say Olive. That's it. It's what my parents call me. And I had teachers that would just try to call me Olive and..."

Tryphene: "The thing about it was that my sister would be like that's not my name and the teachers would say, "Well, we're just going to call you that."

Olive: "Right, and the other thing was, "Oh, well you live in America now you should try to..." (I had a few friends tell me this, they were all white, you know. Interesting people, just to say the least.) They'd say "You live in America now, you have to become more like us." And I always wondered, what does "like us" mean?

Jesse Jesús Quinton remembered as a gentle, caring soul

By Johnathan Hogan

It's been 85 days since Jesse Jesús Quinton was shot and killed by an Idaho State Police trooper in Idaho Falls.

For Quinton's family and friends, those days have been a roller coaster of emotions. They're still grieving the loss of a man they admired and angry and confused over why he had to die.

Details about what happened the night of Nov. 2 are scarce. An Idaho State Police news release sent out the day after the shooting states the trooper stopped Quinton, 35, near the intersection of Northgate Mile and Lomax Street. It says Quinton fled on foot, that the trooper caught up with him, and shot him during a physical altercation. Responding law enforcement attempted to resuscitate Quinton. He was taken to Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center, where he was pronounced dead.

Maria Quinton, Jesús' sister, remembers the shock of learning of her brother's death. "At first I didn't believe it. I was really distraught," Maria said. "Pretty much every day since then I've cried."

Those who knew Jesús described him as gentle and spiritual, the kind of man who would give the shirt off his back to a person in need, sometimes literally.

"He looked out for me like he was my own blood brother," said Nathan Flores, who worked with Jesús as a firefighter for Dust Busters Plus LLC, a private re ghting company based in Oregon. "I remember forgetting my jacket, freezing at fire camp, and he took his jacket off him without hesitation and let me use it."

Moving to a new world

Jesse Jesús Quinton was born in 1983 in Medellin, Colombia, with the name Jesús Odulio Vallejo Velez. The city was not a safe place in the 1980s, with the Medellin drug cartel, led by drug lord Pablo Escobar, at the height of its power. The Vallejo children's father, Jesús Vallejo Sr.,

was away from home serving in the armed forces, and their mother suffered from a mental illness that made parenting alone difficult, Maria said.

The parents reluctantly decided to put all six of their children up for adoption, hoping they could find safety outside the country. All six were adopted when Jesús was six years old by Roy and Renee Quinton, an Idaho Falls couple.

Moving to the United States also brought struggles. At first, Jesús and his siblings could only speak to their adopted parents through a translator. They had to learn English and adjust to an unfamiliar culture.

Maria said she, Jesús and their siblings were bullied as children for their difficulties learning English and the color of their skin in a mostly white community. She said Jesús was shy growing up because of the bullying.

The bullying died down in high school, and Jesús shyness contrasted with his love of sports. He played basketball and ran track. Jacob Quinton, Jesús brother by adoption, said Jesús was active in Boy Scouts and that they often went on camping trips. "He was like a father figure to me," Jacob said.

Growing up and finding himself

The Quintons raised the children in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When Jesús graduated from high school, he moved to Denver for a two-year church mission. He relearned Spanish in preparation for the mission.

Maria and Flores both described Jesús as very religious and spiritual. Flores said Jesús often carried a Bible with him. Maria said Jesús was active within the church, though as he grew older he moved away from organized religion to a more general spirituality.

After his mission, Jesús went to college at Brigham Young University-Idaho. He dropped out after his best friend and mission partner committed suicide, an event Jesús' family said affected him emotionally and spiritually.

Several family members said he had a fondness for nature, especially large cats such as leopards and jaguars. Flores first met Jesús in 2011 when the two were applying at Dust Busters. "The first time I saw him he looked really intimidating because of his bald head and muscular frame,"

Flores said

The journey home

In 2012 Jesús and Maria decided they wanted to return to Colombia to and their family. Jesús was proud of his Colombian heritage, and they wanted to reconnect with their home country. All they knew was their parents were somewhere in Medellin, a city of more than 2 million people. They took photos of the journey that have been preserved on Jesús' Facebook page.

It took them three weeks to and their parents. Maria said a local radio station shared their story and their father reached out to them. They were able to reunite with several long lost relatives.

Maria said Jesús Sr. apologized repeatedly for giving them up.

"He wanted us to stay together and have a better life," Maria said. She said her biological father died a few years after they reconnected.

Waiting for answers

Jesús had returned to Idaho Falls a week before he was killed to visit family. In the months since he was shot, his family has had to cope with the loss. They said it was uncharacteristic of him to be fighting with anyone, let alone a state trooper.

"I was afraid he would die fighting res," Maria said. "I never dreamed he'd be killed by a cop."

Jesús' criminal history in Idaho was limited to a misdemeanor reckless driving conviction in 2008. Several friends said he was charged with driving under the influence in Oregon in 2017, but he fought the charge and won.

