**My Journey to the Highest Point in Each of the US States**

**“Sa, I’m taking it to the top”**

**“It’s a highpointing journey”**

**What is highpointing?**

By definition highpointing is the pursuit of reaching the tallest point within a specific area. However in practice it is many things – its traveling, exploring, mountain climbing, hiking, fulfillment, planning, exercise, sightseeing, self-discover, and much more.

My pursuit of visiting the highest point in each of the 50 US states is just one example of highpointing. Another example is reaching the top of the tallest mountain on each continent, dubbed the Seven Summits. Comparably, one might choose to reach the highest point of each county in his home state, or whatever region and subdivision is of interest.

As far back as 1909 National Geographic did an article entitled "The Highest Point in Each State" relating to US state highpoint, and according to Wikipedia, “The first person to successfully climb each U.S. state highpoint was A.H. Marshall, who completed the task in July, 1936, when there were only 48 states.”

In the late 1980’s the “Highpointers Club” was formed. This club consists of people with the common interest of attaining the highpoint of each of the 50 US states. By the turn of the century membership of the Highpointers Club had grown to over 2000 members. The founder of the Highpointers Club became the seventh person to achieve standing on the summits of all 50 US states.

The continental United States is 2,800 miles wide (from west to east) and 1,582 miles tall (from north to south). Plus, it is close to 2100 miles from my home in Orem Utah to Anchorage AK, and around 2800 miles from my home to Hawaii. As such, a lot of miles have to be covered in pursuit of reaching the highest point in each of the 50 US states, and typically it takes many years to cover all these miles, along with a good amount of money, and as such a relatively few number of people have reached the highest point of each of the 50 states. From information on the Highpointers club’s website, I estimate that as of September, 2020 likely under 375 people have successfully reached the top of each U.S. state. [Footnote -The number I found on the High Pointers website is from 7/22/2018 and for that date it states 305 have obtained the highest point of each US State.] Also, it seems that on average under 25 people per year reach their 50th (final) US State Highpoint.

**About the US state Highpoints**

The US state highpoints range from landmarks as low as 345 feet to mountains as tall as 20,320 feet. I classify 33 of the 50 as mountains another 10 as hills and the remaining 7 as landmarks. Some highpoints can be driven to, requiring little or no walking effort, whereas others take skilled mountain climbers’ days or even weeks to scale on foot. As such, highpointing the 50 US states offers a range of challenges, and a variety of experiences.

Too often people incorrectly equate the effort of reaching one state highpoint to that of reaching another; unconsciously assuming that since all are highpoints all amount to equal effort. However, with the state highpoints having such a wide range of geographical makeup there are many factors which influence their individual difficulty.

Traits such as prominence, isolation, type of terrain, vertical gain, weather, distance from a road, and natural dangers all influence the struggle (or lack of struggle) of reaching a highpoint. Likewise factors such as personal fitness, experience level, sensitivity to altitude, preparation, risk tolerance, time available, gear required, team size/dynamics, and mental clarity, just to name a few, also influence difficulty.

One highpointer might avoid walking when a driving option is available, use guides to lead him up the most challenging summits, and/or only venture out in fair weather. Whereas another might tackle highpoints solo or only during winter months, and avoid driving in favor of hiking.

Adding to the confusion, the Highpointers Club offers no hard and fast rules for obtaining a highpoint indorsing “any route to the top” be it by horse, automobile, foot, helicopter, or what have you – leaving the means of ascent to personal choice.

Furthermore, one might also incorrectly assume that a list of the 50 US state highpoints ordered by elevation would suffice as a list of difficulty. Unfortunately, that too falls short. For example, Mt Marcy of New York stands shorter than Nebraska’s Panorama Point with the latter being nothing more than a spot on a prairie requiring no uphill walking and the former being a mountain rising over 3000 feet from the trailhead.

**About me**

I considered myself to be an outdoors enthusiast. Very few activities provide me with as much joy as hiking, camping, skiing, mountain biking, rock climbing, ice climbing and exploring.

This passion began in my childhood. At the young age of 10 years, I climbed Chief Mountain in Glacier Park, MT. At the age of 12 years, with my scout troop, I did a 26 mile back-packing trek from Chief Mountain Customs (USA/Canada border) over Stoney Indian Pass to Goat Haunt at the head of Waterton Lakes Alberta. In 1981 & 1982 I camped and hiked in Kananaskis country Alberta, first at the Canadian Boy Scout Jamboree and again for the World Jamboree Hike Master Camp. As a teen I fished a lot of the lakes and streams in Southern Alberta, and Northern Montana. In college, I took a High Country Backpacking class.

