RUMANIA
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Iron Gates: between Rumania and Yugoslavia—the most impressive of all river journeys! Fortunately, the Danube is not as dangerous as formerly.  

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Sinaia. The Postavarul Hotel nestles in a setting of pines and firs, with Peles Castle in the background. The grandeur of the Carpathian Mountains dominates the scene.
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INTRODUCTION

You may be going to Rumania as a tourist, on business, as a member of a delegation, or you may be an arm-chair traveller. In any case, you will want to know something about the country: what it looks like; what kind of climate you can expect; what the Rumanian people are like; what sort of preparations you should make for your trip, and a little about special places of interest that you may care to visit.

Until June 1962, Rumania had been practically inaccessible to the British tourist, so it is not surprising that when I looked for a good guide book before my visit to that country, there was nothing to be had. I decided to write one of my own and this is the result.

I would like to pass on some of my personal observations about a country that has interested me as much as any I have ever visited and which is certain to draw the traveller back again and again. It has so much to offer that it requires no great judgement to be able to say that it is destined to become very quickly Europe's premier holiday locus. Nowhere on the Continent is it possible to have a less expensive holiday or one which offers greater variety. Beach addicts could ask for nothing better than the Black Sea coast resorts. Anglers and huntsmen will find the rivers and forests provide a wealth of sport. Botanists will delight in exciting new flora, of which there are over three thousand varieties; sports enthusiasts in new winter resorts. Those who do not like to stay too long in one place will enjoy the contrast of a week on the Rumanian Riviera, followed by some time in the Carpathian Mountains or visiting Bucharest, the capital. It is plain fact that Rumania has something to satisfy all tastes.

Those who have not visited a Communist country before may wonder what kind of reception they may expect and if they will be free to move around without restrictions. It
is as well to remind yourself that Rumania wants tourists, or she would not have removed the restrictions that have prevailed for almost a quarter of a century. You will find the people most friendly, eager to see that you carry away a good impression of the Rumanian People's Republic. Frankly I found less red tape there than I have experienced in a number of Western countries and I am convinced that, as Rumania becomes more experienced in catering for visitors, teething troubles will be overcome and that visitors will enjoy a very high standard of creature comforts and a personal freedom equal to anywhere in the world.

Information is the keynote of this book which has in mind the needs of those whose holiday is too short to see the whole of the country, but who wish to have background information of a general character. My intention has not been to tell of my personal travels in Rumania, though where my experiences are likely to be of practical use or interest to the reader, they are mentioned. I hope the background sketches and historical data will enable you to know a little more than you formerly did about Rumania and will help to make your holiday or business trip both enjoyable and worthwhile.

Finally, I would express my gratitude to my husband, the perfect traveller, whose gaiety, lively intelligence and deep sense of humanity so quickly won the hearts of the Rumanian people and made my task so much the easier. I am deeply grateful to Mr. J. P. Gill, Assistant General Manager, Swans Tours, from whom I received not only much encouragement, but a good deal of practical assistance. To his generosity, I owe the majority of the photographs used in the text. I am also indebted to Mr. Peter Burrows who supplied a number of the photographs and whose companionship, with that of Enid Howes, added so much to our happiness in Rumania. My thanks are due to Carpati, the National Travel Office of Rumanian, for unfailing kindness and co-operation, as well as for photographs and maps.

M. M.
RUMANIAN BACKGROUND

The Country—Climate—
People—History

Just before they leave Rumania, visitors are sometimes asked by Carpati, the National Travel Office, to write down their impressions of the country. I remember looking helplessly at the blank sheet, wondering how anyone could attempt in a short paragraph to recapture the essential magic of such a land of contrasts. How was it possible to convey the towering majesty of the Carpathian Mountains, the enchanted loveliness of the forests, the golden sweep of the plains, the sophisticated elegance of the Black Sea coast, the rich tapestry of the cultural life of the cities, the singing gaiety of the people? Impossible to distil the essence of this magnificent, resilient and surging country into a phial as small as this.

Perhaps Carpati know that very well, for the departing visitor is usually presented with a disc, La revedere in România! It can only be au revoir for Rumania casts a spell on all who visit her.

Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

Yet Rumania cannot be numbered among the very large or the very rich countries of the world. It is one of the medium-sized countries of Europe, elliptical in shape, situated in the south-east of the Continent, on the lower reaches of the Danube, half-way between the North Pole and the Equator. On the east and north it is bordered by the U.S.S.R., on the west by
Hungary, on the south-west by Yugoslavia, on the south by Bulgaria and on the south-east by the Black Sea.

Naturally, this setting has not been without its influence on the cultural life of the people. Certain regional dances, songs, crafts and folklore owe something to each of the neighbouring nationalities, though often it has been a subtle contribution. Every aspect of life in Rumania today has been strongly influenced by the U.S.S.R., but it is beyond the scope of this book to analyse the political factors involved. Indubitably, visitors would be well-advised to avoid political discussions with their Rumanian hosts. As a Soviet politician expressed it in 1961, to talk of ideological co-existence is like talking of fried snowballs. Probably the best contribution the Western traveller can make to world understanding is to be a good guest and to endeavour to get to know the Rumanian people and their country.

Because Rumania lies between 43° 37' 03" and 48° 15' 06" lat. N. and between 20° 15' 44" and 29° 14' 24" long. E., the country is said to have a temperate climate with an average annual temperature of 10° C. above zero. I have vivid memories of day after day of sub-tropical heat in June, which is always pleasant, provided one has the good sense to dress appropriately and take precautions against sunburn. August is generally regarded as the hottest month of the year and it can be very hot, but no hotter than it would be at the same time in, for example, Cannes. Visitors would be wise, however, to take a siesta on the hottest days and wait till it is cool enough to go on the beaches. Tourists are usually struck by the fact that there is seldom a cloud in the sky, so that it is no idle boast that one can expect three hundred sunny days in the year. The memory of the serene loveliness of the summer skies, blue as a Madonna’s cloak, is with me yet. Here Nature has indeed been prodigal in providing halcyon days for holidays and ideal settings in which to enjoy them. Spring, like autumn, is usually short, so that winter, like summer, is a long season. The average winter temperature is —2° C. and there are many
days when the water along the Black Sea coast freezes. Each spring many young trees have to be brought down from the forest and transplanted to replace those that have been killed off. Then the lovely winter sports resorts of Poiana Brasov, Sinaia and Paltinis in the mountains come into their own. Ski-excursions from Predeal take place in the Prahova and Timis valleys and, on the plateau of the Bucegi Mountains, beginners and experts alike hurtle down the bob-sleigh runs or take the funicular railway from Poiana Brasov to the Cristianul Mare and Postavarul chalets. There is the fun of preparing for the Winter Tree and for the traditional *plugusor* (small wooden plough) with which the children go from house to house at New Year, wishing the people good health, peace and prosperity in the coming year. The white enchantment of winter, the pure air, the sunshine and the fantastic arabesques of the ski tracks is something that the foreign guest is delighted to discover and will never forget.

For much of Rumania’s charm is to be found in her mountains. Unforgettable is the first sight of the Carpathians, so thickly, richly wooded that, at a distance, it seems impossible that there could be roads or even paths piercing the greenness. Conifers, beeches, oaks, poplars, alders and willows cover more than a quarter of the country’s surface, pouring down the mountain sides like dark green lava. One cannot move far along the river banks without coming across huge, felled logs ready to begin their journey to the timber mills, nor climb any distance into the mountains without meeting woodcutters in their leather jackets and mountaineering boots. They are a gay and friendly lot, always willing to direct the solitary climber to the best paths, to tell him about the wild flowers that grow in such abundance under the trees or to demonstrate the skill that makes them among the finest workers in the world.

The Transylvanian highland is girdled by the Eastern, Southern and Western Carpathians, which are ringed round by a veritable “wreath of hills” and tablelands, as Jordanes, the sixth century Gothic historian puts it, that lose themselves in
the surrounding plains. For climbers, this is a paradise, with a number of challenging peaks that are well over 7,000 feet high. These include the Moldoveanul (8,344 feet), Negoiul (8,317 feet), Omul (8,225 feet), Costila (8,186 feet), Iezeru (8,081 feet), Papusa (7,805 feet), Pietrosul (7,563 feet), Suru (7,487 feet), Inau (7,481 feet) and Godeanu (7,313 feet). All the facilities are available for enjoying a climbing holiday and there is no lack of experts to give friendly advice and encouragement.

The forests at the foot of the mountains and in the plains are rich with stags, deer, bears, and even the chamois, which closely resembles an antelope. Hunters stalk such beasts of prey as lynxes, wild-cats, martens and wolves. The visitor who has smiled in a superior fashion at the customs form asking him to declare all hunting trophies before leaving the country soon sees the point! And the angler sighs ruefully if he has left his rods at home. Between May 1st and September 15th, using artificial flies and phantom bait, good catches of trout may be taken from the mountain streams and a number of the lakes. A word of warning! Do not be tempted to try out your rods at Sinaia, in the Carpathians, where the river looks as if it would be full of fish. There are notices on the river banks warning anglers that fishing is forbidden there, since chemicals have polluted the water. It is necessary to travel at least thirty miles further afield from Sinaia to enjoy this sport. According to Carpati, the best time for catching grayling and salmon trout is between June 1st and February 28th and wonderful days may be spent on the Danube Delta, fishing from a boat for pike, carp, pikeperch and perch. When you meet Rumanian anglers, with the freemasonry that marks fishermen all over the world, they will be delighted to exchange flies with you.

There are many tumbling streams and flashing, sweetly flowing rivers. Who has not heard of the Danube (671 miles long), immortalized in the west by Richard Tauber's singing? Remembering the legend that to lovers its waters are always blue, visitors tend to peer rather speculatively into its depths!
the Delta is one of the world’s biggest reed-growing areas, so it is not surprising to find many houses with beautifully thatched roofs in the surrounding countryside. Some of the roofs come down almost to the ground so that the houses look like old women wearing enormous straw bonnets. But there are other important and lovely rivers—the Mures, the Prut, the Olt and the Siret—though only the Danube seems to have acquired world-wide fame. You will be indeed fortunate if you have time to explore each of their valleys and discover for yourself how distinctively lovely each is and how different are the people who live along their banks. For example, the Olt Valley is steeped in Roman history. It was the road used by the Roman legions of Emperor Trajan in the second century when they were attempting to reach Dacia. There are many remains of Roman camps dating back to the Roman conquest of Dacia in the second and third centuries and numerous Latin inscriptions. It has been said that many of the inhabitants are more Italian than Rumanian in appearance.

