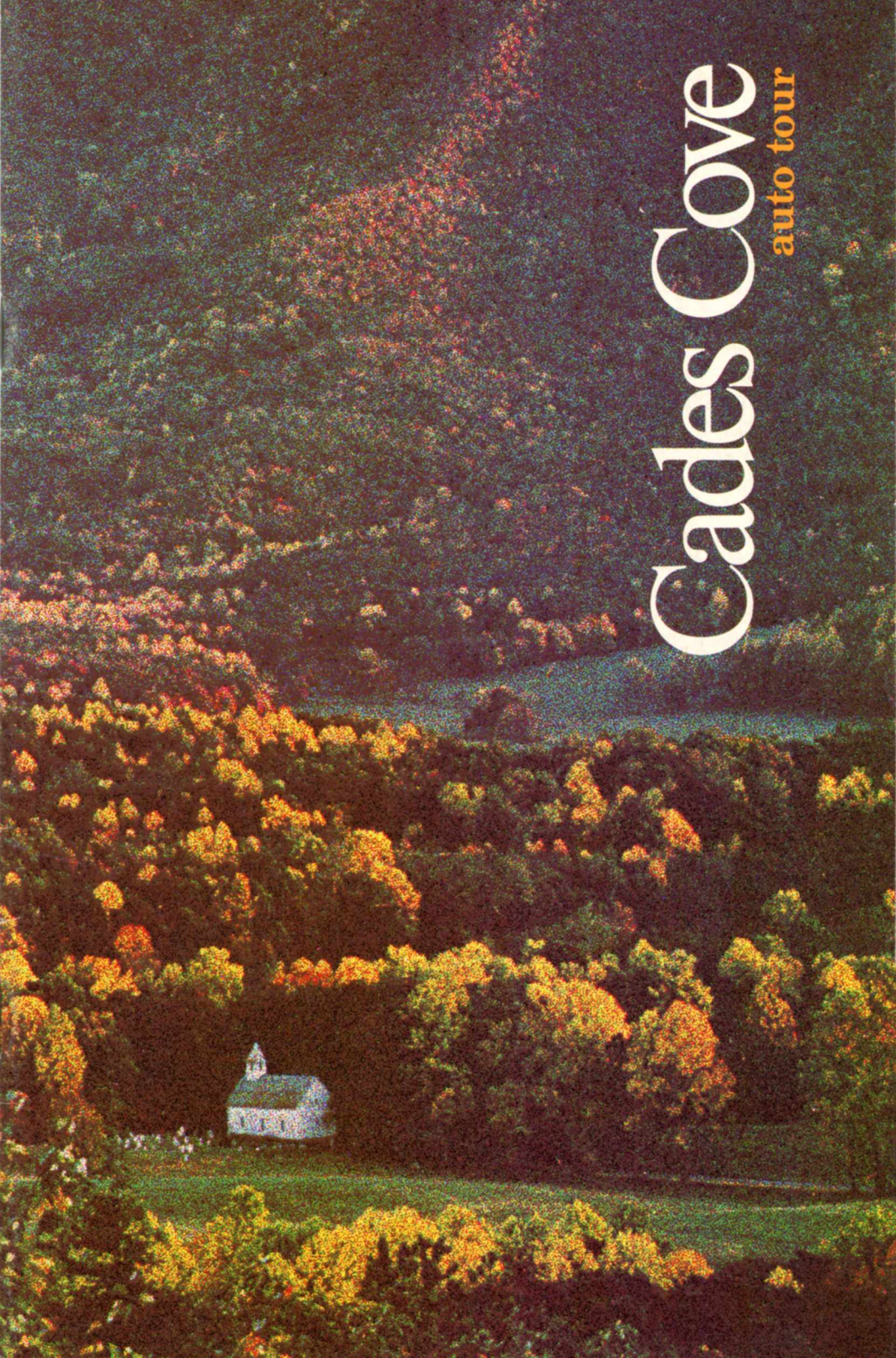




Cades Cove

auto tour



what you see...

Man became part of Cades Cove beyond reach of human memory. Indians hunted and farmed

here for uncounted centuries, but hardly any sign of them remains. White settlers crowded the Indians out of the Cove and their sign is everywhere: buildings and roads, apple trees and fences, daffodills and footpaths. Cades Cove is an open air museum that preserves some of the material culture of those who last lived there.

The eleven-mile loop road follows many of the grades and turns of the old wagon roads, fording a stream now and then. Along the way you are likely to see wildlife: deer and wild turkey year-round, lots of ground-hogs in the summer.

The cattle grazing here help to keep the cove from returning to forest. Please do not climb over fences or leave gates open. Do not drive on or in the fields.

Pull over to the side to read this booklet, so that you will not obstruct others or feel pressed to move on. There are many pullouts along the road for this purpose.

Go carefully and observantly into another place and time, one apart from your existence today. See its sights and hear its sounds. Feel the road rise and fall under you. Stop, get out, and sense the rocky paths under your feet. Be carried into the world of organic man, when he was a generalist and not a specialist. He lived each day as it came, solving each problem with hands and mind in common harness. Neither master of his environment nor victim of it, he took what Nature allowed him to have, and made his way.



*Consolidated School,
built 1915*

what you don't see...

Can you visualize this Cove in 1850, supporting the 685 members of 132 households?

