**Katahdin, ME, 5,268 ft. –August 27, 2019, HP #21: A stout hike, with some upper 3rd class sections.**

August 26 after breakfast I picked up my rental car around 10 am and drove to Millinocket, ME about 300 miles to the north (slightly east) of Portland ME. Ten hours earlier I had concluded a three leg, thirteen hour flight from Salt Lake City, through Dallas, to Washington DC, and finally to Portland. That night as I walked the one-block to my hotel a fox darted across the street in front of me then paused to look at me. I clapped my hands and he then took off. I knew then Portland was my type of city still having a tinge ruralness remaining.

Once I got past Bangor on I-95 people disappeared. First I located my motel, The Baxter Inn, and I waited until 3 pm to check in, picking up a few groceries in the meantime. I had a late lunch/early dinner, in my hotel room then drove the 18 or so miles to Baxter State Park home of Maines tallest mountain Mt. Katahdin (5,267 ft.). My purpose was to know where I needed to go early the next morning.

At Baxter Park, I drove to the toll booth, and chatted with the employee, and found no reason to pay a fee to go in. On the way back to Millinocket I checked out the NEOC (New England Outdoor Center), and realized camping would have been an okay option, in spite of the annoying bugs. Back at the hotel, which was expensive ($140+ per night), old, broken down, and less then clean, I got everything ready for the next day’s hike. I had to be up at 4:30 am (2:30 am Utah time), and on my way to Baxter State Park before 5 am to arrive by 5:30 am. Park opens at 6:00 am and I wanted to be one of the first people in, plus my parking reservation could only be held till 7 am and I desired to arrive early so as not to risk being late. Not surprisingly I didn’t sleep at all that night and was up before the 4:30 am alarm.

I arrived at Baxter pretty much at 5:30am and was the third car in-line at the gate, others soon arrived after me. The 30 minute wait allowed me time for breakfast and to get my boots on. It took till pretty much 6:20 am to get through the gate and drive, at 20 mph, to the Roaring Brook trailhead parking area as I had to follow some “do-gooder” all the way in who wouldn’t speed. Since my rental car had a Maine license plate they must have thought I was a resident and didn’t charge me a park entrance fee.

I wasn’t the first one to sign in at the trailhead for the day, but I did seem to be the first one on the trail. I used the Helon Taylor route to reach the Knife Edge and followed that to the peak. The route is 4.3 miles from its departure from the Chimney pond trail, and climbs 3778 feet to the 5267 foot summit. The Knife Edge alone is a narrow mile-long ridge with steep drop offs on each side. En route, after 3.2 miles, the trail crosses Pamola Peak at 4902 feet, then down climbs 100 feet on third class slopes to the Pamola- Chimney notch. After scrambling up to the equally tall Chimney Peak the route becomes the Knife Edge which crosses South Peak as it climbs 365 vertical feet before reaching Baxter Peak - the highest summit on Katahdin.

Being the most renowned mountain in the east, and having a formidable reputation I had had a desire to experience it for myself for some time, as such the undertaking was even more than another high point for me.

I all but sprinted to ensure I’d stay ahead of other hikers, and I was in a hurry to break out of the trees so I could get views of the area. Around tree line, at about 3500 feet, I heard voices behind me, and once they broke out of the trees I caught glimpses now and then of a two man party, but they never caught up to me. Before reaching Pamola I crossed paths with a party of two hikers descending from watching the sunrise, and after Chimney Peak I encountered one other fellow coming down. Once above tree lines I was able to see just how many lakes cover Maine and there were heaps of them. Below tree line the environment reminded me of hiking in Virginia as well as the movie Last of the Mohicans. I love hiking in east coast forests as it is such a pleasant experience.

I reached the peak in 3 hours and 10 minutes arriving well before 10 am. More than four years had slipped by between the time I reached my previous US state highpoint and this my 21st state high point. I completed 62 mountain climbs, and several other adventures over those four years but I had not had much of a desire to travel and so my state high pointing objective had unintentionally slipped into hibernation.

