**Cheaha Mountain, AL, 2,407 ft. – September 1, 2020, HP #41: This short trail lived up to its reputation of being steep and rocky, and it also involved negotiating several downed trees.**

Cheaha Mountain was the fifth objective on my six highpoint 2350 mile trip which both started and stopped in St. Louis between August 29 and September 6, 2020. Up to this point in the trip I had taken in a few sites in and around St. Louis, then captured Taum Sauk Mountain, as well as Mount Magazine, AR, Driskill Mountain, LA, and Britton Hill, FL. Following Cheaha my plan was to visit Woodall Mountain, MS, and then take in a few site in Memphis, TN. After not being allowed to camp at Marathon Campground in the Bienville National Forest of Mississippi I had gotten ahead of my itinerary. As such I found myself at Cheaha Mountain a day early, namely the afternoon of September 1, 2020.

I arrived around 5pm and arranged for a primitive camp spot in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) campground. After paying for camping, I was allowed through the gate of the Bunker Loop road and I drove to the summit to see the native quartzite stone observation tower named Bunker Tower, which occupies the highest natural spot of Alabama. The tower, like many things in Cheaha State Park was built by the CCC and dedicated in 1936. The tower rises approximately seventy five feet high on walls starting as thick as six feet. I was the only visitor but I only spent a few minutes as I planned to hike to the summit the next day.

After taking a couple photographs, I drove south through what I guessed was a picnic area turning left back onto Bunker Loop where I noticed a pool and restaurant on the right and a hotel on the left. From the country store/camper registration area I turned right and headed south down highway 281 for a couple miles until I came to Cheaha Road which leads to the CCC campground in another mile. I had been provided with a combination for the campground gate and once inside I found I was the only one registered for the night – awesome! This rustic campground is where the CCC resided when they were building many of the features of the park. The road was a bit washed out but I did manage to drive to my spot, only to decide to move to a different spot after worrying about a chance of rain. My original spot was at the bottom of hill and if it rained there was a good chance I’d get stuck trying to get back up the hill. As I moved spots in the dark, I heard a tree fall close by, which was thrilling however I didn’t see it.

The next morning, enjoying the peaceful solitude of the campground and with extra time on my hands I allowed myself a leisurely start to the day. It was after 9:00 am when I left the campground and drove the quarter mile to the adjacent Cheaha Lake also built by the CCC and completed in 1937. At the east end of the parking lot, just past the restrooms, I found the blue blazed Lake Trail that heads up the mountain in a north easterly direction. The blue blazed trail is only about three quarters of a mile long but gains over 800 vertical feet. This short trail lived up to its reputation of being steep and rocky, and it also involved negotiating several downed trees.  At the terminus of the blue blazed trail is a cliff area which offers some amazing views over the Lake, and the surrounding wooded mountains.

At this point I was still about eight tenths of a mile shy of the peak, so I connected with the Mountain Laurel trail (pink blazed), passing the old CCC reservoir with its rock dam and manmade falls, which led me into the upper campground a quarter of a mile below Bunker Tower. The old reservoir was built in 1934 to supply water to the park, however it is no longer used for that purpose. Cutting through the woods from the campground via the red blazed trail I quickly reached the highest point of Alabama. The slightly more than a mile and a half hike had taken me close to an hour and a half.

I had just reached the top of the tower when looking out the open windows I saw another party enter the building. Finding I preferred the view from the top of blue blazed trail, I soon headed back down pausing to taking in those views again on my return hike. On the return I located the stone marker labeled “Custodian” just west of the old reservoir wall. I walked the road from there to the parking area for cabins one and two. The CCC built at least ten cabins on the mountain that I assume are offered for rent today.

When I returned to the lake I discovered swimming was allowed which was a welcome way to refresh after a humid sweaty hike. Having the lake to myself I swam over to the diving platform. After jumping off the platform a couple times I swam back to the shore feeling clean and refreshed. After taking advantage of the restroom to change into clean clothes, I had lunch in the car before hitting the road in search of Woodall Mountain, Mississippi.