Settlers first entered the Cove legally after an Indian treaty transferred the land to the State of Tennessee in 1819. Year after year they funnelled through the gaps, driven by whatever haunted them behind or drew them in front, until they spilled over the floor and up the slopes. Most of them traced their way down the migration route

from Virginia into east Tennessee (now more or less Interstate 81). Tuckaleechee (modern Townsend) was the last point of supply before the leap into Cades Cove. A few years later pioneers moved directly over the mountains from North Carolina. They all came equipped with personal belongings, and the tools and skills of an Old World culture, enriched with what they learned from the Indians.

The people of the Cove did not enter, settle and become shut off from the rest of humanity. They were not discovered by Park developers, still living a pioneer lifestyle.

From the beginning they kept up through the newspapers, regular mail service, circuit riding preachers, and buying and selling trips to Tuckaleechee, Maryville and Knoxville. They went to wars and war came to them. They attended church and school, and college if financially able. A resident physician was here most of the time from the 1830's on. Telephones rang in a few Cove homes about as early as anywhere else (1896).

Although remote and arduous, life here was little different from rural life anywhere in eastern America in the nineteenth century. Household and farm labor were done according to one's age and

sex. Men produced shelter, food, fuel and raw materials for clothing.

Women cooked, kept house and processed things the husband produced. Children and the elderly took care of miscellaneous loose ends when and where they could. In this way the home was an almost self-contained economic unit. The community was an important aspect of life to the settlers in a rural society.

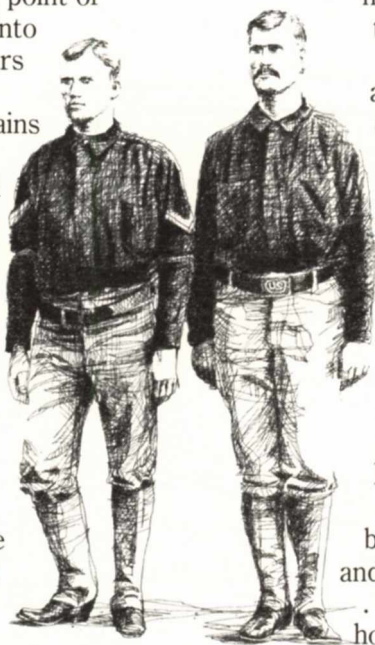
It was an extension of the household by marriage, custom, and economic necessity . . . a partnership of households in association with each other.

The community was democratic in a general

sense: there were few extremes of wealth and poverty; there was widespread participation in community affairs; and, no clearly defined social classes locked people in or out. There were common celebrations like family gatherings, "workings," and funerals.

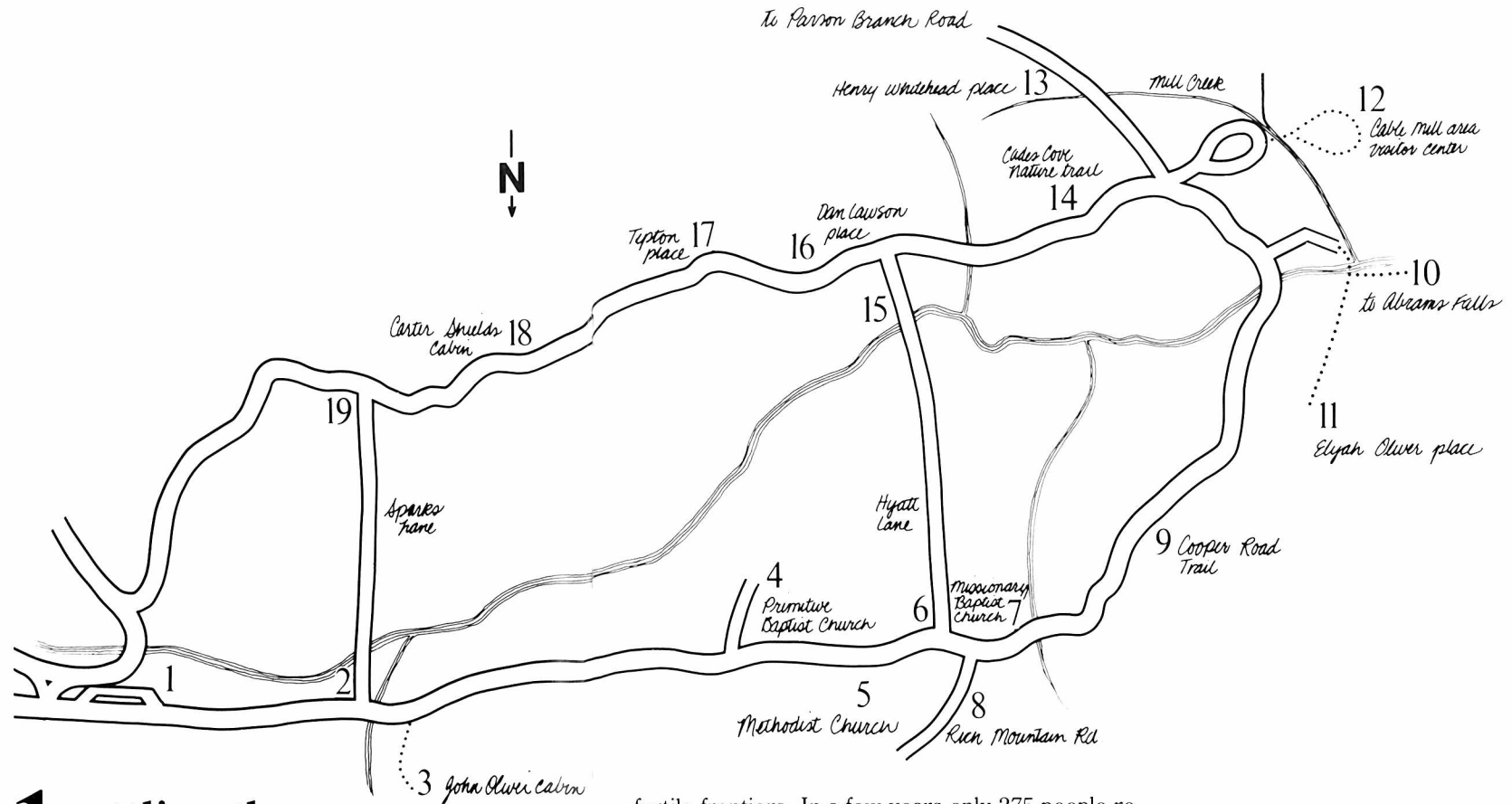
Politics was tied to state, regional and national affairs. Law enforcement was personal in many ways. Justices of the Peace applied common sense, based on common law.

