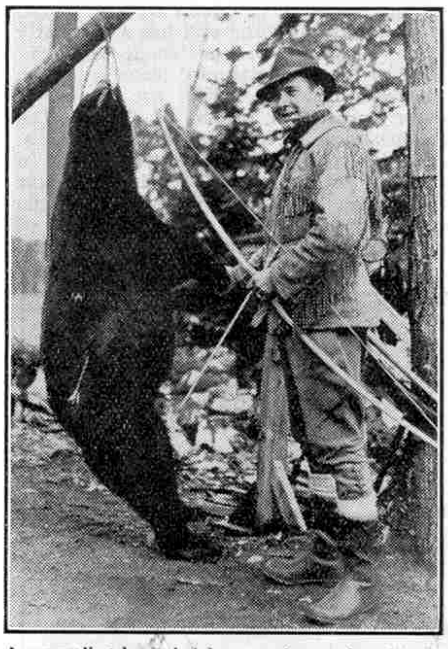
From Our Readers

This page is reserved for articles from our readers. Contributions not exceeding 500 words in length are invited on any subject of which the writer has special knowledge or experience. These should be written neatly on one side of the paper only, and should be accompanied if possible by original photographs for use as illustrations. Articles published will be paid for. Statements in articles submitted are accepted as being sent in good faith, but the Editor takes no responsibility for their accuracy.

Hunting with Bow and Arrow

Jack Langdon of Ontario, Canada, has been an archery enthusiast for years. He had always wanted to try his skill at big game, so after a band of marauding bears



A marauding bear shot by a modern archer. Photograph by S. M. Thomas, Bournemouth.

had wrecked the cook-house of a road constructional camp he applied for permission to shoot them. This was granted. Arming himself with a 6-ft. bow that had a pull of 80 lb., and a quiver of 28-in. steel-tipped arrows, he set forth. At dusk he came upon the bears. Creeping to within 20 yds. range he took careful aim, and with a whizz the arrow sped with the force of a bullet, killing one of them instantly. The animal weighed 400 lb., and its size is well shown in the accompanying photograph.

As a result of his enterprise visitors can now admire a new black bearskin hearth rug at Mr. Langdon's home.

S. M. Thomas (Bournemouth).

Low Water Records at Friar's Crag

Few of the many thousands of visitors to Friar's Crag, Lake Derwentwater, have seen the low water records that are let into the rocks at this popular point. The records are cement blocks laid when the lake reaches an abnormally low level. Each block has marked on it the year in which the level it indicates was reached, with the initials of the observer who recorded it. At the time of my visit the lake was at its lowest level since 1850.

Unusually high levels of the lake also are marked. Unfortunately these records are in grounds not usually open to the public. They are inscribed on a metal strip fastened to a boathouse door.

F. M. Penn (Cheadle Hulme).

A Call at Grand Canary

Travelling on the England to Cape route in one of the Castle boats I had the very good fortune to visit Las Palmas, the well-known port on Grand Canary, the largest of the Canary Islands. I shall always remember the wonderful sight that greeted me on reaching there early one morning. Impressive mountains seemed to come "out of the blue," rising almost sheer from the sea in some parts. One unique lava rock formation that I noticed, as we ran down the coast to the port, was dome-shaped, and presented the appearance of a huge sea monster glistening silver in the morning sun.

As we entered the harbour, which is really a basin walled in with breakwaters, we were almost immediately surrounded by small craft, some loaded with local produce and others with silken and lace goods. A few carried coin divers, who aroused much interest by their skill in retrieving coins dropped overboard by passengers.

With a few friends I went ashore and drove around the town in a buggy drawn by a donkey. For some distance we wound our way along the water front, with residential buildings on the hill-side to the right and the docks on our left. Eventually we entered the town itself, and our buggy stopped first at a small tobacco factory, where we saw cigarettes and cigars made and were presented with a handful of each.