Over the years I estimated I have hiked thousands of miles, and during these hikes I have encountered black bears, crossed paths with grizzly bears, met cougars, foxes, wolfs, and coyotes. I have even been charged by a moose.

In 1993 I biked the 330-km Golden Triangle solo from Banff, Alberta through Radium and Golden BC. I have rock climbed at Stone Hill, MT, ice climbed in Ouray CO, scaled the Grand Teton, explored the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and visited the Copper Canyons of Mexico. My mother, brother and myself, at the stroke of midnight, and during a snow storm, welcomed in the 21st century from the platform on Mount Crandell known as Bear's Hump in Waterton Lakes Alberta. I have white-water rafted on the Gauley River in WV and the Youghiogheny River in PA. In 2003 I completed biking the 184.5 mile long C&O canal trail from Washington, DC to Cumberland, MD. Between August 23, 2007 and August 11, 2008 I climbed 52 peaks exceeding my goal of 40 peaks in one year! It is pretty typical for me to get in more than 30 ski days each ski season. I have accomplished over 350 mountain climbs to date, and I have even been sky-driving.

Growing up in a small town I learned to do things myself. As a child I used to repair and modify my bicycle. As a teenager I worked in the summers as a construction laborer mainly in stucco, drywall, and painting. In high school I took the industrial arts class of wood shop and mechanics. In college I started out studying engineering and found that I prefer hands-on engineering over theoretical textbook engineering. I have remodeled two houses, and got to rebuild both following a fire in 2014. I am constantly doing home improvement, and DYI projects. Along with my love of the outdoors I enjoy building, creating, repairing things, and I considered myself to be a handyman.

As the Internet was just starting to take off in 1997 I taught myself how to do web development. In 2000 I went into this line of work full time, and twenty years later I'm still hard at it. The creative side of it, and the problem solving are what I enjoy.

I was born in the USA, but had the privilege of being raise in Alberta, Canada –where I spent 18 years. After high school I lived in Adelaide Australia for two years, and following my graduation from University I was blessed to work and live in South Korea for a full year.

From the time I left home, in 1985, until the time I purchased my first home in 2006 I lived what is termed today a “minimalist” lifestyle. With the difference being that I never went from having an excessive amount of things to downsizing – instead I simply just never owned a surplus of things. My way of living over those 21 years was to limit my possessions to only what was essential and to never own more things than I could fit into my car all at once – meaning I could pack up and move anytime with just an hours’ notice.

I have always been finically responsible and as such I have managed to work in phases of un-jobbing into my adult life - meaning I leave a permanent career job and go for extended periods of time (6 month or more) without major, full-time employment. During un-jobbing episodes I have traveled, lived and worked in foreign counties, remodeled houses, and explored the great outdoors. Temporary employment during these times has bounced me from short-term work at UPS, to being a house painter/drywaller, to doing warehouse production work, and even to teaching English as a second language.

I have had the privilege of traveling to many countries world-wide, which has taken me to the Eiffel Tower, the Great Wall of China, the monuments of Washington DC, the sights of Macau, Stonehenge, Sydney Harbor, Itaewon, Waikiki, Victoria Peak, the Statue of Liberty, Death Valley, Teotihuacan, Redwood National and State Parks, The Tower of London, and many more places. As a matter of interest, I never use GPS, as I have been blessed with a keen sense of direction and have a love of paper maps.

**How did I become a highpointer?**

With a lifelong interest in the outdoors, a sense of adventure, and the love of traveling/exploring, it was an utterly natural step for me to take on the challenge of reaching the highest point in each of the 50 US states, however it was a gradual process that evolved into a series of plans and goals. Initially I more or less just happened upon the first few US state highpoints that I visited. Others, early on, I sought out because of their highpoint status but not as a formal goal of highpointing each state.

It was on my first hike/climb of Utah’s King Peak (my 5th US state highpoint) in September 2006 when I meet a fellow solo hiker, who was there as a US state highpointer, and the seed of doing 45 more of these was planted in my brain.