In sum, the "good life" in the Cove was realized through industry, frugality, neighborliness and loyalty.



Spanish American War vets - Eagle Rose and Tom Jenkins

The Tour



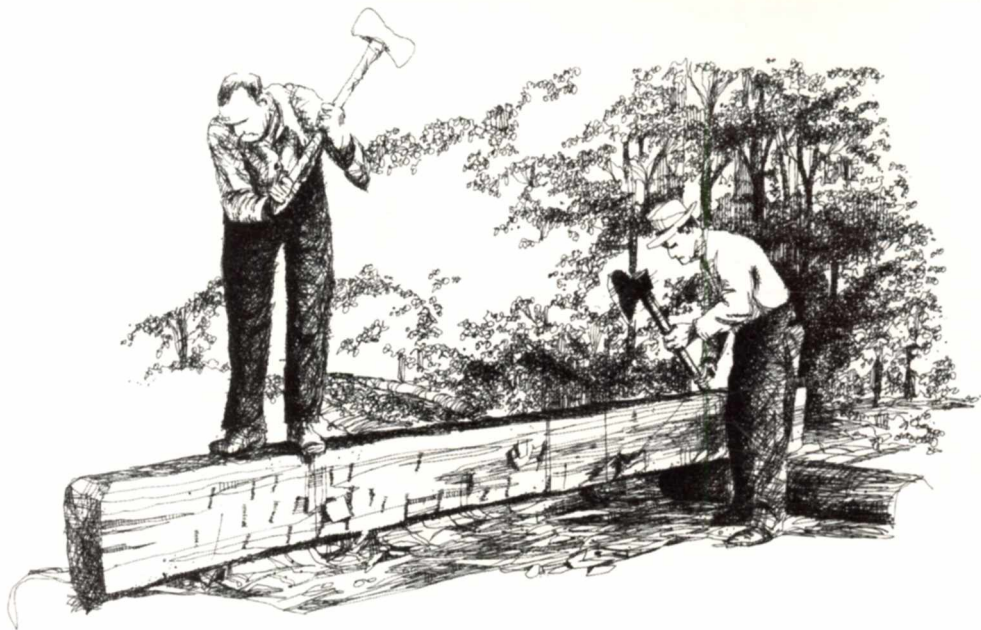
1 settling the cove

In 1820 this was frontier country, newly acquired by the State of Tennessee from the Cherokee Indians. Families did not simply wander in and say to themselves, "My, how pretty, let's settle here." The land was owned by speculators who bought it from the state. Settlers bought it from the speculators, whose intent was to make money. In this way Cades Cove became a typical cumulative community . . . a miscellaneous collection of people who were not oriented toward a common purpose, as in the early religious settlements of New England. It grew without a fixed plan, and families chose land that was available and affordable whenever they arrived. Most of the people came from established communities in upper east Tennessee, southwestern Virginia, and western North Carolina. Very few were "fresh off the boat."

By 1850 the population peaked at 685. With the soil growing tired, and new states opening in the West, many families moved out in search of more

fertile frontiers. In a few years only 275 people remained. Slowly, human numbers rose again to about 500 just before the Park was established in the 1920's.

Beginning a new life here was basically the same for everyone. The east end of the Cove (where you are now) was settled first, being higher and drier than the swampy lower end. Huge trees were cleared by girdling them with an axe. The first crops were planted among the soon-dead timber. After a few years the standing trees were cut down, rolled into piles and burned. Orchards and permanent fields followed quickly on the "new ground." Common sense told farmers to reserve the flat land for corn, wheat, oats and rye. Their homes circled the central basin, and pastures and woodlots hung on the slopes. Apples, peaches, beans, peas and potatoes were supplemented with wild greens and berries. Meat was varied and plentiful. Cattle grazed in summer on the balds (grassy meadows "bald" of trees) high above the Cove, while deer, bear, wild turkey and domestic hogs ranged the woods.



2 sparks lane

This NORTH - SOUTH lane crosses the cove, and was part of a family-to-family road system that evolved by the 1840's. It is a short cut back to the campground or out of the cove. It is a two-way road.

3 john oliver cabin

The Olivers bought land in the Cove in 1826 and this cabin remained in the family until the Park was established.

The house is typical of many found on the eastern frontier, and reflects the skills and techniques brought into the mountains by descendants of British and European immigrants.

The round logs were *scored* first along their length with a felling axe, then *hewn* with a *broad axe*. The notched corners need no pegs or nails, as gravity locks them together. Chinks (open spaces between the logs) were filled with mud to seal out wind and rain. The stone chimney was laid in mud mortar. Windows and doors are typically small, to conserve heat and maintain the strength of the building. Split wooden shingles, the most common material used here, cover the roof. The materials to build this house are growing or lying all around you. Could you duplicate this shelter if need be?