Katahdin was a stout hike, with some upper 3rd class sections between Pamola and Chimney Peaks, and a very worthwhile and rewarding adventure. On the peak were several folks who had just completed the full Appalachian Trail (AT) and more of them continued to arrive during the 45 minutes or so I spent at the top of Maine. The AT comes up from the south west (heading north east) whereas the Knife Edge reaches the peak from the east (heading west). Another hiker, also not an AT hiker, pointed out to me how strange it is that the 2000 plus mile AT ends at the top of a mountain which requires hikers to then hike even more to get to ground transportation – valid point I thought. Why not end at a lodge, parking lot, or restaurant?

To descend Katahdin I decided to make a loop hike around the cirque formed by its South and Great basins so I dropped down to the north west reaching the saddle then proceed up to the 4765 ft. Hamlin Peak - a distance of 2 miles. From Hamlin I descended Hamlin Ridge and the North Basin Cut off trails to the Chimney Pond trail and back to the Roaring Brook Ranger Station, a distance of 4.9 miles (that is 6.9 miles from Baxter Peak).

The descent required 4 hours 20 mins which put me back to the car before 3pm having hiked over 4000 vertical feet and over 11 miles. Katahdin is an impressive mountain which lived up to the expectations I hoped it would. I appreciated the strictness of Baxter State Park, which prevents crowding helping to provide a genuine wilderness experience.

**Mount Washington, NH, 6,288 ft. –August 28, 2019, HP #22: Heavy rain was in the forecast, and I hoped to beat it to the top.**

After an awful motel supplied breakfast I got on the road this time heading to Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. It took over 4.5 hours to drive the 240 miles to the AMC Pinkham Notch Visitor Center in the White Mountains from Millinocket, ME. I located the Tuckerman Ravine trail and began hiking at 1:40 pm. The Ravine resides 150 degrees south and east of the summit. With the exception of a group of teenagers and their guides heading up to what I assumed was the camping shelters at Hermit Lakes (2.4 miles up the old road section of Tuckerman Ravine) there was no one else heading up this late in the day. However there were a few people coming down the trail.

With my late start time I was hiking quickly, almost running, as there was a very likely potential of having to hike down in darkness. Additionally heavy rain was in the forecast, and I hoped to beat it to the top. I crossed my fingers the wind would not pick up as the mountain is notorious for its extreme gusts holding various records for the highest wind speeds ever recorded.

When I was at the car preparing for the hike, the fellow parked next to me arrived, and he told me it took him 3.5 hours to hike up and that he had arrange a shuttle, via the Auto Road, to return him for a cost of $31. I wasn’t counting on it, but I kept that possibility in my mind thinking it would be nice to check out the Auto Road, and to not have to hike down in the dark in predicted rain.

Mt. Washington is one of the peaks in the Presidential Range which is part of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The more notorious peaks of the range are named after American Presidents. Mt. Washington is also one of the forty eight mountains in the state that top out at 4000 feet or more above sea-level – often referred to as four thousand footer (or 4Ks). Washington at well over 4000 feet is also the most topographically prominent mountain east of the Mississippi River.

It’s only two tenth of a mile shorter to hike to the top of Mt. Washington, via the Tuckerman Ravine, then the hike to Katahdin’s Baxter Peak I had done the day before -- in other words it is 4.1 miles from the Pinkham Visitor Center to the summit. However Mount Washington involves more vertical gain then Katahdin as the trailhead sits at 2050 feet and the summit at 6288 ft.

I covered the 2.4 miles to the Hermit Lake area at 3875 ft. in one hour. At this point the old road ends and the trail becomes a single track. From Hermit Lake to the summit is over 2400 feet of vertical gain in just over one and a half miles. 1400 plus vertical gain per mile is steep and I covered it in one and a half hours including a 10-15 minute break at the top of the ravine. From car to summit charged me two and a half hours.

