**Katahdin, ME, 5,267 ft. –August 27, 2019, HP #21: A Stout Hike**

August 26th following breakfast, I picked up a rental car at the Portland ME International Jetport. By 10:00 a.m. I was traveling north on I-95 heading to Millinocket ME about 300 miles away. Ten hours earlier I had concluded a three leg, thirteen-hour, flight from Salt Lake City UT through Dallas TX to Washington DC and finally to Portland. That night as I walked the one-block from the airport 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 took off. I knew then Portland was my type of city - still having a tinge of ruralness.

A picture containing sky, outdoor, tree, grass

Description automatically generatedAfter I drove past Bangor ME the population density noticeably reduced, and I rarely saw another car. Arriving in Millinocket I first located the motel where I had a reservation, however I was about 30 minutes too early for the 3:00 p.m. check in time. In the meantime, I located a grocery store and purchased a few provisions. Following a late lunch/early dinner in my motel room I drove eighteen miles to Baxter State Park, home of Maines tallest mountain. My purpose was to take a test run so I would know exactly how to get there in the dark early the next morning.

On the way back from Baxter State Park to Millinocket, I stopped at the New England Outdoor Center curious to see if camping would have been a suitable option. The campground looked nice, but the mosquitos were thick, so I did not feel disappointed that I was staying in a motel. Stopping at a power-line cutline as I returned to the highway, a view of Katahdin’s south side opened up. Impressed by its grandeur I took a picture.

Returning to my motel room, I got everything ready for the next day’s hike before retiring to bed. My plan was to be up early the next morning as I wanted to be one of the first people into Baxter State Park. I had an alarm set for 4:30 a.m., which for the time zone I was used to was 2:30 a.m. Not surprisingly I had a restless sleep and was up before the alarm.

When I arrived at the still locked entrance to Baxter State Park at 5:30 a.m. there was already a couple of cars in line. Soon others lined up behind me. It is common to have early morning lines as the park restricts the number of car entries to available parking. Even reserved parking spots like I had purchased are only guaranteed until 7:00 a.m., so I was pleased to be near the front of the line.

The 30-minute wait until the gate opened allowed me time to eat breakfast and put my boots on. By 6:20 a.m. I was through the gate and on the way to the Roaring Brook trailhead eight miles distant. With the car in front of me keeping its speed under 20 mph, I arrived with only fifteen minutes to spare before risking a forfeit of my parking spot.

I was not 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 which would lead me to the Knife Edge. The Helon Taylor/Knife Edge route is just under four and a half miles long and climbs 3,778 feet to the summit. The Knife Edge alone is a narrow mile-long ridge with drop offs on each side.

Being the most renowned mountain in the East and having a formidable reputation I’d had a desire to experience it for myself for some time, as such I was very delighted to now be having my chance. As I moved through the pleasant woods which reminded me of Virginia, I all but sprinted to ensure I would stay ahead of other hikers. Furthermore, although I always enjoy wandering through east coast forests, I was eager to break out of the trees for more expansive views.

Along Keep Ridge, at about 3,100 feet, as I was reaching tree line I heard voices behind me. A few moments later once the two-man party broke out of the trees I caught a glimpse of them, but they never caught up to me. Climbing above the tree line I was impressed by the sheer number of lakes covering this section of Maine.

Before reaching Pamola Peak I crossed paths with a party of two hikers descending who had been on the summit for the sunrise. A bit less than two hours into the hike, with 3.2 miles behind me, I reached 4,902-foot Pamola Peak. After taking in the views, I down climbed 100 feet on third class slopes to the Pamola-Chimney notch. After scrambling up to the equally tall Chimney Peak I found myself on the notorious Knife Edge. The Knife Edge took me up 365 vertical feet to where it crosses South Peak. Along the way I encountered just one other hiker and he was coming down. From the ridge the impressive basin below Pamola and Baxter Peaks containing Chimney Pond reminded me of landscape I would expect in the mountains of the Western United States but certainly not in the Northeast. As jagged as I discovered the ridge to be, I thought it might as fittingly be named the “Serrated” Knife Edge.

