



Calendar of Events

March 8-10

Comedy Classic Weekend, Grove Park Inn, Asheville

March 8-11

Southern Conference Basketball Tournament, US Cellular Center, Asheville

March 16

St. Patrick's Day Celebration, Clubhouse, 6 pm. *Wear your Irish-green and bring an Irish dish & beverage.*

Details to come on these planned group events:

- Carl Sandburg estate tour
- Movie: "The Quartet", Flat Rock Cinema
- "The Odd Couple", Flat Rock Playhouse

March 21

Festival of Flowers, The Biltmore Estate, Asheville

March 31

58th Annual Easter Sunrise Service, 6:30 am, Chimney Rock State Park. A free, non-denominational Easter celebration

April 13

Hike & Picnic Lunch. The Social Committee is considering either Bridal Veil Falls at DuPont State Park, or one of the waterfall trails in Jones Gap Park or Caesar's Head Park. Email your preference to any committee member.

Birthdays

Mar 2: Kris Kinigson

Mar 28: Ed Graham

Minor ice storm hits area



We've had a few dustings of snow, but the evening of Feb 27 brought the area's first ice storm. Although it was a minor storm with just a small accumulation of ice, a few trees did fall and many others suffered broken branches and limbs. Many homes along Pinnacle Falls Road also experienced a power outage that lasted for several hours.

(Photos courtesy of Jean Patteson)



Want to serve on the POA Board?

Two members of the current Property Owners (POA) Board will be rotating off this July. If you are interested in serving on the board, please submit your name and a short bio to any current board member. New members will be elected at the summer annual meeting. Additional details will be sent to all property owners soon.

Starting anew in Pinnacle Falls

By Kathleen Nance

Although we had visited Pinnacle Falls many times during the construction of our home and move of our furniture, January 31 was a special day. After a long drive through the night, Grady and I, our cat Nike, and two loaded cars, arrived home to Pinnacle Falls.

First order of business was to set out the cat's necessities, then catch some sleep. On awakening with the idea of "begin as you mean to go", we tied on our hiking shoes, poured a cup of coffee, and headed out for a hike. Still running mostly on the dregs of adrenaline, our walk was short, just around the meadows area. The most strenuous part was getting to the top of our driveway. But, we could not stop smiling the entire time.

We had left Michigan in winter, when the main descriptive word is overcast. But this walk was graced by blue skies dotted with a wisp of clouds, fresh air to fill our lungs, and sunshine.

Sounds surrounding us were not the shoosh of cars on the highway, but bird calls, and the wind souging through the treetops. With recent rains, the strong-running creek soothed our steps with the gurgle of water across granite.

Our next order of business was to unload the cars. In the process of all this, we discovered that our range had somehow managed to die during the couple of weeks since Grady had been here last. Well, we had a microwave and a toaster over, so there was little chance of starvation until we could arrange repairs.

We were delighted when George and Yvette stopped by - our first visitors. They had been driving by, checking the various houses and making sure nothing was amiss in the property or the homes not currently occupied. Their visit just reinforced one of the strong draws of Pinnacle Falls for us - a sense of stewardship and community.

Driving to eat out that evening - see

the aforementioned inoperable range - we stopped at the foot of the mountain at the newly opened Good Times Market in Tuxedo, and chatted with the owner, Dwayne Hill. We bought their fresh yeast bread for breakfast and made a note to stop by one day for the angus beef that comes from his parents' farm. Dinner was at one of our newly favorite restaurants, the Flat Rock Wood Room - their bacon is a guilty pleasure. If they have the butternut squash soup on the menu, don't hesitate. It's peppery and sweet and altogether delicious.

Back home - hard to believe that we are actually here and can call our new house, home - we looked at the daunting task of the multitude of boxes to unpack and arrange, and did what any sane person would do. We popped a cork and sat in front of the fireplace sipping champagne and eating chocolates.

Peace, community, outdoors, tasty food - altogether, a good start to this new chapter in our lives.

Flat Rock started as destination getaway

Most of us drive through the Village of Flat Rock every day to go into Hendersonville. Nestled just south of the city, it is a quaint, little area with unique shops, galleries, restaurants, a movie theatre, and the estate of the late renowned author, Carl Sandburg. That estate is also home to North Carolina's state theatre, the Flat Rock Playhouse.

If you're like most folks, you may have wondered how it all began. Well, according to Frank L. FitzSimons, author of *From the Banks of The Oklawah, Vol III*, "In the early days, before the white man came, what is now Henderson County was a gathering place for the Cherokee Indians to hold their hunting ceremonies at the large flat rock that gives the name to the present day settlement."

