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Section III: Regional Issues

EDWARD SLAVISHAK

Loveliness but with an Edge: Looking at the Smoky Mountains, 1920–1945

In the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, outdoor recreation promoters spent the 1920s and 1930s establishing a particular form of common sense. Mountain enthusiasts like economic boosters and hiking groups created a repertoire of behaviors and practices that they subtly defined as the *proper* appreciation of the upland environment. Regional writers commended serene mountain views as the ultimate combination of time and space that allowed outsiders to engage visually with Appalachian settings. The goal was a snapshot or quiet moment at elevation that marked the southern mountains as extraordinary. Knowing where to stand, what to notice, and how to explain what one saw became markers of a sensitive, trained eye. This was meant to be common sense; outdoor taste-makers hoped to make it self-evident that certain ways of seeing were better than others.

Interrogating such bygone attempts to distinguish between insiders and outsiders—travelers and tourists—is commonplace for historians of sightseeing. At first glance, the case of the Smokies in the decades after World War I confirms the derogatory connotations of the “tourist” label, one that represents passivity, consumerism, and convention. At the heart of these efforts in the southern Appalachians, however, was a dynamic, mobile experience of landscape that promoted activity, connoisseurship, and novelty. The behaviors prescribed through tourism media and outdoors publications were intended to develop more than visual faculties alone. The aesthetics of static scenery converged with the kinesthetics of physical, fluidly experienced terrain for two groups of mountain popularizers. Regional tourism promoters sought increased traffic that translated into hotel stays, retail sales, and real estate development. They enchanted the landscape with images of exhilarating movement. Hiking groups worked to attract a dedicated membership of men and women who offered logistical support and camaraderie for mountain trips. They narrated seas of mountains that confronted the visitor with utter indifference. Both groups instructed the

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uninitiated on how to enjoy the Smokies, stressing the visual as but one element of a view.

Historians have implicated sightseeing in the commercial manipulation of the southern mountains. Appalachian Studies scholars have shown that in the first three decades of the century, nonresident writers, social workers, and folklorists reinforced popular stereotypes about the physical features and cultural traditions of mountain people. Local musical styles and handcrafts appealed to external audiences as nostalgic glimpses of simpler, mythic lives before the technological and demographic changes of the previous half-century. Central to these interpretive frameworks has been the figure of the “intervenor,” the outsider with the professional credentials and institutional authority to define regional culture for those beyond the mountains. Intervention in the Appalachian Mountains was as much an agenda of individuals and corporate entities on the geographic inside—commercial boosters and local scientists and social researchers, in particular. In *The Invention of Appalachia*, the anthropologist Allen Batteau frames the construction of scenic spots in the early twentieth century as a particularly pronounced form of intervention, one in which the landscape became “an aesthetic experience that is putatively outside society” through a process of organizational appropriation. Yet even this putative distance from social life can be called into question by recognizing that the intervenors themselves sought to connect the aesthetics of sightseeing in the Smokies with a host of practices that depended on the class and occupational identities of tourists and governmental investment in infrastructure.¹

Several concepts from cultural geography are particularly useful in thinking about these landscapes and the ordering of experience within them. Rob Shields stresses that landscapes are not environments and that environments are not images. Rather, environments are “participated in, being both an object of reason and a container of the thinking subject.” Shields identifies three layers of nature images: an individual's memory of a scene, an individual's memory of an experienced environment, and the “socially-maintained reputation of a place or region.” Each layer informs the experience of the driver or walker who encounters rural topography for the first or hundredth time. Outi Rantala extends this idea, arguing that the commercial development of tourism environments is inseparable from tourist practices—the bodily movements, stances, and sensations influenced by tourism advertising but also requiring “noncognitive, embodied knowledge.” Hikers moving through miles of underbrush or gaining thousands of feet in elevation created tourism environments just as tangible as motorists standing at highway pull-offs or resting at “park rustic” pavilions. Finally, Tim Cresswell encourages scholars to think of *doxic landscapes*, landscapes inscribed with and inscribing taken-for-granted, preconscious behaviors. Cresswell's approach emphasizes Rantala's phenomenological interests while also addressing Shields's point that the surfaces of landscapes seem fundamentally different than the deep textures of environments.²

I adopt these ways of thinking about landscape to consider southern promoters' and hikers' desire for a sense of belonging more complex than escapism. This means paying close attention to the ways in which landscapes have tended to conceal their own production, particularly those landscapes characterized as wild or untouched. Tourism promoters conveyed images of a landscape that was dynamic yet enduring, a version of the natural sublime that assumed the awed

reaction of an outsider who found pleasure while moving through and around monumental scenery. Likewise, the two hiking clubs discussed here emphasized movement. The organizations trained members to think of their time atop mountains as a hard-won communion with resilient pioneers who fought their way through the Appalachians a century before. Hiking groups argued that the grandeur of the views was predicated on the mechanics of hiking. The clubs sought a specific form of “insider” status: an embodied engagement with a material environment. This was a practical competence that might serve them well in the Smokies but was not limited to any one place. Both efforts underscore the point that in such tourism practices, there were always multiple identities of which an individual could be on the inside or outside. It was not always a matter of belonging to a place.³

Those who made the Smoky Mountains an appealing destination between 1920 and 1945 interpreted the South's marginal land—areas that governments and developers deemed too unmanageable to produce further mineral or timber yields after decades of extraction—as a landscape of challenge. Tourism entrepreneurs and hiking enthusiasts emphasized the difficulty of the land, its ability to *test* as well as charm. Driven by (as well as driving) an increase in recreation-seeking and the simultaneous development of transportation corridors through spaces that nonresidents once considered remote, these groups encouraged visual frameworks that emphasized the flux behind seemingly inert scenes. Boosters and hikers played at a flexible, self-conscious notion of what it meant to be in touch with nature.⁴

Scenic Corridors

When L. L. Huffman drove with her brother from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in late November 1936, snowy roads and steep ascents kept her literally on edge. Detailing her experience for the *Charlotte Observer*, Huffman wrote of the climb to Newfound Gap, on the border of North Carolina and Tennessee:

Higher and higher we ascended among snow-capped peaks which rivaled the Alps in splendor. In and out, in and out, around the horseshoe bends ... not even daring to look over the wide expanse of towering mountains ... hardly daring to draw breath, leaning forward with every muscle taut ... turning each curve slowly ... carefully ... peeping with half closed eyes upon the dazzling whiteness of a big world lying at our feet ... too fearful to look straight down into the yawning chasms at every turn.