Possibly the most striking geographical feature of the country is that the mountains, plateaux and plains divide Rumania into three almost equal parts. In the centre is a great plateau then, as Bălcescu, the great Rumanian historian describes it, “a belt of mountain encircles the whole of this proud land like the walls of a fortress”. In their turn, these are surrounded by plains and outlying lowlands. This regular arrangement gives a most pleasing harmony to the relief of the country and makes a journey across Rumania an unusually interesting and varied experience. As you travel through the lowlands and see the plains stretching out as far as the eye can see, you begin to wonder if there are really any mountains in Rumania. You come on them suddenly and catch your breath at their towering immensity, a little fearful of the prospect of negotiating the height. When you have finally left the plains far below and feel that you could almost reach up and touch the sky, you will come upon long, lovely flower-starred alpine pastures and sparkling glacial lakes. It is like another enchanted world
a-top the mountains, with something of the insubstantial magic of a child's fairy tale.

Visitors are sometimes surprised to learn that Rumania now puts emphasis on industry and not, as formerly, on agriculture, though it would be wrong to under-rate the importance of agriculture in the national economy, since it supplies 27 per cent of the national income, 30 to 45 per cent of exports, and employs 65 per cent of the country's active population. Here are some approximate figures. Of Rumania's total area of 59,375,000 acres, 51,798,250 acres are productive as follows:

- Arable land: 24,252,500 acres
- Natural pastures and meadows: 10,390,250 acres
- Vineyards and orchards: 1,060,250 acres
- Forests: 16,095,250 acres

In 1962, total collectivization of agriculture was completed. If you do make that journey from the coast up into the Carpathian mountains, you will have ample opportunity to see many examples of State and collective farms. All appear to be very well kept and you will probably be surprised at their size. Long fields of maize, wheat and cotton seem to stretch endlessly towards the horizon. The gold of wheat, the bright colours of the farms and gay minarets of churches make a lush, colourful scene. Along the low lying banks of the Danube are extensive rice-fields and, as you move up to the foothills of the Carpathians, you will see that a good deal of land is under rye.

Since 1948, 99 per cent of industry has been nationalized and the State considers that this is largely responsible for the impressive improvement in Rumania's economic position. Prior to 1948, national income per inhabitant ranked her the 17th among 20 European nations—it was 8 times lower than in the U.S.A., 4 times lower than in Great Britain, 2.7 times lower than in Germany and 2.5 times lower than in France. Today it is claimed that industrial output has increased by 3.4 times as against 1948 with a consequent steady improvement in the standard of living of the people and in wages. Rumania, for
example, is now the second oil-producing country in Europe and it has been calculated that her salt reserves could satisfy the requirements of the whole of mankind for a period of over 13,000 years. Visitors will find this statistic rather amusing after they have experienced Rumanian cooking! Their cooks seem to use practically no salt, though it was always available at table and incidentally was always decorated with a fern design as an added touch of elegance.

Undoubtedly today, Rumania, which was at one time one of the most backward countries in Europe, is making excellent use of her rich resources in natural wealth and labour power. For example, approximately 80 per cent of her requirements in the way of industrial equipment and machinery is covered now by home production, whereas in old Rumania this was achieved to an extent of only 5 per cent. Progress has been made in the development of fuel and power, in coal mining, in the iron and steel industry, in machine building, in chemicals, timber, building materials and in textiles. The average visitor, however, is likely to be more interested in Rumanian manufacture and exports of wines, hand-made shoes and leather goods, lambskin coats, peasant carpets and embroideries, national costumes, ceramics and handsomely carved wooden articles. It would be difficult for any lady to resist the very attractive felt jackets with their gay embroidered panels and becoming zippered hoods or the lavishly embroidered blouses made in most regions in Rumania. Each region seems to have produced traditional costumes for women that are not only exceedingly colourful, but are becoming to all.

At the last census, taken on July 1st, 1960, it was estimated that the population numbered 18,403,000, of which the active population was some 11,000,000. Rumanians make up 85·7 per cent of the total population and there are a number of minorities, the Magyar population representing 9·1 per cent of the total, the German 2·2 per cent and the others some 3 per cent. This last group is made up of Jewish people, Ukrainians, Russians, Serbs, Tatars, Slovaks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Armen-
ians, Poles, Turks, Czechs, Croats and Albanians. The average density of population today is 77.5 inhabitants per square kilometre. All the minorities, of course, enjoy full Rumanian citizenship, though they tend to keep to their own social communities and to speak their own languages. The Hungarians, Serbs, Germans, Turks, Tatars, Bulgarians and Armenians, in particular, cling tenaciously to their native folk-art, preserving ancient customs, beliefs and aspirations in their crafts, dances, music and literature. Today the State is preparing an extensive study of folklore compiled on a regional and historical basis and already this runs to many dozens of volumes. You will, for example, be able to see in Constantza, or at the Model Village at Bucharest, some of the exquisite carvings the Lipoven fishermen have made on the windows and eaves of their homes. These are members of a religious sect who fled from Russia to Rumania in the eighteenth century and settled there, mostly at Constantza or near the Danube.

The form of the opinca, the moccasin used by the Rumanian peasant, has not changed its form at all since the neolithic period, for the Rumanians are as zealous as the minorities in preserving their past. The catrine (a double apron forming a kind of skirt, worn today by peasant women) has been preserved unaltered since the bronze age in the Craiova Region. Every region seems to have its own type of carpets, rugs, blankets and curtains, with designs and colours strongly influenced by geographical position, neighbouring nationalities and the local flora, since, as a rule, vegetable dyes used to be employed. Prospective buyers are often torn with indecision when shown examples of the very lovely Oltenian, Moldavian, Maramures or Banat rugs. Unfortunately, they do not always realize that these exquisite pieces of craftsmanship are too valuable to be put on the floor. They are meant to be hung on a wall.

The graceful minarets of the mosques, seen in most towns and in many villages, tell of the presence of a Mohammedan population and visitors quickly become accustomed to the
high-pitched call of the *Muezzin*, infinitely beseeching and compelling, calling the faithful to prayer. Close at hand, you are likely to see Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches, though the former greatly outnumber any others in the country. It is by no means unusual to see a priest striding along in his long caftan, a thick cucumber sticking out of his pocket, or leading his cow to pasture at the side of the road, for many of them have to live very like the peasants who, in the main, make up their congregations.

Visitors would be wise to keep an open mind on the thorny problem of the position of religion in Rumania today. Certainly the State has not suppressed religion, for throughout the country each day as well as on the Sabbaths, you can see Moslems, Roman Catholics and members of the Orthodox Church going openly and freely to worship. Probably it would be fair to say that the State policy is one of passivity, rather than of active resistance. No encouragement is given to religion; no special privileges or status accorded to it; no religious teaching is permitted in the schools; most of the formerly wealthy church lands have, like other large estates, been expropriated, but the State does not interfere with the right of the individual to worship as he pleases.

I was told by a man living in Bucharest that one out of one hundred people who passed a Greek Reformed Church a few years ago would have made the sign of the Cross, but that he had observed that today the numbers of those prepared to make public acknowledgement of their religion had greatly increased.

No village seemed too small to support a fairly imposing Greek Orthodox Church building. Usually, in the remote hamlets, we found the interiors dirty and shabby, but there was always evidence that they were loved and well-used. Always a key was instantly forthcoming to unlock the church door and to allow us to admire the dim frescoes and flower-garlanded pictures of the Madonna or the saints. It was heartening to learn that, not only did the people seem free to practise their
religion unchallenged, but two new churches were in the process of being built in the Bucharest area.

One Friday morning in Bucharest, the air was loud with the sound of church bells. From each church doorway (and there are many in Bucharest) came the soft gleam of candles and the swelling music of many voices. A very lovely church near the Model Village on the outskirts of the capital drew us like a magnet. Nobody paid any attention to us as we moved down the centre between the worshippers. The air was heavy with incense and the voices of the choir soared upwards in an ecstasy of praise. The church was well-filled, mostly with old women with lined, patient faces and young children newly released from school for the summer. Probably, I reasoned, the men and women would be at work. Slowly, each member of the congregation in turn climbed the shallow steps to kiss the heavily embossed silver book of the gospels held by the priest. At the end of the service, many of them queued patiently at the back of the church to buy thin, yellow wax candles and thick slabs of communion bread. Looking at the intent, reverent faces, it was difficult to believe that we were in a Communist country.

I found a Rumanian Roman Catholic priest less sanguine about the religious situation. His eyes were hard with suspicion when a young boy called him from his house nearby to unlock the church for our inspection. Only when he was truly convinced of our genuine interest and good faith did he unbend.

Inside, the church was immaculately clean and fresh and might have been newly transplanted from any town or village in Britain. A huge statue of Our Lady of Lourdes dominated the church and candles burned steadily before a picture of Saint Jude. The Stations of the Cross were exquisitely carved in wood and the priest told us that they had been made by two woodcutters in his congregation. The whole place breathed the spirit of sanctity and the priest’s eyes filled with tears when I commented on this.
On the secular side, the Rumanian People's Republic is divided into sixteen administrative regions with 154 districts, 181 towns, 4,290 communes and 15,133 villages.

Here are the names of the administrative regions: Bucharest, Baia Mare, Bacau, Constantza, Cluj, Craiova, Galatz, Hunedoara, Jassy, Oradea, Ploesti, Pitesti, Brasov, Suceava, Timisoara, and the Magyar Autonomous Region. Until a couple of years ago, Brasov was called Stalin. Each is distinguished by its own traditional dress, customs, food, song and dance, and the further one moves away from the capital the stronger the regional differences appear to be.

In the Craiova Region, you are bound to hear the old Gorj song:

Don't cry, Mary, little mouse,
Better mind your little house,
And our little children heed,
We are badly off indeed;
Don't bewail me like death-knells,
Listen what the croaker tells!
Don't lament and don't despair,
For Lord Tudor is with us,
God be with you all, my dear!

Each region has its *doina*, or song of longing, but don't imagine that Rumanians are always melancholy! Nothing could be more hilarious than the Szekler folk dances seen in the Magyar Autonomous Region. They have their roots in ancient animal worship rites and today the most popular (and the funniest!) are the goat, hare, sheep, ram, bear and stork dances. In the villages bordering the Red Lake, you may attend what in Scotland would be called a *ceilidh*, an evening's entertainment where the village folk gather informally to sing, dance or tell stories. The Szeklers call their meetings *guzsalyos* after the beautifully decorated distaffs (*guzsaly*) which the girls bring with them. In true country fashion, they keep their spindles turning briskly as they sing or tell their stories. In their folk songs they have preserved the ancient Asiatic pen-
tatonic form which, fortunately, the famous Hungarian musicians Bela Bartok and Zoltan Kodaly, have also preserved for us in their collection of these songs.