Privacy in the home was rare. Life centered in the main room. Children were welcomed.

The more kids, the lighter the farm work. Older folk lived here too. A head count of ten to twelve under one roof was not unusual. The home was a business, school, hospital, orphanage, nursing home and poor house.



The John Oliver cabin

4 primitive baptist church

Some of the earliest settlers organized this church in 1827, and a log building served their needs until 1887.

During the Civil War ill feelings and turmoil shut the church down, demonstrating that Cades Cove was not immune to outside influences. Their own official correspondence from the period states: "We the Primitive Baptist Church in Blount County in Cades Cove, do show the public why we have not kept up our church meeting. It was on account of the Rebellion and we was Union people and the Rebels was too strong here in Cades Cove. Our preacher was obliged to leave sometimes, and thank God we once more can meet . . ."

In the cemetery lie Olivers, Gregorys, Shields, Anthonys and others who first populated the Cove. Wander among the graves, but not on them! Notice the different kinds of stones, the infant burials and other hints of life as it once was here.

5 methodist church

This church was organized in the 1820's, with services held in a log building until 1902. The Methodists were not as numerous as the dominant Baptists here, and often depended on a circuit riding preacher. Another church, Hopewell Methodist, is marked only by a cemetery today.

This structure and its furnishings were reportedly the work of one man. J. D. McCampbell, a blacksmith and carpenter, built it in 115 days for \$115. Afterward, he became its preacher for many years.

Ladies and children entered through the left door, and men through the right one. A divider separated the two groups, causing frustration among courting couples.

6 hyatt lane

This road crossed the Cove and joined the Cades Cove Road (Rich Mountain Road). It was a direct route out of the Cove from the south side for those going to Tuckaleechee and Maryville. Hyatt Lane is a two-way road, and can be used as a shortcut back to the campground or out of the Cove.

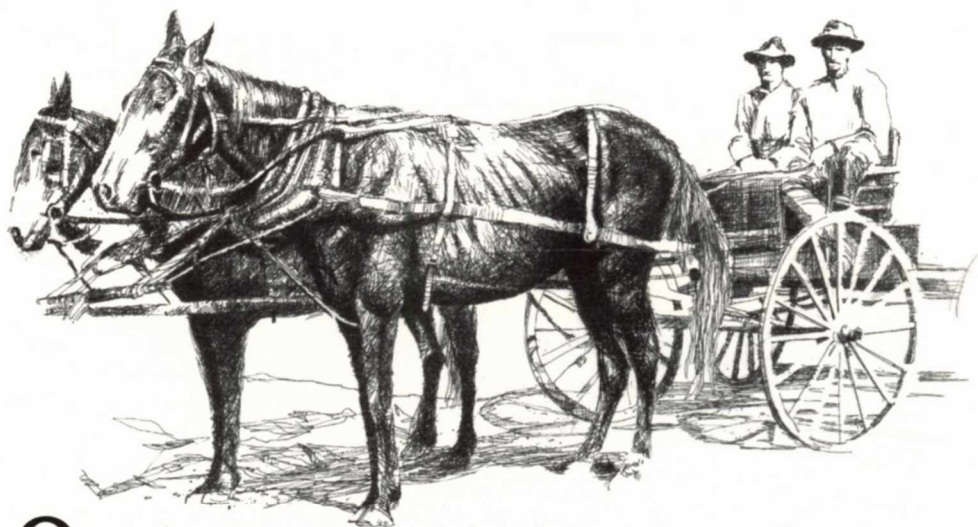


7 missionary baptist church

This church was formed in 1839 by members of the Primitive Baptist Church who were dismissed because they favored supporting missionary work. This was a national issue that concerned Baptists everywhere.

During the Civil War the church ceased to meet, but reopened after the war with a revised membership list. Confederate sympathizers were absent.

The present building dates from 1894 when there were about 40 members. Enrollment eventually rose to 115.



8 cades cove road (rich mtn. road)

At first an Indian trail, this was the primary route into the Cove for the first settlers. In the 1830's a wagon road, known as the Cades Cove Road, was built over the same route, and served for nearly a hundred years as the main access to Tuckaleechee. It was improved in the 1930's by the Civilian Conservation Corps to accommodate autos. It is 12 miles long, with one-way traffic to the Park boundary. Beautiful glimpses of the entire Cove are visible from the top of this road. See you in Townsend!

9 cooper road trail

Just a trail in the 1830's, this road led to Maryville in the early days of settlement. Eventually it was improved into a wagon road by Joe Cooper, a local resident who was commissioned to upgrade it. Today it is a 10-mile foot trail terminating near the Foothills Parkway.

Hauling goods in and out in good weather was difficult; in rainy weather, almost impossible. Ten or twelve miles per day was average time, so shopping trips took about three days and nights. Newspapers and gossip usually returned with the wagoneer.

If you look closely, you will see the compacted ruts and gentle swales of other roads throughout the Cove.



10 abrams falls

One of the larger waterfalls in the Park, it is reached by foot trail only (five mile round-trip). After crossing the foot bridge, turn left for the Falls. Turn right for the Elijah Oliver Place.

11 elijah oliver place

Buildings speak to us clearly if we will listen. They reflect the needs, skills and wealth of the owner, and the dictates of the environment. Today our homes are compact with most of our needs filled under one roof (stove, refrigerator, freezer, pantry, living quarters and garage). We can build of almost any material, in any style, and engineer out the local environment. The life of the farmer was more scattered out, with whole buildings given over to one function. The smokehouse and corn crib stood between him and hunger. The springhouse cooled his food. The kitchen was often a separate building, while the barn sheltered his livestock from the winds of winter.