Nearly three years later when I climbed Gannett Peak WY, my 6th US state highpoint, I was by then a pretty serious mountaineer (or at least an experienced mountain adventurer) and the fact that it is a state highpoint didn't figure much into my desire to visit it. I was just there for the thrill and challenge of climbing it. Yet the following month I reached the highest point in Idaho seeking it out because of that label. Two weeks later, when I choose to climb Colorado’s Mt. Elbert as a noteworthy mountain to be my 100th unique peak I’d say the fact that it is a US state highpoint figured into the choice.

By 2010, I was quite interested in visiting each US State highpoint but I still had no defined plan nor time frame by which to complete them. My attitude was if a mountain was the highest in its state, and I had a chance to climb it, I would. Eventually (before I died of old age) I anticipated I’d reach the top of each state. Being really into mountaineer, at this point in my life, the tallest, most difficult state high points were the only ones that really interested me. As such, I figured the non-mountainous high points could be saved for my golden years making my highpointing plan a long drawn out causal approach. That year I achieved three US state highpoints, namely Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainer, and Humphreys Peak. Over the next five years I obtained nine more highpoints taking my count up to twenty by mid-year 2015. As was my informal plan I tag mostly big highpoints during those years, including Montana’s Granite Peak and the grandest of them all 20,320 ft. Denali.

More than four years slipped by from the time I reached my 20th until the time I sought out my 21st state high point. During that time I had finished rebuilding my home following a 2014 fire, and I had returned to work as a Software Engineer after a two year hiatus. I completed 62 mountain climbs, and several other adventures over those four years but I didn't have much of a desire to travel and so my state highpointing objective unintentionally slipped into hibernation. However in August 2019 when I realized I was in danger of reaching the use or loose point of my accumulated personal time off (PTO) at work, the reluctance to travel was forgotten. The last quarter of that year I made some quick plans and ended up tagging 11 highpoints for the year.

By that point in time eighteen years had already slipped by from the time I reached my first US state highpoint, and I determined it would be neat to accomplish all 50 within a twenty year time frame. So, I planned to make a big push, for the remaining nineteen, following the winter 2019/2020 ski season. However, Mother Nature surprised us by introducing the COVID 19 virus to the USA in late winter of 2020. Many thought the pandemic would go away come summer, and so I prudently postponed making any highpointing arrangements for the spring.

Nevertheless, come summer 2020, with the virus as strong as ever, if not stronger than ever, I decided to take a calculated risk, and use up some airline miles before the airline filed chapter 11. As such I increased my total count to thirty five in July 2020.

**Mount Mitchell, NC, 6,684 ft. – May 19, 2001, HP #1: Assault on Mitchell**

At this time in my life I was living in Arlington Virginia, and working in around Washington DC as a web developer. I had not yet married, and I was blessed with a wonderful group of likeminded friends who enjoy hiking in the nearby forests fairly regularly. We spent many weekends, and the occasional “sick-in” (our word for calling in sick to work and then going out hiking for the day) in the George Washington Forest, as well as in and around Shenandoah National Park. The Old Rag Mountain hike and the hike from Shenandoah park boundary to White Oaks Falls were two regulars and favorites we liked to do.

Looking to broaden our hiking horizons one friend suggested we head down to North Carolina for a few days and tackle the then privately own Grandfather Mountain. At Grandfather we found stunning scenery along with marvelous ecological diversity, and we enjoyed a full day of hiking, which involved more than one peak, and multiple ladders up the steepest sections. We also walked the mile high swinging bridge, America’s highest suspension footbridge, over to Linville Peak.

That night we camped out in the surrounding mountains, and the following morning the trip organizer suggested we drive the less than 60 miles along the Blue Ridge Parkway to Mount Mitchell the state’s highest point. The views from the parkway are impressive, as is the engineering of the road itself, but as we made the hour and a half journey some of us scoffed at the idea of driving to the top of a mountain. Nevertheless we didn’t want to pass up the opportunity.

As we left the parkway and turned right on to NC-128 North, we were slowed down by what seemed like thousands of road-bikers in spandex with signs pinned to their backs announcing their “assault” on Mitchell. I had never heard of the “Assault on Mount Mitchell” bike race, and my friends and I had a good laugh at what we deemed a ridiculous name. Come to find out the race starts in Spartanburg, South Carolina and ends at the summit of Mount Mitchell, a distance of 102 miles with over 11,000 vertical feet of climbing, making it a noteworthy, stout, century ride. According to Wikipedia, “most riders finish in less than 12 hours; the leaders finish in under 6 hours”.

