



OSLO

SWE

STOCKHOLM

HELSINKI

TALLINN

ESTONIA

RIGA

LATVIA

KLAIPEDA

LITHUANIA

GERMANY

DENMARK

KIEL CANAL
HOLSTENAU

GINZIG
ZOPPOT

IX

HELSINKI

NEXT MORNING, Sunday, there was some confusion as to the time, the pilot having told Captain Burd that Finnish time was in advance of Estonian. The captain was a cautious man; he would not alter the clocks until he was quite sure, but so that no risk might be run in keeping our appointments ashore, he told the stewards to call the passengers an hour earlier than usual. Afterwards the correct time was found to be the same as in Estonia, but meanwhile most people had got up an hour too early. Who, however, could regret this when they saw the fairyland of islands which lay about them in Helsinki Harbour? All was gay and sparkling; a little breeze danced on the water and filled the sails of the many yachts which skimmed across the bay.

After breakfast the delegation came on board to greet us. It was composed of the heads of the three movements in Finland—the Finnish-speaking one, the Swedish-speaking one, and the Free Brigade, which accepts both as members. The Scout chiefs were: the Rev. Verner Louhivuori, Messrs. Sven Donner, Eric Vasström, Ole Anderson, Alfons Akerman; and the heads of the Guides were Miss Anni Collan (the Chairman of the Central Council which unites all the movements), Miss Greta Tigerstedt, and Dr. Aleksandra Palmén.

Mrs. Martta Homi, of the Girl Guides, and Mr. Gay V. Weissember, of the Scouts, were already with us, having come on board at Tallinn.

The day in Helsinki was a very full one, splendidly organized, so that not a minute was wasted and yet one never felt rushed. It was, in fact, one of the most restful days we spent ashore, as we had only to confide ourselves to the capable hands of our hosts.

We landed some little distance from the town, at the edge of a pleasure park called Brunnsparken, and the Lord Mayor of Helsinki made a speech of welcome to the Chiefs on the pier.

A hundred yards or so from this was a big open space surrounded by trees, and here were drawn up about two thousand Scouts and Guides with their Colours.

The Finnish-speaking Guides wear dark brown, the Swedish-speaking ones wear khaki blouses and blue skirts, and the Free Brigade wear grey-green. In spite of the diversity of uniforms, however, there is great unity of spirit and they all co-operate very happily.

Speeches of welcome were made in Finnish and in Swedish and the replies made by the Chiefs were translated into both languages.

We then went a little farther on into the park and the Chiefs were asked to stand on a small platform made of birch logs, while the Scouts and Guides marched past with a tremendous swing.

After this the Chiefs went to write their names in the book of the President, who was absent in the country, and were received by the Prime Minister in the Senate House. They then went with their staff to spend a peaceful half-hour at the house of Field-Marshal Baron Mannerheim. This is the man who saved Finland from the Russian and the German invasions, and his grateful country has given him this lovely house on a hill overlooking the harbour. The Chief Scout enjoyed having a quiet talk with this man after his own heart, and we had the pleasure of looking at his interesting and beautiful collections.

Meanwhile the other British Scouters and Guiders, having assisted at the Rally, were taken for a sight-seeing tour round the town, the "White City of the North." It is a beautiful town, full of parks and gardens. The Finns have had the imagination not to insist on too much regularity; they have left many places where the native rock crops up through the soil and forms a sort of natural rock garden, with birches and rowan trees growing at their own sweet will. Some parks, too, are left in their natural state, covered with boulders, heath, and fir trees. The principal square in the town is the one which contains on one side the University, built in classical style, and on another side the Nikolai Church, standing at the top of a very high and wide flight of steps.

The station is a very interesting modern building which has aroused a good deal of controversy between the partisans and opponents of modern architecture, but the most remarkable of all is the House of the Diet (or Parliament), finished in 1931, which is one of the finest modern buildings in the world.

It is built almost entirely of Finnish materials, the outside being of pinkish granite. A high flight of steps leads up to a colonnade, which although reminiscent of Greek architecture, is yet entirely modern in treatment. Inside there are halls and corridors of polished marble, very beautiful in colour and lighted by chandeliers of modern design. The Diet sits in a semi-circular chamber lined with different kinds of Finnish wood. The apparatus for voting is very interesting; instead of having to go out into a lobby, each member has but to press an electric button in front of his seat to vote "Yes" or "No," the result of the votes being shown on the wall opposite. A division can thus be completed in under two minutes.

The visitors were also driven round by the Stadion, where the famous athletic events take place.

Most people went back to the ship for luncheon, but the Chiefs and some thirty



Photo

LANDING BY SHIP'S BOATS, HELSINKI

[E. Stone



Photo

LANDING AT HELSINKI, FINLAND

[D. M. Butt



Photo

FINNISH SEA SCOUTS TOSSING THEIR OARS

[W. M. Conder



Photo

THE RALLY AT BRUNNSPARKEN, FINLAND

[M. Crowley

others were entertained by the Finnish Scout and Guide Associations in the big glass hall of a restaurant called Kappeli-Kappelet.