Based on additional research, the white man arrived in Flat Rock in the

early 19th century, with the first white settlements developing in 1807. These early settlers were mostly plantation owners, primarily from Charleston, SC, and Europeans. As a result, the houses and summer estates they built were based on the English style.

Charles Baring of the Baring Banking Firm of London, built the first estate in Flat Rock in 1827, and called it Mountain Lodge. It stretched over 3,000 acres. Baring, who was a deeply religious man, also built what is now known as St. John in the Wilderness Episcopal Church on his private estate.

Around the same time, Judge Mitchell King, of Charleston, SC, began building his own estate, later named Argyle. He was instrumental in the development of the town of Hendersonville, having donated land on which Hendersonville was founded.

As news spread, more coastal South Carolina residents flocked to Flat Rock, and the settlement grew to around 50 estates. Diseases such as yellow fever and malaria, along with the sweltering heat in the low county of South Carolina, made Flat Rock an attractive getaway destination.

As you drive into Flat Rock, you will find that most of these estates are still standing. Some are still owned by the families of the original first settlers. Although most are now hidden from view, you can still catch glimpses of them through the trees. The National Register of Historical Places has included the entire district of Flat Rock in its records of historical places.

Source: Highland Lake Vacation Rentals, highlandlake.org/history-of-flat-rock-nc/

Pinnacle Falls Gazette

Editor: Yvette Freeman Rash
Send items for publication consideration to:
contactynf@gmail.com
March Deadline: March 20

Former Flat Rock resident: Carl Sandburg

Author-poet Carl Sandburg was born in the three-room cottage at 313 East Third Street in Galesburg on January 6, 1878. The modest house, which is maintained by the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency, reflects the typical living conditions of a late nineteenth century working-class family. Many of the furnishings once belonged to the Sandburg family. Behind the home stands a small wooded park. There, beneath Remembrance Rock, lie the ashes of Carl Sandburg, who died in 1967.

Early Years

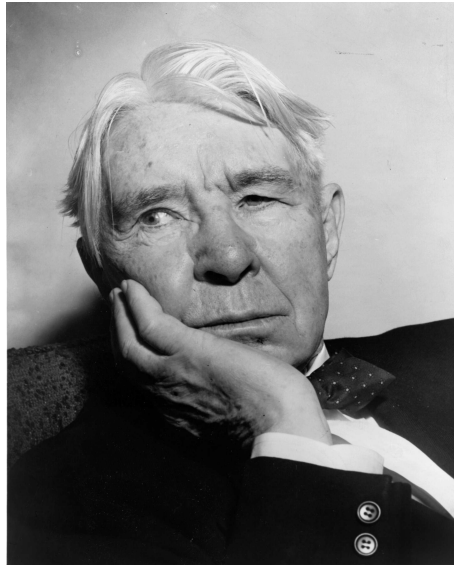
Carl August Sandburg was born the son of Swedish immigrants August and Clara Anderson Sandburg. The elder Sandburg, a blacksmith's helper for the nearby Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, purchased the cottage in 1873. Carl, called "Charlie" by the family, was born the second of seven children in 1878. A year later the Sandburgs sold the small cottage in favor of a larger house in Galesburg.

Carl Sandburg worked from the time he was a young boy. He quit school following his graduation from eighth grade in 1891 and spent a decade working a variety of jobs. He delivered milk, harvested ice, laid bricks, threshed wheat in Kansas, and shined shoes in Galesburg's Union Hotel before traveling as a hobo in 1897.

His experiences working and traveling greatly influenced his writing and political views. As a hobo he learned a number of folk songs, which he later performed at speaking engagements. He saw first-hand the sharp contrast between rich and poor, a dichotomy that instilled in him a distrust of capitalism.

When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898 Sandburg volunteered for service, and at the age of twenty was ordered to Puerto Rico, where he spent days battling only heat and mosquitoes. Upon his return to his hometown later that year, he entered Lombard College, supporting himself as a call fireman.

Sandburg's college years shaped his literary talents and political views. While at Lombard, Sandburg joined the Poor



Writers' Club, an informal literary organization whose members met to read and criticize poetry. Poor Writers' founder, Lombard professor Phillip Green Wright, a talented scholar and political liberal, encouraged the talented young Sandburg.

Writer, Political Organizer, Reporter

Sandburg honed his writing skills and adopted the socialist views of his mentor before leaving school in his senior year. Sandburg sold stereoscope views and wrote poetry for two years before his first book of verse, *In Reckless Ecstasy*, was printed on Wright's basement press in 1904. Wright printed two more volumes for Sandburg, *Incidentals* (1907) and *The Plaint of a Rose* (1908).