The nighttime trip left the passengers shaken but curious about the landscape through which they had skidded. The next day, after a night's rest in Gatlinburg, the pair drove back to the gap to “see in the light of day the awful spectre that loomed before [them] in silent majesty the previous night.” Huffman claimed that she could not capture what she saw when they arrived back at the scene, such was its jumbled mess of beauty and terror. The drive through Newfound Gap was “crowded with more picturesque scenery than can be found over the nation,” and her forty-eight hours of touring were “so crowded with scenic splendor that one day seems as a hundred.” Huffman's

response mixed fear with delight. The land lurked. Time slipped and slid. There were simply too many sensations on the road through the Smokies. No wonder, then, that three years earlier local hikers had advised Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes against building highways through the Smokies, arguing that the “public seems to be afraid of mountain roads.”⁵

In writing about her trip, Huffman portrayed herself as a pioneer of sorts. The theme of self-definition is a mainstay of historical accounts of tourism in the United States. Historians have chronicled the “invention” of tourist sites to reject the notion that natural features were merely discovered and turned to profit. Artists, entrepreneurs, travelers, and scientists instead prepared the way for broad appreciation by packaging experiences. These writers have employed a trickle-down model, in which elite Americans absorbed scenic representations through printed sources, training themselves in a touristic approach to the outdoors. Huffman's tale and the hikers' claim about fear of mountain roads are examples of this process in action. Scholars working at the edges of cultural and environmental history have also demonstrated that Americans transformed encounters with landscape into existential projects. John Sears and Anne Farrar Hyde, among others, have argued that elite Americans demanded from landscapes a means to negotiate the complexities of their lives and even an “iconography of nationalism” to distinguish themselves from European standards. My use of the word *encounter* is intentional here, because such histories assume that landscapes lay in wait to be stumbled upon by humans. This obscures the production of landscapes that precedes even the discursive stage of site-making. Huffman's dispatch naturalized a mountainous automotive landscape that seemed inert and unmanaged.⁶

Yet management had everything to do with it. Increased transportation was the key to the transformation of the southern Appalachians in the first half of the twentieth century. Huffman's pleasure trip to Gatlinburg was one of hundreds of thousands through the new Great Smoky Mountains National Park (conceived in 1923 and chartered in 1934). Regional developers, state legislators, and local business owners lobbied for new roads as a means of both access and scene-making. The economic benefits of trans-mountain commodity flows were evident to officials and constituents alike, yet nonlogistical factors came into the picture as well. As a way of conditioning visitors' expectations about what they would see and how they should interpret it, new roads were crucial in creating a sense of the upland South as a scenic experience combining steady movement with abrupt, spectacular pauses. The journey and the snapshot, then, became inextricable parts of landscape appreciation.

For one thing, there was the pressing matter of visitors' orientation—what could they actually see? When Jonesborough, Tennessee historian and hiker Paul Fink began traveling through the Smokies in the 1910s, he encountered “no trails, blazes, or any other evidence that man had ever been there before.” Evidence of human intervention was relative, of course, especially when recalled after several decades of development. But Fink captured a common memory of a casual, drifting existence before roads. The environment was “jungle-thick vegetation,” movement was grueling, and itineraries were necessarily flexible. “More than once,” Fink wrote in his memoir, “we were lost for days at a time, not even knowing—or caring—just what state we were in.” Roads offered the assurance of

never being lost, but instead guided by the invisible hand of institutions that encouraged looking at the land in prescribed ways.⁷

In addition to connecting the residents of rural counties to regional cities, campaigns for road construction in the early twentieth century were efforts to create vantage points for the observation of scenery. Roads promised visual order in an otherwise cluttered landscape. Felix Alley, a North Carolina Supreme Court justice and self-proclaimed “mountaineer,” wrote in 1941 that reaching vistas in the southern Appalachians had only recently become possible for casual hikers. Road construction took the traveler to high spots that transformed a “confused disorder” into a designed landscape “too perfect for human comprehension.” Moving upward *made* scenic landscapes. Like hiking trails, roads that led to scenes of grandeur spent much of their length winding through tunnels of trees. As local hiking club members reminded Ickes, “It is one thing to drive for a few miles to see a superb view, or group of views, but it is not nearly so interesting to drive hundreds of miles through relatively less interesting mountains.” Southern tourism boosters and outdoors groups alike cultivated this notion of interesting and less interesting mountains, a view that implied a second distinction between good and bad views. Motoring enthusiasts applauded the ability of roads to open up mountain spectacles, to create moments of clarity amidst the clutter. The spots at which roads passed scenic vistas, usually opening onto river valleys below or mountain ranges in the distance, accompanied the process of moving through those valleys or over those mountains. Touring the Smokies, even in the seemingly passive mode of auto-touring, entailed more than static visuals.⁸

One of the leading road promoters in the south was the Knoxville Automobile Club (KAC), an organization formed by local businessmen in 1916 to provide motorists with technical assistance and lobbying power. Russell Hanlon, who led the KAC during its early years, argued that eastern Tennessee needed only better roads to lure the hordes driving between northern and southern states. Hanlon noted in 1922 that hundreds of tourists passed Knoxville as they visited Florida from the Midwest each fall, and that they would bring thousands of dollars to the local economy if they stopped overnight. The city's establishment press joined the KAC in shaming state lawmakers into road funding. In the fall of 1922 local reporter Jack Williamson claimed, with only slight sarcasm, that Knoxville's extant arteries should be “barricaded and marked impassable.” Reports of east Tennessee apple farmers transporting their crops via North Carolina only added to the auto club's vision of a city cut off from the rest of the world.⁹

To combat this imagined isolation, KAC members attempted to get eastern Tennesseans to think of their portion of the state as a region formed by scenic roads. Before the early 1930s, these roads skirted the spine of the Smokies. Movement toward and past distinct mountains, valleys, and gorges was key to producing promotable scenic experiences. More than linear routes, scenic circuits became road promoters' most avid fantasies. The club devised a 100-mile motor loop connecting Knoxville, Pigeon Forge, and Maryville. The booster press printed simple maps of this loop regularly in the early 1920s. Local chambers of commerce devised their own side trips to pull travelers from the main path. Newspaper editors in Etowah, Tennessee, created a “loop within the loop” to guide motorists to “mountain scenery that cannot be surpassed in beauty.” In

the spring of 1925 the KAC joined other auto clubs to dedicate the “Great Southern Scenic Loop,” a 616-mile chain of roads that connected Knoxville, Asheville, Atlanta, and Chattanooga and circled the high country. Here were loops within loops within loops, all designing scenic approaches for motorists who would experience both the streamlined modernity of good roads and the timeless scenery of the Appalachians.¹⁰

By April 1924 Hanlon brimmed with confidence that the states would build a new route across, not around, the Smokies. Hanlon and other KAC members led Tennessee representatives on a hike from Gatlinburg to the Cherokee reservation in North Carolina. The goal was to demonstrate that inaccessible, wild lands would become a scenic attraction when viewable from a modern highway. The party of two dozen hiked and rode on horseback to the state line, where they met representatives of Swain County, North Carolina. Tennessee writers portrayed the Swain contingent lounging at 5,200 feet while the western group clawed its way up mountains. After an elaborate lunch at the gap, the large group then moved to Bryson City, North Carolina, hiking for seven miles before driving from a lumber camp served by a new state road. Knoxville reporters envied North Carolinians for maintaining “as fine a highway” as existed in the United States and urged their state legislators to keep up.¹¹