Arriving on top I immediately noticed the white shuttle van, I had heard about, but before enquiring I first took a few summit photos and checked out the visitor centers. On the summit I learned that one can hike from the top of Mount Washington to Mt. Katahdin as a sign on the top points the way along the Appalachian Trail and says it is 332.4 miles. I also watched a Cog Railway train ascend the western slope of the mountain.

Enquiring about the shuttle I was informed that after 4pm it was $50, but when I mentioned I had been told it was $31 the driver said he’d cut me that deal if I tipped him. The shuttle left the summit just before 5pm and made its way down the east side of the mountain. I road shotgun, and two older gentlemen were the only other passengers. I must have been back to my car before 6pm as the rain started. I tipped the driver $5.

~~It’s about 120 miles from Mt. Washington to Stowe VT, and I thought perhaps, if I’m was lucky, I could drive away from the incoming storm and find a place to camp at Smugglers Notch near the ski resort as I had my sights on Mount Mansfield for the next day. As I drove, the rain came and went but close to Stowe it became steady and hard. The road was rutted and pooled with water, slowing me down, and as such I arrive in the town of Stowe close to 10 pm, where I opted for a motel room. Another full day, with another high point achieved~~.

**Mount Mansfield, VT, 4,393 ft. –August 29, 2019, HP #23: I found the Long trail to be very steep, and very steady.**

I don’t like to drive after dark as I feel like I miss out on the seeing the area. Nevertheless I had not gotten away from New Hampshire, after climbing Mt. Washington, until after 6 pm, and with stopping for gas and dinner, the darkness caught up to me before I reached Stowe.

On the drive I realized I was very close to Quebec as I encountered French radio stations. In fact on the highway from Morristown VT to Swanton VT a look at a map showed the US/Canada border crossing of Highgate to be only 56.6 miles out of my way.

As I drove, the rain came and went but close to Stowe it became steady and hard. The road was rutted and pooled with water, slowing me down, and as such I did not arrive in the town of Stowe until almost 10 pm. I had hoped to drive out of the storm as I wished to camp at Smugglers Notch near the ski resort, but that hope didn’t materialize so I decided on a motel room instead.

There was no need to be in a hurry the next morning, August 29, as my destination Mt. Mansfield (the highpoint of Vermont) is located less than 8 miles north and west of the town of Stowe. After a leisurely breakfast, provided by the motel, I made my way to the Stowe Mountain ski resort located on Mt. Mansfield in the Green Mountains of Vermont part of the Appalachian Mountain system. There are several routes to the top of Vermont, including a privately owned auto-road which ends about a mile and 600 vertical feet shy of the peak. To reach the summit I choose to hike a 2.3 miles section of the classic Long Trail which is the oldest long-distance trail in the USA. My hike from the first parking lot just past the Stowe Mountain Lodge started at roughly 1600 ft.

The mountain when viewed from the east, which was the view I had of it, resembles the profile of a human face. As such its prominent features are named Adams Apple (4,060'), Chin (4,393', highest point), Nose (4,062') and Forehead (3,940'). The Long trail passes just to the left of the Adams apple and then heads straight to the chin. The trail is comprised largely of natural staircases with very limited flat sections in between. The last third of a mile is above the tree line and consists of easy 3rd class scrambling to the summit.

The zone above tree line is one of the few places in Vermont where alpine tundra can still be found. This community of plants, considered remnants of the last ice age, only live in cold, windy, treeless environments, and are more typically found at high elevations. With only 275 acres of alpine tundra remaining in Vermont these rare plants are endangered, and as such a top Mt. Mansfield the alpine tundra is often roped off, and hikers are asked to stick to hard surfaces.