In the Olt Valley, music is of a very different kind. Oltenian folk-music bands still include women players of the cobza, an instrument rather like a mandolin, and, in the churches, you will often come across charming frescoes featuring these bands. Some show beautiful Oltenian women sitting Turkish fashion on the floor, with the cobza across their knees. A particularly delightful example can be seen in the church at Branesti where the Wedding Feast at Cana fresco is enlivened by an enthusiastic and homely group of musicians. This is the region of the “love spell” by which Rumanian lovers wish each other all that is most beautiful in nature:

To wear on your brow
The morning star of the mountain;
On your lips two honeycombs,
In your eyes two blackberries,
On your eyebrows an ear of wheat;
In your bosom, the Sun,
At your back, the Moon,
In your lap little stars.

If you are in Rumania in July, it would be a pity to miss the celebrated Girls’ Fair which is held each year on the green meadow of the plateau at the summit of Mount Gaina, the most famous peak of the Apuseni Mountains. Dressed in their most festive attire, the girls and women make their way there, summoned across the mountains by the strains of fiddles and songs and great joyous shouts that go ringing through the valleys. The whole mountain becomes a fairyland of fires, lit by those who have arrived the day before the fair. People arrange their wares for sale on the roughly made stalls. Gipsy bands play tirelessly. National dances are performed with fanatical zest and grace. Above the voices of the crowds boom the deep tones of the alpenhorns, made from hollowed fir-tree saplings
6 to 8 feet long. Under the spell of the music and general air of happiness, lovers' meetings often lead to marriage—hence, the name of Girls' Fair.

No matter when you go to Rumania, you can be sure of finding in each region something that will stay with you always, some memory of beautiful women, gorgeously attired peasants, haunting melodies, strangely lovely dances, architecture and scenery. Rumania can be said to have many faces, all of them arresting.

Yet do not imagine that Rumanians have no faults. A failing which modern Rumanians seem to have in common with many in the Western world is their reaction to noise. Years of noise must have atrophied something in their hearing, for they like to work against a background of loud music from gramophones or transistor sets. With looks of rapture on their gentle, smiling faces, they will listen for ages to a cacophony of noise that would split any normal ear-drums. A pained look, however, is generally enough to send them flying to turn off the offending machine, for they have an old-world courtesy which expresses itself in considerate friendliness to all foreigners.

Two types of shops which are always crowded are the music shops and the book shops, for if Rumanians are disc enthusiasts, they are also voracious readers. The State claims that today illiteracy has been almost entirely obliterated among persons between the ages of fourteen and fifty-five and education is regarded as top priority. Educationalists who have seen the Soviet system in operation will have a sense of déjà-vu. There is the same emphasis on the value of pre-school education; the same uniformity in timetables, textbooks and methods; the same attempt to balance schooling with practical work and the same extolling of the virtues of hard work and application. Compulsory education begins at seven and a move is afoot to introduce an eight-year school. Since 1955, seven-year elementary education has been compulsory in regional and district capitals, cities and industrial centres and today approximately 2½ million children are enrolled in this type of school.
Many children, however, who live in country areas or remote hamlets have to be content with four years’ education. One day, close to the Danube Delta, we met a group of eight young Turkish girls returning from their work in the fields and on the roads. With their bare feet churning up the dust on the road, their baggy ankle-length trousers, gay flowers tucked in their hair, they made an attractive picture. Their faces were bright and intelligent and, in spite of the heavy picks and shovels on their shoulders, they snapped their fingers vivaciously and executed a quick dance. None of them was more than twelve years of age, yet for each the serious business of earning a living had begun the year before.

It should be remembered that the Rumania of today dates back only to 1948. It might be described as a young nation with an ancient story, since the history of the country’s emergence as a State goes right back to 200,000 years ago when, it is claimed, vestiges of human life found on the soil of Rumania can be traced to the Clactonian stage of the early palaeolithic period. Finger joints of the Neanderthal man and skulls of *homo sapiens* have been discovered in the Hunedoara Region and today similar new discoveries are continually being made.

At the beginning of the second millenium B.C., the matriarchal system, based on the common ownership of the clan property, was superseded by a superior social organization, the beginnings of the patriarchate. This was brought about by the merging of the local population with Indo-European nomad shepherds and resulted in the formation of the Dacian-Getic tribes, and later the Dacian or Getic people.

By the first century B.C., the Dacian slave State had become an important military and political power and, with the appearance of iron, a new decisive impulse was given to the development of the productive forces. The penetration of foreign tribes contributed greatly to the cultural life. For example, the Greeks established colonies on the Black Sea coast early in the seventh century B.C. and visitors today can see relics of
their stay at Histria, to the north of Constantza, Kallates, which is modern Mangalia, and Tomi, now called Constantza. Both the Scythians and the Celts penetrated Moldavia and Eastern Transylvania towards the end of the sixth century B.C. and greatly enriched the local civilization with their pottery and metal-work.

As a result of contacts with the Thracian world during the third and second centuries, exquisite gold and silver objects were brought into the country and many of the treasures of this period can be seen today in modern Rumania.

All these influences, as well as the Roman occupation of Dacia which lasted from A.D. 106 until A.D. 271, moulded the thought and customs of the people, but it was during the period of the seventh to the ninth centuries that the Rumanian people and language could be said to be formed. With the incorporation of the regions on the left bank of the Lower Danube into the first Bulgarian Empire during the ninth century, the transition to feudalism, which was to last over eight centuries, was speeded up. However, not unexpectedly, Rumanian society did not develop uniformly. During the tenth century, there were many fortresses and towns of a feudal character to be found in the lower Danube region, while in Transylvania there were political entities known as voievodeships, where the people owned their own houses and surrounding gardens, while arable land was periodically divided among the members of the community, and pastures, water and forests were used in common. By the fourteenth century, Wallachia and Moldavia had become independent feudal States, while Transylvania remained a voievodeship (principality) within the kingdom of Hungary until 1541, when it broke away and became an autonomous principality under Turkish sovereignty.

Then not only was there a social and economic transformation of society, but the country was given a political, administrative and religious organization. Cantitati, or counties were formed; the native Rumanian population was organized in districts; the colonized population of Szeklers and Saxons was
formed into political, administrative and judicial sedes or circumscriptions.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in addition to the native Orthodox Church, which was not recognized as an official denomination, Catholic bishoprics were established. By the sixteenth century, the reformed denominations, including the Lutheran, Calvinist and Unitarian, had penetrated into Transylvania. The majority of the Germans became Lutherans, the Hungarians, Calvinists and Unitarians, while the native Rumanians remained faithful to their old Orthodox creed.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were periods of struggle, largely because society was divided into classes with antagonistic interests: feudal landlords and serfs, town patricians and plebians. Rumanian historians maintain that the root cause of the unrest was the resentment felt towards the three powers of the time: the feudal State, the landowners and the Roman Catholic Church (in Transylvania). To these was added in the sixteenth century the oppressive Ottoman Empire. Supported by the peasants, some of the Wallachian and Moldavian princes, and some of the Transylvanian voievodes defended the independence of their principalities with heroism and vigour. Among them were the Moldavian princes Stephen the Great (1457-1504), John the Terrible (1572-1574) and Michael the Brave (1593-1601); the Wallachian princes Mircea the Old (1386-1418), Vlad the Devil (1437-1446), Vlad the Impaler (1456-1462) and the Prince of Transylvania, Ioan de Hunedoara (John Hunyadi). For a short time, Michael the Brave managed to unite the three Rumanian principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia and Transylvania. From the beginning of the sixteenth century, these became autonomous principalities under Turkish sovereignty and were forced to give yearly tribute and presents to the Turks in power in Constantinople, as well as to give armed assistance and to renounce control over foreign policy.

From the early eighteenth century, the Rumanian princes were appointed by Constantinople. They were Greeks, or others who had rendered service to the Porte, so that these Rumanian
princes were in fact merely officials of the Sublime Porte. Meanwhile, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Turkish sovereignty had been replaced in Transylvania by Austrian sovereignty, so that the eighteenth century is marked by struggle against the social and national oppression of the Hapsburgs. One good result was the development of a specific national culture in the three Rumanian principalities. To this period belong the beautiful pastoral (*Miorita*) or haiduck ballads (*Toma Alimos, Pintea, Viteazul*), the immortal *doinas* (songs of longing), and the exquisite woodcarvings and embroideries in which the peasants expressed their aspirations. This was the age of the Transylvanian School with its leaders, Samuell Micu, Gheorghe Sincai and Petru Maior; of the humanists, Nicolae Olahus, Johannes Honterus and Miklos Istvanffy; of historians like Grigore Ureche, Miron Costin and Mihaly Cserei; and of scholars like Dimitrie Cantemir of Moldavia, Constantin Cantacuzino of Wallachia and Ferencz Pariz Papai of Transylvania.

In 1821, Tudor Vladimirescu led a popular rising against the feudal order and the Ottoman oppression. He is the Lord Tudor referred to in the old ballad, “Don’t cry, Mary, little mouse!” and today in the little town of Tîrgu Jiu, in the Craiova Region, a handsome statue commemorates his popularity and his legendary valour.

In 1829, by the Treaty of Adrianople, which concluded the Russian-Turkish War, the Rumanian principalities benefited by achieving administrative autonomy and could devote themselves to internal reorganization. A new era of prosperity dawned with the abolition of the Turkish monopoly on foreign trade and the entry of Moldavia and Wallachia into the circuit of international trade.

The year 1848 saw the three Rumanian countries involved in revolutionary struggle against national and social repression. In Wallachia, the movement was led by Nicolae Bălescu, whose writings are valuable social documents of the period. Although, owing to armed intervention by the Turks, the attempt proved
abortive, it did weaken the feudal order and, in 1859, led to the achievement of national unity by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia. By the election of Alexandru Ioan Cuzu as the prince of two formerly separate States, Moldavia and Wallachia, a single national State was created, which in 1861 received the name of Rumania.

In 1864, the "Rural Law" abolished serfdom but, rather unexpectedly, created conditions by which the big boyars were able to develop capitalism, since the reforms left the major part of the land in the hands of the wealthy landowners. Cuzu was forced to abdicate and the Prussian Prince Carol de Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was brought in to stamp out disaffection among the people. Industrial development was slow in Rumania in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, largely due to the feudal survivals which still restricted the capacity of her internal market, as well as to her political dependence on the Ottoman Empire.