**Woodall Mountain, MS, 806 ft. – September 2, 2020, HP #42: It was hot and humid, and I felt anxious not sure if my sleeping location was foolish or not but I managed to sleep very fitfully for a while.**

It is 215 miles from Cheaha Lake to Woodall Mountain, MS, and I arrived at shortly after seven o’clock in the evening. I had used Interstate 20 west to Birmingham, which I was impressed to find nestled within wooded mountains. Interstate 65 and highway 157 (which becomes highway 72) got me to Iuca, MS. On the way, about thirty miles shy of the Alabama Mississippi border I noticed a sign for Muscle Shoals. Of course the line “Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers”, from the song Sweet Home Alabama came to mind, and because of that I really hoped I’d pass through the town, but my route bypassed it only getting me within three and a half miles of it. From the outskirts of Iuca it is just four miles to Woodall Mountain and signs from the highway 72 route 25 interchange pointed the way.

A 2007 article in the Mississippi “Daily Journal” claims the state of Mississippi was looking into purchasing or leasing up to two acres on the top of Woodall Mountain, however as far as I can tell it is still privately owned. A gravel road, which I found to be in good condition, arrives at peak from County Road 176. Along the gravel road posted signs announce the Tombigbee Hunt Club which owns the land encompassing the North Ridge trail. On the summit is a circular drive that loops around the Highpointers mailbox and bench, a summit survey marker, and a sizable rock with a plaque listing the elevation. The plaque also gives a short history lesson about the hill mentioning its name changes, and its civil war significance. Outside of the loop are several radio towers.

The website Summitpost states “one could probably pitch a tent or car-camp on the summit itself, however, it is unknown if this is expressly permitted or forbidden.” Since I found no no-camping signs, nor no no-overnight parking signs, I decided to do just that. There was a kid on a motor bike that kept coming around so I decided to postpone setting up my tent and to leave and return after dark. Returning I found a guy on his CB radio, so I drove back down a ways to see if another spot would be good for the tent. Finding no suitable spots to pitch a tent along the road I decided I to return to the summit and just wait him out. Upon my return the radio operator soon left, and I set up my tent within the loop in front of the rock with the plaque on it. It was hot and humid, and I felt anxious not sure if my sleeping location was foolish or not but I managed to sleep very fitfully for a while.

The next morning as soon as the sun was out, I packed up camp and tried to sleep a bit in the car (as the temperature was better) only to have a radio tower employee soon arrive at just after 7 am. At that point I decided to leave the mountain and drive down to where I had seen a view of it at sunset the day before. Reaching that spot I took a few photos then slept in the car for another hour or so.

Feeling a bit more rested I ventured into the town of Iuca to look around. I had seen a photo of a unique looking old Walmart and wanted to check it out. As it turned out it had been remodeled to look just like all other stores owned by the chain. My next point of interest was the Apron Museum which I found to be closed. From there I located the historic Mineral Springs Park, and drove over the covered bridge. I had hoped to obtain mineral water but didn’t notice a place to fill jugs.

From Iuca to Memphis is only 120 miles. ~~My plan was to check out the Chewalla Lake Campground in Holly Springs on the way, but I opted for a motel room instead~~. Since I had a motel room reserved for Friday in Memphis it seemed like a good idea to just head there and hopefully find vacancy at the same motel for Thursday - thus giving me two nights in the same room. Arriving at the motel I was happy to find they could accommodate me for the additional night. Watching TV and generally taking it easy seemed very appealing and I did just that only leaving my room to get some dinner at the Rock n Roll Café across the street from Graceland. Touring Graceland, Sun Studios, Lorraine Motel, and Beale Street were on my agenda for the next day.

**Campbell Hill, OH, 1,550 ft. – October 18, 2020, HP #44: I wandered down the north aspect of the well-manicured grass hill to get a better feel for the place.**

This trip I intended to reach the most highpoints I had ever reached on a single trip, namely seven, with the first those being Campbell Hill, Ohio. The hill is located about sixty miles from the John Glenn Columbus International Airport where I had arrived the day before.