I anticipated a quick and easy hike, but I guess I was tired after my bursts of speed on both Katahdin and Mt. Washington the days before, and I found the Long trail to be very steep, and very steady. It took me about 1.5 hours to cover the 1.7 miles to the Taft Lodge, which I found empty and as a result I rested at for at least 30 minutes. Located at 3,650 feet, under 750 vertical feet from the summit, the small, meek Taft Lodge provides overnight shelter for hikers.

From the Taft Lodge to the 4393 ft. summit (aka Chin) took me about fifteen minutes to cover the six tenths of a mile. I arrived on top at 11:45 am; 2.3 miles in 2 hours 15 minutes of hiking time, rising on average over 1200 vertical feet per mile for a total of 2793 vertical feet of gain. Not being used to the humidity my T-shirt was completely soaked in sweat. I removed my wet shirt and put on my fleece shirt even though the temperature was warm on the summit.

The summit offered views westward over Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks, eastward over the Connecticut River valley to the White Mountains (home of Mt. Washington, NH), and northward into Canada.

While on the peak, I chatted with another hiker and confirmed what I hoped, that like Snowbird ski resort in Utah, one can ride the Gondola down the mountain for free. As such to descend from the Chin I hiked south about a third of a mile, along the Long Trail, to a sign that pointed east. Down to the gondola is aptly named the Cliff Trail consisting of a steep decline over large, jumbled boulders. Nothing here is technically very hard, but it contains some challenging upper third class sections, and it is slow going; a few of the boulders even include iron handles. I found the Cliff trail to be more challenging then the last third of a mile to the summit from Taft lodge. From the summit to the gondola is less than a half mile. The gondola was running, with no lines, so I was able to walk right up and enjoy a restful ride down the mountain. I was back to the parking lot in just over four hours from the time I arrived.

**Mount Greylock, MA, 3,491 ft. –August 30, 2019, HP #24: Legend has it Mount Greylock's long, saddle-like profile inspired Herman Melville to write Moby Dick.**

It’s about 170 miles from Stowe to the town of N. Adams, MA where Mt. Greylock, the highpoint of Massachusetts, is located. The drive is mostly on smaller roads that go through small towns and range in speed limits from 35 mph to 55 mph, so it took close to 4 hours to get to N. Adams after my hike of Mount Mansfield earlier that day. One of the town I drove through was named Mexico, and I wanted to get a photo next to the town sign that read “Welcome to Mexico” but the road was too narrow and had no place to stop at.

Arriving in N. Adams, my hope was to find camping in the area, and then to hike to the top of the 3491 foot mountain the next day. I did almost no prior reading about Greylock because I really didn’t think I’d have time to do it on this trip. As a “just in case” I had printed driving directions to the mountain and some information on the Thunderbolt ski route.

Not being fully prepared for Greylock I had to drive around a bit in trying to figure out how to get to the neighboring town of Adams where my beta said the Thunderbolt trailhead was located. While driving around I noticed an Appalachian Trail map and stopped to check it out. In the process a man walking his dog came along and I asked him about hiking Greylock – he informed me that I could drive to the top via Notch road, and told me how to get there. I thought I might as well drive up as it was only about 6:30 pm.

Following his directions I located Notch road and was delighted to see a sign informing me of a campground 7.5 miles further up the road and just a mile further along than the summit. I figured I would get a camp spot, and the next morning I could hike to the peak from there. As it turned out Notch road reached a Y with the peak being 1 mile one way and the campground 2 miles the other way hence the 6.5 and 7.5 distances, but not meaning the campground and peak were a mile apart as I had interpreted it.

Nevertheless since I first wanted to find camping, I turned right at the Y and headed toward the campground only to find it gated and locked. As such, I then drove to the summit, hoping to discover what was up with the campground. On the summit, there was no one around to collect the $10 parking fee. As such I was forced to take the risk of a ticket as I hurriedly checked out the Memorial Tower. After climbing the tower stairs to the top, I walked over to the Bascom Lodge, and had to enter the restaurant to find someone to ask about the campground. The waitress told me to drive past the campground entrance to find parking and that from there I could hike into the campground. I asked how to register and pay, and she said “they” would find me once I was there.