Flores said Jesús also used marijuana, which is legal for recreational use in Oregon where Jesús lived, but is illegal in Idaho.

Lindsey Williston, a friend of Jesús' from Oregon, contrasted his death with her own experience of being arrested.

"I am especially upset and suspicious of the circumstances around his death because I have been arrested before and have reacted by fighting the police," Williston wrote in an email. "I tried to take an officer's gun

and it took about four cops and three Taser guns to take me down, but I'm a white woman so no lethal weapons."

Several friends and family members have sent messages to the Post Register describing him.

"Jesse Jesús Quinton was an excellent man who always wanted the best for his family, friends and other people who needed help, a very friendly person with several dreams," wrote Angela Maria Vallejo Cadavid, Jesús' cousin. (Angela's comment was originally in Spanish and translated into English.)

Contrary to Flores' first impression, he found Jesús to be the friendliest person there. The two worked together fighting fires across the West and became friends. Jesús would often be the one handling the chainsaw to remove debris, and became known among his colleagues as the "Medellin Machine."

Fire fighting was a seasonal job for Jesús, and he often moved between Idaho Falls, California and Oregon for work.

Jesús also studied martial arts, especially jujitsu, a Japanese system of wrestling.

Alika, a friend of Jesús who asked that her last name not be used, said he inspired her to join Dust Busters and that he sometimes worked with her in private security.

Alika and Flores said fire fighting gave Jesús a sense of purpose.

"He was happy with the life he created," Alika said.

"He put his life on the line every fire season and he made me feel special," wrote Monica Quinton, another of Jesús' sisters. "I love him with all my heart. I will miss his beautiful smile."

Alika said she doesn't want to know the name of the trooper who shot Jesús or pass judgment before all the facts are in, but wants them to know the pain they caused.

"It was their bullet that ended up in my friend," she said.

A report on the investigation by the Eastern Idaho Critical Incident Task

and is being reviewed.

Maria occasionally broke into tears while describing her brother. She said the pain from losing him remains months after it happened.

"I looked up to him immensely. He was a good man in this crazy, cruel world. I will miss him like crazy, his sweet smile, voice and his laughter. His ability to be humble and see the positive in horrible situations," Maria said. "His life was stolen. My life will be emptier without him."

Prosecutor details police-involved shooting, finds trooper was justified in Quinton death

The following is a news release from Bonneville County Prosecuting Attorney Daniel Clark.

Pertinent Facts

Interviews with Quinton's passenger indicated that Quinton is an experienced "Ju-jitsu" fighter and boxer. She said he does "cage fighting" to get his anger out. She indicated that Quinton is agitated easily and was agitated on the night in question. Some friends, not witnesses to the event, have indicated that Quinton is a kind person, while other evidence has indicated that Quinton was known to have an explosive temper. Many have attempted to paint Mr. Quinton in a light most favorable to him for different reasons many of which are understandable as they grieve the loss of a friend or loved one. These portrayals do not match the evidence presented in this case or the actions of Quinton on the video evidence.

Conclusion

I have concluded after reading the reports, reviewing the evidence, and conferring with detectives assigned to the case, that there no evidence to support a criminal charge against Francis for the events of Nov. 2, 2018.

Homicide is "justifiable" when committed by any person when resisting any attempt to murder any person, or to commit a felony, or to do some great bodily injury upon any person. Clearly by Quinton's actions, employing a chokehold from a dominant position during the physical

altercation and Francis potentially losing consciousness, gave Francis reasonable grounds to believe that Quinton was going to do some great bodily harm or death upon him. Francis made several attempts at non-lethal force each of which resulted in Quinton escalating the conflict. These efforts included verbal, non-threatening physical, non-lethal (Taser/asp), a thumb jab and more verbal commands. These efforts were ineffective against Quinton and Quinton's conduct continued to escalate to the point where he was choking Francis to the point of unconsciousness.

It is interesting to note that in a typical "MMA" or "cage fighting" match,

chokeholds are a regularly employed maneuver to subdue an opponent in that match. The fighters in these matches respect and recognize the seriousness of the maneuver. This maneuver is carefully watched by a referee, with a referee stopping the match upon a "tap out" or the referee intervening when the subdued opponent cannot intelligently defend himself. No such safeguards were present on this night when Francis found himself in this position. All efforts by Francis to have Quinton "stop" were ignored or otherwise resulted in the chokehold tightening. Where in a cage fighting match the object is to subdue your opponent and claim victory, that same maneuver on a street against a police officer carries with it a malicious, violent and potentially deadly intent.

It is also important to note that physical altercations with police sadly do occur on occasion. When these happen police attempt to subdue or otherwise apprehend one having committed a crime or offense. In other words, police attempt to "execute some legal process" as contemplated in Idaho Code. The intent by a police officer when engaging in the physical altercation is to "stop" the person from resisting that process. When a citizen fights with a police officer, employs a dominant "mount" position, and then begins a "chokehold" upon that officer and after repeated commands to stop continues to tighten the "chokehold," the intent of that person becomes quite clear with a violent design the result.

When Trooper Francis encountered Quinton, Trooper Francis was performing his duties as a sworn law enforcement officer. Trooper Francis was clearly identifiable as a police officer as was his vehicle. Francis was lawfully engaged in the apprehension of Quinton for questioning and arrest after smelling the odor of marijuana, for Quinton running from Francis, Quinton's attack on Francis and the chokehold committed by Quinton on Francis.

This shooting incident could have been avoided through numerous options by Quinton. First, by Quinton not running from Francis at the time Francis had probable cause to believe there was marijuana in Quinton's vehicle. Second, at any time after initially running from Francis, Quinton could have chosen to comply with commands given to him by Francis. Third, upon taking a fighting stance, choosing to physically fight with Francis and ultimately immobilizing, putting Francis in a chokehold, Quinton created the scenario wherein Francis believed, reasonably, that great bodily harm or death could result.

An officer is justified in using deadly force to overcome resistance when they have probable cause to believe the resistance poses a threat of

resultant chokehold, provided that probable cause.

For the reasons stated above, I find the conduct by Trooper Francis on the day in question to be justified.

Daniel R. Clark - Bonneville County Prosecuting Attorney



Jesse Jesus Quinton's Obituary

Jesse Jesus Quinton, 35, of Ammon, passed away November 3, 2018, at Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center.

Jesse was born September 21, 1983, in Medellin, Colombia, South America, and was adopted as a child by Roy Jesse Quinton and L. Renee Davis Quinton in 1989. He attended Sunnyside Elementary, Taylorview Junior High, and Skyline High School.

Jesse was a fire fighter with Dust Busters for eight years. He enjoyed cage fighting and Mixed Martial Arts (MMA). He was also accomplished in jiu-jitsu.

Jesse is survived by his loving parents, Roy and Renee Quinton of Ammon, ID; brother, Alex Quinton of Twin Falls, ID; brother, Jacob Daniel Quinton of Idaho Falls, ID; sister, Trina Marie (Richard) Weatherston of Ammon, ID;

sister, Jennifer Quinton of Idaho Falls, ID; sister, Monica Quinton of Idaho Falls, ID; sister, Sandra Quinton of Idaho Falls, ID; and sister, Maria Quinton of Eugene, OR. He was preceded in death by his brothers, Wayne Thomas Quinton and Daniel Quinton; and grandparents, Ira C. and Leola Davis.



A Letter to my Nephew

Author: Gabrielle Davis

Dear Keegan,

By the time you read this, you will have transitioned from 'adorable' to 'a danger' although your ability to successfully read the contents of this letter will happen at the age of 7 at your current intelligence progression. The world is in shambles now as a lot of non-Black folks realized that racism still exists and a lot of Black folks are tired of the denial that racism still exists. It will likely still be in shambles as you read this for the same reason. Before you read the next paragraph, know that I love you and so does your parents, uncle, aunts and grandparents. Before you read this paragraph, know that you are valued, you are necessary and your existence is absolutely a necessity.

Look back at the last two sentences in the previous paragraph. Change 'parents, uncle, aunts and grandparents' in the first one to overt racists, covert racists, folks that don't believe white privilege exists and Black people existing to make white folks comfortable. Also change the phrase 'know that I love you and so does' to 'some people will hate you especially'. For the last sentence in the first paragraph, change the end to 'your value, necessity and existence will be challenged'.

Black folks in this country can be many things. The work involved in succeeding will be hampered by lack of privilege, structural racism and the willful ignorance of others. Even with all of this stacked against you, please continue to strive toward your idea of success. As you're striving and when you reach whatever accomplishment you're walking toward, reach out and offer any opportunities you come across that would be helpful to other Black folks to Black folks. It is imperative that whatever legacy you have is inclusive of those that supported or were truly willing to support when the opportunity was provided.

Finally, be prepared for anything and everything as a part of your daily norm. Also, be prepared for that norm to remain fluid throughout life. Know that you can always reach out to me for anything you need. Know that my legacy includes resources that you can access when I am no longer among the living. Know that I love you and so does your parents, uncle, aunts and grandparents. Know that you are valued, you are necessary and your existence is absolutely a necessity.

'Auntie PeeWee'

July 2020

A Letter to my Nephew

Is an Idaho Black History Museum community project about the current racial landscape- Inspired by James Baldwin



Idaho Black History Museum

Contributors

Senator Cherie Buckner-Webb

Dr. Charlene Taylor

Esther David

Tryphene Bulape

Olive Mbulambo

Johnathan Hogan (Jesse Quinton Profile)

Gabrielle Davis

Organizations to Get involved With

BLM Boise

Idaho Black History Museum

Peaceful Roots of Change Boise

Get Lit @ Zine Distro

Boise Free Skool

**FOR MORE INFO OR TO SUBMIT
A STORY CONTACT:**

artiebledsoe@icloud.com
kennedyhines@gmail.com