In 1877, Rumania engaged in the Russo-Turkish War as Russia’s ally and, as a result, the independence of Rumania as a State was recognized by the Treaty of Berlin (1878) and the age-old Turkish yoke finally thrown off.

By the 1880s the dissemination of Marxism in Rumania had begun and the year 1893 saw the foundation of the first political party of the Rumanian working class: the Social Democratic Party of the Workers of Rumania.

With the beginning of the twentieth century came the foundation of the first trade unions and the beginning, too, of acute class conflicts which culminated in 1907 in a great peasant rising, quickly suppressed.

By 1916, Rumania was involved in the First World War, on the side of the Allies and, in spite of heroic resistance, December of that year saw German armed forces occupying Bucharest. In spite of subsequent successful engagements fought in conjunction with Russian army corps, in March 1918 Rumania was forced to sign the Treaty of Bucovina. By virtue of this treaty, Rumania lost two-thirds of the country’s territory, agreed to
Constantza. The crowded roof-top scene embodies the old and the new in this ancient Black Sea port. Churches, mosques, television aerials—all are Constantza.
Mamaia. A good day’s fishing and a perfect sunset add up to happiness on the quiet Lake Siutghiol.

Mamaia. The modern Doina and Sulina Hotels are functional in design and richly coloured.
the seizure of its wealth and to the turning of Rumania into a virtual colony of Germany. The misery following the war gave rise to an upsurge of Communist groups. The country was torn by a series of strikes, and on May 8th, 1921 delegates to the Socialist Congress expressed their desire to set up the Communist Party of Rumania. Many of the voters were given heavy prison sentences and, in 1924, the Communist Party was outlawed by the Liberal government. Peasant risings and strikes followed in quick succession.

The world economic crisis of 1929 found Rumania in a desperate state. To stabilize her political and economic position, Prince Carol, King Ferdinand’s son, who had left the country in 1926, was brought to the Rumanian throne in 1930.

In September 1939 World War II broke out and, by the Vienna Dictate of 1940, Hitler and Mussolini imposed upon Rumania the ceding of Northern Transylvania to Hungary. Carol II was forced to abdicate in favour of his son, Michael I, and, following the Tripartite Pact, an economic treaty was signed with Germany, resulting in the loss of the country’s national independence. Thereafter, Rumania engaged in the war alongside Nazi Germany. In 1943, the anti-Hitler Patriotic Front was formed and led by Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej (the present first secretary of the Rumanian Workers’ Party) planned an armed insurrection to overthrow the military fascist dictatorship. In 1944, Rumania again joined the war, but this time against Nazi Germany.

August 23rd is regarded as the greatest national holiday of the Rumanian people since that day, in 1944, marks the beginning of the people’s revolution. In 1946, the Democratic Parties’ bloc, led by the Communist Party, won the parliamentary elections. The National Bank became State property, King Michael was forced to abdicate and the monarchy was abolished. The proclamation of the Rumanian People’s Republic took place and a new phase in Rumania’s history began.

In 1948, the Grand National Assembly adopted the first Constitution of the Rumanian People’s Republic and a great
process of economic transformation of the country developed. The chief means of production passed into the ownership of the people when industry, mining, transport, banks, etc., were nationalized. In 1950, the First Five Year Plan for the development of the national economy (1951-55) was adopted. In 1955, the Second Five Year Plan, aimed at the continuous development of socialist industry, as well as the socialist transformation of agriculture, was adopted. In June 1960, the Third Congress of the Rumanian Workers’ Party approved the Report of the Central Committee and the directives of the 1960-65 plan of economic development and the outline of the fifteen-year long-term economic plan. The principal aims of the latter are “the development of the technical and material basis of socialism and the completion of the establishment of socialist relations of production throughout the economy with a view to completing the construction of socialism in the Rumanian People’s Republic.”

Such, briefly, has been the road that Rumania has followed during 200,000 years and, in 1962, she entered on a new phase when she signified her desire to welcome tourists, particularly from the West, to enjoy the beauty of the country, and to cement friendships with her people. No longer is Rumania behind the Iron Curtain as far as the tourist is concerned. You who wish to visit her will be admitted freely and permitted to roam where you will. It is true that, as you move around the country, you will see many Communist slogans and production charts, but no one will try to impose the social system on you.

Rumania wants visitors and has much to offer—the rich folklore of her sixteen regions, exotic dishes, varied and unusual native wines, her unforgettable doinas and nostalgic ballads, sun-swept beaches and the incomparable panoramas of the Carpathians. Her human climate, too, is rather rare, since it is composed of intellectual liveliness and cordiality. Once you have added up all this diversity, you will be a grudging guest if you do not admit that Rumania, a Communist country, knows how to entertain royally.
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Once you have decided that you are going to Rumania, you must make up your mind about what kind of holiday you want when you get there. Many types are possible but, in order to get the full enjoyment from your visit, it is necessary to plan in advance, with the particular type of holiday you have chosen in mind.

You may wish to go to Mamaia on the Black Sea coast and remain there for the whole of your stay, exploring the Constantza region, taking excursions by coach to other coastal resorts like Eforie Nord, Eforie Sud, Vasile Roaită or Mangalia. From Mamaia, you may take steamer trips on the Black Sea, visit the Danube Delta, fly to Odessa in the U.S.S.R. or spend a day at Bucharest, the capital of Rumania. If you are a beach addict, and if you are taking children with you, this is probably the type of holiday that will best suit your needs. You may, however, prefer to spend a week at Mamaia and the rest of your holiday at Sinaia in the Carpathian Mountains, ending your stay with a couple of days in Bucharest. The second type of holiday will give you an excellent picture of life in Rumania, since in addition to the coastal region, you will see the health spas and winter sports resorts of the Prahova Valley and the wide variety of attractions in Bucharest, the largest city in the country. Most visitors to Rumania will choose one or other of these holidays, since they are very easily arranged, entail no lengthy or uncomfortable journeys and are extremely reasonable in cost. It is largely to answer their questions that this book has been written.
Other types of holiday are, of course, available and may be arranged through the main travel agencies in your own country or direct by Carpathi, National Travel Office, 10 Bd. Republicu, Bucharest, Rumania. Carpathi will gladly organize a motoring holiday, camping holiday, individual or group trips to the most picturesque regions of the country, study trips to regions famous for their folk-art and folklore, hunting trips, outings for anglers, holidays for rest or cures in spas and health resorts, or cruises on the Black Sea or the Mediterranean with the motor ship, Transylvania. Fifteen itineraries in all are available.

If you wish, your initial programme may be extended after your arrival in Rumania, but the cost of the supplementary services must be paid for separately in cash and on the spot.

**Entry Regulations** Having been informed of the type of holiday you wish to have, your travel agent will confirm the arrangements with Carpathi, N.T.O. They will then issue you with a voucher and will immediately obtain a tax free entrance visa into Rumania for you. In addition, you will require to be in possession of a valid passport and an International Vaccination Certificate.

**Health** Since there are no reciprocal arrangements for Rumania, whereby the British National Health Service provides refund or reimbursement of medical expenses, it would be advisable to take out adequate insurance for sickness and accident before departure. Your travel agent will gladly arrange this for you. A number of visitors to Rumania have found that, when they had to call in a doctor, the medical care was excellent and no charge was made, but is is unfair to expect free treatment. It is reassuring to know that in Mamaia, a Polyclinic (hospital) is close to the English hotel and likewise in Sinaia and Bucharest, there are ample provisions for medical services. Simple remedies, like aspirin, are inexpensive and easily obtainable, but it would be wise to take your own supplies,
and ladies should take warning that it is impossible to purchase sanitary towels.

It is fairly common at coastal resorts to find that people are liable to suffer from throat infections, and a number of people at Mamaia found themselves affected in this way. Before you leave home, persuade your doctor to let you have an anti-biotic for such an emergency, or you can take the precaution of sucking "Tyrosets" at the first hint of discomfort.

It has been estimated that of the two million British who go abroad each year, possibly up to a third suffer from traveller's diarrhoea, which in various parts of the world has been given different names—Casablanca crud, Delhi belly, Gyppytummy, Turista, Montezuma's revenge, or the Aztec two-step. Nobody knows its cause, though, very unfairly, tourists tend to blame the climate, the food or the water. Doctors now think that some alteration in the normal bowel content of bacteria may be concerned and two drugs—phthalylsulphathiazole and neomycin sulphate—can be used as preventatives. A very simple and effective preventative and cure is "Tramil", which you would be well advised to take with you, though usually the host or hostess in your hotel will be able to supply you.

Remember also to take sufficient soap for your needs as this is not normally supplied in Rumanian hotels, and you will not find in the shops any of the quality that you are used to. Toilet paper of a very rough type is always supplied in the hotels in which you will be staying, but, if you are touring, it is wise to carry some with you, as it is not generally available in small cafés or restaurants.

You will find to your dismay that your washhand basin does not always have a plug, so you should equip yourself, before you leave home, with a large cork. In an emergency, you can always fall back upon the old Army trick of using a wad of toilet paper!

**Transport** Having chosen your itinerary, you will want to know how to get there and, fortunately, Rumania is easily
accessible from all parts of the world, whether you travel by air, by train, by ship, or by motor coach or car. There are thirteen main frontier stations: Albita, on the highroad from the U.S.S.R., coming from Kischiviov; Bors, on the highroad from Hungary, coming from Szolnok; Bucharest—Baneasa, for all international airlines; Constantza, for all maritime lines; Curtici, on the railway route from Hungary; Episcopia Bihorului, also on the railway route from Hungary; Giurgiu, on the highroad and railway route from Bulgaria; Jimbolia, on the railway route from Yugoslavia; Negrul Voda, on the highroad from Bulgaria; Siret, on the highroad from the Soviet Union, coming from Chernovtszy; Stamora Moravitz, on the highroad from Yugoslavia; Ungheni, on the railway route from the U.S.S.R.; and Vicsani, on the railway route from the Soviet Union. At all the frontier stations, the Carpati, N.T.O., have offices where tourists can get assistance and information.