Having nothing else to go on, I trusted the waitress and found the parking lot she had mentioned. Signs at the parking lot said it was for registered campers only, and provided a phone number. My phone couldn’t get a signal to make a call, so I decided to pack up and hike in the 1.5 miles to the campground and see if there was a camp host. It was fully dark by the time I was ready to go, and I was worried about leaving the car there without a permit but since none of the other 3 or 4 cars in the lot had a visible permit displayed I decided it would be okay.

The hike into the campground seemed much longer than it should have. At one point I disturbed an owl which was awesome to encounter. I hiked in the dark and for no reason was in a big hurry leaving me all sweaty. There seemed to be only two groups of campers at the campground so I approached the closest group and explained my situation. One of the campers had a phone that worked, so we tried to call the number I had copied down and no one answered but I was able to leave a message with my name and the car’s license plate number requesting that I not be towed. I thanked my helpers, and decided I might as well return to the car and just stay there to see if anyone patrolled the area which I might then get permission from them to use the campground.

Hiking back to the car seemed much shorter and turned out to be mostly downhill, which I found strange as I hadn’t realized the hike in was uphill. The owl was gone. Back at the car I thought about setting up my tent next to the car, but decided that would look bad if a Park Ranger stopped by. In so doing, I realized that I had not packed in the poles for the tent when I had hike into the campground – so I would have had to return to the car under any circumstances. I did lay the tent on the ground and rested on it for a while until I realized I would be better off trying to sleep in the car. I check out the front verse the back seat options and found the back seat to be more comfortable. I slept okay, and at one point a vehicle did arrive, and left, but no one bothered or seemed to notice me.

I woke up at 4:30 am, August 27, and I got the good idea to head up to the peak to see the sunrise. At 3,491 feet, Greylock doesn’t seem to be too remarkable, but this is actually an intriguing mountain, which I really enjoyed. It seems to be covered with many hiking trails, hidden completely within its tree covered surface, and it has an adventurous vibe to it. It is so inspirational that legend has it Mount Greylock's long, saddle-like profile inspired Herman Melville to write "Moby Dick". He was known to have great fondness for the mountain, even setting up a special observation deck at his home (near Pittsfield) so he could view Greylock whenever he desired.

So before sunrise, I parked ¾ of a mile from the summit, and hiked up the AT to the summit arriving at 5:30 am to just a slight orange glow. The Memorial Tower was locked at this early hour. So, I positioned myself off to the east and south of the Memorial Tower, out of easy view, just because I wasn’t sure the summit was actually open at that time of day. After a while a middle aged couple, no doubt stay at the Bascom lodge arrive, and I’m sure they never even noticed me. They left before I did as I tried to stay until 6:00 am hoping the ball of the sun would appear. However at 5:56 am I felt that wasn’t going to happen, so I headed down. On the return I photographed the sign on the road that lists the peak elevation and name of the mountain. I was back at the car before 6:30 am with a 230 mile drive to Portland, ME in front of me. Preferring to travel via back roads, I examined my road atlas and plotted a route via highways 9 and 202 through Keene, NH and Concord NH.

**Sassafras Mountain, SC, 3,553 ft. – October 3, 2019, HP #25: Sassafras Mountain is located on the border of North and South Carolina and is shared by both states.**

Oct 3, 2019 at 12:15 a.m. I caught a red-eye flight from Salt Lake City to Greenville, South Carolina via Charlotte, North Carolina. I arrived around 9:30 a.m. eastern daylight time and picked up a rental car. On the drive from Greenville to Sassafras Mountain I first stopped to pick up a few groceries as I would be traveling for the next six days.