Following a night in a motel close to the airport, I returned to the airport the next morning, October 18, 2020, at 7:30 am to pick up a rental car only to find the retailer didn’t open until 8 am. Being early allowed me to be the first in line, guaranteeing I began my day on schedule.

Campbell Hill had been owned by a Charles Campbell at the turn of the 19th century remaining in his possession until 1937 after which it was eventually deeded to the Federal Government at the dawn of the Cold War. The historical marker on the highpoint explains “In 1951, the federal government established the 664th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron here as part of the North American Air Defense Command… this Cold War site operated until 1969.” Since 1974 a vocational school has used the grounds, and buildings.

Many information sources calm Campbell Hill reaches an elevation 1550 feet but the historical marker only claims 1549.09 feet.

By 9:30 am I had driven to Campbell Hill located on the outskirts Bellefontaine. A cop was parked at the school gate which must have distracted me as I drove by the entrance gate he was partial blocking. Quickly realizing I’d past the entrance I turned around and as I approached from the east another car approaching from the west, which I felt was a fellow highpointer, turned into the facility ahead of me. The other car parked just east of Building H, and I continued to the end of the road just west of Building H where there were parking spots in front of a both mentioning something about “Restricted Access”. Behind the booth was a silo looking structure. Clockwise from the silo was a pale blue building with three garage doors and an old school large satellite dish next to it. Next came a non-descript circular building followed by some more parking spots and several trees. Through the treed area to the north is a flag pole, the historical sign, a Highpointers bench, an official survey disk, and a granite plaque dedicated to the 664th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron all occupying the highpoint of Ohio.

The single occupant of the other car reached the highpoint area before I did and I saw him take a selfie. Seconds later when arrived I offer to take his photo, but he politely declined nevertheless agreeing to take my photo. We chatted a bit about our high pointing history, and he was impressed that I had all the tough ones behind me. He informed me that already that morning he had been to the Indiana highpoint, and I replied that I planned to head there next. We didn’t exchange names. He did not linger and very soon I had the place to myself.

I wandered down the north aspect of the well-manicured grass hill to get a better feel for the place and next headed counter clockwise toward the silo. Close to the silo I noticed at its top an American flag was painted above the words “Top of Ohio”. Being fenced in, with barbed wire across the top of the fence lead me to believe the silo was the “restricted area”.

From the silo I returned to the highpoint and this time noticed a bricked in mailbox like container labeled “Highest Point in Ohio” on another side with a drawer labeled “Visitor Registration”. Below the registration drawer was a second drawer labeled “Points of Interest”. Nothing inside the points of interest caught my interest however I did register, and even obtained a certificate certifying I had stood at the highest point in Ohio - I just had to fill in my name and the date. Behind the Visitor Registration was a sign forbidding sledding for the public, which made me wonder if the students were allowed to enjoy sleigh riding here.

I was at Campbell Hill for around thirty minutes before following Sandusky Avenue west to highway 47 and past the Regional Airport. The farm houses along highway 47 seemed much taken in by the upcoming US Presidential election as many proudly displayed many flags supporting their candidate of choice. My quick passing through of Bellefontaine gave me the impression that it was a tiny town, however in reality it has a population of over thirteen thousand.

**Hoosier Hill, IN, 1,257 ft. – October 18, 2020, HP #45: There aren’t any sweeping views to be taken in.**

It’s about eighty miles from Campbell Hill, Ohio to the highest natural point of Indiana, and under two miles from the boundary between the two states. Hoosier Hill is located in the north east corner of rural Wayne County on flat farm land. The only variation in the landscape being random small patches of trees sprinkled in, here and there, making one wonder if the entire area was once wooded. In one such patch of trees, on a “hill” with no visible prominence to speak of, is a small boulder labeled “Indiana’s High Point, Elev. 1257 ft.” The boulder was placed there after the previous wooden sign was stolen, with the logic being a boulder would be tougher to remove or destroy. The highpoint is privately owned, but the owners allow and even encourage visitors. This landmark, is named after the states nickname, The Hoosier State.