The location of the buildings is significant. The house faces west, its southern shoulder against the prevailing winds and summer heat. Nearby, the garden sprawled on a warm south slope convenient to the house. The smokehouse huddles close to the kitchen, secure from animal and human intruders. The springhouse looks down on everything else, insuring a clean water supply; while the barn stands below all other buildings.

Although "they all look alike," there are notable differences in workmanship and use of wood material among these structures. Several show the same hasty selection of logs, with very little hewing and many knots and limb stubs remaining. Another shows much more care in the choice and use of materials, with corner notching of a more durable type and better executed. Yet another is made of split logs, each half going into an opposite wall, reducing the number of trees needed to build it. Do you think that they were all built at the same time by the same man?



There are other things to look for — points of function and beauty. Peg holes in the logs on the porch tell that a weaver lived here. Smoke from thousands of fires still clings to the kitchen walls. The creamy smoothness of the mud chinking sets off the rough texture of the logs — run your fingertips across both. In the chimney, bees have made a home in someone else's home. The spring — in winter the water's so cold it'll crack your teeth. Pause, and feel this place with your whole being.

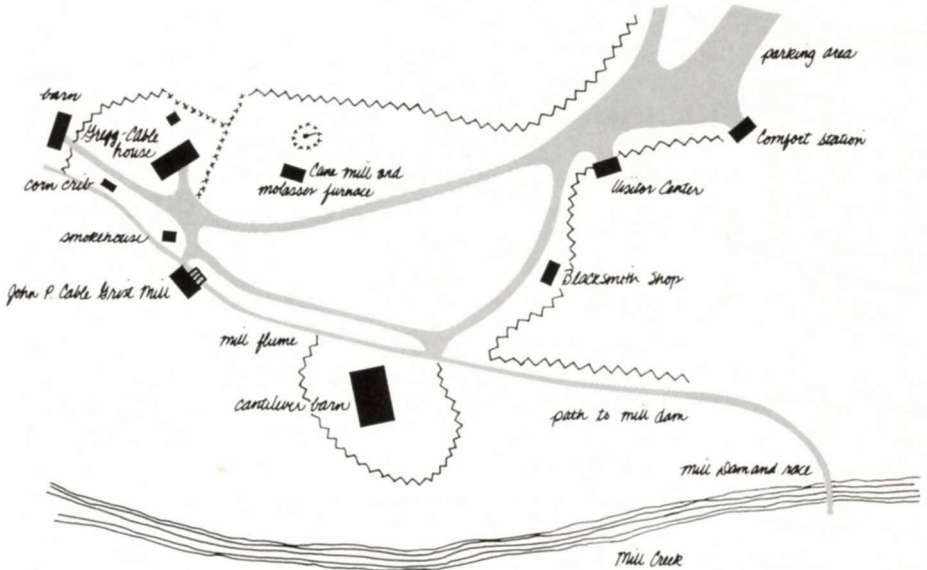
Everything around you here speaks of an organic society, one living in and off of things that could

be found or grown at home. The human settler that lived among these logs was almost as much a child of the forest as the other beasts. They pressed close to the breast of the earth and danced with the seasons far more than we. Like the beaver and the paper hornet, he built shelter from native woods. He and the bear robbed bee trees and berry bushes. He took live prey, as did other predators. These buildings merely refined man's life here. Rugged as it was, the pioneer at least understood the hows and whys of his existence. If a dough bowl split, he knew the cause lay in the seasoning of the wood, not in the miscalculation of some unknown plastics technician in a far away land.



12 cable mill area

Except for the mill, old buildings in this complex were assembled here from other places in the park. The blacksmith shop was constructed in recent years, and is typical of original ones.



cades cove visitor center

The visitor center is open daily during the summer and fall season, usually from about May 1 through October 31. It was constructed in 1972, and is not an historic structure. Personnel provide information on Cades Cove, and assistance in emergencies. Exhibits inside illustrate rural life in the mountains around 1900. Interpretive literature, post cards, film, maps, etc. are available.



blacksmith shop

Iron was an important material in pioneer life. The blacksmith, its master, was a requisite figure in most communities. He pounded violently on material from the depths of Hell, beside a fire from the same place, to forge a graceful candlestick. From under his hammer came the tools of life: axes, adzes, drawknives and froes; bolts and bits, chains and hooks; the bull tongue plow and the wagon tire. He made and repaired the bits and pieces that cut, dug, hung,

dragged, bore through, or held together most everything else.

The substance of his work, coal (or charcoal) and iron, were scarce and valuable. Iron from the fire is an incredibly plastic material. Heated, formed into a tool and cooled, it serves man for a long time. Worn out, it can be re-heated, re-formed, and given a new use and life. A simple blank becomes a spike, then a meathook, a pothook, a kettle bail and a handful of screws; so on endlessly until time forgets its original form. The blacksmith — a community could not easily survive without him.

cantilever barn

Large barns were common in Cades Cove because of the considerable number of transient and resident livestock. The loft of this one would hold many tons of hay and fodder. The large overhang sheltered many head of animals and sundry farm equipment, without posts to get in the way of traffic. Cantilever construction (counterweighted overhanging beams) was used frequently in east Tennessee, but originated centuries ago in Europe.



mill race and dam

The path beside the ditch full of water leads to the mill dam. In order to insure an adequate water supply for his mill, John Cable linked Forge and Mill Creeks with a small diversion canal. He then impounded the water with a log and lumber dam. Water leaves the pond through a watergate, runs through the earthen race, and into the wooden flume. The flume dumps it onto the waterwheel to supply power to the mill.

john cable mill

Corn was a central fact of life to the pioneer. A native American plant, its grain, stalks and foliage fed man and beast. Corn grew dependably with minimum attention, frequently under poor circumstances. It was used for a variety of foods — bread, mush, grits, hominy — and at times a potent beverage. But first, it had to be ground into meal.