Sassafras Mountain is located on the border of North and South Carolina and is shared by both states. The portion in South Carolina contains said states highest point. From the Greenville Airport to Sassafras Mountain is about a 150 mile drive, and I arrived at the parking lot located just below the summit at noon. About a city block length walk uphill from the parking stands a then newly opened (as of April 2019) elevated observation deck. The observation deck resides half in SC and half in NC, and is painted with a black line indicating the shared border. Even the staircase to the top of the platform is evenly divided between the two states with a handrail down the middle. To the south east of the platform on the South Carolina side a stone marker with a plaque claims that states high point. I knelt behind the stone marker, with the summit tower behind me, posing for a photograph.

This mountain is named after the tree of the same name. The name is also associated with tea, moreover the Aerosmith song “Love in an Elevator” mentions sassafras. Sassafras is one of the Blue Ridge Mountains which are part of the Appalachian Mountains. The eastern continental divide runs along the peak.

There was just one other person on the top when I arrived, and he seemed to be using field glasses to observe birds in the sky, and was not friendly. The cement floor of the deck is painted with a compass rose showing the border of the Carolinas to run from the NW to the SE. From the platform Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia can all be viewed. When looking into South Carolina a radio tower sits to the left of the observation deck. Next to the observation deck, on the grounded, I located a survey marker and near that under some rocks was a jar with a registry book inside which I signed indicating this to be my twenty fifth US state highpoint.

I had wandered up the main path from the parking lot, so for variety I opted to head down from the northwest, or opposite, side of the platform. This took me down a very short dirt path which turned south and dropped me off at the parking area.

I enjoy visiting South Carolina’s highest point, and the views it offered were nice. All the same this highpoint lacked a sense of accomplishment perhaps because it require so little physical effort to reach, or maybe because it is not much of an adventure to attain.

**Brasstown Bald, GA, 4,784 ft. – October 3, 2019, HP #26: A remarkable mountain which actually took me by surprise.**

After spending about thirty minutes on Sassafras Mountain and the highest point of South Carolina I headed south and west via highways 11 and 76 into Georgia. At Macedonia I turned left onto highway 75 and found Owl Creek Road. At Jacks Gap I wound up and to the north to Brasstown Bald. I had to pay five dollars to park. From the parking lot six tenths of a mile, mostly north and continuing uphill, lies the highest point in Georgia at 4,784 feet above sea level. The parking fee included a shuttle bus to the summit, but I elected to walk. The paved path is heavily forested and wanders through ash, birch, maple, and oak trees with a few good sized waxy leafed rhododendrons and mountain laurel sprinkled in. The thick forest and humid climate gives the area an almost tropical feel.

Brasstown Bald gets its name from a misheard Cherokee word. The natives called the area Itse’ yi meaning place of fresh green. This was misheard as Untsaiyi which means brass in the Cherokee tongue, and the area became known as Brasstown. In the Appalachian Mountains a bald refers to the summit of a hill or mountain even though typically they are covered in thick vegetation. The metal alloy of copper and zinc known as brass has no ties to the area. Like its distant neighbor Sassafras Mountain 98 miles to the north and east Brasstown Bald is part of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

I did not notice now but in the late 1800s destructive lumber companies stripped the land and native animals all but became extinct. Even deer had to be reintroduced to the area after the land was obtained by the Federal Government in the early 1900s. However today the northern Georgia Mountains are again forest covered and wild animals including grouse, turkeys, white-tail deer, and even black bears roam the area.

The summit contains a large wooden structure consisting of an observation platform, fire lookout tower, and a small visitor center. The current structure was erected in 1965 however the Civilian Conservation Corps built the original observation deck in 1935. Without the platform only the forest itself would be viewed, but thanks to the extra elevation of the platform the views in all 360 degrees are amazing. Some claim the skyline of Atlanta, 100 miles to the south, can be viewed under the right conditions. The patchy Chatuge Lake (a man-made reservoir) to the north is clearly visible.

I only had a few minutes to poke my head into the visitor center before it closed. When I started my hike down, just after 5 p.m., I was the last person on the summit.