From South Peak it was only one third of a mile to Baxter Peak - the highest point on Katahdin. Overall, it took me three hours and ten minutes to reach Baxter Peak from the parking lot; arriving a few minutes shy of 10:00 a.m. It had been a stout hike, but perhaps a bit less so than its reputation. The third-class sections between Pamola and Chimney Peaks where tougher than I had estimated but nothing to be anxious about. On the other hand, the often-hyped Knife Edge seemed easier than I had anticipated possibly because the drop offs on each side were not sheer. Of course, shuffling up a ridge with expansive views in all directions is always a rewarding experience. I appreciated the strictness of Baxter State Park, which prevented over-crowding on the trails enabling a more genuine wilderness experience. It had been over four years since I had reached a US state highpoint, making Katahdin that much more special to me.

A person standing next to a sign

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceOn the summit stood a large, brown-painted wooden sign labeled in white letters with “KATAHDIN” and “BAXTER PEAK, ELEVATION 5267 FT” while also stating the peak to be the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail. Having experienced mostly solitude during the climb up, much to my surprise I found several hikers populated the summit, clearly having arrived using alternate routes. Listening, I soon realized the bulk of them had just completed the full Appalachian Trail; a 2,189-mile trek starting at Springer Mountain GA. Their route had approached the mountain from it southwest side meaning the hikers had traveled northeast. In comparison the route I used climbed from the east to the west.

Mounted on the face of a large lichen spotted rock was a metal plaque. The host rock was effectively camouflaged amongst a jumble of similar rocks, so it was only by luck that I happened upon it. Located a few yards south of the large brown sign the plaque likewise announced the point as Baxter Peak. The plaque also explained that Katahdin and the surrounding land was donated to the state of Maine in 1931 by former governor Percival P. Baxter. In donating the land Mr. Baxter stipulated, as stated on the plaque, that the land “*shall forever be used for public park and recreational purposes, shall forever be left in the natural wild state, shall forever be kept as a sanctuary for wild beasts and birds*”, and “*that no roads or ways for motor vehicles shall hereafter ever be constructed therein or thereon.*”

Mr. Baxter is also well known for having stated “*Man is born to die, his works are short-lived. Buildings crumble, monuments decay, wealth vanishes. But Katahdin in all its glory, forever shall remain the mountain of the people of Maine.*”

I lingered on the summit for about 45-minutes mostly taking in the euphoria of the Appalachian Trail completers and marveled as more continued to arrive. As I munched on some snacks, another hiker, also not an Appalachian Trail hiker, pointed out to me how strange it is that a 2,000 plus mile hike ends at the top of a mountain – a valid point I thought.

To descend Katahdin, I decided to wander around the cirque formed by its South and Great Basins. Initially, I dropped down to the northwest reaching the saddle between Baxter and Hamlin Peaks. From there I proceeded up to Hamlin Peak. I descended Hamlin Peak via its eastern ridge for one and a third miles and then followed the North Basin Cut-Off trail. The North Basin Cut-Off trail after a while joined the Chimney Pond trail which led back to the Roaring Brook Ranger Station where my rental car was parked.

The descent required four hours and twenty minutes, covering just shy of seven miles. It was nearly 3:00 p.m. when I removed my backpack and unlocked the car. Overall, I climbed over 4,000 vertical feet while hiking a total of 11.2 miles. Katahdin is an impressive mountain which provided a memorable hike.

Photo Album: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/aSewQtkn5EPPhB1z5>

**Mount Washington, NH, 6,288 ft. –August 28, 2019, HP #22: Heavy Rain in the Forecast**

Following a disappointing “complimentary” motel breakfast in Millinocket ME, I got on the road heading to New Hampshire’s Mount Washington 240 miles away. At Augusta ME I exited Interstate 95 heading west on rural Highway 219. The highway number changed several times as it twisted through the scenic countryside and passed through a handful of quaint towns. After 72 miles I passed through Gilead ME and three miles later I entered New Hampshire. Just ten miles into New Hampshire, at the town of Gorham, I turned south onto Highway 16 entering the White Mountain National Forest home to Mount Washington. As I made my way ten more miles to the Appalachian Mountain Club's Pinkham Notch Visitor Center, I passed the Mount Washington Auto Road as well as Wildcat Ski Resort.

The drive took four and a half hours, so I felt I needed to hurry if I hoped to climb Tuckerman Ravine and up to the summit of Mount Washington and then back down before nightfall. As quickly as I could get my boots on and my backpack ready, I found the trailhead sign for Tuckerman Ravine and started hiking - the time was 1:40 p.m. Except for a group of teenagers accompanied by chaperons I did not notice anyone else heading up this late in the day.