(a) By Air Most visitors will approach Rumania by air, and TAROM (Rumanian Air Transports) has regular air lines which connect Bucharest with Moscow, Prague, Berlin, Copenhagen, Budapest, Vienna, Brussels, Paris, Sofia, Belgrade and Athens. Aeroflot, CSA, DH, Sabena, Malev, LOT, and AUA call or have air terminals at Bucharest. The main Bucharest-Western Europe line is the one directly connecting Bucharest to Vienna, Cologne, Zurich, Brussels and Paris. There are regular air-trips on this line by TAROM Ilyushin 18 planes. Departures from Paris are on Tuesdays and Thursdays and from Brussels on Wednesdays and Fridays, though two English travel agencies arrange departures from Brussels on certain Saturdays and Sundays during the season (May 1st to October 1st). The regular Bucharest-Paris line makes calls in Zurich and Vienna; the Brussels-Bucharest one in Vienna only. Those who take the special fifteen-day holiday from London to Mamaia, fly from London to Brussels and then non-stop to Constanza, the flight from Brussels taking just under four hours.

Sabena operate regular flights between Bucharest and Brus-
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sels on Mondays and Thursdays, calling at Cologne. On Mondays, there are also AUA aeroplanes on the Vienna-Bucharest line, calling at Belgrade. On the Copenhagen-Berlin-Prague-Budapest-Bucharest line, there are regular flights by TAROM aeroplanes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. These call in Berlin, Prague and Budapest. On the Berlin-Bucharest line, regular air trips are ensured by the aeroplanes of the Deutsche Lufthansa (Mondays and Saturdays), CSA—Czechoslovakia (Tuesdays and Thursdays), Malev—Hungary (Wednesdays).

Warsaw is connected to Bucharest by the LOT Polish aeroplanes (Wednesdays); and Moscow by the Aeroflot—U.S.S.R. (Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays) and by the TAROM (Fridays).

From the Balkan Peninsula, Bucharest is connected with the capitals by the following airline companies: Aeroflot (Sofia—Bucharest: Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays) and TAROM (Athens-Bucharest with calls in Belgrade and Sofia: Wednesdays and Fridays). On this line, the planes used are Ilyushin 18, Ilyushin 14, Viscount and Dakota 6.

(b) By Train For tourists travelling from Western countries by train, the Arlberg-Orient-Express is the best. It leaves Victoria Station (London) at 14 h. local time and reaches Bucharest after 63 hours, passing through France, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary.

Those who start from Paris at 21.55 h. local time can get through trains with 1st and 2nd class accommodation and sleepers.

Scandinavian tourists, as well as those coming from Central Europe, can take the Baltorient-Express, which leaves Stockholm at 23.30 h. (it has connections with the train starting from Oslo at 21.45 h.), makes a longer halt at Berlin Ostbahnhoff (from 19.05 h. to 23.53 h.), passes through Prague (departure from Prague at 08.25 h. local time), through Budapest (departure from Budapest at 19.35 h. local time), and arrives in Bucharest at 13.36 h.
If your point of departure is Italy, you may travel to Rumania via Yugoslavia, where you will be able to get a through train Belgrade-Bucharest, leaving Belgrade at 15.50 h. local time and arriving in Bucharest at 07.43 h. local time. It is possible to reach Belgrade from Rome by through train in just over 24 hours. In Belgrade, there is a very convenient connection with Athens (departure from Athens at 11.35 h. local time; arrival in Belgrade at 12.30 h. local time; departure for Bucharest at 15.50 h. local time.

Should you wish to reach Rumania from Poland, you may travel by the Carpati-Express (departure from Warsaw at 23.32 h. local time; arrival in Bucharest after approximately 30 hours). The Carpati-Express then goes on to Sofia, taking 13 hours for this part of the journey.

The Danubius-Express connects with the U.S.S.R. on the Moscow-Sofia and Sofia-Moscow route. The journey from Moscow to Bucharest takes approximately 46 hours.

During the summer, to cope with the augmented tourist traffic towards the Black Sea coast resorts, a Baltorient-Express auxiliary is added on to the Warsaw-Bratislava-Budapest-Constantza route (with a through carriage from Prague).

With regard to railway transport, Rumanian railways grant a 30 per cent reduction to tourists travelling in groups, and there are many other concessions available if you travel with a party.

(c) By Sea If you decide to travel to Rumania by ship, you will enter the country at Constantza the old and very lovely port on the Black Sea, and thereafter you will be free to follow the inland itinerary of your choice, using whatever means of transport you wish.

(d) By Road Should you travel to Rumania by car, you must have a car licence, a customs certificate and an international driving licence, as well as the usual tourist visa. On your visa be careful to enter the number of your number plate, and that of the engine and chassis. Motoring is very pleasant, because you are not likely to be troubled by too many other
vehicles on the road, and there are modern highways crossing every part of the country. You may enter from any of a number of different frontier stations. If you travel through Hungary, from the frontier station Biharkeresztes, you reach Rumania at Bors. From there, the international highway passes through the towns of Oradea, Cluj, and Sibiu, crosses the Carpathian Mountains immediately after Brasov, a very lovely mountain spa, and runs through Sinaia to Bucharest. This makes a wonderful trip, since the first part will take you through towns and villages noted for their fine architecture and historical associations; the second part, to the health resorts in the magnificence of the Carpathians and the very lovely Prahova Valley and, just before you reach Bucharest, through the Cimpina—Ploesti oil-fields. The distances are Bors-Oradea-Cluj, 170 km.; Cluj-Sibiu, 169 km.; Sibiu-Brasov, 143 km.; Brasov-Sinaia, 45 km.; and Sinaia-Bucharest 127 km. By road from Bucharest to the Black Sea (Constantza) is 260 km.

From Bulgaria, you may cross the Danube over the newly built bridge at the frontier station of Ruse and from there reach the Rumanian frontier station of Giurgiu. It is a 65 km. run to Bucharest along the highroad which forms part of the international London-Istanbul main road. Alternatively you may enter Rumania by the frontier station of Negrul Voda which is 54 km. from Constantza and from there proceed to Bucharest (260 km.) crossing the Danube by ferry boat at Hirsova.

If you enter the country from Yugoslavia, you will leave the frontier station of Vrschetz, cross the Rumanian frontier at Stamora Moravitza and make for Timișoara, continuing via Arad, Deva, Sibiu, Brasov, and Sinaia to Bucharest, by crossing the Carpathians through the Prahova Valley. Good accommodation can be had at Deva, Sibiu, Brasov and Sinaia. The distances are Belgrade—Stamora Moravitza, 90 km.; Stamora Moravitza—Timișoara—Sibiu, 390 km.; Sibiu—Brasov, 143 km.; and Brasov—Bucharest, 172 km.

If you are on holiday in the U.S.S.R. and decide to motor
from there to Rumania, from the frontier station Siret, you may go to Jassy, a distance of 235 km. From there you can proceed to Bacau (140 km.), or you may choose another road with the following stages: Chernovtzy (U.S.S.R.)—Siret, 40 km.; Siret—Bacau, 184 km.; Bacau—Bucharest, 306 km. Whichever route you choose, there is much to interest you: the town of Suceava, the former capital of Moldavia, with the picturesque ruins of the fortress of Stephen, the Great; the industrial towns of Bacau and Focșani, which Rumanians feel typify the achievements of the new régime; the fascinating Mausoleum at Marasesti; the well-known vine-growing region of Odobești. From the frontier station of Albita, via Husi, Birlad, Tecuci, the road to Bucharest runs first through the south Moldavian vine-growing region and then joins the Siret-Bucharest highroad north of Focșani.

You must remember that there are few petrol pumps, except in the towns, so it is essential to keep your tank well filled up and to carry cans for reserve supplies. You should also be prepared to carry out minor repairs and adjustments yourself, and remember too that it is wise to carry spare tyres. As in most Continental countries, vehicles must keep to the right of the road in the R.P.R. and nearly all traffic signs are the same as the international signs. You will find that motorists use their horns a great deal, usually to indicate the direction they are taking. One blast means, “I am going straight on”; two blasts indicate, “I am turning right”; and three blasts signify, “I am turning left”.

Driving at night can be a terrifying experience and, in the interests of safety, I strongly advise you to avoid it. Rumanian drivers indicate their presence by switching their lights on and off several times and then, just before they reach you, finally extinguishing them! If you are tempted to follow suit, do remember that you are liable to meet a number of small, thatch-covered farm carts on the road, many jogging along without any kind of lamp and some with such feeble lights that you can scarcely see them. Because there is so little traffic on the
roads, many farmers and cyclists do not take what we would regard as the most elementary precautions. Often you will find that the shepherds make a poor job of tending their sheep and allow them to stray across the main roads, to your danger and theirs.

Petrol and oil, you will be happy to discover, is cheaper than in any other country in Europe, petrol being 10½d., diesel oil 6d., and high quality oil 4s. 6d. per litre.

In the towns, you will find traffic lights very similar to those you are accustomed to at home, and traffic policemen, wielding white batons, are very insistent that pedestrians cross the road only at the recognized crossing places. These are not always readily noticed in busy streets, and you have to look carefully, well above your head, for the sign of the striding pedestrian.

If, however, you do not have your own car, it is a simple and not too expensive business to hire a car with a driver and certainly this is the ideal way to see the country. At Bucharest, Mamaia and Constantza, taxicabs are readily available at reasonable fares. At Sinaia, only a limited number are available and you would be wise to pay strict attention to the meter here. Our experience was that some of the cabs had meters that flew round at an alarming rate, so that a very short journey was an expensive undertaking. Before starting any journey in Sinaia, make a firm arrangement about the price. This can be done through the Carpati representative, the English host or hostess at the hotel or through the hall porter.

You can, of course, in Bucharest use the trains, buses and trolley buses. At Mamaia, there is a good bus service from early morning until night between Mamaia, Constantza and Mangalia, which is close to the Bulgarian border. The journey between Mamaia and Constantza takes about 10 minutes with buses usually at 15 minute intervals. The fare is 1 leu each way.

Customs  When you arrive in Rumania, you will find that, as is the custom in most countries, articles for personal use are duty free, but you will be asked to fill in a simple customs
form. A week before our arrival, the reception hall did not exist, but everything was in order for the first British tourists and, in an excess of zeal, the customs officials pointed to every second case. At three o'clock in the morning, this was too much. There was a roar of fury from the British visitors and the Rumanians quailed visibly. A few cases were hurriedly inspected and we were free to leave Constantza airport for Mamaia and bed.

To our astonishment, when we left Rumania every piece of luggage was opened and carefully examined, but as the country becomes used to handling visitors from the West, Rumanian officials will probably realize how pointless and time-wasting such an inspection is and they will speed-up this part of the proceedings.

As I had declared three rings when I arrived in the country, at Bucharest, as I was leaving, a solemn-faced youth carefully counted the three rings on my fingers and nodded with great satisfaction because I was leaving no diamonds behind me.