In spite of the short hike, and having a visitor center on the summit the atmosphere at Brasstown Bald is adventuresome. It is a remarkable mountain which actually took me by surprise – a welcomed and pleasant surprise at that. Some have even claimed this to be the most enjoyable eastern US state highpoint. My description for the selfie taken in front of the brown colored sign at the exit of the hiking trail states “The surprisingly wonderful Brasstown Bald Mountain of GA”.

**Clingmans Dome, TN, 6,643 ft. – October 4, 2019, HP #27: Clingmans Dome is the highpoint of Tennessee, in spite of the state border running along the extreme height of the mountains.**

Wednesday I had worked all day, and that night I had caught a red-eye flight from Salt Lake City to Greenville, South Carolina. Without stopping to sleep I had driven directly to Sassafras Mountain South Carolina, visited that highpoint, then carried on to the highpoint of Georgia. Moving right along I continued on to the Smokemont campground in the Great Smokey Mountains National Park. It was dark when I arrived at my reserved camp spot in North Carolina, having been traveling for 23 hours straight. The fellows next door where playing guitar and I worried they would keep me up all night, but they quieted down by 10 pm and I slept very well. I had the spot till noon the next day, and it was close to 11 am when I finally left.

Oct 4, 2019, I made it to the parking lot for Clingmans Dome before noon having driven twenty miles from Smokemont. I was disappointed that the large parking area for Clingmans Dome was all but full, but then again it was a Friday in one of the most visited national parks in the country. A steady stream of people, many seeming to be on the biggest adventure of their life, where going up and down the half mile paved path to and from the summit. Even though I was here to reach the highest natural point in Tennessee my rental car was parked in North Carolina as is the trail to the summit.

Found on the summit of Clingmans Dome is a 45-foot tall circular concrete observation tower. In reaching the tower via the paved trail, one enters Tennessee crossing over the 6,643 peak of Clingmans Dome very near to but before climbing the sweeping 375 foot long helical ramp to the observation platform.

Confusion lies around exactly which US state the observation tower actually resides in with some sources claiming it straddles the border between the two states sharing the mountain. Many sources, including the National Park Service avoid mentioning either state and instead utter that Clingmans Dome with its Observation Tower is the highest point in the Great Smoky National Park. However trusted maps show the tower to in fact be in North Carolina if even just ever so slight.

Evidently, in 1789 North Carolina gave up claims to its western region which later became Tennessee. The border was pronounced as running along the extreme height of the mountains. As such, by the letter of the law, sticking strictly with that definition of the border I must conclude it is fortunate North Carolina has two peaks, both clearly within its borders, which are taller than Clingmans Dome. If that were not the case then we would have a situation where two states shared a high point. Bottom line, most everyone seems to concur that Clingmans Dome is the highpoint of Tennessee, in spite of the state border running along the extreme height of the mountains.

The circular observation platform is 28 feet in diameter, offering audiences a 360 degree view of the surrounding terrain. From the platform, under the right conditions, one can catch sight of seven states, namely Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. Built in 1959, Wikipedia states the tower was one of several observation decks constructed as part of an effort by the National Park Service to upgrade its facilities to accommodate an influx of visitors to national parks during the post-World War II era. The urban, almost space craft like, design is oddly out of place in its wooded wilderness surroundings. Some have joked that the structure resembles a giant USGS marker. Since the closest USGS marker appears to be in the parking lot, conceivably that might even be accurate if only the tower were in Tennessee.

I got a few people to snap photos of me on the tower and leaving it. Instead of descending entirely on the paved trail I headed over to the Appalachian Trail to walk a bit of it. Maps show the Appalachian Trail to be in Tennessee, and it claims a high point of 6,643 ft. along Clingmans Dome.

**Black Mountain, KY, 4,139 ft. – October 5, 2019, HP #28: Clingmans Dome is the highpoint of Tennessee, in spite of the state border running along the extreme height of the mountains.**