Mount Washington is one of the peaks in the Presidential Range of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The notorious peaks of the range are named after American Presidents. Mount Washington is the most topographically prominent mountain east of the Mississippi River, and one of the 48 New Hampshire mountains that top out over 4,000 feet above sea-level. Tuckerman Ravine resides on the east side of Mount Washington and to the south of the summit.

A picture containing text, outdoor, tree, wooden

Description automatically generatedAt 4.1 miles it is only two tenth of a mile shorter to hike to the top of Mount Washington in comparison to the hike to Katahdin’s Baxter Peak I had done the day before. However, climbing Mount Washington involves more vertical gain.

With a late start time, and heavy rain in the forecast, I was hiking quickly, almost running, and I covered the nearly two and a half miles to the Tuckerman Ravine Shelter near Hermit Lake in one hour. At this point the old road, turned hiking trail, ends and the trail becomes a single track. From Hermit Lake to the summit is over 2,400 feet of vertical gain in just over one and a half miles; 1,400 feet of vertical gain per mile is steep. Keeping with my quick pace, I covered it in one and a half hours including a fifteen-minute break at the top of the ravine where the trail turns north to reach the summit.

A stone’s throw below the summit are two large car parking lots. The Tuckerman Ravine trail dropped me off at the lower of the two, from which point I walked up the paved road a few yards to a staircase leading to the summit. All said and done, scaling the 4,250 vertical feet from car to summit, required two and a half hours - an hour shorter than I had heard the one-way hike needed.

On the summit is the modern Sherman Adams Visitor Center, along with two historic buildings. The stairs ended at one of the historic buildings where I noticed a couple of white vans parked. Before entering any of the buildings I first found the wooden summit marker labeled with “Mount Washington A picture containing text, outdoor, rock, person

Description automatically generated6,288 ft.” and posed for a couple of photos next to it. Wandering around the summit I discovered the Appalachian Trail crosses it, and a sign noted Katahdin was 332.4 miles away. I also watched a Cog Railway train ascend the western slope of the mountain. Luckily, the summit was wind-free despite being notorious for its extreme gusts holding various records for the highest wind speeds ever recorded.

Back at the Appalachian Mountain Club's Pinkham Notch Visitor Center parking lot, as I was preparing for the hike, the fellow parked next to me mentioned he had just come back from hiking to the summit of Mount Washington, and also that he had used an Auto Road shuttle for the return. I had planned to hike both up and down but with rain now looking imminent, I decided to enquire if a shuttle was even possible on short notice and this late in the day. I also felt it would be nice to check out the Auto Road which has a long history.

Inside the historic wooden shingle clad building next to the vans, I was informed that a 5:00 p.m. shuttle, the last of day, was available but at a premium price. When I mentioned the lower price my neighbor from the parking lot had been charged, the driver said he would cut me that deal provided I tipped him. The building was originally the old stage office, but now seemed to be a gift shop. It was interesting to notice that it is anchored to the ground by three large chains slung over its roof – an indication of the extreme weather the mountain is known for.

With the shuttle arranged and some time to spare I wandered over to the Tip-Top house, as the other historic building is named. Constructed from native stone the Tip-Top house was originally built as an inn. Nowadays it is a museum containing artifacts from the mountain’s history. Apparently, the structure is the oldest existing, albeit former, mountaintop inn the world over. Inside the Visitors Center I noticed the Extreme Mount Washington museum sponsored by the mountains weather observatory, but I did not have time to visit it.

Following my visit to Mount Washington, I learned the weather observatory housed inside the visitor center was well-known for its mascot, a black cat named Marty who roamed the mountain top. During my visit I did not see Marty. Since then, I have heard he passed away in November 2020 having lived 12 years on the rooftop of New Hampshire.

The shuttle left the summit on schedule zigzagging its way down the east side of the mountain. I road shotgun, and two older gentlemen were the only other passengers. The driver used the low gear which prompted me to ask him if the frequent trips up and down the steep road wore out the transmissions of the vans prematurely. The shuttle returned the three of us to the Pinkham Notch Visitor Center before 6:00 p.m. just as the rain started. As agreed, I handed the drive a tip.

As I drove out of the parking lot, headed to Stowe VT, heavy rain began to fall.