There are no restrictions on the importation of cameras, but they must be declared at the customs on arrival and departure. Only film made by Agfa is available, although visitors may take into the country five rolls of blank film. Prices for film are only a little higher than in Britain.

You will be asking for trouble if you point your lens at things likely to be of military importance. For example, if you take the day excursion to the Soviet Union, you will be asked not to photograph the port of Odessa. Similarly, Rumanian officials do not like you to photograph the harbour at Mangalia and we were expressly asked not to photograph the airport or planes at Bucharest. The official had scarcely finished making his request in clear, courteous English when a number of the English visitors whipped out their cameras and proceeded to do exactly what he had asked them not to! His restraint in the face of such perversity or sheer stupidity was admirable.

Sometimes one can err unwittingly and that can be an un-
comfortable experience, though you are unlikely to find yourself behind bars because of an honest error. One young Englishman was engaged in photographing a portrait of Khrushchev erected on a public building in Constantza, when there was a blast of whistles, a frantic waving of arms, inarticulate shouts of fury and several irate men in uniform, their faces red as geraniums, converged on him. He had innocently photographed a local police station. Verboten!

Currency You may take in any foreign currency, cheques and any other form of foreign exchange, on condition that you declare them to the customs official. Be very careful not to lose the half of the customs form which you retain, nor a small slip of paper which is a written record of your finances on entering the country. Whenever you change money, the transaction will be recorded on the customs sheet. If you are unable to produce the two documents, correctly filled in, you may have difficulty or delay in converting your remaining Rumanian currency into sterling before leaving the country.

Monetary unit is the leu (plural lei). 1 leu equals 100 bani. There are notes to the value of 1, 3, 5, 10, 25 and 100 lei and coins for 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 bani. The special tourist exchange rate is approximately 42 lei to the £1 sterling. You may not bring Rumanian currency into the country, or take any out when you leave. You must, therefore, convert your excess lei into sterling prior to departure, but don’t be surprised if you are given dollars instead of sterling in exchange.

You should experience no difficult in changing money, for facilities are good, though certainly not rapid, since the Rumanian officials seem to do a great deal of form filling.

Approved bureaux de change are located as follows:

Bucharest: Exchange facilities are available at the Lido Hotel (open daily from 10 a.m. to noon and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.) and at the Rumanian People’s Republic Bank, 25 Lipsceani Street (open daily except Sunday from 7.30 a.m. to
3 p.m.). This bank is sometimes open in the evenings from 6 to 8 if there is need for extra facilities, as, for example, when there is a large conference in the city.

*Mamaia:* Exchange facilities are available at the Hotel Modern (open daily from 10 a.m. to noon and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.) and at the Rumanian People’s Republic Bank at 1 Karl Marx Street, Constantza (open daily except Sunday from 7.30 a.m. to 3 p.m.).

*Sinaia:* Exchange facilities are available at the Rumanian People’s Republic Bank, 36 Lenin Boulevard (open daily from 7.30 a.m. to 3 p.m., except Sunday).

Do not convert all your traveller’s cheques or foreign currency into lei as soon as you arrive. You will be asked to pay for certain of the excursions in sterling and will be given your change in lei, so that if you have converted all your sterling, you will not be able to undertake some of the excursions. Carpati will definitely not accept payment for excursions or for the hire of a car in lei. Moreover, should you take the trip to Odessa, you will find that the Soviet officials will not change Rumanian lei into roubles.

**Books and Maps** There is no reason to feel dismayed if these points about currency are quite new to you. After all, Rumania has been behind the Iron Curtain since 1948, so that no travel books in English have appeared since then and there have been very few good general books on the country.

If you want to know something of the history of Rumania, you cannot do better than read *The Eastern Question* by Sir John Marriott, or Miller’s *Ottoman Empire and its Successors*. The *Rumanian Statistical Pocket Book* is a mine of information with a special appeal for those who are interested in doing business with Rumania. British business men going to the country should apply for *Hints to Business Men Visiting Rumania* which, since May 1960, has been issued free by the Board of Trade.
USEFUL FACTS

Books about Rumania which are of interest include two novels by Olivia Manning, *The Great Fortune* and *The Spoiled City*.

The Carpati, National Travel Office, Bucharest, produces a quarterly journal called *Rumania for Tourists*, and there is an English edition. It provides a good deal of information about Rumanian life, culture, folklore, architecture, art and scenery. Subscriptions can be arranged through the Bucharest office.

Some booklets in English about the Prahova Valley and Bucharest have been published by Carpati, but they are made up largely of photographs with very little reading material. They can be obtained only locally and are generally in short supply.

Unfortunately, there is a great shortage of good maps of Rumania. Carpati have published one which can be bought for 5s. 6d. almost anywhere in Rumania and TAROM supply air passengers with a good contour map of the country. The excellent map-library at the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society in London is available free of charge to those wishing to consult their maps.

**Accommodation**  If you have been to any of the other satellite countries, or to the U.S.S.R., you have probably some preconceived ideas about the types of hotels you are likely to find in Rumania. Whether you stay in one which dates from the pre-1948 period or in one of the more recently built hotels, you are likely to be pleasantly surprised, for Carpati will direct you only to hotels which have been carefully vetted and judged as being up to Western standards.

At the coast resorts, you will stay only in very new, up-to-date, modernistic style hotels, situated amid cool green lawns and thickly blooming flower beds, yet only a few yards from a magnificent beach. For example, the “Modern” at Mamaia is graded as a superior second class hotel and all rooms are well furnished, have foam rubber mattresses, attractively coloured
bed linen and are equipped with private shower, toilet and balcony with a sea view. There is a most attractive hall-lounge which, when the temperature was in the high eighties, always looked cool and inviting, with its hanging bowls of flowers and seemingly endless varieties of cacti. Most visitors are so entranced by the native pottery bowls that they immediately order some to take home as souvenirs. There is an espresso bar, two lifts each with its smiling young attendant who almost coaxes you to use them, a large, three-roomed restaurant, and an adjoining wide terrace and dance floor with music and dancing nightly. If the music is not the latest, and the tempo seems unnaturally slow, these defects, as well as the stridency of the band, will be forgotten when a golden moon sails serenely above the Black Sea and the perfume of honeysuckle floats in heady drifts along the terrace.

Since Carpati have so far, dealt only with groups of tourists understandably hotel meals are *en pension*, but if you visit another restaurant or hotel, there is nothing to prevent you ordering *à la carte*. The class of hotel and the type of meal you order will, of course, determine the price. For example, at a good second-class restaurant in Sinaia, we had an excellent meal of *hors d’œuvres*, generous servings of cold ham and cold pork, salad, gherkins, onions, tomatoes, and goat’s milk cheese with thick slices of crusty bread for approximately 4s. 6d. each. All this plus two free bottles of ice-cold mineral water!

At Sinaia, Poina Brasov and Bucharest you will find the hotels comparable in comfort, elegance and appointments with many of our first class hotels. The Hotel Postavarul at Sinaia is fairly typical of what you will find in many parts of the country—spacious, solidly constructed, with good-sized bedrooms, well furnished with fine old pieces from another era. Everywhere are shining parquet floors and delicately beautiful silk rugs. Most of the bedrooms have private bathrooms with showers as well as baths, bidets and toilets, and enormous thick bath towels. Whereas at the coastal hotels, the supply of towels could be described as barely adequate, in the inland
Histria. The slave city is now inland, left high and dry by the sea. The carefully preserved Greek remains are a paradise for the archaeologist.

The Danube Delta. Here the birds of the world meet, nest and hatch.
The rich catches from the Danube Delta are now processed in the many canning factories in the region, bringing new prosperity to the fishermen.
hotels, towels were thick, plentiful and changed frequently. All Rumanian hotels seem to have well-nigh endless supplies of hot water and there is usually an ironing-room. One might criticize the size of the entrance lounge or rather the numbers of chairs and settees provided at Postavarul and similar hotels. These were quite inadequate for the hundreds of people who wanted to sit about for a little while after lunch or dinner, but since the evenings are delightfully warm and fragrant, it is no hardship to sit in the very spacious gardens at the back of the hotel.

At the Lido Hotel in Bucharest, this problem does not arise, since you will dine on the terrace under gaily striped awning, overlooking the pool. Bemused with sun and the perfume of flowers that seems to pervade the whole of Rumania, you will sit for long, idle hours, happy to let your food grow cold while you watch the prone, bronzed figures in the water or listen to the slap and crash of the waves. What is the use of opulent, crimson-velvet draped reception rooms, lounges and restaurants when there is a turquoise-blue pool that looks equally enchanting when gilded by the sun or silvered by the moon? Certainly I was happy to pass through them as quickly as possible to dine en plein air.

Wherever you stay in Rumania, you will be struck by the waves of benzine that seem to float across corridors and lounges, sometimes rising in such thick clouds that your eyes smart, your throat aches and you pray that nobody will drop a match. Every floor and carpet is subjected to a daily bath of benzine and water in a ceaseless war against bugs. It may not be the pleasantest way of dealing with the problem, but it is certainly efficacious. In the whole of my stay in Rumania, I saw only a solitary cockroach in Bucharest and everywhere was able to leave french windows wide open all night without the intrusion of the tiniest insect.

You will find that most hotel bedrooms are equipped with telephones and massive radio sets and, as well as a water jug and glasses, there is always a crystal vase to hold flowers. In
the Carpathians, it is easy to keep your vase filled with a new and seemingly lovelier arrangement each day.

I give no marks, however, to Rumanian hotels for their selection of pictures considered suitable for bedrooms. By the time I had looked at picture after picture of huge tractors or dungareed workers manhandling anonymous pieces of machinery, I got a faint roaring in the ears.

Some male visitors told me that when they left shirts or socks in their bedrooms they would disappear to reappear later in the day beautifully laundered. No lady seemed to have similar luck! There are, however, ample facilities for drip-drying clothes.

It will be a pity, however, if you spoil your visit by constantly comparing Rumanian hotels with those you are used to in the West. As you will quickly realize, Rumania is short of many things that we take for granted and which make the cleaning of an hotel an easy and unobtrusive affair. For example, you will never see an automatic carpet sweeper, floor polisher or scrubber, and too few of the Rumanian hotel workers seem to know how to tackle a job of cleaning, but they are an intelligent and industrious people who are learning fast. Nor should you be too quick to criticize the absence of plugs for basins even in first-class hotels. At times, in some areas, there is a water shortage and it has been found that people tend to leave plugs in the basin with the tap on when there is no water. When the water is later turned on the basin overflows. It is to avoid this that plugs are usually removed.