A wonderful luncheon it was, and although we had vowed we would never be caught in this way, we fell into the trap of eating enormously of the delicious "Smörgåsbord" and then finding that the real luncheon was still to follow!

In the afternoon there was more sight-seeing. Some of us went to the very top of the glass tower of one of the principal hotels, whence we had a wonderful view: on one side lay the bay with its islands, and on the other we looked inland to the vast forests which spread over so large a part of the country.

We were then entertained to tea by the municipality in a fine café in Brunns-parken. On their way there the Chiefs walked through lines of Scouts and Guides, every one of whom had a good chance of seeing them, and they stopped to speak to many of the young people.

We had tea indoors. The British Minister and Mrs. Sperling sat at the table with the Chiefs, and we were introduced to many charming people. A girl played to us on the zither, and in the garden just below the windows some Guides in national dress danced folk dances.

In the middle of tea a very small Wolf Cub marched up to the Chief Scout with a large book in his hand. He clicked his heels and saluted smartly, and said in a commanding voice: "Chief Scout, please to write here!" The Chief said chaffingly, "But what if I don't know how to spell my name?" Whereupon a look of horror came over the little boy's face and he gasped: "I can no more English!"

When we came out of the café a surprise awaited us. A little open carriage stood at the steps, all garlanded with cornflowers and white asters (the colours of Finland). There had been a little cream-coloured pony in the shafts but he had been removed, and as the Chiefs took their seats in the carriage the shafts were seized by half-a-dozen stalwart Scouts on either side, and the carriage started at a rattling pace down the hill, while the Chief Scout called out: "Hi! You've forgotten to tie the slipper on behind!"

Crowds of laughing, cheering boys and girls surged into the wake of the carriage, the crowd of spectators joined in and there was a wild rush down to the harbour. I found myself alongside a very old Finnish peasant woman, with wrinkled face and twinkling eyes and a white kerchief on her head. She roared with laughter as she seized my arm and we rushed along together. But she was not satisfied with this; she had her eye on the burly Swiss Scouter in front of me and as soon as she could she let go of my arm and seized his: then off they went, arm in arm, cleaving the crowd.

Presently we came to the landing stage, and here the Chiefs were allowed to alight from their bridal chariot. Laughing and shaking hands with everybody within reach, they made their way to the launch awaiting them. Some of these handshakes had

momentous consequences, as may be judged from a letter which came to one of the staff a few days later: "Please tell the Chief that as parents have objected to Scouts refusing to wash hands which HE had shaken, these hands have been forcibly washed and the water carefully bottled and stored!"

It was a Guide who had an even more charming idea. Holding out in front of her the hand which the Chief Guide had shaken, she rushed off, saying: "Don't touch me! I must not touch anybody till I find my best friend, so as to pass on to her the Chief Guide's handshake!"

There was some delay in getting all the passengers back to the *Calgaric*, as two of her motor launches broke down and the work had to be done by the one remaining one. Meanwhile, Miss Collan stood Napoleonically on a rock, hailing every vessel within sight and ordering it to convey the British back to their ship.

During this time the day was waning, the western sky began to glow and then to fade, and as our ship finally moved out of the bay it was one of the loveliest evenings ever seen.

Small boats of every kind followed us like a flock of gulls, full of Scouts and Guides, waving and singing and cheering. One motor boat in particular followed us a long way and then forged ahead so that its crew could wave and cheer to us as we left the harbour for the open sea.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

"Good-bye!" "Come back to us!" "Don't forget us!" they shouted to us over and over again.

One boatload of Scouts was led by a most enthusiastic youth, who stood on the bow gesticulating and waving his Scout pole. We expected every instant to see him take a header overboard or to bring his pole crashing down on the head of one of his supporters, but by a miracle neither catastrophe occurred.

At last the sun dropped down behind one of the islands, but the light still lingered, and even after ten o'clock that night the sky was still pink and blue and gold.

After dinner a Scout's Own was held on the promenade deck. It was conducted by the Rev. J. C. Banham and the talk was given by Mrs. Mark Kerr.



Photo

[Neittamo, Helsinki]

LEAVING HELSINKI, FINLAND.

Mrs. Horni

Miss Tigerstedt

Miss Collan



Photo

[A. Aherman]

THE CHIEF SCOUT AND FIELD-MARSHAL BARON
MANNERHEIM



Photo

[A. Aherman]

THE CHIEFS TAKE THE SALUTE, FINLAND



Photo

THE RALLY AT HELSINKI, FINLAND

[A. Akerman]



Photo

HELSINKI—EVENING

[M. Crandall]



HELSINKI HARBOUR



THE HOUSE OF DIET, HELSINKI



[Photo]

APPROACHING STOCKHOLM

[M. Crowley



[Photo]

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