Photo Album: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/xUR3Z85UhtwVaXHD6>

**Mount Mansfield, VT, 4,393 ft. –August 29, 2019, HP #23: Steep and Steady**

I do not like to drive after dark, but I had not gotten away from the Appalachian Mountain Club's Pinkham Notch Visitor Center, after climbing Mount Washington NH, until after 6:00 p.m. as heavy rain fell. Since I needed to stop for both gas and dinner, darkness befell long before I was able to reach Stowe VT.

During the late evening drive it became apparent how close to Quebec I was as every time I retuned the radio, I would encounter French language stations. In fact, the US/Canada border crossing of West Berkshire VT/Frelighsburg QC is located only about 50 miles north of Stowe.

Between Morristown and Stowe, the rural highway became rutted, and pooled with water forcing me to drive slowly. It was almost 10:00 p.m. before I finally reached Stowe. Had my hope of driving out of the storm materialized I would have passed through the town and headed to Stowe Mountain Ski Resort where I had planned to camp the night at Smugglers Notch, but instead I remained in town taking a motel room.

The next morning, I felt there was no need to hurry as my destination of Mount Mansfield is located not even eight miles from the town of Stowe. Also, the hike I had planned to its summit was under two and a half mile, so I anticipated it to be quick and easy. This route is known as the Long Trail and it climbs up the east side of the mountain from the Stowe Mountain Ski Resort. The classic Long Trail is the oldest long-distance trail in the United States. The full trail runs 273 miles through Vermont from the US/Canada Border to VT/MA state line following the main ridge of the Green Mountains and crossing over Mount Mansfield.

The ridgeline of Mount Mansfield is said to resemble a human face. When viewed looking at its east aspect its prominent features, from right to left, are named Adams Apple at 4,060 feet, Chin (aka highest point) at 4,393 feet, Lower Lip at 4,120 feet, Upper Lip at 3,963 feet, Nose at 4,062 feet, and Forehead at 3,940 feet. The Long Trail climbs up just to the left of the Adams Apple and then heads to the Chin. The last third of a mile is above the tree line and consists of third class scrambling to the summit. This zone above tree line is one of the few places in Vermont where alpine tundra can be found. The alpine tundra community of plants, considered remnants of the last ice age, only live in cold, windy, treeless environments, and are more typically found at elevations higher than the mountains of Vermont. With only 275 acres of alpine tundra remaining in Vermont these rare plants are endangered, and as such a top Mount Mansfield the alpine tundra is often roped off, and hikers are asked to stick to hard surfaces.

Following a leisurely “complimentary” motel breakfast that was both generous and tasty, I made my way to the Stowe Mountain Ski Resort. After initially driving by the Long Trail trailhead, I returned and found it. Across from the trailhead was an open parking lot located about a quarter mile north of the ski resorts gondola at an elevation of 1,600 feet. By 9:30 a.m. I was hiking.

I guess I was tired after my bursts of speed on both Katahdin and Mount Washington the days before, as I found the Long Trail to be strenuous, and not the easy hike I had anticipated. It took me about one and a half hours to cover the very steep natural staircases 1.7 miles up to the Taft Lodge. The lodge is a simple log cabin able to sleep up to 24 hikers. There is nothing lavish about it. Indeed, hikers must provide their own sleeping bags and mats for the wooden bunk platforms, and there is no running water. Finding the cabin empty I decided to hang out there and rest.

A sign in the woods

Description automatically generated with low confidenceAfter a half hour of resting, I was ready to climb the remaining 743 vertical feet from the Taft Lodge to Mount Mansfield’s Chin. I guess the rest had done me good, as this remaining the six tenths of a mile hike required only fifteen minutes to complete.

A person standing on a mountain

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceOverall, upon reaching the top of Vermont, two and a quarter hours had passed since I started hiking. The steep 2.3-mile hike on average had risen over 1,200 vertical feet per mile. Not being used to the humidity my t-shirt was completely soaked with perspiration. Despite the warm summit temperatures, I removed my wet t-shirt replacing it with my warmer long-sleeve fleece shirt.

The summit offered views westward over Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks, eastward over the Connecticut River valley to the White Mountains (home of Mount Washington NH), and northward into Canada. As I took in the view, I chatted with another hiker and confirmed what I hoped, the gondola only charged uphill riders but was free of charge to ride down the mountain.

