

**A ROUMANIAN  
DIARY:  
1915, 1916, 1917**

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A Roumanian Diary: 1915, 1916, 1917 by Dorothy Katherine Kennard

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**DOROTHY KATHERINE KENNARD**

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THE NOONDAY MEAL

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# A ROUMANIAN DIARY

1915, 1916, 1917

BY

LADY KENNARD, *Dorothy Katherine*  
*(Barclay)*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY  
1918

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### PREFACE

THIS little book contains a short summary of my own impressions of Roumania and the Roumanian people as chronicled for private interest during the several months I spent in the country previous to its entry into the war, supplemented by regular letters subsequently received from friends who remained to work there when circumstances had obliged me to return to England. To these latter I have added nothing of my own imaginings and omitted little of the original text. Only the form and mode of presentation are mine, but I found it easier, for the sake of making of the whole a consecutive narrative, to hold to the original diary form.

The idea of publication was only born in me when I realised how very little is known by the general public of all that one of our Allies has suffered of tragedy during the war. I submit the narrative most tentatively, with the hope that it is not altogether deficient.

1894 10 7-3

Re class. M.P. 5-6-36

I am indebted to Comte Etienne de Beaumont and Major Arion for the photographs which appear in these pages. Were it not for their kindness I should have indeed been at a loss, for topical photographs of any kind emanating from Roumania are practically unobtainable.

DOROTHY KENNARD



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# A ROUMANIAN DIARY

## CHAPTER I

*September 1915.*—I do not know quite what it was that brought us to Roumania. The war had been going on for over a year—perhaps that was the reason. There is, in every human being, a wild wish to get away, even if only for a time, from the place where he happens to be. And there was nothing, now, to hold us in England.

The journey was interesting. It promised, at the outset, almost insuperable difficulties. We left London with a party, all bound for Bucarest, all armed with every form of *laissez passer* and Customs facility. The Channel was netted from Folkestone to Boulogne, even in those early days, and we were escorted by an airship. It sounds well to say "escorted," but I have a suspicion that its presence was accidental. Boulogne to Paris took seven hours, and at Paris we over-