

### Southampton.

**T**HOSE who have not seen Tubby in his natural lair have missed a revelation.

On Easter Monday a few of us rolled up in response to his invitation to his ranch in the wilds of the New Forest. Our greeting was of the robust western type, for we were stampeded by a car rampant, on which was seated—more or less serenely—His Rotundity! No casualties, however, but a cool order to walk on a few miles, when we would probably find another car!! We found that car, also his lair, and, believe me, we would like to pass some months in that same lair. He very sportingly offered to lose us in the wilds, and did so—being himself lost! He was very eloquent on Nature Study and the art of Birds-nesting. Here may I testify that it was *not* in Tubby's mouth the egg broke on its descent from the tree. The joke of the day—and there were many—was, however, not Tubby's but his dog's. This canine comedian, waxing lazy, dropped out apparently from fatigue, which necessitated a stretcher-party carrying him two miles; when he, thinking the time ripe, sprang out and romped round, actually laughing at us all! Words were too feeble! Tubby's people gave us a great feed, which we did all we could to do justice to. A great day.

*May 6th.*—Padre Bates regaled us to light refreshments in his grounds and to the somewhat less digestible subject "The Lad, his evolution and complexities." An enlightening discussion followed as to the best methods of dealing with that article in detail and wholesale.

*May 20th.*—We were invited to Harris Rivetts' grounds at Pear Tree, where Tea, Tennis and Tattle on the P.O. were offered.

J. M. C.

### Manchester.

NEWS FROM MARK IV.

**T**HE first House outside London is no longer a matter of speculation, it is a *fait accompli*. Listen then to the story of Mark IV (Toc H's latest offspring).

Gartness is a solid, well-built house in

Victoria Park, standing in its own grounds, and possessing an excellent shale tennis court. Its style of architecture is somewhat nondescript, but it has got a comfortable look about it, and its ivy-covered walls and leaded windows give one the impression that it must have been built by a Christmas card designer. There is about it something of the Christmas spirit, obviously the very place for Toc H.

Anyhow, Gartness was bought and sold, and Mark IV came into existence during the cold wet days of April. For this reason, if for no other, the ten brave souls who form Manchester's first band of Hostellers, looked forward with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation to having the House warmed, and warmed it was, good and true, on Saturday, April 29th.

The Post Office was the first to realise that great things were afoot. At break of day the Corps of Telegraph Boys was mobilised, and thrown in serried masses into the Battle of the Door-bell. All day long, with unabated ardour, they strove to wrench our door-bell from its fastenings (that they failed, is gratifying proof of the structural stability of Mark IV), bombarding us the while with the weapons of their warfare. By the time the Housewarmers arrived, the floor was carpeted with orange envelopes, and the air was thick with congratulations and good wishes from every Branch of Toc H, from Dan even to Beersheba.

"Mus" and Nicklin from London were the first visitors to arrive, followed hard by Courtney, Urwin, and Smith from Cheltenham, who brought with them, blind and legless Charlie Gray—the World's Champion Optimist. During the evening, Charlie made a speech which must have fired the imagination and warmed the hearts of all who heard him—but I am going too fast.

From 6.30 onwards, the crowd continued to arrive, until rather than strain the walls any more we surged into the dining-room, and sixty human stoves took on board the requisite calories for a really efficient warming of the House. The meal ended, we stood in silent memory of those "who came not