When I was ready to descend, I hiked south about a third of a mile, still along the Long Trail, to a sign that pointed east indicating the Cliff Trail. From there down to the gondola consists of a steep decline over large, jumbled boulders making it feel like a cliff. Nothing was technically very hard, but it contained some challenging upper third-class sections, and it was slow going. A few of the boulders even included iron handles. I found the aptly named Cliff Trail to be more challenging than the last third of a mile to the summit from Taft lodge. Overall, from the Chin 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 started hiking.

Photo Album: <https://photos.app.goo.gl/jQCDhHAnAjHUokDh6>

**Mount Greylock, MA, 3,491 ft. –August 30, 2019, HP #24: Moby Dick**

It is about 190 miles from Stowe Mountain Ski Resort VT to Adams MA where Mount Greylock, the highpoint of Massachusetts, is located. Having made it back to my rental car by 1:30 p.m. following a successful climb of Mount Mansfield, where Stowe Mountain Ski Resort resides, I immediately headed for Adams. The drive was mostly along narrow roads which weaved through small towns and ranged in speed limits from 35 mph to 55 mph. As such it took close to four hours to reach North Adams MA; a neighboring town of six miles north of Adams. Along the way, one of the towns I drove through was named Mexico. I wanted to get a picture next to the sign that read “Welcome to Mexico” but the road was too narrow with no safe places to pull over.

I had done almost no research on Mount Greylock figuring I would work it out if I happened to have time to climb it following the main objective of my trip; namely climbing Katahdin ME, Mount Washington NH, and Mount Mansfield VT. My assumption before leaving home on August 25th was that I would not have time for it on this highpointing trip. However, as a “just in case” I had printed information on the Thunderbolt Trail located near Adams. Arriving in North Adams I stopped to picked-up some groceries before continuing. My hope was to find a campground between North Adams and Adams, and the next morning hike to the top of Mount Greylock.

Not being fully prepared, I drove around North Adams trying to figure out which road led to Adams. In the process I happened upon an Appalachian Trail sign and stopped to check out the map it contained. In the process a man walking his dog came along and I asked him for some help. He informed me I could drive to the top of Mount Greylock via Notch Road located just three mile from where we were. With the road to the summit so close I thought I might as well drive up and see what I would discover.

Following the man’s directions, I located Notch Road. I was delighted to see a sign listing a campground seven and a half miles further up the road and just a mile further along than the summit. Problem solved, as I figured I would get a camp spot, and the next morning hike to the peak from there. As it turned out Notch Road reached a “Y” with the peak being a mile one way and the campground two miles the other way. As such the six and a half and seven and a half mile distances listed on the sign did not mean the campground and the peak were a mile apart as I had interpreted it.

Since my first concern was to find camping, I turned right at the “Y”. Soon I found the turn off to the campground only to discover the road was gated and locked shut. I turned around and drove to the summit. At the summit parking lot no one was around to ask about the campground nor collect the parking fee. As such, I was forced to make my way over to the Bascom Lodge, crossing my fingers that I would not get a parking ticket in the meantime.

The stroll from the parking lot took me over the summit and past its Memorial Tower. Just like the parking lot, at the Tower I found no one to ask about the campground. Yet before continuing to the Lodge, I quickly ran up the tower’s stairs, since I was right there. Reaching the Lodge, I had to enter the restaurant to find someone to ask about the campground. The waitress told me to drive past the campground road and I would find a parking lot. From there, she said, 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. Finding the parking lot, a sign there said it was for registered campers only. Unfortunately, my mobile phone was unable to get a signal and I could not call the phone number listed on the sign. My next option was to hike into the campground and see if there was a camp host. Planning to stay in the campground, I stuff my tent and sleeping bag into my backpack. It was fully dark by the time I was ready to go. I was worried about leaving the car without a permit but since none of the other four cars in the lot had a visible permit displayed, I decided it would be okay.

