



A DREAM FULFILLED — William Brewer (left), his sister, Betsy, and William Weiss smile happily as they explain the contour map that helped them climb Mt. Brewer. They are dressed as they were last week when they scaled the peak. — (Staff photo.)

The Great Mount Brewer Expedition' Youths Scale Peak Named After Great-Grandfather

BY JANET BURNS
Of The News-Tribune

Some people climb a mountain because it's there." There aren't many who scale a peak because it was named after their great-grandfather.

"The Great Mount Brewer Expedition" (self-styled) returned to

at the end of King's Canyon Road in King's Canyon National Park to pick up their fire permits. Such permits are required not only for building fires but to note where a party is going. If the permit is not returned within several days after it is expected, the park rangers will start look-

body did his share of work. After all, Bill Brewer said, "My sister knows the history, Weiss planned the trail, and I washed the dishes."

The altitude did not bother them when they neared the peak, but it did slow them down. Accomplished climbers, who are ac-

at about 60 degrees during the day — although it sometimes seemed nearer 80 under the blazing sun. Their sleeping bags were welcome warmth for the near freezing air of night. All three claim an odd sort of sunburn and Weiss said he knows he had a kind of sun poisoning because of the manner in which human skin reacts rays at greater heights.

The only thing which was "kind of scary," Betsy says, were the taluses which had to be climbed over . . . large boulders, some nearly room-sized, that are the debris of avalanches. They tilt at angles, have sharp points and can only be seen to be believed.

Wildlife is scarce in the dry mountain ranges. One small bird perched on the peak of Mt. Brewer when they arrived. A few deer trails were seen. There were the ever present lizards and snakes and a number of brown rodent-like animals scurrying among the rocks.

"For humor," Bill Brewer says, "you'd better know about my faux-pas. I was fording a stream, my pants rolled up and my boots strung around my neck. I'd just arrived at the other side when Betsy screamed, 'Look—there's a concrete, steel bridge 50-feet downstream. I think I'll take that.'"

"We felt a sort of minor awe," they all said, "when we reached the top. We like to think the peak is 13,577 feet—that's what the sign at the top says. We could see at least 100 peaks around us . . . about 15 miles as the eagle flies over to Mt. McKinley, a beautiful sight. We were impressed with the grandeur, the suggested beauty and the amazing cleanliness."

At the top were two registration books which indicated that only about 150 parties had climbed the peak since 1925. Mt. Brewer is a Sierra Club Emblem Peak, picked for its inaccessibility and the view at the top.

Now another registration is entered in the books — "William Henry Brewer and party climbed this peak 106 years after our great-grandfather, William Henry Brewer."

Before the trio came back to the road's end, they traveled down the other side of the mountain—drank water from Brewer's Creek, took a swim in Big Brewer Lake and agreed that the peak

was attractive from the other side as well.

A contour map and the advice of Sierra Club members had guided them well—happy and content they motored back to San Francisco and were in Duluth by Thursday night . . . the dream of years fulfilled.

Emphasizes Funds

LAND'S END, England (AP) — Fred Caplen, 59, has finished pushing his wife in her wheelchair the length of Britain to raise money for an organization combating multiple sclerosis, from which she suffers. Caplen and his wife, Edith, 60, once a cook for Sir Winston Churchill, completed the 970-mile trip from John O'Groats, Scotland, in 36 days.

Eye Trade Route

KARACHI (AP) — A Pakistani delegation will leave Sunday for Communist China's Sinkiang Province to discuss plans for developing trade along the ancient silk route from Ilgit State in northern West Pakistan to Sinkiang.



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civilization Thursday, but the memories of the climb in the High Sierra Nevada Mountains of California will linger long in the minds of the three young people who climbed "our mountain".

William Henry Brewer, after whom the mountain is named, was with the first party ever to climb the 13,570 foot peak in 1864. As a member of a California geological survey team, Brewer was studying the geology of the area, surveying the contours of the mountain range and looking for mining potentials. Other members of the team—Mt. McKinley honors the leader—are remembered in the names of other peaks. Brewer rated not only a mountain but Big Brewer Lake and Brewer Creek.

Last week, two of his great grandchildren, William and Betsy Brewer, whose parents live at 131 N. Hawthorne Road, realized a dream of several years when they hiked to the top of Mt. Brewer. Accompanying them was William Weiss, New York City. Bill Brewer is with the U.S. Army First Division Band at Fort Riley, Kan.; Betsy serves as librarian at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N.Y.

The three met last weekend at the San Francisco airport; by nightfall they were 300 miles east

ing the party. The next morning a hike of about 16 miles took them to the base of the family mountain . . . most of the miles along dirt trails maintained by the National Park Service.

"There are two kinds of trails maintained for climbers", Betsy said, "the dirt trails where animals can be packed or two can walk abreast . . . Or cairn trails, where rocks are piled in formation for directional purposes."

Cairn trails were used up the mountain and down the other side by a different route.

The climb, Weiss mentioned, "was completely non-technical. We are hikers, not climbers. We needed no mechanical aids or ropes."

Special hiking boots were worn, however, with lugs on the soles—the kind that grip rocks. "And they did a good job," says Betsy.

Each climber carried between 35-40 pounds in his pack. No tent was needed in the dry Sierras. One person had to carry a lightweight stove for cooking above the timber line (about 10,000 feet). Freeze-dried food (with a few condiments thrown in "to give flavor" was their fare . . . no fishermen, they, so no fresh fare was consumed.

The trio maintain that every-

climbed to higher levels, could have, they said, made the climb in a shorter time.

The temperature they guessed

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