

Some Letters to the Editor of "The Spectator"
Written by Edward James Fowle Garnet Man

ANIMAL INSTINCT Man, E Garnet. The Spectator 80.3639 (Mar 26, 1898): 443.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR,"]

SIR,—The following may interest your readers. When farming in Manitoba, my claim was situated some sixteen miles from the nearest town. During the "fall" of the year I would draw my wheat to market with a yoke of oxen, calling at a friend's house on the way, some five miles this side of the town. Often, when passing through, he would ask me to make a few purchases for him, leaving them on my return in the evening. Occasionally I would be detained, and could not return the same day. So in order not to disappoint him, I would tie his things in a sack placed in the bottom of the waggon (or sleigh, as the case may be), drive my oxen a little way out of town, turn their heads towards his house, and set them off alone, following myself on foot next morning. My friend invariably found them chewing the cud, waiting to be unhitched, outside his stable door, with his things intact. The curious part of the thing is this, that following their trail next day, you would find they had, where feasible, taken short cuts across country, whereas horses under the same circumstances would invariably stick to the track.

Again, I recollect, close to the place where I was working as a farm hand, a railway was being laid, where a number of mules were employed. Their dinner hour was 12 noon, so was mine. I needed no chronometer, for as sure as the sun would rise, so surely, at about ten minutes to 12, would these beasts start up their most unearthly din. Very shortly afterwards their bell would ring, and my flag would go up calling us to our respective dinners.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Rangoon, Burmah.

E. GARNET MAN, Jun.

BIRDS AT PLAY. Man, E Garnet. jun. The Spectator 93.3970 (Jul 30, 1904): 152.

BIRDS AT PLAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Some few years ago, whilst strolling across a sandy ridge on the prairies of South Manitoba, Canada, I saw an interesting and ludicrous sight,—about twenty or more "prairie chicken" bowing and scraping, cutting the most fantastic figures imaginable, for all the world like Royalty at a "square dance." One bird would suddenly wheel in a certain direction, to be followed by the whole crowd in single file. This went on for some time. Old settlers in those parts had seen it often, and called it "the Red River jig."—I am,
 Sir, &c.,
Rangoon. E. GARNET MAN, jun.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR. Man, E Garnet, jun. The Spectator 93.3978 (Sep 24, 1904): 426.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I extract the following from an estimate tendered by a Chinese carpenter out here to our *padre*, who needed a new pulpit for his church in Burmah:—"To one *preaching tub*, fifty rupees." This is too good to be lost.—I am, Sir, &c.,
Rangoon. E. GARNET MAN, jun.

VILLAGE BOYS AND RIFLE SHOOTING. Garnet Man E. G. H. The Spectator. 107.4344 (Sep 30, 1911): 490.

VILLAGE BOYS AND RIFLE SHOOTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The great field open to the sporting instincts of old public school men is my only excuse for troubling you to print a few facts in regard to the instruction in miniature rifle shooting which for two seasons now we have given to our local village boys. (1) Thanks to the courtesy of our local grocer we are able to affix a notice outside his shop giving days and time of shooting for the coming week. (2) The boys then turn up at the range, which in our case happens to be a chalk-pit (the very best of all ranges). At the bottom of this pit three stout uprights have been erected with three sets of double iron cross-pieces. The double irons are some eight inches apart on the vertical with a small fraction of space between the horizontals. The space between the double irons is sufficiently wide to receive a piece of cardboard nine inches by six inches to which is attached a miniature target. The 25, 50, and 100 yards ranges are respectively marked out by the usual earth-raised firing lines. (3) Each boy must bring his own cardboard. Ammunition (Kynoch's axite, 22), targets and two miniature Service rifles are supplied.

My personal observation leads me to believe that if you gave our village boys of thirteen to seventeen years of age the choice of a sport, the vast majority of them would choose rifle shooting. Again, my experience teaches me that once a boy has learnt to shoot with a certain amount of accuracy the teaching of rifle shooting becomes an exceedingly pleasant and very useful pastime to both instructor and pupil. May I plead and ask for instructors (more especially amongst our old public school men) to respond to that call which certainly can be heard in any decent-sized village in England to-day? One more word in conclusion. Last year you kindly printed a letter of mine asking for ideas on the question of teaching boys to shoot with both eyes open. The many kind replies received were not, in my opinion, convincing as to its practicability. Before, however, finally dismissing the question may I ask any reader of this letter to tell me the practical results of teaching soldiers in the British Army to shoot with both eyes open? If the angels have feared to tread in this direction it is not my business to step in and play the fool with my boys.—I am, Sir, &c., E. G. H. GARNET MAN.