The situation reversed by the end of the decade. In the summer of 1929 J. S. Coleman of the *Asheville Times* described the sensation of standing at Newfound Gap. Tennessee road crews had graded a rough road to the pass, stopping abruptly at the state line. “The North Carolina side,” wrote Coleman, “remains a wilderness,” still roadless from the border to the lumber camp. Six months later writer and outdoorsman Horace Kephart chronicled a “bunch of nuts” who attempted to pound their car through the unfinished route, despite the land to the east being “nothing but wilderness, with foot trails, old logging roads, big rocks, fallen timber, brush and briars.” The maniacal attempt started Kephart thinking, though, and several months later he drove the same route with the Asheville photographer George Masa. At the end of the Tennessee road, the pair found a “great pile of rock,” through which “persons who [had] already forced automobiles across [had] laid out a sort of automobile path slantwise down the mountain.” The pair pushed through. The existence or lack of viable paths through the trees ordered experience on the ridges of the Smokies long before national park tourism became official.¹²

By the 1930s preservationists worried that roads broke up scenic landscapes, a concern that stressed the value of static, distant spectacles and neglected drivers' mobile experiences. While Kephart, Masa, and other “nuts” achieved a direct, tactile engagement with the rough terrain over which they careened, even motorists on the smoothest, most gently graded roads interacted with landscapes as they moved through them. As Anne Mitchell Whisnant has shown, Blue Ridge Parkway designers and engineers created a driving experience that opened up the Appalachian countryside to the driver at roadside stops and along the way. The Parkway was the pinnacle of scenic driving in the 1930s, overshadowing less prominent highways' displays of mountains, valleys, and farmland. The fact that the Tennessee state government's formal introduction to the site of a future scenic road was through a hike on existing footpaths illustrated the common experiences of the booster and outdoors crowds.¹³

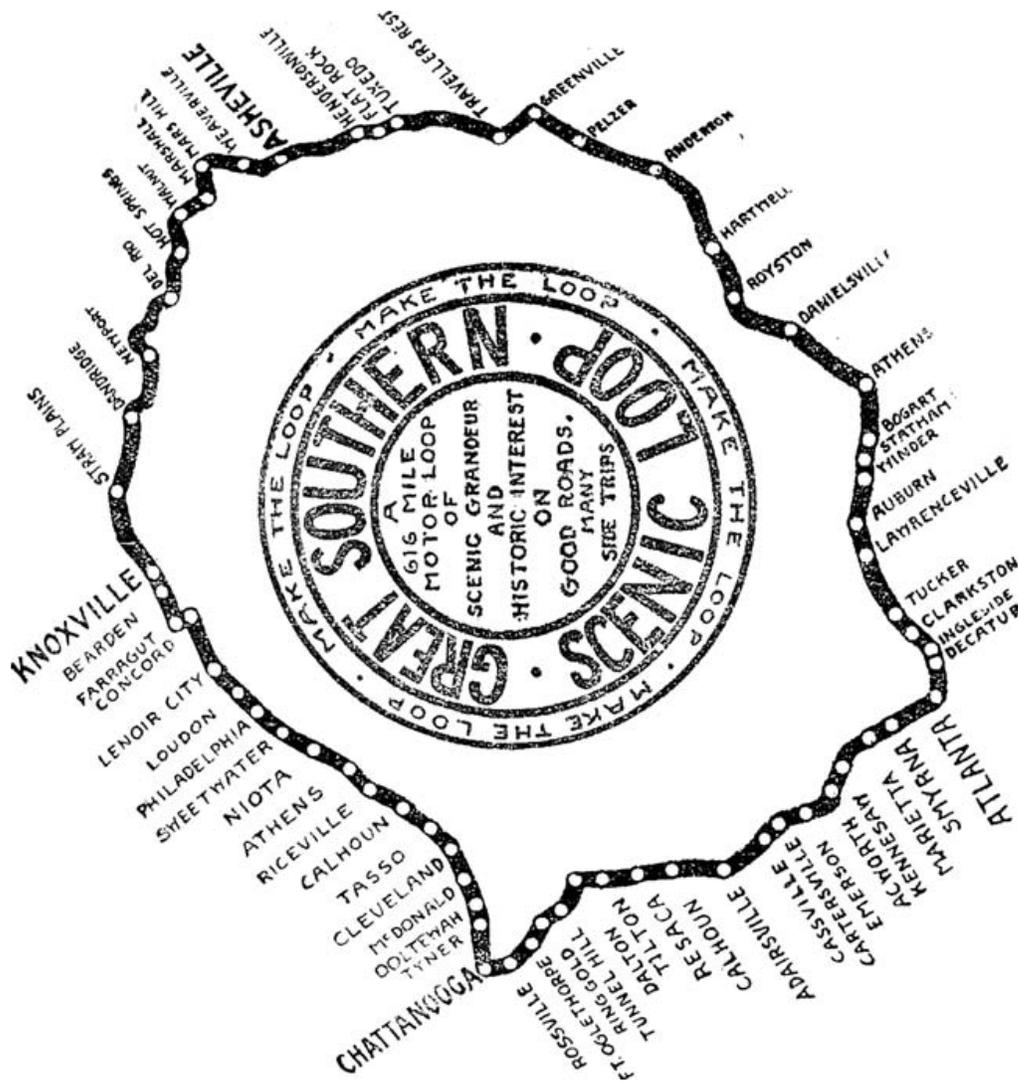


Figure 1. Creating Scenery and "Making the Loop" (Chattanooga News, April 9, 1925).

The largest and most active hiking organizations in the southern Appalachians before 1940 were the Smoky Mountains Hiking Club (SMHC) and the Carolina Mountain Club (CMC). The SMHC formed in 1924 when Albert “Dutch” Roth and friends “realized that the people of East Tennessee knew little about the beauty of the mountains” and thus pledged to protect them. Beauty remained a watchword for the club, despite that the fact that many of its activities were decidedly practical. The club coordinated group hikes, trail maintenance, and educational presentations for Knoxville civic groups. Club officials prided themselves on organizational efficiency, with trail crews reporting to trail section captains, captains reporting to the chairman of the trails committee, and the chairman reporting to the board of directors. The leadership identified with the rougher aspects of the mountains, boasting when they lured ninety-four hikers out into ankle-deep snow on a nasty day in early March 1930. Knoxville law clerk Harvey Broome defined the club's first two decades as a walk on the wild side:

We have had our accidents. We carried a girl out on a slab torn from a rotting buckeye, and fished a man from the swollen Road Prong. We have waded streams in the rawness of winter; and have broken through ice with our bare feet. We have skidded around on top of LeConte at twenty below zero; and we know some of the rules for camping safely at ten below. We have climbed the snowbound cliffs of the Bunion in winter and in fog. We have fought the turbulent madness of the spring winds which can snap off great trees ...¹⁴

The CMC also formed in 1924, when the southern chapter of Boston's Appalachian Mountain Club separated from the main organization in order to devote membership dues to southern trails. Like the SMHC, the CMC combined a philosophical attachment to nature and life outside urban areas with the more mundane pursuits of trailblazing, maintenance, and photography. CMC leaders presented the club as a service to the people of western North Carolina, especially those who had never witnessed “places of rare beauty.” The CMC was founded as a vehicle to get more people (of a certain type) into the mountains. Club leaders wanted what the geographers George Reville and Charles Watkins called “a citizenry that understood the workings of the countryside.” These were people who would know how to behave, what to enjoy, and how to talk about their experiences. In 1932, after absorbing the ranks of the Carolina Appalachian Trail Club, the CMC had a membership of seventy.¹⁵