As the first decade of the century wore on, Sandburg grew increasingly concerned with the plight of the American worker. In 1907 he worked as an organizer for the Wisconsin Social Democratic party, writing and distributing political pamphlets and literature. At party headquarters in Milwaukee, Sandburg met Lilian Steichen, whom he married in 1908.

The responsibilities of marriage and family prompted a career change. Sandburg returned to Illinois and took up journalism. For several years he worked

as a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, covering mostly labor issues and later writing his own feature.

Internationally Recognized Author

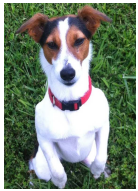
Sandburg was virtually unknown to the literary world when, in 1914, a group of his poems appeared in the nationally circulated *Poetry* magazine. Two years later his book *Chicago Poems* was published, and the thirty-eight-year-old author found himself on the brink of a career that would bring him international acclaim. Sandburg published another volume of poems, *Cornhuskers*, in 1918, and wrote a searching analysis of the 1919 Chicago race riots.

More poetry followed, along with *Rootabaga Stories* (1922), a book of fanciful children's tales. That book prompted Sandburg's publisher, Alfred Harcourt, to suggest a biography of Abraham Lincoln for children. Sandburg researched and wrote for three years, producing not a children's book, but a two-volume biography for adults. His *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, published in 1926, was Sandburg's first financial success. He moved to a new home on the Michigan dunes and devoted the next several years to completing four additional volumes, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, for which he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1940. Sandburg continued his prolific writing, publishing more poems, a novel, *Remembrance Rock*, a second volume of folk songs, and an autobiography, *Always the Young Strangers*. In 1945 the Sandburgs moved with their herd of prize-winning goats and thousands of books to Flat Rock, North Carolina. Sandburg's *Complete Poems* won him a second Pulitzer Prize in 1951. Sandburg died at his North Carolina home July 22, 1967. His ashes were returned, as he had requested, to his Galesburg birthplace. In the small Carl Sandburg Park behind the house, his ashes were placed beneath Remembrance Rock, a red granite boulder. Ten years later the ashes of his wife were placed there.

Source: carl-sandburg.com

Pinnacle Falls Pet Directory

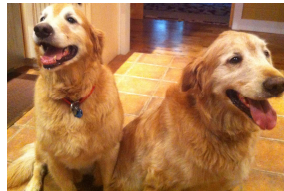
Full-Time & Part-Time Residents & Visiting Family



Chloe
Abe & Rosemarie
Shor



Trooper Blu
George & Yvette
Rash



Sam & Adam
Ron & Rhonda
Hertwig

IN MEMORIAM



On March 1, Pinnacle Falls lost our beloved friend Sandy, to lung cancer. Our deepest sympathies go out to Renee Kidwell. Sandy has been a member of Renee's family since she was a young pup. In addition to Renee, Sandy leaves behind her brother, Danny.



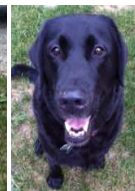
Tig & Carly
Jim, Shawn, & Delaney
Blackburn



Angeline & Buddy
Carol
Fife



Sandy & Danny
Renee
Kidwell



Ike
Ralph & Sallie
Johns



Duncan
Julie
Johns



Simba & Aby
Rod & Jean
Patteson



NEW



Nike
Grady & Kathleen
Nance



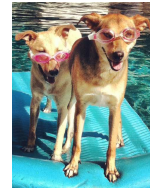
Jeb & Zsa Zsa
Jim & Ceille
Welch



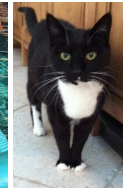
Mia & Abigail
Dennis & Linda
Mitchell



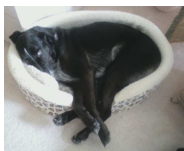
Lilly
Ed Graham &
Mickey Pickler



Bonnie, Clyde & Spats
Debbie
Hayden



Non-Visiting Pets



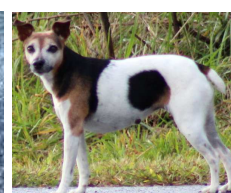
Roger & Trevor
Beverly & Mike
Sprenng



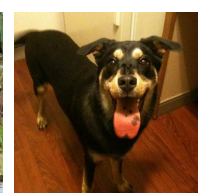
Mia
Terri & Steven
Schiffman



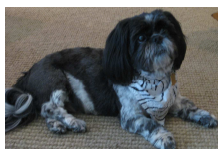
Sophie &



Tipper
Danny & Laura



Turbo & Radar
Chris Tesauro & Courtney
Jackson



Oreo
Andy & Kris
Kinigson



Honey Bunny
Audrey Snyder