I arrived just before one o’clock the afternoon of October 18, 2020, and was surprised to find another car at the parking area but pleased when the young couple belonging to the car decided to leave about the same time I exited my vehicle.

It’s only a dozen steeps from the car park to the engraved boulder. There aren’t any sweeping views to be taken in, and in fact there really isn’t much to see just the inscribed boulder, a Highpointers bench, a picnic table, and a mailbox. No survey monuments were visible.

One interesting fact, to Highpointers, is that Arthur Harmon Marshall the first person to reach the highest point in each US state completed the task on Hoosier Hill in July 1936.

I spent under 15 minutes at Hoosier Hill which mostly involved positioning my tripod to take a few photos of myself. At one point, with the timer set on my camera, I ran over and jumped up on the boulder, only to discover it was polished and slippery - no doubt from many others standing on it to be photographed - and my feet slipped. Fortunately I landed on one foot and one knee with no harm done. Had I injured myself it may have been the first for Hoosier Hill, as there is nothing dangerous nor challenging about this sight. On the next try, I did manage to photograph myself atop the small boulder.

Before leaving I signed the log book found inside the mailbox. After looking over my trip plan I headed to I-70 E which would take me past Columbus Ohio, where I had spent the previous night, and through Wheeling West Virginia before dropping down to the south east on highway 40 and over to Mount Davis road leading to the rooftop of Pennsylvania - my next destination over 350 miles away.

**Mount Davis, PA, 3,213 ft. – October 18, 2020, HP #45: There aren’t any sweeping views to be taken in.**

It’s a good 4 hour drive to Wheeling and another 2 or more to Mount Davis for a total of 360 miles.

I took a little break in Wheeling as it has a nice feel to it with all its once extravagant historic buildings along the Ohio River and the old Wheeling Suspension Bridge over the river parallel to I-70. Must have been around 5pm when I did my driving tour through town and my back started to hurt as I had the seat to far back and had to reach too far to the steering wheel.

On highway 40 I noticed a sign for Ohiopyle and I recalled my trips to the Youghiogheny (Yawk) river in 2003 and 2004. It was close to 8 pm when I arrived in the Forbes State Forest and the highest point of Negro Mountain known as Mount Davis. It was after dark so the park was technically closed and no one was around. I wandered around in the dark until I found the nearby tower, which I climbed in the dark. I found the “A Geologic Feature” sign as well as the highpoint plaques on the rocks east of the tower. My plan was to find a stealthy place to park for the evening and crash out in the back of the SUV, returning in the morning to have a better look around.

From the tower parking lot I returned to South Wolf Rock Road and followed it south past High Point Lake Overlook until I found a spot on the Shelter Rock Road after following a sign pointing toward the old CCC camp (which I never saw). After I made my bed in the back of the SUV, one vehicle did pass by heading out the opposite way I had come in. It was a chilly night, but I stayed warm.

Oct 19 I was up before the sun and I returned to the observation tower with my breakfast to watch the sunrise at 7:30 am – which wasn’t very grand. I wandered around the highpoint at 3123 feet and found two survey markers, one without and arrow and one with an arrow. The benchmark (without an arrow) is on the pinnacle of a rock just east of the tower a few steps, the other is further east and a bit south in the trees on a rock. I took a few photos of the plaques on the rocks also east of the tower, and by 8:15 am I was ready to leave. Before leaving I took in the view at High Point Lake Overlook, then headed West on Mt. Davis Road to US 219 north en route to the Flight 93 National Memorial just 35 miles away. As I descended Negro Mountain I passed two Amish single horse carriages going up the hill and I concluded this area of Somerset County must be Amish country.

From the unspectacular Flight 93 National Memorial I got on I-76 and drove over 200 miles east to the highest point of Delaware.

“This 'hobby' certainly is a long term pursuit. For many it comes and goes to accommodate life's ups and downs. As Loren Mooney said, at a certain point we stop counting how many we've done and we start counting how many we have left to do.”