

you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotus-land.

There's a golf course. There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumours of an old river boat that will take her serene course under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses and outfits for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon with its three-hundred-foot high bridge and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the lake shore, it comes to you that this isn't a place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old-timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

In the Valley of the Ten Peaks

But there's one more bungalow camp we haven't seen, and if you're a true bird of passage you'll fly north again over the Banff-Lake Windermere Road (or round by train from Invermere to Golden, where you'll be on the main line), and when you finally get off at Louise, you'll motor over to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where the green-blue waters of Moraine Lake lie below the high-pitched mountains and the ramparts of Babylonian brick. A glacier reaches over the top of the world like a huge white paw, blue-green at the tip; and there's a bungalow camp on a bench of the hills above the lake.

There are trails that time has smoothed into a kindness possessed by few trails in the Rockies—the trail around the lake—the trail to Consolation Lake in its still, park-like valley where there are always birds, and flowers, and good fishing, and marmots peering at you over the tops of their ancestral halls—the trail to Wenkemna Lake and Pass—the trail over Sentinel Pass to Lake Louise with lovely Paradise Valley on the way, and the grim pit of Sheol, and Saddleback, where you'll have one of the world's best cups of tea no matter when you make port, and a chance to buy interesting souvenirs, as unexpected as flowers in a bird's nest.

In the Snows of Abbott Pass

But the thing you've simply got to do (unless the doctor certifies you a bad heart case, or you're grey-headed in your soul) is to engage a Swiss guide, ride in from Moraine the night before and stay at the Chateau,



Community House, Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp