

### Juliaetta

By Lura (Groseclose) Nelson-Butler, 1950

(Juliaetta is located in the Potlatch River Valley of West-Central Idaho)

Nestled snugly in a valley  
Safe between the rolling hills  
Lies the town of Juliaetta  
With its memories and thrills.  
A decade before the century  
Pioneers toiled from early morn –  
Homestead families joined them  
That's how our town was born.

A thriving place for many years  
With livery barns and shops  
Banks and business houses  
And a variety of crops.  
Parades and basket socials  
And ball games in the park  
The Depot by the river  
Sweethearts strolled there in the dark.

A school and several churches  
A cannery and flour mill  
And lots of good pasture  
For the cattle on the hill.  
The changing tides of time  
The hustle and the bustle  
Are now a settled stage.  
Where old folks garden  
In a restful easy way  
And go to see the trains come  
To pass the time of day.

Springtime comes early  
Locust blossoms scent the air.  
The serenading frogs and crickets  
Seem to "Hi-Fi" everywhere.  
The murmur of the Potlatch  
As it flows to meet the deep  
Blends into the sighing of the pines  
As they lull you off to sleep.  
The winding roads like ribbons  
Curl down from either side  
To bring the grain for storage –  
So doth the Lord provide.

I am happy in my valley  
With its crooked twisting stream  
From Autumn's colorful fulfillment  
To God's promise of the spring.  
As I pause in thankfulness  
My heart just overfills  
And I whisper with the Psalmist  
"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills."

### The Potlatch

By Carroll Yost Groseclose, n.d.

(Potlatch means "a gift" in the culture of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest)

Like the Garden of Eden in its earlier days,  
The Potlatch River has changed its ways.  
Once a clear stream and full of trout  
It's no longer so; it's turned about.  
It changes channels according to will  
From one side of the canyon to the other hill.  
The town of Kendrick once had a thrill  
When over its banks the Potlatch did spill.

It takes out railroads and highways too;  
Ranch houses and barns before it is through.  
Railroad workman have even been killed  
When down this canyon the water spilled.  
Its tributaries also add their pollution  
With acres of dirt held in solution.  
Farm land and pasture land descend in piles  
Polluting the Clearwater for many miles.

To control it now is a delicate study  
For now it is called the Little Muddy.  
But unlike the Missouri, it ceases to flow,  
In summer time it gets very low.  
The water that one time filtered down  
Now brings the filter – the colors it brown.  
It's not just someone's idle notion-  
For the soil from here ends in the ocean.  
The gifts from Potlatch in days of yore  
Were fruits and vegetables in piles galore.  
News boys in Peoria bought the cherries  
Also were raised many kinds of berries;  
Melons and prunes and apple trees,  
Squash, corn, turkeys---honey bees.  
Now we who live here must change our ways  
And restore our valley as in early days.

Seed down the slopes, plant forest trees  
Hold back the mud that goes to the seas.  
No more logging straight down the hill  
With gullies down which the water then spills.  
See arroyos with heavy grass,  
Filters through which no soil can pass.  
Contour rows on every slope  
Hold back our soil; It is our only hope.  
Build dams both big and little,  
Places where the soil can settle.

The gift of mud by the Potlatch given,  
Stinks! And it smells to high heaven.  
If all will work we can turn it about.  
And rebuild the stream where we used to catch  
trout.