The hike into the campground was just one and a half miles but seemed much longer. 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 had not 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 a.m., 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 Appalachian Trail to the summit arriving at 5:30 a.m. 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 a.m. hoping the ball of the sun would appear. However at 5:56 a.m. 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 a.m. 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 southeast 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 p.m. and I slept very well. I had the spot till noon the next day, and it was close to 11 a.m. 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: Inside Black Mountain lie many hollowed-out coal veins which conspiracists claim could cause the summit to cave in.**

Have just climbed Clingmans Dome, and with this being my first visit to Great Smoky Mountains National Park I wanted to discover more of what it has to offer. My next US state highpoint stop would be Kentucky but my itinerary allowed time for me to stop at Newfound Gap, then headed north into Tennessee on Hwy 441, and hike the Chimney Tops trail. Following the under 2-mile hike I drove 50 plus miles on scenic winding roads to the west end of the National Park to the Abram's Creek Campground where I had spot A10 reserved. The west end of the Smoky Mountain NP, I had read, is not popular but the campground was small, crowded, noisy, and all but full. Thankfully the spot next to mine stayed empty.

The next morning, October 5,2019, I was eager to leave Abram’s Creek Campground as such I got up with the sun, and was on the road around 8 a.m., headed to the high point of Kentucky via the town of Harlan (as featured on the TV series Justified). I made good time to Harlan covering the 120 miles in under 3 hours via some winding slower roads.

I ended up on Hwy 38 from Harlan toward Virginia because a map I had printed from the Internet shows an "old Hwy 38" that connects to HWY 38 (a left turn from 38 to old 38 - 28.1 miles from Harlan). The print out shows that "old Hwy 38" becomes Black Mountain Ridge Road as it switches back and forth to the north and northeast and goes over the private property of Black Mountain, Kentucky to within 200 yards of it's true summit (unlike HWY 160 - the actual way to go - which gets you to within 1.5 miles from the true summit, and truly connects to Black Mountain Ridge Road).

Well, Old Hwy 38 isn't labeled, and I couldn't find it. Plus, I can tell you this, now that I have visited the summit of Black Mountain, Black Mountain Ridge Road is gated closed 200 yards from the summit for those trying to continue west. In other words, even if I had found old Hwy 38, and even if it did connect to Black Mountain Ridge Road, I still couldn't drive to the summit from Hwy 38.

I ended up in Keokee VA - about 3.4 miles from where the non-existing old Hwy 38 was marked on my map. At Keokee I asked for directions to Black Mountain, and was sent southwest to Hwy 421, 13 miles in the wrong direction. At this point I took highways 421 to 58, and 58 to Big Stone Gap, then 23 to Inman to get on the winding 160 and up to the VA/KY line to Black Mountain Ridge Road. From Keokee, VA to Inman is only 10.6 miles - so asking for directions cost me 27 miles which is about an hour on those curvy roads. All the same, I made it to the summit of Black Mountain by 2:30 p.m. about an hour and a half later than what I expected. The highpoint of Hwy 160 is the border of KY/VA, and has a sign which incorrectly lists Black Mountains elevation as 4,145 ft. when really it is 4,139 ft. and a mile and half further up the mountain on the over grown, no longer maintained, Black Mountain Ridge road.

With care I able to drive up Black Mountain Ridge Road in my low clearance rented Toyota Corolla. Arriving first at the Radar Tower, there was a local man and his girlfriend parked and eating McDonalds. Before continuing up the road I asked him to take a photo of me. I was only able to drive up the hill past the Radar Tower from where I walk 200 yards to the seemingly abandoned lookout tower which wasn’t climbable as it lower ladder was missing. Without a functioning lookout tower there wasn’t much of a view from the top of Kentucky. Not far from the old tower I located a summit plaque on a rock, as well as a USGS benchmark, confirming I was at Kentucky’s highest point. Scattered between my parking spot and the deserted tower were a few other dilapidated structures.

The chronicle of Black Mountain is strongly tied to coaling mining many signs of which I encounter on the drive to the highpoint from Harlan. It fact at the crest of Hwy 160 where Virginia meets Kentucky the view to the southeast is of a large open pit mine. Gratefully Black Mountain itself has not fallen prey to mountaintop removal mining. Since the late 1990’s the Commonwealth of Kentucky has obtained the mineral and timber rights of the summit so far keeping the summit protected. Bear in mind inside Black Mountain lie many hollowed-out coal veins which conspiracists claim could cause the summit to cave in.

Being private property, and perhaps spurred by the cave in conspiracy, visitors were asked to sign a waiver prior to their outing. I signed one, and mailed it to the Penn Virginia Resource Partners mining company prior to my visit, although while there I felt it was not needed. Although I could find nothing on-line to corroborate it August 4, 2020, one of the Facebook Administrators of the 50 States Highpointing Group announced that the Commonwealth of Kentucky now owns the summit and does not require waivers.