Early CMC trips were as much about making trails as they were about scenery. By 1933 the CMC completed fifty group hikes that averaged ten miles in length. The club was just as organized as its Tennessee neighbor, routinizing the process of trip reporting with forms that recorded timing, mileage, personnel, directions, altitude, and scenic observations. In the process, hiking stories became regimented. In 1932 club members returned twenty-seven of these reports, which the guidebook committee compiled into a manual for club use and public sale. By 1935, the club held a yearly competition for the “best story” submitted by trip reporters. The competition's organizers pushed hikers to offer great detail in their reports. Their goal was to produce aesthetically minded, adventurous narratives that created tales for the landscape. They wanted more than distances, times, and altitudes. After his guided trip through the Smokies

with Fink, Appalachian Trail Conference (ATC) president Myron Avery worked to get more coverage of the southern mountains for northern readers of the ATC's magazine. He contacted the CMC early in 1932 with an offer: in exchange for new subscriptions to *Appalachia*, Avery would publish CMC hike narratives. Stories became standardized.¹⁶

An encouragement of technical expertise in the woods emerged from this self-conscious process of narration. Hiking club leaders shared with road campaigners and park boosters an obsession with the visuals of static landscapes and an admiration for the kinesthetics of mobile landscapes. The overshadowing of the latter by the former was a strategic decision on the part of these groups; the spectacular scene trumped the immersive experience when it came to lobbying for funding or recruiting new members. For both contingents, however, the means by which the viewer arrived at the scenic spot was crucial to defining the proper meaning of the view. The "work" that people had to complete to become viewers, as they drove their cars along winding paths or lugged their packs for forested miles, applied a type of training that Appalachian taste-makers believed improved and enchanted the landscape.

The embodiment of this faith was Paul Fink. As Congressional approval of the GSMNP became clear, Fink pushed fellow hikers to build better trails. He argued that new paths needed a "definite reason for being, as leading to a peak, a cascade, groves of big trees, or a short route from one main trail to another." To Fink, proper trails gave the hiker the opportunity to look at something impressive. He hoped, moreover, that future trails to peaks would avoid choked hollows to grant hikers exciting views on their way to the main attraction. "In addition to leading one to his destination," he urged, "there must be enough of interest along its route to justify one in following it." Landscapes created by hiking trails, then, should be participatory, unfolding over linear miles and along various points of altitude.¹⁷

Fink, like many hiking narrators, thought on two levels: one concerned with the hiker's experience of movement through space and one fixed on the creation of place when the hiker stopped. Tourism scholars have emphasized the divergence between the landscape views of insiders and outsiders. Insiders, those who live on the land, often value process over product. Karoline Daugstad notes that insiders' perspective tends to be "activity-oriented," allowing scholars to consider the "embodied landscape" as constituted through human practice. Outsiders, for the most part, experience the landscape "from a certain distance and mainly through the eye." Hiking clubs (and their NPS partners in trail creation) tried to juggle both views, orchestrating the experience of the mountains on the way to and at the vista. Hikers sought insider status through physical experience, but what they attempted to get "inside" was not early twentieth-century mountain culture. They looked for a kinesthetic expertise that came through sore feet, aching backs, and burning lungs.¹⁸

A central archetype of the pageantry behind the opening of the GSMNP was the figure of the motorist who parked the car and stepped out to view, or even explore, the woods. The development of roads allowed a remarkable number of cars into an area that saw little visitation before 1930. In 1934 over 131,000 automobiles entered the gates of the national park. Two years later, that number reached almost 200,000. In January 1936 alone, over five thousand cars visited from thirty-four states. Such increased attention did not require

roads directly to mountain bases; roads that merely took people toward the highest peaks afforded daytrips on foot that previously required overnight stays in the woods. Editors of *Tennessee Wildlife* magazine claimed that roads served the Smokies in much the same way as display windows served department stores—they lured people in for a more intimate look. Although it is impossible to quantify this phenomenon, it is clear that both the road and trail systems of the Smokies were driven by scenic recreation demands. Hiking trails before the 1920s were slightly improved bear trails that were as suited to walking as the existing roads were to driving. Fink described the only trail up Mt. LeConte in 1916 as a poorly blazed, dimly indicated path up 30- to 45-degree slopes. Private groups and the federal government built trails over the next two decades to make scenic vistas accessible to the imagined mountain visitor.¹⁹

In 1932 the Smokies' first superintendent, J. Ross Eakin, implemented a construction program that merged the grunt work of blasting rock and cutting trails with the aesthetic planning of landscape architecture. In September engineers completed a two-and-a-half-mile trail from Newfound Gap to Mt. Kephart. The trail epitomized many that followed: wide, cleared of obstacles, and generously graded and groomed by park staff. The Civilian Conservation Corps contributed a vast labor pool to the Smokies, as well as to the neighboring Pisgah and Nantahala National Forests. The CCC projects connected scenic spots with auto routes to cater to those who would hike if they could drive to a parking area, leave their car, and return to it a few hours later. A writer for the *Asheville Citizen* noted the careful planning that went into these paths. "In many instances," he wrote, "old trails and grades were abandoned deliberately so that the new trails could be routed by way of a spot of special interest." Along the road from Gatlinburg to Newfound Gap, the *Hickory Daily Record* reported, "so many bridle paths and hiking trails to hitherto inaccessible beauty spots of the park have been made that it is hard to obtain a list of them."²⁰

The Park Service implemented a system to help visitors choose their hiking experience. The NPS defined class-A trails as four feet in width and never more than a 15 percent grade. Class-B trails were narrower, often steeper, and



Figure 2. The Display Window: Newfound Gap parking area, late 1930s (Courtesy of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park Archive).

generally rougher in tread. Finally, the NPS gave class-C trails the barest maintenance that still left footpaths over rough terrain. In 1937 Assistant Director H. C. Bryant remarked that one of the primary goals in making trails was to “avoid destroying the appearance of informality.” This did not always fool users; advanced hikers criticized CCC trails in particular for being “sidewalks.” SMHC members volunteered to rework the paths, hoping to leave an element of roughness in place. Eakin denied these maintenance requests; NPS planners in the Smokies carefully calibrated their level of manipulation in specific sections in order to design hikers' experiences.²¹