Wye, Kent.

VILLAGE BOYS IN LONDON MAN. E. J. F. GARNET. The Spectator 107.4349 (Nov 4, 1911): 743.

VILLAGE BOYS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—One constantly hears of little white pinched faces being sent out into the country for a breath of fresh air. In this case matters were reversed, and six robust village boys visited London for the day. The donor of the treat stipulated that the six places should be shot for on the range with the miniature Service rifle. The Tower, Westminster, Gamage's, St. Paul's, and the Mansion House (by kind invitation) were all visited for the first time by these little country ccusins. As the leader of those young visitors I learnt one great lesson, i.e., that London's old historical monuments are not worth quite so much in the eyes of village boys as a big, modern fancy emporium. This fact has set me thinking. Would the shareholders of Harrod's, the Army and Navy Stores, and the hosts of large retail businesses in London object if once or twice during the year—winter for preference—these firms offered to entertain, under conditions, a certain number of village boys? What a magnificent impetus to rifle shooting if, perchance, the Army and Navy Stores offered to entertain for a day, annually, the best twenty shots in the National Schools of such and such a village. Pardon, Sir, if I say that annual treats of this kind are worth more to our dear old land than all the gold and silver cups ever presented to the youngsters of this country. After all said and done, we villagers open our gates, our fields, to your London boys and girls during the summer months; won't you reciprocate and occasionally open the doors of your big toy shops and give a few village boys a dinner under certain conditions? One condition has been quoted above.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. J. F. GARNET MAN.

Standen, Benenden (late of Wye).

The Guardian 13 June 1913

BIRTHS.

CROSS.—On the 11th inst., at Sunnyside, Pinner, the wife of Cecil Woodrow Cross, of a son.

MAN.—On the 12th inst., at 12, Lancaster-place, N.W., to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. F. Garnet Man, late of Rangoon, Burma—a daughter.

THE WESTMINSTER PANCAKE. MAN, E. J. F. GARNET. The Spectator 122.4734 (Mar 22, 1919): 361.

THE WESTMINSTER PANCAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The pancake I won in 1885 still hangs hermetically sealed in a glass case on my study wall. This was the first year, I think, of the new order whereby each form elected one boy instead of the whole school "greezing" for the pancake. Until I read your correspondent Mr. J. C. Hawkshaw's letter I always thought that a guinea was the proper reward from the Dean and that I had been done out of a shilling.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. J. F. GARNET MAN.

SHOOTING SEA-GULLS. The Spectator 125.4809 (Aug 28, 1920): 273.

SHOOTING SEA-GULLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I beg to seek information. Some bounders armed with guns, taking their stand on private property, fire over the beach at our gulls with dire results. The police say that they are powerless to act as the foreshore is the property of the landlords whose holdings abut immediately on to that foreshore. As a town councillor I wish to introduce a resolution making it illegal to shoot these birds. Have local bodies any powers in this direction? We must make a grim fight for our feathered friends.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Sandgate, Kent.

E. J. F. GARNET MAN.

FOREIGN POSTAGE; Liddell, Annie; Cope, Elsie M; MAN E J F GARNET. The Spectator 129.4921 (Oct 21, 1922): 553.

October 21, 1922.]

THE S P E

FOREIGN POSTAGE.

[*To the Editor of the SPECTATOR.*]

SIR,—We, the undersigned residents in a Swiss hotel, would like to know if it is not possible to educate the British public up to a higher standard of its duty in regard to the question of stamping its foreign postage in a proper and businesslike manner. We know that both the French and Swiss Governments make a nice little revenue out of English carelessness in this respect, which revenue in some part is naturally lost to our own Post Office at home. We might state that one of our own party has received no less than fifty improperly stamped letters posted in England during the last thirty-two weeks.—We are, Sir, &c.,

ANNIE LIDDELL.

ELSIE M. COPE.

E. J. F. GARNET MAN.

Hotel des Alpes, Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland.