In the Smokies, single family “tub mills” were numerous, but could grind only about a bushel of corn per day. When the need and environment were suitable, a large mill powered by a waterwheel was built and became an important feature in the community. It could grind more grain much faster than a tub mill. A sawmill often operated off the same power unit (and did here), adding another service to the community.

John P. Cable’s mill was not the first in Cades Cove. However, by 1870 or so the population was large enough to support several such businesses. As a rule millers were also farmers anyway, and John Cable was no exception. A large bell used to be mounted atop a pole beside the mill; customers rang it to call the miller in from the orchard or fields. Jim Cable, John’s son, inherited the mill and operated it well into the twentieth century.

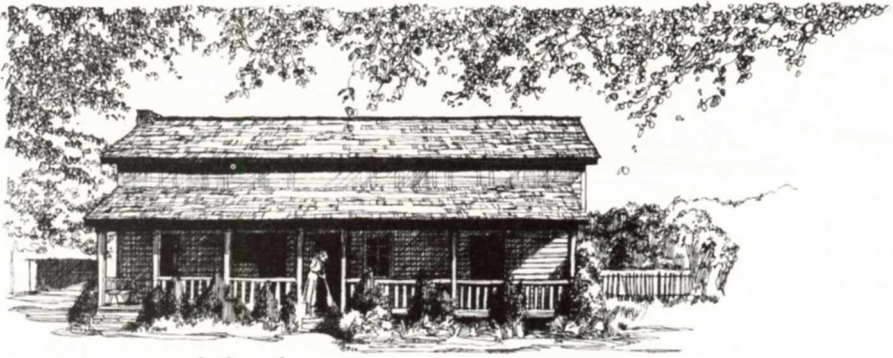
The millstones, some of the gears, and the main framing of the structure are original. Other portions have been rehabilitated a couple of times. In a sense, it’s like the “old axe” that’s had two new heads and three new handles.



the mill

smokehouse

Cades Cove residents, as most mountain people, ate pork in preference to other meat. Freshly killed bear, deer or turkey were welcome, but difficult to preserve for months at a time. Pork was dressed into ham, bacon, jowl, sausage and other products and kept in the meathouse. It could be smoked over a slow fire (thus smokehouse), or cured with salt and other spices to preserve it.



gregg-cable house

Built by Leason Gregg in 1879, this may have been the first framed house in Cades Cove. Moved once and altered as the need arose, it served its owners as a store, boarding house and private residence. A kitchen wing once extended out from the rear.

Aunt Becky Cable, John P.'s daughter, bought the house and lived in it till her death in 1940. She helped her brother manage the store, kept boarders, farmed her land, cared for the orphaned children of her brother, and lived to be 96.

A framed house is the kind of dwelling most people aspired to and eventually built, whenever they were able. Old log homes were then converted into barns or storage buildings. By the twentieth century framed houses probably outnumbered log ones in Cades Cove. Several were much larger and finer than this one. Being "new" in the 1930's, they were not preserved by the park.

The yard and garden were usually fenced to keep domestic animals and var-mints out of the beds of flowers, herbs and spices, and medicinal plants. The yard was often scraped clean of grass to give small children a snakeless place to play, and because there were no lawn mowers.

In the chimney corner stands an ash hopper. Wood ashes from the stove and fireplace were conveniently stored in the dry until enough accumulated for soap-making. Water poured through the ashes leached out the lye, which was then boiled with animal fat to make soap. Cooled and cut into cakes, it would clean just about anything.

Vegetable gardens provided variety at the table and generally lay near the house. Most families saved seed from one year to the next but occasionally needed to buy some. Old store records reveal sales of a surprising array of seedstock: beans, peas, cabbage, turnips, beets, lettuce, tomato, potato and others. Gourd bird houses near the garden attracted beneficial creatures that controlled insect pests.



corn crib

The corn crib was a necessary structure on every mountain farm. The year's supply of corn was hauled in from the field and dumped into the crib through the high hatch above the wagon. Small portions came out through the little front door. Still on the cob and in the shuck, it would air dry sufficiently to be ground into meal, chicken feed, or fed to livestock. Corn cribs were nearly always long and narrow, with spaces between the logs left open. This promoted air circulation and enhanced the drying. Some, but not all, cribs had "plunder sheds" to protect tools and vehicles from the weather.

barn

Farms often had more than one barn, particularly if more than one generation had lived there. The drive-through design of this one allowed easy unloading of hay into the loft. Milk cows and draft animals were kept in stalls most of the time so they would be close at hand when needed.



sorghum mill

Along with honey, sorghum molasses was a popular sweetener. The cane stalks, stripped of their leaves, were fed into this horsedrawn mill. It squeezed the juice out, which was then boiled down into molasses over the nearby furnace.

The sorghum mill is an interesting contrast to the Cable Mill. The farmer had two energy sources: water power and animal power. One was strong but stationary; the other portable but relatively weak. Both served well into this century on mountain farms.