Carlos Campbell of the Knoxville Chamber of Commerce noted that many of the class-C trails were falling into disuse by 1937, although some people preferred them to the “beaten path.” In the winter of 1934, the SMHC's Guy Frizzell wrote to NPS engineer Robert White about plans for the Mt. LeConte ascent via Roaring Fork, one of the roughest paths remaining. Frizzell noted that four trails already led to the top and that club members wanted no more. Superintendent Eakin admitted that such criticism tended to focus on the trails' “newness and rawness.” It was not just that class-A and B paths mitigated the challenge, but that they seemed to have been dropped onto the terrain instead of growing out it. A few years later Eakin told NPS director Arno Cammerer that he thought of trails as events instead of objects. Weather, erosion, and vegetation vied to destroy them, and hikers and trail managers responded in ways that were often at odds. For instance, even the most sensitive hikers avoided wet areas by making new paths, which soon became just as boggy. Eakin asked the SMHC to recognize the advantages of new, graded trails over those “series of paths 10 or 12 feet wide” made solely by human feet. Give it time, Eakin urged; the “very prolific” local flora would soon blend trails into the landscape. Hikers on their way to a good view would soon enjoy all of the climbing hills, ducking tree limbs, crossing streams, and sweeping aside brush that they could handle.²²

Thick Landscapes

The experience of motion was a key part of the sightseeing process designed in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. Even when selling the charm of static views, tourism boosters dramatized scenes by investing them with great activity. Businessmen enticed visitors into the mountains by portraying the southern Appalachians as a land of startling, even uneasy grandeur. This frequently took the form of an almost comical emphasis on the verticality of the mountains, a move that painstakingly defined the appeal of southern peaks in terms of *rise* rather than height above sea level. The comparison of spectacular verticality versus mundane altitude appeared frequently in the 1920s and 1930s as a strategy of justification and differentiation. It was one of the first rhetorical weapons that Smokies apologists used to snatch park designation away from the Blue Ridge section of North Carolina. David C. Chapman, the founding president of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association, complained to a Knoxville reporter in 1924 that “just because Grandfather Mountain is the highest peak in the Blue Ridge, many people have the impression it is also the highest peak in the Appalachians.” Chapman then explained that many of the peaks in the Smokies were technically lower than Grandfather but visually much taller. Elizabeth Skaggs Bowman, a Knoxville writer and wife of a hat

factory owner, echoed the tale in 1938, instructing her readers that the “grandeur” of the Smokies stemmed from their “comparatively low base.” So whereas Mt. Mitchell stood at 6,684 feet above sea level and rose a half-mile above its surrounding terrain, the top of Mt. LeConte was ninety-one feet lower in altitude but loomed a full mile above the town of Gatlinburg. LeConte became the centerpiece of Tennessee boosters' efforts. A peak that had not been a household name even in Knoxville a decade before now received regular press coverage as a national treasure.²³

In the hands of tourism boosters, rise represented the violence of geologic change. The Asheville Chamber of Commerce used the geologic history of the Appalachians to establish its list of must-see sites in a 1927 tourism pamphlet. The guide instructed, “Geologists call them the oldest mountains in the world ... the surface soil of these ranges, once higher than the Alps, has been slowly carried westward to form half of the Mississippi valley.” The site that corresponded to the narrative was one of dozens of vistas formed when state road crews cut a path through the land and deposited rest areas off to the side. A decade later, tourism promoters still claimed that mountain vistas offered a look into the deep, frenetic past. This was an interesting form of place-making, for if local geologic events happened “so long ago, so many millions and millions of years ago,” that they were unimaginable to modern Americans, then what did *local* mean exactly? The historian Robert Campbell uses the phrase “territorial prehistory” to describe this concept. Despite tectonic fluctuation, erosion, and inundation, promoters guaranteed that “here” had always been “here.” Under the promotional care of the development-minded, the southern Appalachians became a primer for understanding the eons. When an Asheville newspaper writer claimed in 1939 that the “rest of the history of this world can be traced by the formations to be found in the Great Smokies,” he invited area residents to think of static landscape as fluid.²⁴

This primordial past was one in which Nature fought against itself to produce topographic wonders. Writers adopted a violent timeline and read the land as the result of a vast elemental struggle. Asheville promoters presented the Nantahala River as a scrappy warrior fighting for its life over the millennia within the confines of Nantahala Gorge. “Practically every stream in the Land of the Sky,” a guidebook writer observed, “has been forced to cut its way through mountain barriers.” Justice Alley narrated a similar tale of natural combat, with unfathomable storms beating “mercilessly upon the primeval trees [as] giant monarchs of the forest, whitened with the snows of a hundred winters, stretched forth their mighty arms and struggled with the wild and relentless fury.” To heighten the sense of combat, Alley added a martial metaphor, describing a land that “rocked and trembled beneath the angry roar of the musketry of the winds and the artillery of the skies.” The exposed granite of the highest peaks was “seared by the lightning's flash, and scarred by the thunder's bolt.”²⁵

In 1938 Skaggs Bowman delivered what was perhaps the pinnacle of the deep past narrative when she presented a chapter-length “geological romance” of the southern Appalachians in her *Land of High Horizons*. She framed the tale in terms of both distance and time, noting that one could measure millennia by the span stretching “from deep-sea bottoms to towering heights.” A general understanding of this “mountain-molding drama” from “far back in the dim

ages" accentuated the tourist's "appreciation and comprehension of the titanic mountain scenery" in the southern highlands. The fossil records, she noted, placed the Smokies in the most obscure, remote corners of the past. The ancient ocean floor surged upward into mountains, pitting rock against Nature's "construction crew" in a battle across time as they "attacked and tore at the peaks with such vigor that crests were worn down and pieces were clipped from their corners." Her description was violent, with mountains "lashed," "torn," "wrenched," and "worn down." The final elements of the drama were the rivers that "roared like jungle beasts ... churning and billowing ... as they carved the massive mountains ... amid a wild chorus of wind, rain, ice, and water." Skaggs Bowman claimed that viewers could read both the "language of repose and of convulsion" from carefully placed vantage points. Silent scenes of distant grandeur were broken by the sound of the wind or the sight of a stark outcropping, reminding visitors that what they composed as scenes were actually registers of time.²⁶

The booster press in Asheville, a friend of the city's lodging industry, encouraged visitors to experience the mountains via day hiking, fishing, golfing, and hotel stays. Distinctions between veteran and amateur hikers emerged quickly. In 1924 Knoxville lawyer and avid hiker Reuben Cates wrote with admiration of the "young men and young women" who had explored the mountains for years "by climbing their heights and penetrating their depths." He distinguished these hardy types—perfect poster children for the national park—from those who traveled "to the edges where they could get a view of their peaks from a hotel porch or from a horse ridden along some scenic road." The latter yearned to be called mountain climbers, while the former journeyed instead "to measure their strength against the Mountain Spirit." The key was to find an appropriate level of comfort outdoors. Too much comfort made one a tourist, but too little comfort alienated one from one's surroundings. The historian Phoebe Kropp explains comfort in turn-of-the-century camping as something that helped people interpret the "corporeal experiences and social meanings of their endeavors." When Harvey Broome entered "another world" during his weeklong stay in the Smokies in the late summer of 1942, it was not a paradise of scenery and inspiration, but instead a world "as real as gnats and flies and hard beds and blisters and sweat could make it." This preoccupation with the physical sensations of hiking made sightseeing concomitant with what Tim Edensor calls a traveler's "overwhelming awareness of the body that can dominate consciousness." Comfort had to be produced as much as scenery, and the two went hand-in-hand in many descriptions of the southern Appalachians. Discomfort could create meaningful scenes.²⁷

