



NO
OSLO

SWE

STOCKHOLM

HELSINKI

TALLINN

ESTONIA

RIGA

LATVIA

LITHUANIA

KLAIPEDA

GERMANY

DENMARK

KIEL CANAL
HOLSTENAU

BALTIC SEA

GDYNIA
ZOPPOT
DANZIG



Photo]

LATVIAN FOLK DANCING

[W. M. Comber



Photo]

A TYPICAL CONVEYANCE IN LATVIA

[G. Stone



Photo]

LATVIAN COSTUMES

[M. Croody



Photo]

TWO MEMBERS OF THE REITERA CHOIR

[M. Desch



Photo]

RANGERS IN NATIONAL DRESS

[W. M. Comber

warriors who lie at her feet. One of our party wrote in her log: "The restraint and simplicity make this one of the most impressive figures I have ever seen. It is one of the few memorials which make one feel that they express, not sorrow only, but pride."

On leaving "The Brethrens' Cemetery" we were all taken to the Officers' Club, where, in the courtyard, some stands had been erected and there was an exhibition of Guide handicrafts and Latvian specialities. There were beautiful necklaces and bracelets of amber for sale, and one of our party, who was soon to be married, bought £15 worth of amber for herself and her bridesmaids!

The Chiefs, after resting at the British Legation with Mr. and Mrs. Knatchbull Hugessen, came on here and inspected the assembled Scouts and Guides.

We then went indoors into a large hall, where we all sat on the floor and listened to the wonderful Reitera singers, a world-famous choir which takes its name from its leader, Mr. Theodor Reiter, the director of the National Opera. There were about forty singers, men and women, the latter dressed in beautiful national costumes. Their singing was a revelation to us of what a marvellous instrument the human voice can be. They sang just a few of the folk songs which are the national heritage of the Latvian people; they are handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth; there are about 218,000 of them and it has been calculated that the singing of these songs, on the basis of an eight-hour working day, would take about twenty years!

After this wonderful concert we adjourned to a neighbouring room, where the Chiefs and their party sat down to luncheon with the Mayor of Riga and other well-known ladies and gentlemen. The Mayor, in an excellent speech, bade us transmit to "the great city of London the greetings of her sister town of Riga."

The visitors who were not on the staff had the same luncheon, but "à la fourchette," which was translated by one of the party as a "snatch-and-nibble" meal. Smoked salmon and other excellent cold dishes were piled up on the table, with every variety of vegetable and salad.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard, visible from the windows, the Scouts and Guides were giving various displays.

After luncheon the Chiefs returned to the *Calgaric*. The rest of us walked to the Central Station and went in the train to a place called Avioti, on the shores of the Baltic, the seaside of Riga. We walked through the pine-woods, in which a number of charming summer villas are situated, to the beach, where there are wonderful sands and where a great many people were bathing, both in the sea and in the sun. A few of our party bathed and some paddled. The waters of the Baltic, as well as being tideless, are almost fresh. We walked for some way along the sands and eventually reached the "Café Lido," where we were magnificently entertained by the Mayor and Municipality of Riga-Jurmala (Riga-Strand). Some had tables in the garden

for tea, but most of us were indoors where a band was playing. The Latvians sang to us and we did our best to sing in return; the Mayor made a speech to bid us welcome, and Mr. Robbins responded on our behalf.

At last the time came to go. We took the train to the station of Lielupe and here we embarked on the waiting tenders.

Then came almost the best part of our Latvian visit. We steamed for an hour and a half down the river Lielupe, which in this part of its course runs parallel to the coast, leaving only a strip of low-lying sand and pine-woods between itself and the sea. It was a lovely evening and the rays of the setting sun streamed across the water gilding the dunes and the forest behind them. Every now and then we passed a huge mass of timber, tied together in rafts and floating down to the sea. The Latvian Guides sang to us all the way, and when we came at last to our ship out on the open sea, Miss Rozenberg said to us: "We will not shout or cheer; our Guides will just sing to you as we leave you."

So after we had climbed the gangway and were looking down from the various decks at the tender going back to the shore, we saw handkerchiefs waving and heard their songs becoming fainter and fainter in the distance.

I need hardly say that when the second tender came alongside, containing a majority of Scouts, they made more noise than any other party of people could have done! There were cheers and counter-cheers in every known language, and as our Scouters came up the gangway, one of them said to me: "We really got to know those fellows and thoroughly fraternized with them. This is the best day we have had yet!"



Drawn by H. E. C. Brickell
THE CHIEFS ARE "BUNCHED" AT RIGA



Photo]

THE LIELUPE RIVER, LATVIA

[A. Macdonald



Photo]

A SHIP ON THE DALIGAVA

[M. Crossley



Photo

A LATVIAN PYRAMID

M. Crowley



Photo

"GOOD-BYE, LATVIA!"

J. Ozols