As I drove down the weeded infested and often washed out Black Mountain Ridge road a pickup truck was coming up. Fortunately he pulled over for me and I got my low clearance rented car past him without scraping anything. It was just after 3p.m. when I headed down the mountain via the fun to drive twisty highway 160 headed to Mount Rogers Virginia 110 miles to the east.

**Mount Rogers, VA, 5,729 ft. – October 6, 2019, HP #29: When I reached the high meadow, on the return trip, the fog lifted and wild ponies were in sight.**

After crossing White Top Road, and going through a gate I came to a fork in the trail; a sign indicated the Appalachian Trail and another pointed to a horse trail. I took the Appalachian Trail up a barren hill with white blazed fence posts as markers and soon entered the forest. After two miles (which seemed way less) the trail forked again this time toward a spring, and I stayed on the Appalachian Trail. Occasionally there were camps set up, and a few people where hiking down. I seemed to be alone going up. Maybe three miles in I came to an open spot to the east of a fence and there I saw signs of ponies but no ponies were seen through the thick fog, so I continued on the Appalachian Trail up. Around mile four, to reach the summit of Mt Rogers, the route leaves the Appalachian Trail and heads west on a blue blazed trail.

The evening before, not long after sunset, I arrived at a place called Elk Garden and the Appalachian Trail along White Top Road, in thick fog. Heavy rain was falling and the air was cold. The parking area was full, but as I briefly chatted with a fellow getting some things out of his car, a spot opened up and I took it.

From inside the car I organized my pack for the next day’s hike. I had planned to camp behind the trees south of the parking lot but with the weather I decided to sleep in the back seat of the car.

Oct 6, 2019, I was on the Appalachian Trail by 7:15 a.m., after a quick breakfast. It was still foggy and wet but the rain had stopped. No one else was heading up when I started up. A car did arrive as I left the parking lot but they didn’t follow me up the Appalachian Trail. I made it up to the 5729 ft. summit in under 2 hours, having gained 1295 feet.

On the summit was another lone hiker. Being a friendly fellow he informed he had come up from via Massie Gap in Grayson Highlands State Park. I also learned he was from Oregon and worked for Benchmark maps. I informed him of my fondness of maps and also that I own three of their map books. He took a photo of me for me.

Gaining the westbound blue blazed trail form the Appalachian Trail the landscape is initially somewhat open, but soon enters a thick spruce-fir forest. The trees of this thick subalpine red spruce-Fraser fir forest covering the summit are all moss covered, which adds a nice ambiance to the final mile. This forest is one of the few remaining habitats of the Fraser fir which have suffered declines due to the balsam woolly adelgid an invasive species from Europe.

Mt Rogers is contained within the 183 square miles of the Mount Rogers National Recreation Area part of the Jefferson National Forest. The mountains of this area are known as the Iron Mountains and are a subset of the Appalachian Mountains. Grayson Highlands State Park neighbors Mount Rogers National Recreation Area. The mountain is named after William Rogers, Virginia’s first Commonwealth Geologist and the founder of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which opened in 1865 following the American Civil War.

I spent about 30 minutes on the summit and was back to the car by 11:10 a.m.

When I reached the high meadow, on the return trip, the fog lifted and wild ponies were in sight. Over one hundred ponies roam free on the slopes of The Old Dominion States tallest mountain. Fellow hikers told me they had approached them so I walked down to them to get a closer photo, leaving the Appalachian Trail. In the meadow was a sign pointing out the horse trail route back to Elk Garden. The Highlands Horse Trail more or less paralleled the eastside of the Appalachian Trail and arrives back at Elk Garden. For a little variety I followed it making my hike sort of a loop rather than a full back track. On the Highlands Horse Trail, I passed two girls going up, then I overtook a family (one-child with parents). Two guys taking down their tent confirmed my trail lead back to Elk Garden.