The differences between movement through the landscape and observation of the landscape emerge most fully when we consider the mechanics of hiking. Hikers claimed the border between place and landscape. Cresswell summarizes the distinction well: "In most definitions of landscape, the viewer is outside of it. This is the primary way in which it differs from place. Places are very much things to be inside of." Yet the landscapes of motionless observation were inseparable from Cresswell's doxic landscapes, inscribed by the journeys that preceded and followed the moment at the vista. On the one hand, drivers and hikers were to anticipate the meaningful scenes encountered as they stepped from their cars at automobile overlooks or pushed through tree limbs to stand at the edge of

trailside overlooks. These were official places, inscribed with benches and markers and labeled as unique sites. On the other hand, they were to expect something in the interim, too. Carlos Campbell described most trails in the Smokies as “veritable tunnels under the canopy of leaves and branches” that allowed hikers to see little but plants. Le Roy Jeffers, an international champion of all things mountainous, wrote in 1922 that southern peaks offered views of “a dreamy blue sea of curving, flowing forest.” The softness of the landscape emerged only when the hiker stood on the top of a peak after hours of hacking through briars, laurel, and rhododendron. A trip through the forest for one trying to appreciate landscape challenged preconceived notions of beauty. Jeffers noted that to get to the ethereal heights, one had to move up “innumerable ridges, separated by deep and narrow ravines” filled with “impenetrable rhododendron and laurel thickets ... 10 to 20 feet high.” When James and Richard Huff, sons of a Mars Hill College professor, completed a nine-day hike through the Smokies in the summer of 1935, they attributed the area's “soft appealing beauty” to “thick green vegetation.” Yet the thickness was not purely visual; much of their trip account concerned their sense of being trapped by that vegetation.²⁸



Figure 3. The Tunnel: Balsam Mountain 18” Trail, March 1936 (Courtesy of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park Archive).

The trail projects of the early 1930s sought a balance between the time and effort that hikers spent moving through obstructions and that which they spent looking around. When Dutch Roth and other SMHC members blazed trails in August 1929, they hacked their way through a “dense crop of briars ... with their long sticky thorns.” Trails, noted Roth, made a once-hellish passage “like walking through a garden.” The naturalist William Beecher claimed that local bears started using CCC trails as a way to avoid the nightmare of the “hells”—large patches of land covered in thick underbrush that restricted movement for all but the most masochistic or desperate. Physical difficulty became a fetish of sorts for frequent hikers, a way to distinguish oneself from those who could not hack it. The SMHC even started a regular hike called “Skirting Hell,” which took members around a notoriously dense spot called Huggins Hell. The hike was playful but tinged with mystery; the 1932 handbook cautioned, “we are not even yet ready to explore the depth of the unknown.”²⁹

Huggins Hell and areas like it loomed large in the thoughts of southern Appalachian hikers. This 400-acre patch of vegetation was named after a local herdsman who was lost within it for a week before following a stream to open forest. The 1931 SMHC handbook claimed that Huggins Hell was a “brawr”-infested, ivy-barricaded, boulder-strewn, water-soaked, viewless concentration of exasperation and torture which for the average hiker is neither interesting nor beautiful,” yet was “overwhelmingly appealing to those with a spark of the devil in their blood.” The challenge was not only the way in which these spaces obstructed movement, but also the literal damage they inflicted. Paul Fink emerged from one excursion with hands that were as “bleeding and raw as pieces of beefsteak.” To those unprepared for the Smokies, a Knoxville resident warned, the mountains offered only “bruises, sore limbs, sufferings and tortures self-imposed.” In addition to the typical physical rigors of backpacking, the undergrowth turned ankles and then cut legs, arms, and faces when hikers stumbled. In the spring of 1931 CMC member George Stephens completed a 35-mile trip, half of which he “had to crawl in order to force a way through the undergrowth.” In the Big Creek section of the Smokies, Stephens reported, the undergrowth was so thick that his party crawled only two miles in one day, mostly on old bear tracks. This type of travel was an “acrobatic maneuver,” with hikers slowly learning the arts of “squeezing, twisting, swinging, jumping, cooning, [and] testing each foothold.” This pain and effort was the practice of Smoky Mountain landscapes.³⁰

When the NPS and local hiking groups built trails, they hoped to take some, but not all, of the difficulty out of the passage between trailhead and vista. They focused especially on the difficulty of achieving a rhythm, a feeling of effortlessness despite their hard work. They wanted to give hikers the chance to see (and look) like mountaineers. Those who were used to the terrain, particularly those who had been born in and around the mountains, were said to develop an ease of movement that eluded the novice. Regional writer John Judson described locals moving with a steady, sinuous gait up mountains, passing “outlanders” who clung to trees and rocks. Kephart described the walk of a woodsman as a “rolling motion, his hips swaying an inch or more to the stepping side.” Achieving this fluid style required both the aid of trails and the time spent walking them.³¹

Even on a trail, hikers encountered several hours' worth of briars and rhododendron when hiking north from the parking lot at Newfound Gap. And that was fine for some; Broome wrote to the park superintendant that "there are a few mad souls like myself who still take an almost savage delight in fighting those briars for a whole day at a time to achieve three or four hard-won miles." These difficulties thrilled hiking club leaders and allowed them to define their practice as more than a scenic venture. The ruggedness of the slopes led climbing stories into a pronounced narrative mode: physical and mental hardship rewarded by a spectacular view. Fink's narrative of his first climb to the top of an Appalachian peak, at Big Bald Mountain, followed the script. He described the route as the "steepest, roughest buttress of the whole mountain," with incessant laurel slicks that his party had to "bull" through. "Every foot upward we gained," he wrote, "was at the cost of most strenuous effort." The panorama at the top of Big Bald was enhanced by a local hotel operator who had built a photography tower on top. Fink climbed the tower to see a "welter of mountains in every direction."³²

Hikers' peak narratives that ended in triumph tended to dramatize the final few feet of the climb. Broome described a climb of Mt. LeConte in 1920:

We were now on the side of LeConte itself and again encountered cliffs and maddening thickets of laurel and rhododendron. We scrambled and we slipped; we clawed and we pulled. This lofty mountain seemed to have no summit, and I was becoming weak from hunger and fatigue. When it seemed I could go no farther I dragged myself over a low ledge and found we had reached the top.

