having made an overnight camp at Murphy Creek on Lake Tenaya. Two days later the second main side-trip, over a hundred strong, left the Soda Springs for the Banner-Ritter country. The first night we spent at the Lyell base camp on Lyell Fork. Our sleeping-quarters were on a slope about thirty feet above the commissary, where the reasonably level space was so limited that in the women's camp individual camp-sites were all merged into one, and we lay down with our bags almost touching one another. Sleep that night was also limited—at any rate, for those who were to climb Lyell. The stars were still shining when the call sounded. Mr. Colby led the party, which included a moving-picture outfit, and numbered over eighty; sixty-seven eventually reached the summit.

The route led up over wooded slopes and past tiny lakes, on the shores of which the beautiful cassinia grew in great masses, and to the moraine at the foot of the snow-covered glacier. The chimney usually taken was dangerous for so large a party, owing to snow conditions, and so the ascent was made by a more western chute, which proved quite easy to climb, although there were so many loose rocks that it was necessary to take some care to avoid knocking them down on those below.

Among the barren rocks within a few feet of the summit were numerous patches of Polemonium eximium, a brave little blue flower that makes its home on the rugged peaks of the Sierra above timberline. The party remained about an hour on the peak. At a point farther along the slope of the mountain a short descent on rather loose rock brought us to a steep snow-slide, down which everyone tobogganed.

From the moraine at the foot of the glacier some returned to the Soda Springs camp. The party which the writer joined crossed the stream at the head of Lyell Fork and climbed to Donohue Pass, a bare rock-strewn gap above timberline, from which the trail to the beautiful camp-site on Thousand Island Lake was reasonably clear. The majority of the Lyell party got to camp in time for supper, but the last stragglers arrived at two A.M. One party of twelve camped out overnight at Rush Creek, where Mr. McDuffie provided them with food and some blankets. A huge fire, which was kept burning all night, made up for missing sleeping-bags.

The club remained two nights at its camp on Thousand Island Lake in order to facilitate matters for those who were to climb Ritter.