13 henry whitehead place

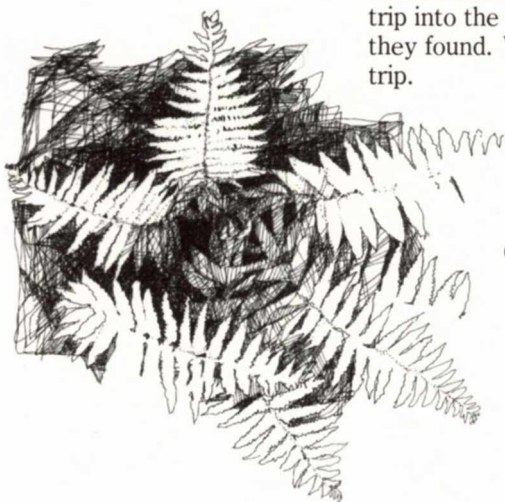
The ultimate log house, built in 1895. From logs sawn square at a nearby mill, a tight-fitting crib was built with hardly any spaces left to chink. The corners are worked to near perfection. Most of the interior log faces, ceiling joists and boards were dressed with a hand plane. How many endless strokes brought them up to this smoothness? The wall toward the prevailing wind was weatherboarded to keep out wind and rain, and to preserve the chinking. A brick chimney, rare for the Smokies, was made of brick moulded and fired on the property. A transition house, this one is a beautiful blend of log work and sawmill technology.

By contrast, the older cabin was built almost entirely with a felling axe under emergency circumstances. Rough-hewn logs with jagged ends, and the rubble stone chimney show the most hasty kind of construction.

This pair of dwellings represents about the roughest and finest of log construction in the Smokies.

14 cades cove nature trail

The people here looked to the forest for many of the materials they needed to live comfortably. Take a trip into the woods with a settler's family to see what they found. Walking distance is one-half mile round trip.



15 hyatt lane

If you wish to return to the Cable Mill area, turn here and go back across the Cove.



16 dan lawson place

The best sources agree that Dan Lawson built this house on land he eventually bought from his father-in-law, Peter Cable. The older man may have shared in the work, since he was known to have been a good carpenter. Lawson expanded the home from time to time, and acquired additional properties. At one point he owned a solid strip of land from the state line on the ridge behind the house, across the center of the Cove, to the top of the mountains in front.

Some of the better bladework in the Park is in this house. The inside faces of the logs were hewn smooth with an adze, and the ceiling joists were dressed and beaded with a plane. Chinks are battened inside with beveled poplar boards, and filled outside with brick and clay.

The brick chimney is unusual for the time and place. A hole was dug in a nearby clay bank, and partially filled with water. The mixture was worked to proper consistency with a hoe or paddle, then placed into moulds to dry. The brick were then stacked and fired. After cooling they were ready for use.

The small outbuildings were the family "pantry." The one closer to the house is the granary, and the other a smokehouse. Granaries were fairly rare, as not much wheat was grown here. Corn, a far more widely used crop, was stored in a corn crib, which is another kind of building. Meat was smoked and/or salted to preserve it and stored in the smokehouse.

17 tipton place

“Hamp” Tipton moved into the Cove and had this house built a few years after the Civil War. After living in it a while, he returned to one of his other properties in Tuckaleechee in 1878. James McCaulley, a blacksmith, moved into the vacant house until he built his own. The Maryville “Index” cheered McCaulley’s arrival in the Cove, declaring that his ironworking skills would “supply a long needed want.” This explains the presence of the blacksmith shop in the hollow beside the house.

The long shed on the opposite side of the house is an apiary or “bee gum stand.” Honey was a common confection, and also a money crop for some farmers. The apiary sheltered the hives from the weather, but not from bears.

The smokehouse in the front yard held the winter’s supply of meat and the woodshed kept firewood handy.

Across the road is a double pen corn crib, larger than average, and having a driveway through the center.

Behind the corn crib stands a replica of a cantilever barn. Built in 1968, it is similar to the original that stood on the site.





18 carter shields cabin

Your journey is almost ended. Among the things you saw were part of the finest collection of log buildings in this country and the miscellaneous tools and trappings of an organic society. They tell you much, but not everything, about those people.

You saw little evidence of extraneous finery, for this was a culture of limited supply and minimum waste. But esthetic pleasure was not unknown or unappreciated. The craftsman found beauty in a well-shaped axe handle or smoothly-adzed parlor beam. The woman expressed herself in a quilt or woven bed coverlet. The object itself was necessary; its beauty was not, but was there nonetheless. Design and function became one through understanding of the materials at one's fingertips.

A sense of community filled the Cove. For one hundred years life in the Cove proceeded at a pace rarely faster than a walk. This allowed time to see and hear the world one lived in. Cowbells in the pasture, the almost-silent chatter of a horsedrawn mowing machine, the wind coming up, and the sun going down. A decent "howdy" while walking past a neighbor's house. All were part of that life.

Community involvement on a personal level was a clearly understood obligation. It activated almost automatically in cases where family independence was inadequate.

A death in the community brought many people together quickly and efficiently. One made the coffin, another lined it with cloth, while others dug the grave. Common understanding got the deceased in the ground within twenty-four hours.

A house raising was another common effort. One man simply couldn't lift and lay the logs alone. When all of the materials were assembled on the site, neighbors pitched in to raise the building quickly.

These and other qualities of our ancestral society cannot be put on display. They can only be understood through deliberate contemplation. We leave this last little cabin to your imagination. Rebuild, refurbish, and re-people it in your own mind, and let it say to you whatever it will.

19 sparks lane

This road will take you back to the beginning of the tour road — in case you missed something.

of time and abram's creek...