Fink's earlier trip up Mt. LeConte had ended with a metaphorical curtain raising, as the hiker pushed through low hanging balsam boughs and stepped into the open. He wrote, "There, suddenly as a picture flashed on the screen, was a scene so grand it almost took my breath." For the *Asheville Times's* J. S. Coleman, the only thing that made his Mt. Collins trip worth the six miles of "hard hiking" from the road was the "Jump-Off," an abrupt vista that featured a panoramic view and a drop of one thousand feet. The SMHC guide for 1927 encouraged hikers to push on through the underbrush and keep their mind on the peak: "At some places it is impossible to see the ground, and your feet may become entangled until you can scarcely move either way. But the terrific fight against elemental obstruction is one of the joys of this particular trip. No matter how dense the underbrush—keep a lookout ahead." Four years later, the SMHC answered a question that the club's leadership must have heard often: why? Fink admitted finding inspiration in the "atavistic trace of the old pioneer spirit that actuated our forefathers to leave the comparative comforts of their cabins in the lowlands and strike toward the crests of the high ranges they could see boldly silhouetted against the western sky." Modern hikers shared views with fabled explorers, but they only thought that they *saw* the same thing because they shared a physical experience.³³

As many scholars have interpreted it, this experience depended on a tradition of staging "masculine struggle in the frontier." Yet there is a danger in taking this too far. Although women made up a minority of hiking club members during this time, they held offices and participated in all types of organized activities. Though the longest and most arduous backpacking trips

were typically male affairs, most weekend trips in the 1930s included women. Crucially, women also served as trip leaders for both the SMHC and the CMC. This meant that they participated in the narrating and scouting practices that were central to the early years of these organizations. It is tempting to read the hikers' love of the wild as a reaction against "feminized" consumption and comfort. More influential to the distinction that they attempted to erect through their mountain exploits were the markers of class. They did not value hardiness as a form of manliness as much as a pose that combined middle-class sensibilities with an acknowledged outsider status. This echoes the performances of English rambling clubs in the preceding decades. Ramblers' narratives of their "intense physical and emotional relationship" with the rugged environments of the Peak District were class-based celebrations of strenuous experiences that did not feature regularly in white-collar occupations. Organized hikers in the Smokies did not "go wild" as much as exercise their general commitment to thoroughness, technical mastery, and self-improvement in new venues. Club members—lawyers, teachers, bankers, artists, business owners, scholars, planners, and municipal officials among them—took their professional orientations with them into the woods.³⁴

The language they used to dramatize their efforts gave temporal depth to the scenes. If travel promoters used the deep, geologic past to conjure up dynamic meanings for landscape, hiking clubs used more recent chronicles. The hard play of hikers in the early twentieth century was a reenactment of the practice of pioneering. Travel writer George Dacy sold the wonders of Appalachian hiking in 1928 as a rugged, historical experience: hikers could appreciate the "twang of pioneering perils" as they started "roughing it in the undefiled open country under somewhat similar conditions to those that our hardy forefathers knew so well." "Hardy" became a foundational term, a means of conflating youthful exuberance and work ethic. A CMC brochure noted:

There is a reverential regard in most of us for our hardy forbears who hewed their way through the wilderness. In early youth this shows itself in the instinctive desire to emulate the example of these doughty pathfinders. In response to this call of the blood it is the endeavor of the club to offer modest opportunities to keep alive the desire, not only during but particularly beyond the period of youth.

Those who reached the distant peak, despite the physical nightmare that preceded it, suggested that mimicking the mythical pioneer was not child's play if the life of a pioneer was understood as a lost form of engagement with landscape. Even (or perhaps, especially) a bank clerk could strive for that.³⁵

* * *

If driving the new mountain roads was too tame for hikers and "skirting" Huggins Hell was too wild for most Smokies visitors, there was a middle ground. Deep in the trees, amid the road construction and trail crews of the 1930s, the federal government and local hikers experimented with the tactile experience of nature. In 1937 the NPS unveiled a rare type of trail for the southern Appalachians: the nature trail. This was an offshoot of the northeastern

“cafeteria” model, trail systems designed for walkers to lead themselves with the help of interpretive signs. To reduce the signs' visibility, Park staff in the Smokies posted the new Greenbrier-Brushy Mountain Trail (GBMT) with numbered markers that referred to interpretive entries in an accompanying guidebook. The SMHC aided botanists from the University of Tennessee in creating the guide. The NPS's goal in creating the GBMT was “to present an interpretation of the landscape as a whole on a living dynamic basis, rather than as a static aggregation of elements.”

A decade earlier, the American Museum of Natural History entomologist Frank Lutz had referred to this dynamism as “the flickering lights and shadows; the music of the nearby brook; the woody odors; the “feel” of the outdoors.” Lutz developed the concept of the nature trail in the Ramapo Mountains of New York, stressing the immersive nature of the education that it imparted. The ideal walker adopted a “reverential and attentive mood” as he or she followed the course and experienced its “Tactile Education.” The idea in Tennessee was to create a forested realm, with visitors' visual field carefully managed at the posted rest areas and during the walking in between. The proper attitude was essential to understanding nature correctly. “It is perhaps only fair to warn,” wrote the guidebook authors, “that this trail can offer little to the sight-seeing tourist who is in a hurry. Those who run cannot ‘see,’ and those for whom hiking is too great an exertion cannot stop to contemplate nature, only to pant.”³⁶

The GBMT epitomized the intersection of boosters' and hikers' vision of seeing the Smokies. At a total of eight miles, the trail was longer than the typical half-mile nature trails in city parks or suburban nature preserves. The length of the trail and the narrative's emphasis on logistics were unusual expectations for public programs. The guidebook writers cautioned walkers to recognize how the story of southern forests became comprehensible to people moving through them. This meta-narrative was necessary, they argued, because forest evolution did not occur in the linear sequence found along the trail. It was impossible for people on the ground to “jump about from station to station, as a logical presentation” of the ancient tale required. With the GBMT, then, the NPS and its partners packaged an experience of nature while acknowledging the nature of the packaging. Though this approached advanced forestry theory, NPS engineers designed the GBMT especially for popular use, thinking of the novice who eased from a car into the woods. This was an “instructive landscape,” one that sought to make both the forests of the Smokies and the kinesthetics of hiking available to mainstream participants. The nature trail did explicitly what mountain roads or hiking trails did subtly—stage and interpret the experience both at the sites of explicit interest and during the intervening mobile stretches.³⁷

In his memoir of two decades spent hiking through the southern Appalachians, Harvey Broome imagined again and again that he and his companions sought something beyond escape. He wrote, “If the woods were sentient, and some seedling should say, ‘Here comes a man,’ the whole forest would answer, ‘What of it?’” Hikers of the SMHC and CMC cherished the notion that the woods did not care about them, but instead established the harsh limits within which they tested themselves. For Broome, it amounted to an “inscrutable” experience, “loveliness but with an edge.” The physical struggle allowed

hikers like Broome to boast of their tactile sense of landscape; movement toward mountain overlooks invested scenery with deep meanings. The University of Tennessee botanist H. M. Jennison wrote in the 1930 SMHC handbook, "Marvelous sunsets, even more marvelous sunrises, cloud pictures, and unequalled vistas are ours to see; and we have learned really to 'see' what we look at." Seeing was narrating, framing the distant view or the journey through the forest in ways that indicated a type of insider knowledge.³⁸

Infrastructural development and tales of dynamic landscape helped foster the opening of the southern Appalachians to increased car and foot traffic in the 1930s. The resulting tourism highlighted scenic observation as the pinnacle of Smoky Mountains leisure. Yet the moment at the overlook was only one element of a recommended process that involved a multisensory appreciation of the size, age, complexity, and thrill of the landscape. In their efforts to sell the mountains as more than a pretty picture, tourism promoters stressed the intricacy of the scene. Accordingly, proper appreciation of the region required more than a passing glance or a quick snapshot. One could presumably spend a week (and plenty of disposable income) in the mountains without exhausting their instructive possibilities. Hiking organizations recruited new members to get more people on mountain trails, believing that such activity was the key to spreading a conservation ethos and building lobbying power. This equation worked, however, only if the people tramping through the woods understood their experiences in a particular way. Placing marvelous scenes within kinesthetic and sensual contexts allowed hiking groups and their governmental colleagues to define mountain trails as spaces of creativity and proficiency.