It is difficult to obtain, outside Rumania, full information about all the hotels of lower grades that exist, as Carpati usually omit the cheaper places from the lists which they publish, but motorists, hikers and winter sports enthusiasts will have no difficulty if they apply to the main office in Bucharest. In some districts there are mountain huts, a large proportion of which are open all the year round, some with rooms holding one or two beds, some with a common dormitory with
straw-filled mattresses. The charges for these, like camp charges, are modest.

A word of warning about locks! Rumanian locks are as temperamental as prima donnas and visitors usually have to struggle with bedroom doors. Be particularly careful about bathroom locks. My own safari through Rumania can be traced by shattered doors and splintered locks.

**Restaurants**  No matter how good the service and cuisine in your hotel is, you will probably want to sample some of the best known restaurants wherever you are. In Constantza, don’t miss the “Pescarus”, a very modern, attractive self-service restaurant, and, of course, at Mamaia, you could try a new one every night during your stay without exhausting the possibilities. You can pick out the vast new restaurant “Victoria” by its winged roof, the restaurant “Albatros” by its gay terrace and masses of petunias, and the restaurant “Doina” which is very long and low, because it is like an enormous ship’s cabin.

In the centre of Brasov is a cellar decorated in typical Rumanian style. The door is like the top of a huge wine cask and one dines under arches at long tables which are decorated, like the walls, with colourful native pottery water vases. In their spouts you will notice a small hole from which the water flows in a thin stream as you tilt the vase. Do not forget to notice the very attractive carved wooden chandeliers, for of course you are in the mountains, where children learn to whittle a stick almost before they can talk. Perhaps you will be reminded of “Den Gyldene Freden” (“The Golden Peace”), the seventeenth-century cellar in the old part of Stockholm, for it, too, is all bricks, vaults, rough tables, candlelight and immaculate napery.

For an elegant evening out in Bucharest, there is, of course, the terrace-restaurant of the Hotel Lido with its open-air bathing pool, where the music is usually German or Italian, and a good-looking young vocalist will sing your request. The restaurant “Ambassador” is quite different—all elaborate
candelabra, snowy napery and excellent service. For an intimate atmosphere, choose the “Berlin”, which has an attractive bar; for something more formal, the Brasserie of the “Athenée Palace”. There is a good café-bar, the “Umen”, in the clock tower in the new Piaja a Palatuliu Republicu; the café “Republica” which is rather like a Viennese café is bright, airy and good. A very agreeable evening can be spent at the bar “Continental”, where tables are clustered round a tiny dance floor. There the music is enjoyable, but, as usual, loud. Don’t, if possible, miss the “Pescarus”, one of the several restaurants situated at the edge of the picturesque Lake Herăstrău. With the lights dancing on the water, the gentle slap of oars mingling with the deep-throated song of the frogs, you will have an unforgettable evening. Probably best of all is the forest restaurant at Baneasa, in the lovely depths of the forest at the entrance to Bucharest. You may dine in the perfumed dusk in the open at long tables covered in scarlet linen, with tiny posies scattered at random over the surface. Here you will hear only Rumanian music and dance on the circular floor under the stars to a Rumanian band. If you wish, you may dine indoors, in a room of curving, wooden arches, served by waiters and maids in authentic regional costumes, and you will certainly not feel that you have spent an evening in a place specially got up for the tourists. Probably the greatest attraction of the restaurants is that they are so obviously not tourist-conscious, and that it is possible always to dine just as the people do.

Nor will your evening be spoiled by the problem of tipping, which is frowned upon. Waiters and hotel personnel do not expect tips and will always refuse them if they are offered openly. The unobstrusive tip will, however, disappear with lightning speed.

**Food and Drink** Rumanian cooking runs to huge portions, three meals a day, which make no concessions to the modern pre-occupation with dieting. You will be introduced to “bors”. 
a sour meat and vegetable soup; "mamaliga", boiled maize flour, with butter, cheese, eggs or cream; "mititei", broiled and spiced mince meat rolls; "sarmale", minced meat in sour cabbage or vine leaves; and many new fish and cheese dishes. I do not expect you to be very enthusiastic about unseasoned cold semolina, served in lieu of a vegetable or about fried bread served as a main course, but this is carping criticism. On the whole, the cuisine is excellent, though the quantities are apt to be intimidating.

Unlike most Europeans, Rumanians do not favour a continental breakfast, so you can expect a generous plateful of cold ham with a mound of cottage cheese, followed by bread and black cherry jam, tea or thick, sweet Turkish coffee. Some omelettes are served, or a couple of eggs lightly boiled and spooned into a coffee cup. It is simply not possible for tea to be weaker than the Rumanian variety, so you would be well advised to take tea bags with you to strengthen the brew. If you do not like very sweet coffee, ask to have it made without sugar, but you must do this before the coffee is made, as the sugar is put into the machine along with the coffee, and not added later, as is our habit.

It is the custom to eat the main meal of the day about one o'clock and this is usually a four course meal followed by coffee. A typical lunch would be:

fish roe fried in egg and breadcrumbs;
chicken soup with several large pieces of chicken floating in it;
grilled pork chops with chip potatoes;
chocolate cake soaked in rum;
Turkish coffee.

Each table has its own ice-bucket with a couple of bottles of mineral water cooling, and free wine is usually served once a day.

The evening meal, called supper, is generally served between nine and ten o'clock, but in deference to English custom, the
hotels at Mamaia, Sinaia and Bucharest served this meal at seven o’clock. Soup is not usually taken in the evening and a typical dinner would be:

a slice of goose-liver pâté;
occasionally, milk soup, strongly flavoured with fennel;
grilled steaks with new potatoes;
huge egg-custard cakes.

A good deal of veal and pork is eaten and there is little variety in the vegetables, peas appearing rather frequently and fennel always.

Ice-cream is very popular, and you will be offered chocolate ice-cream with candied orange peel, or vanilla ice-cream on a bed of wild strawberries.

These meals are well beyond the purse of the average Rumanian, who has to live much more frugally. Shops have good stocks of sweets and chocolate of fairly good quality, but they are expensive for Rumanians and, instead, they buy great quantities of raisins and chew them everywhere.

If you have a sweet tooth, you will enjoy the many brands of liqueur cherries that are on sale, the packets of red and green Turkish Delight and the Turkish sweetmeat halva, which is a pastry delicacy stuffed with chopped walnuts and honey, and another sweetmeat which looks like very finely pressed dates. Each greengrocer’s shop has a huge slab of this on the counter and the assistant will cut off a slice as if she were serving butter. It closely resembles a very popular Japanese sweetmeat. Everywhere you will see people eating cherries from bags made of twists of paper and you will certainly be served huge bowls of this fruit as a dessert as long as the season lasts.

At the coastal resorts, it is best not to drink the tap water, but in the mountains, you will find it to be deliciously cold and pure with something of the invigorating chill of snowy springs. The mineral water, which is supplied free with meals in the hotels, is so good that you are unlikely to miss fresh water and certainly need never be thirsty. Rumanian beer is
both cheap and good, resembling a light ale and is wonderfully refreshing, drunk under a sun-dappled striped umbrella in a restaurant garden, when the temperature is in the 'nineties.

As yet, Rumanian wines are not very well known abroad, though undoubtedly the best of them are exported, and what is available in the country may not always please palates that are used to French, Portuguese and Italian wines. I found the Zarea Champagne at 35 lei and the Vin Spumos at 15 lei the best value, both with a delicate flavour and refreshing bouquet. Like Russian champagne, these bottles have plastic corks which go off with a resounding bang, much to the admiration of other diners. There are excellent Rieslings, the Valea Calugaresca at 16-25 lei being very good value. Podgoria-Panciu is a satisfying dry white wine and costs 15 lei. Very well known is the Murfatlar Chardonnay, a sweet, full-bodied wine, which costs 35 lei. Try Murfatlar Pinot Negru and Dealul Mare and I do not think either will disappoint you. The Feteasca wines are deservedly well-known and Rumanian vintners are particularly proud of Cotnari and such semi-dry wines at Tarnave, Muscat Ottonel and Pinot Gris. In the German manner, Rumanians usually add a dash of soda-water to all wines except those from Transylvania. These are fairly heavy wines and their bouquet would be ruined by the addition of water. The national beverage is țuica, a fiery, transparent plum brandy. It is drunk at every hour of the day, especially when people meet to "have a quick one", but most English people will find it too fierce for their tastes, though they will want to bring a bottle home.

Most restaurants and hotels serve foreign gins, spirits and wines, but these are expensive and some visitors looked rueful when they were charged £1 a glass for whisky or brandy. If you wish to drink these bring your own, or you can always buy the proprietary blends in the shops for approximately £3 per bottle.

Clothes On the assumption that the majority of visitors are going to travel to Rumania by air, the advice "travel light" is
scarcely necessary, since they will be restricted to 44 lb. in weight. It is inconceivable that some of that precious space will not be used for a few souvenirs on the return journey, but luckily light summer clothes are all that is necessary from early May till the end of September.

For the Black Sea coast resorts, women will want their smartest beach outfits, for standards are high among the visitors from France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Germany. On the beach, the briefest of bikinis are worn for sunbathing or swimming and size does not appear to have any influence on style. For lounging on the beach or sitting around the hotels, shorts, jeans, pedal-pushers, or cotton frocks are the order of the day. Attractive, floppy hats can be bought very cheaply in the hotel shops, and rope-soled espadrilles to protect your feet from the burning sand at midday.

Simple cocktail frocks are usually worn in the evenings and men generally dress more formally then too, in dark lounge suits and grey ties.

For them, a tropical-weight suit, shorts, a linen jacket and several jungle print or self-coloured shirts are suitable attire. For both sexes very comfortable sandals are necessary, for feet are liable to swell with the heat.

In the mountains the evenings can be cool, so an extra wrap may be welcome and, of course, since rain can be looked for at any time on such high ground, a light raincoat is a necessity. A thunderstorm in the Carpathians is an awesome sight and an uncomfortable experience if you are caught without a coat.

Do not be too heavily clad for your trip in either direction. Sometimes the plane is kept on the tarmac for as long as half an hour. In sub-tropical heat, without air-conditioning, this calls for stoicism and the lightest of garments.

Some Things to Note

Newspapers So far, the only English newspaper to be had in Rumania is the Daily Worker. Free copies are usually left
in hotel lounges or entrance halls for the use of visitors. Unless you can speak the language of the country, you must be prepared to be cut off from the news during your stay, though you can, of course, have your favourite newspaper sent on from home.