Eventually we drove past the park headquarters, soon passing the parking lot for the Mount Mitchell State Park Restaurant, and on to the parking lot at the base of the summit. Miraculously on what is probably the most congested day of the year on Mt. Mitchell we managed to obtain parking. From the parking lot to the summit is approximately a quarter of a mile stroll on a paved trail to a viewing platform located at 6,684 feet above sea-level. Mount Mitchell is not only North Carolina’s highest point but is also the highest peak east of the Mississippi river. In those days the summit platform was much taller and better looking, being bricked with natural rocks and topped with a square concrete platform, as compared to the shorter rounder platform of today with it disproportionally, and extra-long, curved and gently sloping accessibility ramp.

I have since visited Mt. Mitchell for a second time, camping on the mountain itself October 6, 2019, and hiking to the summit the next morning. Without the bike racing crowds, Mitchell is a splendid mountain with amazing 360 degree views. During my first hurried and crowded visit I over looked that next to the viewing platform, on its south side, sits the grave site of Elisha Mitchell, a geologist, explorer and Presbyterian minister for whom the mountain is named. In the 1830s, his measurements proved the 6,684-foot peak was the highest in the East, surpassing Grandfather Mountain 60 miles northeast. As a result of questions about Elisha’s elevation measurements of the mountain, he was on a return expedition in 1857 when he fell to his death. Originally buried in nearby Asheville his body was interred in a tomb on the mountain in 1858.

**Spruce Knob, WV, 4,863 ft. – September 3 2001, HP #2: Them are Internet Papers**

On the Labor Day weekend 2001 a couple of friends - from the group I mentioned in the Mount Mitchell write-up - and I decided to once again venture out from our familiar Shenandoah and George Washington Forests and travel to the Monongahela Forest home of West Virginias most known natural landmark namely Seneca Rocks.

We got up early Labor Day morning to begin the three hour drive west from Arlington, VA. Route 66 took us 75 mile to where it meets, I-81 and US-48 passing by Front Royal en route. This 3-way intersection at Strasburg, VA requires about one-third of the three and a half hour, 180 mile, drive. After another 16 miles on US-48 we entered the state of West Virginia, and 30 miles into West Virginia we turned south onto highway 220 following that highway and eventually WV-28 to Seneca Rocks. The drive from the VA/WV border was like traveling along the lateral undulation track left by a snake, and upon arrival at Seneca Rocks we were all very eager to get out of the car and begin hiking.

To reach the top of Seneca rocks we used a less traveled route coming up from the back side of the nearly 900 foot tall cliffs on the face of Seneca Rocks. The approach gained a significant amount of elevation over a short distance often traveling up natural almost stair-like formations. Commenting on the natural steps, one of my friends mentioned that we were climbing a “staircase of steps”, and the other two of us laughed and laughed about that, pointing out that obviously a staircase consisted of steps. When we obtained the razor back ridge, we ventured past the sign warning us “here ends the realm of the hiker”, and informing us that to proceed we should have rock climbing ability. Approaching the south peak over the sheer drop offs we stopped to watch the rock climbers and to take in the impressive views.

We back tracked to return to our parked car, and after looking over some information one of us had printed from a website about Smoke Hole Canyon we decided to ask some local looking guys about the canyon to see if they could give us better directions. As the locals were approached, one of them in coveralls, nonetheless, noticed the papers in my friend’s hand, and before directions could be asked for the local said “I know what them are, them are Internet papers”! As sharp as he was to recognize “Internet papers” he was of no value in our quest for Smoke Hole Canyon. At least now we all had something to laugh about in addition to just the two of us laughing at “staircase of steps”. For years after, and even to this day, I still get a smile on my face, and a chuckle when I think of “Internet papers” as ludicrous as the name is for a printout from a website.

Striking out on Smoke Hole Canyon, we decided to head south west 20 plus miles over to Spruce Knob also located in the Monongahela Forest. The highpoint of the mountain state is located along a huge ridge that is part of the Allegheny Front – an escarpment arising in south central Pennsylvania, cutting across western Maryland and into the eastern panhandle of West Virginia dividing it from the rest of that state. The southern end of the front is a series of ridges one of which include Spruce Knob. Part of the crest forms the Eastern Continental Divide.