Although these groups disagreed about the extent to which the mountains should be developed, they shared basic assumptions about the nature of natural recreation in the Smokies. This was tourism, to be sure, but it was a self-conscious tourism, one that preempted criticism of its playfulness or recklessness with well-rehearsed accounts of its own gravity. Visitors might see loveliness in all directions, but they would also feel the edge that gave new meanings to the beauty. Finally, the efforts of boosters and outdoors enthusiasts highlights the fact that such presentations of landscape, even when discursively emptied of human presence, framed scenery as an experience closely tied to everyday social life. Rather than commodifying the landscape and quarantining it from the world beyond the mountains, popularizers incorporated it into the leisure practices and class interests of those who possessed the income needed to tour the Smokies. At a time when Appalachia resonated in incongruous ways with external audiences, both the regional boosters and the hiking clubs presented a vision of scenic corridors as largely free of local culture but imbued with visitors' movements, motivations, and contexts. If sightseers left the mountains feeling that they were a part of something, it was not meant to be a local or regional culture into which they immersed themselves. The practices of auto-touring and hiking became a portable quasi-culture of leisurely observation, which often looked a lot like hard work and required a certain level of affluence, technical proficiency, and aesthetic and ecological insights. Only travelers with the right "baggage" could enjoy the Smoky Mountains in ways that befitted a national treasure and benefitted local groups determined to bring more Americans to the edge.

Endnotes

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23. Unattributed article (ca. July 1924), "Blue Ridge Chief Smoky Contender," East Tennessee Automobile Club scrapbook, GSMNP; Skaggs Bowman, 12; Fink, 25.
24. *Asheville in "The Land of the Sky"* (Asheville Chamber of Commerce, 1927): 6; *Asheville Citizen*, June 19, 1939; Robert Campbell, *In Darkest Alaska: Travel and Empire Along the Inside Passage* (Philadelphia, 2007): 244.
25. *Asheville in "The Land of the Sky,"* 6; Alley, 231, 240.
26. Skaggs Bowman, 144–153.
27. *Asheville Citizen*, August 13, 1939; Unattributed article, ca. August 1924 ("To Young People Who Love Smoky Mountains Goes Credit for Great Interest in the National Forest"), East Tennessee Automobile Club scrapbook, GSMNP; Phoebe Kropp, "Wilderness Wives and Dishwashing Husbands: Comfort and the Domestic Arts of Camping in America, 1880–1910," *Journal of Social History* 43 (2009): 6; Harvey Broome, *Out Under the Sky of the Great Smokies: A Personal Journey* (1967, reprint Knoxville, 1975): 29; Tim Edensor, "Walking in the British Countryside: Reflexivity, Embodied Practices and Ways to Escape," *Body and Society* 6 (November 2000): 101.

28. Tim Cresswell, *Place: A Short Introduction* (Malden, MA, 2004): 10; ATC Publication 8, "Guide to the Southern Appalachians," 1937, 95–96; Le Roy Jeffers, *The Call of the Mountains: Rambles Among the Mountains and Canyons of the United States and Canada* (New York, 1922): 247; *Hickory Daily Record*, September 5, 1935. The art historian Diana Strazdes finds a similar relationship between stunning vistas and clogged, obstructed foregrounds in the work of the Hudson River School in the mid-nineteenth century. See Diana Strazdes, "Wilderness and Its Waters: A Professional Identity for the Hudson River School," *Early American Studies* 7 (2009): 350–351.
29. W. J. Beecher, "A Day on Mount LeConte," *Chicago Naturalist* 3 (1940): 55; A. G. "Dutch" Roth, "Tales from the Woods," Folder 4, Box II, SMHC collection, GSMNP; 1932 SMHC handbook, HB Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung.
30. George W. McCoy and George Masa, *Guide to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park*, first edition (Asheville, 1933): 98; Skaggs Bowman, 91; 1931 SMHC handbook, HB Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung; unattributed article, ca. August 1924, ("To Young People Who Love Smoky Mountains Goes Credit for Great Interest in the National Forest"), East Tennessee Automobile Club scrapbook, GSMNP; Fink, 184; *Knoxville News*, August 12, 1924; *Asheville Times*, July 22, 1929, June 23, 1931.
31. Judson, 35; Kephart, 43–44, 136. This aspiration for fluid walking styles echoes Edensor's observation that British guidebooks for "serious walkers" have stressed that the "body must be schooled in correct walking technique and the walker must persistently check the terrain for the requisite performance." See Edensor, 96–97.
32. Harvey Broome to J. Ross Eakin, December 15, 1931, COR Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung; Arno Cammerer to E. G. Frizzell, December 30, 1932, COR Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung; Fink, 8-11.
33. Broome, *Out Under the Sky of the Great Smokies*, 12; Fink, 29; *Asheville Times*, July 9, 1929; Paul Fink, "Why?" SMHC 1931 handbook, HB Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung; April 3, 1932, and October 9, 1932, hike reports, Box 8, CMC; SMHC 1927 handbook, HB Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung. See also March 13, 1932, hike report for a similar description of the top of Yates Knob.
34. Kimberly A. Jarvis, "Gender and Wilderness Conservation," in *American Wilderness: A New History*, ed. Michael Lewis (New York, 2007): 162–163; Melanie Tebbutt, "Rambling and Manly Identity in Derbyshire's Dark Peak, 1880s–1920s," *Historical Journal* 49 (December 2006): 1125–1153.
35. George H. Dacy, "The Appalachian Trail," *The Mentor* 16 (1928): 4; Carolina Mountain Club pamphlet, spring 1924, Folder 24, Box 15, CMC; "Here is Hikers' Paradise," undated newspaper article, Box 9, CMC.
36. Frank E. Lutz, "Nature Trails: An Experiment in Out-Door Education," American Museum of Natural History Miscellaneous Publication 21 (1926), frontispiece, 4–6, 28; "A Preliminary Guide to the Greenbrier-Brushy Mountain Nature Trail," COR Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung. Lutz's trails were intended primarily for urban youth, who presumably needed explicit instruction on how to experience nature. His pair of circular trails featured 2,000 linen interpretive signs, a mandated direction of travel, and a fifty-question exam.
37. "A Preliminary Guide to the Greenbrier-Brushy Mountain Nature Trail"; David Matless, Charles Watkins, and Paul Merchant, "Nature Trails: The Production of Instructive Landscapes in Britain, 1960–72," *Rural History* 21 (2010): 97–98.
38. Broome, *Out Under the Sky of the Great Smokies*, 36; H. M. Jennison, "The Spirit of the Smoky Mountains Hiker," 1930 SMHC handbook, HB Box 1, SMHC collection, McClung.