*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*

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