From Mount Rogers I traveled to Boone, NC, and then to the campground on Mount Mitchell. The Blue Ridge parkway was all fogged in, and light rain was falling, so I denied the nice views into the valleys below. It wasn’t raining when I set up my camp but shortly after the rain came in. The next morning I was up before the sun, and I went down to the car to eat breakfast. I hadn’t slept that well, but I had had enough of being in the tent. I didn’t need my head lamp as I started the 6/10 of a mile hike from the campground up to the 6684 ft. summit of Mount Mitchel – the highest peak east of the Mississippi. This would be my second time on the summit of Mount Mitchell. There was only one person on the summit, and the sunrise was still in progress when I arrived. By 9:30 a.m. I was back on the parkway headed toward Ashville, NC, and from there Greenville, SC where I had a hotel reservation. Oct 8, six days after leaving, and six US State Highpoints later (five of which were new to me), I returned to Salt Lake City.

**Mount Sunflower, KS, 4,039 ft. – December 23, 2019, HP #30: The personality of the owner, which was both appealing and amusing, revealed itself enthusiastically through the highpoint.**

It is interesting to realize that the highest natural point in horizontal Kansas is near the lowest natural point in mountainous Colorado. However to be fair, the eastern part of Colorado is just as flat as Kansas. To be even fairer Kansas isn’t really as flat as it gets credit for even if the satirical Annals of Improbable Research compared Kansas to an actual pancake finding the former to be flatter. Kansas actually ranks seventh in flatness, according to the Geographical Review, being less flat, in the order mentioned, than number six Delaware, Minnesota, Louisiana, North Dakota, Illinois, and flattest of all Florida.

Two-thirds of Kansas is actually hilly, with the remaining third, the High Plains, being sincerely flat. Kansas can even brag about its unspoiled Flint Hills along with the rolling Smoky Hills, Chautauqua Hills, and the Red Hills.

It is true, nevertheless, as The Wizard of Oz made Kansas known for, that it experiences an abundance of tornados each year. In fact it ranks second among the US States when it comes to tornados having on average of 96 per year; with Texas coming in first averaging 155 per year.

When it comes to US State highpoint Kansas more than holds its own coming in almost in the middle at 28 of 50 – meaning 22 states are lower.

After visiting the Royal Gorge Bridge in Colorado on December 23, 2019 Ana and I drove 212 miles to the highest point in Kansas, Mount Sunflower at 4,039 feet. We arrived around 2p.m. with temperature in the mid-sixties, in spite of the rare patches of snow we notice in the ditches along I-70. Located within a half mile of the Colorado and Sunflower State line and about 22 miles from I-70 the views from Mount Sunflower, which isn’t a mountain at all, are practically indistinguishable from the surrounding barren terrain. This is ranching and farmland, although at this time of year nothing was growing so I can’t say from my own experience what crops this region favors, but Kansas is known for wheat, corn, soybeans, and hay. Kansas even boasts having produced enough wheat in one season to make over 32 billion loaves of bread – that is enough wheat for every US resident to acquire around one hundred loaves.

At the highpoint we discovered a sort of art shrine presumably created by the rancher to whom the land belongs. Within the fenced off shrine the main attraction is an east facing gate which is labeled across its top with the words “Mount Sunflower”. Across its face is a metal sunflower - a reminder of the wild sunflowers that grow in abundance across the state and which give the state its nickname. In the lower right hand corner is a metal rectangle with the words “Highest Point in Kansas” cut out of it. Behind the gate is a large rock, and another, taller, metal sunflower welded out of railroad spikes. To the left of the gate is a U.S Mail box labeled “Mount Sunflower Registration” – we opened it to find variety of papers and pamphlets, along with a pink polka-dotted registry book which we signed. To the collection I added the paper Mount Sunflower sign I had made. In the southwest corner stood a dead tree trunk cut off about 10 feet tall, attached to it were signs pointing to various places such as Stockholm Sweden and Weskan Kansas. Sporting a Santa Claus cap, I climbed the dead tree trunk to pose for a photograph.

South of the shrine, sits a covered picnic table which even included a little library. Around 3p.m. I took advantage of the picnic area to make us an early dinner. As we were readying to leave Ed Harold, the owner of Mount Sunflower, arrived. He was sociable and we had the privilege of chatting with him for a short time. He drove a two door Jeep, and I could further tell by the sticker on his Jeep door that he has a sense of humor. The sticker read “Kansas Mountain Rescue”, and contained an outline of a mountain with a first aid cross inside it. I’d have to say the personality of the owner, which was both appealing and amusing, revealed itself enthusiastically through the highpoint.