Spruce Knob at 4,863 feet is not only the highest point in West Virginia but also the highest point in the Allegheny Mountains. The area is known for its strong winds, and the one-sided red spruce trees around the peak bear testimony to that - deformed by constant exposure to strong westerly winds.

We were able to drive up to a sizable parking area at the terminus of route 104. From there it is only 900 feet to a stone and steel observation deck at the top of the mountain state. The observation deck lifts visitors above the tree line offering views in all directions, with my favorite being looking toward the east as the crest drop rather sharply at that aspect. Neither my friends nor I packed around cameras (nor phones with cameras) in those days so I don’t have any photos from my initial visit. However, shy of four years later, at the end of May 2005 I was once again in the Monongahela forest vicinity and I revisited Spruce Knob. This time I was armed with a camera and took a few shots.

**Backbone Mountain, MD, 3,360 ft. – May 29, 2005, HP #3: A Last Minute Holiday-Weekend Trip**

Friday May 27, 2005 I got off work at 2pm and just that very morning a friend I had decided to go camping for the Memorial Day long-weekend. Our intended destination for that evening was the George Washington forest near Wardensville, WV. From there we planned to venture over to Blackwater Falls State Park located in the Allegheny Mountains of Tucker County, West Virginia, and find the highest point in Maryland. Friday long-weekend traffic, of course, was a problem by the time we were ready to leave my place in Herndon VA so we decided an early Saturday morning start would be easier. I had moved from Arlington VA to Herndon VA about 13 months prior shortly after landing a better paying job located there.

Saturday morning instead of stopping at our Friday night intended camp spot near Wardensville we continued west on highway 48 toward Black Water Falls. At Moorefield, with a whole day ahead of us, we detoured off the direct line to Black Water Falls, and followed the same roads I had use when I visited Seneca Rocks and Spruce Knob almost four years earlier. Needing a break from the serpentine drive we decided to stop at Seneca Rocks as my friend had never been there. This time we got some nice photos from within the “realm of the climber” area, and again we saw people rock climbing on the impressive cliff faces.

As I had done four years prior, once again, since we were in the neighborhood, we popped over to Spruce Knob, the highest point in West Virginia, just 20 or so miles away. After checking out the views from the summit platform, and taking a few photos, we drove to Spruce Knob Lake and from there took a gravel road to Job, on to Harman, and through the Canaan Valley to Black Water Falls about 70 miles to the north. It was rainy when we arrived and already too late in the evening to look around so we drove into the Monongahela Forest to find a free remote camp spot. Finding one wasn’t easy but we eventually found a suitable spot. Auspiciously, the rain broke long enough for us to catch an amazing sunset as the sun settled behind the wooded mountains of Tucker county.

Sunday morning we climbed up Olsen’s tower, and then drove into Davis, WV for lunch. Our next stop was the beautiful Blackwater Falls, named for its amber waters tinted by red spruce needles and the tannic acid of fallen hemlocks. The falls are an impressive 57 feet tall.

From Blackwater we headed toward the WV/MD state line and Backbone Mountain. The trail to the highpoint of Backbone Mountain is a rough logging type road just over a mile in length from highway 219. Since my SUV was equipped with four wheel drive we drove up it most of the way until it got extra rough and then we walked the remainder to the highest spot in Maryland at 3,360 feet. The highpoint is called Hoye Crest and contains a large sign on a metal post. Hoye Crest is named in remembrance of the First World War Captain Charles Hoye, a descendant of early settlers to the area, and founder of the Garrett county historical society. Hoye was also a veteran of the Spanish-American War. Backbone Mountain crosses the border of Maryland and runs into West Virginia, earning its name because the 39 mile ridge which it crowns is often rugged and rocky. The summit is covered in too many trees to allow for any long distance views. In 2005 the Highpointers club had not yet set up a summit register mailbox nor installed one of their benches seen at many of the minor elevation highpoints.

Because Hoye Crest is the highest point in its State I was attracted to hiking Backbone Mountain. Yet at the time I still didn't have the idea of, or any strong interest in, reaching the highest point in each state.