By now you may have sensed some similarities between yourself and the Cove people; between your time and their time, your life and theirs. Self-determination, control of immediate matters at home. Submission to larger forces over which we have no control: war, death, the weather. Even in their remoteness the Cove people responded to these greater influences, as do we.

They came to the Cove to find land and fortune — a national phenomenon of the eastern frontier era. From 1819 - 1850 there was a time of population growth and hope of a prosperous future. Into the Cove trooped farmers from nearby states and counties, and even a few carpenters from Holland, mechanics from England, a Pennsylvania lawyer, and a New York doctor. Many of them were transients, part of the great westward movement, ever chasing the iron forges, gold mines, and other pies-in-the sky that hovered over the next valley or ridgetop. Moving was simple for some of them: put out the fire and call the dogs. Others, the permanent residue, dug into the Cove for good. They planted the orchards and built the schools and found contentment in the quiet agrarian life. For a while!

Westward expansion and the creation of new states caused a horrid backlash — the Civil War. What happened in distant Kansas,

Nebraska and Missouri ripped Cades Cove like a sail in a storm. Bound to one side or the other by political beliefs or family ties, the younger men went to war — 21 to the North, 12 to the South. Those at home were not spared, for the leaf in a whirlwind cannot be still. Guerrilla bands slashed into the Cove and streaked out with chickens and pigs, plowhorses and hunting rifles. Mutual hatreds padlocked churches and human hearts, and drove wedges into the fiber of families. The end of the storm brought relief, but debris was everywhere on the ground. Bitter memories and suspicion of outsiders hung in the air, and swung slowly in the breeze of peace.

Still, some things remained constant. Honeybees probed the apple blossoms, grain stalks nodded alongside Abram's Creek, and snows brightened the grayness of winter days.

A new century brought new forces to bear on the lives of the Cove people.

By 1905 shrieking sawmills ingested whole trees and spat out planks. Their waste, slabs and sawdust, fed the roaring steam boilers. Younger men chose to serve the mill instead of the plow. A day in the fields may have yielded peace of mind, but a day in the millyard meant cash.

By 1910 a new acronym — ALCOA - rerouted the lives of many local mountaineers. Aluminum, a non-magnetic metal, nonetheless drew men out of the coves

and unto itself. The lure of new jobs and steady wages was difficult to resist.

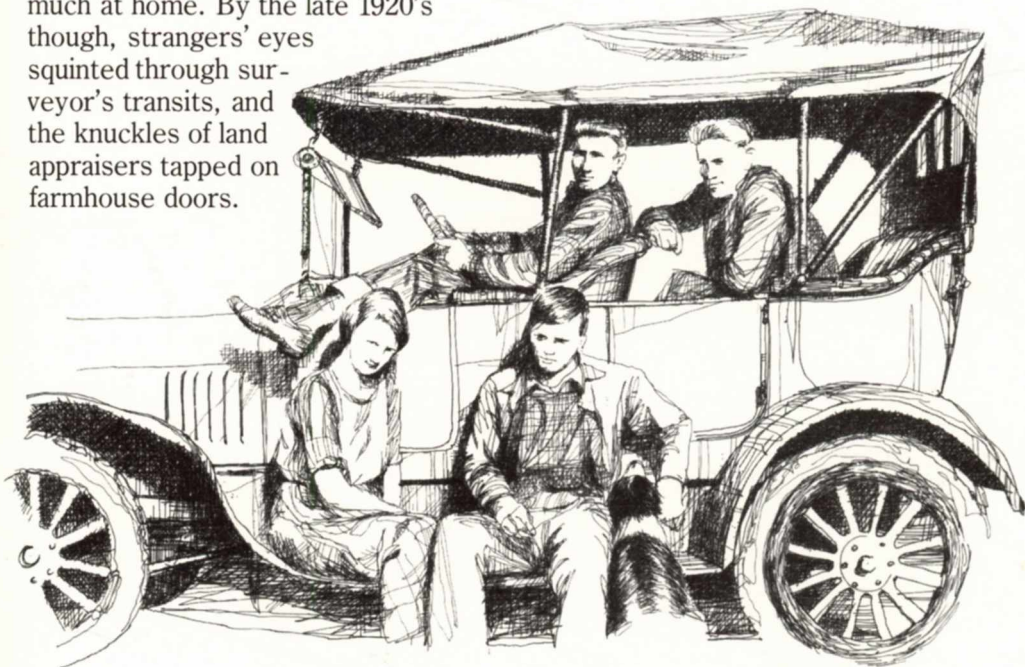
In 1915 the first automobile ticked into the Cove, an ill omen to horses and wagons. Even in far-off Europe the Kaiser War tapped the shoulder of the mountain farmboy: "I want you over there." Newspapers pasted to cabin walls kept the folks informed, till hobnailed army shoes slogged home to tell it firsthand.

As America moved from rural to urban, from agrarian to industrial, Cades Cove moved too. For a hundred years the first farmer, herder or miller, and the last, could have changed places and felt pretty much at home. By the late 1920's though, strangers' eyes squinted through surveyor's transits, and the knuckles of land appraisers tapped on farmhouse doors.

"Mister, we're buying land for a national park . . ."

Some saw it as the chance of a lifetime. Hundreds or thousands in cash, during the Depression? They took their money and moved out to what seemed a better life. Others refused it, and clung to the past on a lifetime lease. Ultimately the Cove lifestyle could not persist. Not then and there; perhaps in another valley.

In Cades Cove, as in every other time and place, the people responded to larger forces that washed them along with the tides of time. With each wave they came to be what the national destiny wanted them to be.



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