Falls City the Beautiful

Where the rushing Luckiamute River
From its canyon makes a sally
Stumbling over cliffs and boulders
Headlong falls into the valley;
Where the valley meets the mountain
On a spot serene and pretty,
Beautiful for situation,
Stands the village of Falls City.

Here the hills are clad in fir trees,
Trimmed with dogwood and maple:
Bright and green through summer
But in autumn gold and purple.
Here the orchards and the vineyards
Yield their bounties without number
And the fir trees on the Mountains
Yield a wealth of longs and lumber.

Here the rushing tumbling waters
Lent to men their strength and might
Turn the wheels of mill and planer
And produce electric light,
Here's the "center of resources"
Gleaned from the mountain, hill and plain:
Luscious fruits and nuts and berries,
Weaving fields of hay and grain

Far removed from thongs and cities
And the rush and noise and din
Of the busy lanes of commerce.
Lacking, too, their care and pain.
Here surrounded by the mountains,
And the azure dome above;
Men have time for peace and quiet,
Hearts are filled with peace and love.

Do you long for home and neighbors
And the fellowship of friends:
Where abideth peace and plenty,
And contentment, which it lends?
Seek it not in crowded cities
Nor resorts of great reknown;
But, just pack up your belongings
And come here and settle down.

-J.A. Reiber
(As printed in the "Falls City Enterprise" in November 1925 – Courtesy of Mrs. Hope Letterman)