The market square was the next place of interest we visited, and then we continued our journey through the narrow streets until we came to the cathedral, the city's most imposing building. A lift carried us to the top of one of the towers, from which we obtained a wonderful panoramic view. From the cathedral we made our way to the Plaza, with its shady boulevards extending around three of its four sides. The fourth side is the site of the Town Hall.

On we jogged, up the small hill at the rear of the town to the residential quarter, with its weird fusion of modern and Moorish architecture and brilliant colour schemes. Some of the buildings are most picturesque, and all around were tropical gardens and scattered date palms. Then our journey took us back to the waterfront, and one thing I noticed on our way was the use of camels for transport of sand evidently for building purposes. It was a most interesting and instructive excursion.

J. S. Hoal (East London, South Africa).

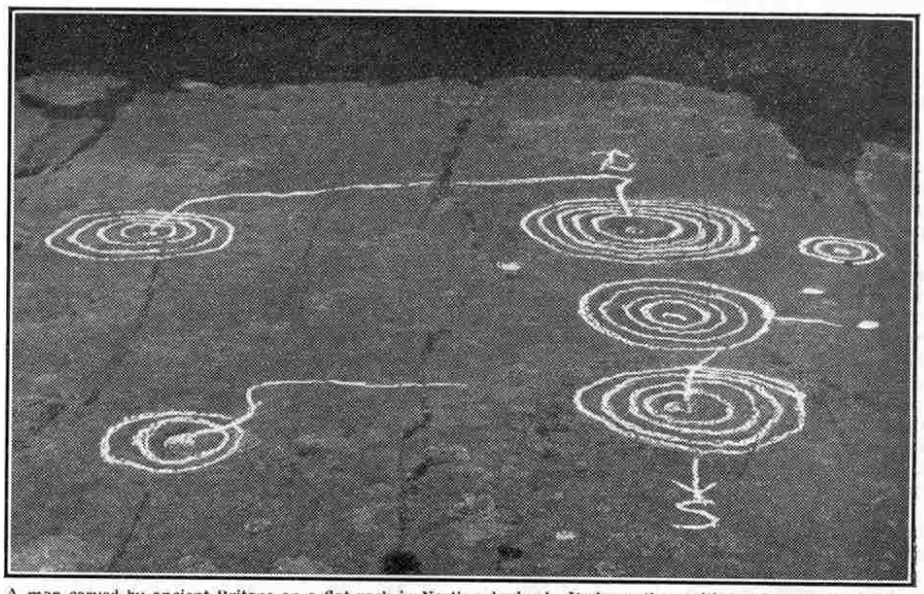
Maps Carved on Rocks

Some time ago I spent a most interesting day transcribing a few of the "rock maps" that are to be found on the hills above Wooler, Northumberland. This is a sport which I can heartily recommend. The maps were inscribed with some primitive tool by the ancient Britons who built their villages or camps on these heights. The horizontal surface of a flat rock was generally chosen for such a map, and if the lines are emphasised with white chalk, as they were when my photograph was taken, it is comparatively easy even to-day to "read" and follow the directions they give. Concentric circles indicate camps, the number of rings corresponding to the number of earthen ramparts enclosing the camp, and the lines mark the directions of moorland tracks and once-important lines of communication.

The maps of course are not drawn to scale, but the directions given are invariably found to be correct. For example, one map on Westwood Moor, shown in the accompanying photograph, indicated the positions of several camps, the remains of which were readily identified without moving many yards from the spot. One camp was outside the immediate range of vision, beyond a rise in the ground. I made off in the direction of this camp, as indicated by the rock map, however, and after mounting the ridge found it easily without deviating from the given course.

The detective faculty is called into play when some of the trackways shown on the maps are sought. A number of the tracks are still in use; others prove to be hidden beneath the bracken and heather.

G. B. Wood (Leeds).



A map carved by ancient Britons on a flat rock in Northumberland. It shows the positions of camps or villages, and of moorland tracks between them. Photograph by G. B. Wood, Leeds.