Heading back down, someone had parked on the logging road, but we were lucky enough to be able to just barely squeeze past the unthoughtful persons car, as we returned to highway 219 and drove 70 plus miles to the George Washington Forest at Wardensville, WV where we camped for the night.

Memorial Day we enjoyed the solitude of our remote camp spot as we hung out and cooked on the fire. We were even lucky enough to see a rafter of wild turkeys. It was 4pm in the afternoon when we got back to Herndon.

Eventful and fun long-weekend, and my third highpoint reached.

**Mount Marcy, NY, 5,344 ft. – July 4, 2005, HP #4: A Two Day Hike up Mt. Marcy via South Meadows**

We had left Washington, DC two days before on this -my first- trip to the Adirondacks. This was the third day of our trip, and the first day of our overnighter up Mt. Marcy, the highest point in the state of New York.

Following a drive through Lake Placid and a stroll down the main street, as the afternoon was rapidly disappearing we decided we better drive to the starting location for our hike. The plan was to begin the hike from South Meadows, where we would leave the car, and backpack 2.8 miles along an old fire road to Marcy Dam. At Marcy Dam we would camp, and then pick up the classic VanHoevenberg Trail to the peak the next morning. The advantage of starting at South Meadow as compared to the VanHoevenberg Trailhead at Adirondac Loj is that we could park the car for free.

The old fire road was basically flat gaining only 100ft to the dam, making the backpacking relatively easy. The mosquito’s, however, made the flat walk rather unpleasant. We took it slow and made it to the dam within 1.5 hours. By the time we settled on a camping spot and set up the three tents it was dark. After a snack, we played a game of "tie the food bag up in the tree." Each of us was given two tries to throw a 5-50 cord, with a stick attached to one of its ends, 20-feet up and through a fork in some tree branches. All our laughing, at missed attempts, got the dog camping across from us quite excited. On the eighth throw we finally succeeded.

This was our easy day, having covered less than three miles and only 100 vertical feet.

Monday morning, 4 July 2005, we woke up early, and by 8 am were on route to the highest point in New York, via the VanHoevenberg trail. After about 1-mile the trail passed a turn off for Phelps Mountain, and another 1.5 miles further along it crossed Phelps Brook by means of the three-pole-bridge. About two miles into this second day of our hike we came to the beautiful site of Indian Falls, and since the last half mile had been quite rocky and steep we decided this was a great place to relax and take in the views. Rested, on we went up the trail that resembled a stone staircase. About a half mile from the peak the trail passed the Hopkins trail to Keene Valley, on the left, at a plateau elevation of 4,420 feet.

The last 900 feet of vertical climbing are quite steep, so we stopped on some big rocks for lunch and decided to leave our day packs there to be picked up on the descent. Near the peak we passed a large cairn, and on the peak we asked someone to take a photograph of our group of four in front of the plaque commemorating the 100 year anniversary of the first recorded ascent in 1837. We also located the geological survey marker. With our moderate pace, it had taken us four hours, from the dam below, to cover the five miles up to the 5,344 foot peak. In those five miles we gained over 3200 vertical feet.

On the summit we were greeted by the so-called Summit Steward (some college kid who’s summer job it was to ensure no one walked on the roped-off fragile artic vegetation areas), and he informed us that we were the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th peak-baggers that day.

The descent to Marcy Dam required about as much time as the ascent, however we did take a much longer rest at Indian Falls where we dared a dip in the ice cold water only to be foiled by the clouds covering the sun as soon as we got in (oh the luck). While at the falls a guy and his girlfriend offered to filter some water for us. The unfortunate fellow had a big red circle on his shoulder indicating a tick was under his skin.

By the time we got back to camp we were rather tired and hungry and not looking forward to mosquito-thirty (the time of day the mosquito’s attack). Plus we realized we had another 2.8 miles of hiking to do with the added weight of our camping gear. So we ate and rested before we packed up the gear. On the bright-side, Parley had by now used up most of the 11 liters of water he had packed in; at 2.2 pounds per liter he had packed in 24 pounds of water!

Back on the fire road to South Meadows the mosquitoes were even worse than the day before. They made us forget how tired we were, as well as how heavy our packs were, and caused us to make it back to the car in less than one-hour.

It was a long day, having covered almost 13 miles, which went up over 3200 vertical feet and then came down the same plus another 100 foot descent to the car. Tired or not, we all felt pleased having "bagged" the highest peak in New York!