**Smoking**  Tobacco products are a State monopoly, but many of the monasteries seem to grow tobacco. It is not possible to buy British or American cigarettes, and you will probably find the Rumanian variety stronger than you enjoy. Local brands are inexpensive, costing from 2·50 lei to 10 lei per packet of twenty. The popular brands, which are Virginian in style, are “Carpati”, “Virginia”, and “Snagov”.

**Mail**  A postcard and stamp for Britain costs approximately 1s., 1·60 lei for postage of letters and 1 leu for postcards. You may buy these at hotels as well as at post offices. It appears to take much longer for a letter to reach Rumania than it does to go from Rumania to Britain. Allow at least four days for outgoing mail and over a week for incoming mail. Stamps rarely stick properly, so it is wise to take a tube of adhesive with you. However, this failing is recognized and most hotel porters offer some form of gum as a matter of course.

You would be wise also to take some string with you, as this appears to be an unknown commodity in Rumania. No matter the size of the parcel, the shopkeeper will tuck the ends of the paper in most effectively, so that string or sello-tape seem superfluous, but you will search in vain for string when you try to tie all your souvenirs together for the return journey.

**Electric Razors**  Rumanian hotels are not usually fitted with suitable power points, but, if you equip yourself with an electric razor adaptor set for continental use, you should have no problem. Note, however, that the voltage in Bucharest is only 110.

**Hairdressing**  Ladies will be pleasantly surprised at the facilities available. A shampoo and set costs only 9·50 lei and you can depend on getting a fashionable style. If you are in
the habit of using it, take your own hair lacquer, as none is available and do not be surprised if the hairdresser begs you to sell her yours. Men can have a shampoo and trim for 10 lei. Most hotels have their own hairdressing establishments, though the equipment is rather crude. Hair dryers are either too hot or very slow drying and the shampoo is suspiciously like soap which has been hurriedly melted down. Nevertheless, the attendants are quick and efficient and you will have no criticisms of the result.

**Telephone** There is nothing complicated about using the public telephone system in Rumania whether you are making a local call or telephoning London, which can be done very quickly. For a local call, put a 25 bani piece into the slot in the box, lift the receiver, listen for the dialling tone, then dial the number.

For a call to another country, it would be better to use the telephone in the hotel where you are staying, where the porter will put through to Directory Enquiry. You will then be told the rate for the call and how long it will take to get through. In the case of a call to Britain, it should only be a matter of minutes and the line is usually very clear. You are not allowed to reverse the charges for international calls. Per-minute charges vary according to distance from 14.85 lei (3 minutes) for Bulgaria to 153 lei (3 minutes) for the U.S.A. (New York). For urgent calls the charge is double and for extra-urgent calls triple.
3 TACKLING THE LANGUAGE

Pronunciation—Morphology—Useful Words and Phrases

In his essay, “Of Travel”, written almost four hundred years ago, Bacon said: “Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth in a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel”. Certainly, everyone wants to ensure that a journey to a new country is as pleasant and meaningful as possible and there is no doubt that “some entrance into the language” is a step towards achieving this. Even the most tenuous grasp is a great help and is almost guaranteed to give pleasure to traveller and hosts alike.

On the other hand, there is no need to feel apprehensive lest lack of knowledge of the language should prove an insuperable barrier to understanding the people. Certainly this need not be so in Rumania. At the coastal resorts, there are so many different nationalities that, in moments of crisis, assistance is quickly forthcoming, for, to our shame let it be said, unlike the average Britisher, most of these visitors have command of at least one language other than their native one and this facility often includes English. Many Rumanians, too, in shops and hotels, have at least a smattering of English, and you will find that a fair number speak either French or German, and sometimes both.

German influence in Rumania goes back to the twelfth century, when the first German colonists were brought to Transylvania and given substantial privileges, including the right of self-government. The Saxons constituted the third of
the three privileged and ruling "nations" of Transylvania. Of the situation there in 1888, Emily Gerard, a Scotswoman who lived there with her Polish officer husband, wrote: "It is a fine country, but there are dreadfully many Rumanians," was the verdict of a respectable Saxon, who accompanied his words with a deep sigh and a mournful shake of the head". Understandably, German influence was considerably strengthened when, in 1918, Rumania was forced to hand over two-thirds of her territory to Germany and, of course, the presence on the Rumanian throne of a German line of kings tended, too, to popularize the language.

Ties with France likewise go very far back, so that even today many Rumanians regard France as the second Fatherland. Prior to 1948, Rumanian school-children were constantly reminded of the help that France gave to their country in the past and particularly that, after the Crimean War, it was Napoleon III who helped to restore Rumanian independence. Another powerful factor has been that, as in the rest of Europe, French had long been the language of diplomacy, court and culture and, too, the Latin origins of the Rumanian language made the acquisition of French comparatively simple for Rumanians.

Apart from the incidence of German and French speaking people, one English travel agency has a resident English speaking host and hostess in the main hotels in Mamaia, Sinaia and Bucharest for the entire season. Wherever you go with a group, Carpati provide an English speaking Rumanian guide and, if you make individual tours, they will gladly provide polyglot guides.

Nevertheless, it is an elementary courtesy to make the attempt, at least, to master a few words and phrases. Like English, Rumanian is a rich and beautiful language, and the beginner should find no undue difficulty with pronunciation. An absolute minimum is to know how to say, "please", "thank you and "good-bye". The pleasure these words and greetings will give to Rumanians is well worth the trouble of learning them.
TACKLING THE LANGUAGE

There is some disagreement among experts about the origins and composition of the language. Official publications stress its Latin heritage. According to B. Ivan Jamset, who has written a most useful little book called *Basic Rumanian*, the language is composed in the following proportions: 3,800 words of Slavonic origin; 2,600 words of Latin origin; 700 words of Turkish origin; 650 words of Greek origin; 500 words of Hungarian origin and 50 words of Albanian origin.

No foreign language can be accurately transcribed into the phonetic symbols of the mother-tongue, but the following table of the alphabet, with approximate pronunciations, may help you to pronounce the place names in Rumanian, make simple requests or statements with sufficient accuracy to be understood by Rumanians.

**Pronunciation**

The alphabet is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Equivalent Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>as in “father”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>as in “brother”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>as in “cat”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ch</td>
<td>like “k”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ci</td>
<td>like “ch” in “children”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ce</td>
<td>like “ch” in “chair”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>as in “daughter”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>before another vowel like “yeh”, otherwise as in “bed”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>as in “father”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>as in “going”, or before “e” or “i”, as in “gin”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gh</td>
<td>as in “gay”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>as in “has”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>before another vowel, like “y” in “yield”. As a final, it is hardly sounded. Resembles “e” in “before” (in affected speech)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>like the “s” in “pleasure”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td>as in “lone”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>as in “man”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
<td>as in “next”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Rumania

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Equivalent Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
<td>like &quot;au&quot; in &quot;August&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
<td>as in &quot;sport&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R</td>
<td>as in &quot;road&quot;, trilled as in French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>as in &quot;sin&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Š</td>
<td>as in &quot;shoe&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>as in &quot;stay&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ť</td>
<td>as in &quot;cats&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td>as in &quot;fool&quot;. Not sounded in combinations &quot;gue&quot; (&quot;gay&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>as in &quot;voice&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X</td>
<td>as in &quot;box&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z</td>
<td>as in &quot;zero&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Modification of Vowel

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vowel</th>
<th>Equivalent Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ă</td>
<td>pronounced as &quot;a&quot; in English word &quot;minaret&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Â</td>
<td>drawn-out sound of &quot;ur&quot; as in &quot;fur&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ĩ</td>
<td>same as above Ă</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Compound Vowels

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vowel</th>
<th>Equivalent Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>EA</td>
<td>pronounced as &quot;ya&quot; in &quot;yarn&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OA</td>
<td>like &quot;oi&quot; in English word &quot;coif&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IE</td>
<td>like &quot;yeh&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EU</td>
<td>like &quot;eh-oo&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IU</td>
<td>like &quot;yu&quot; in &quot;yule&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EI</td>
<td>like &quot;eh-ee&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IA</td>
<td>like &quot;ya&quot; in &quot;yarn&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AI</td>
<td>like &quot;igh&quot; in &quot;sigh&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ĀI</td>
<td>like &quot;wee&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To sum up, here is the pronunciation of letters and groups of letters which you will probably find require most practice:

- ā like e in mother, ĭ like y in rhythm

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ce</td>
<td>cheh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ci</td>
<td>chee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ge</td>
<td>djej</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gi</td>
<td>djee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>che</td>
<td>keh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ā</td>
<td>cheh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ĭ</td>
<td>kee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ghe</td>
<td>ghee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ghi</td>
<td>ghee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Š, Ť,</td>
<td>sh, tz</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Morphology

In Rumanian, nouns and adjectives are declined according to gender, number and case. Nouns belong to three genders: masculine, feminine and neuter. Neuter nouns have a masculine termination in the singular and a feminine one in the plural. The indefinite article is un for the masculine and o for the feminine: un castel (a castle), o fata (a girl). The definite article "the" is suffixed to the noun, and usually takes the form of "-ul", "-a", "-le": castelul (the castle), Casa (the house), soarele (the sun).

The plural of nouns usually ends in "-i", "-e", "-uri": copaci (trees), case (houses), plicuri (envelopes).

The definite article for the plural nouns is: "-i", "-le": copacii (the trees), casele (the houses), plicurile (the envelopes).

The adjective has the same endings as the noun both in the singular and in the plural, belongs to the same gender and is usually placed after the noun which is defined by it: copac frumos (beautiful tree), casă frumoasă (beautiful house), copaci frumosi (beautiful trees), case frumoase (beautiful houses).

Adjectives are compared with the help of the adverb mai for the comparative and cel mai or foarte for the superlative: deștept (clever), mai deștept (more clever), cel mai deștept (the most clever), foarte deștept (very clever).

A polite way to address a stranger or any Rumanian of superior age or status is "Dumnia-voastră", followed by the verb in the second person plural. In addressing anyone of so-called "inferior" status, or members of the family, the more familiar form "Dumnia-ta" is used, followed by the verb in the second person singular.

As you are walking along the streets, you will quickly learn to recognize certain words which you will come across frequently: banca (the bank), frizorul (the barber), berea (beer), ghiseul (the booking-office), libraria (the bookshop), drogueria (the chemist shop), ciocolata (chocolate), cinema (cinema), in-
trarea (entrance), eșirea (exit), muzeul (museum), ziarul (newspaper), benzina (petrol), fotografia (photograph), biuroul de posta (post-office), restaurantul (restaurant), calea ferata (the railway), școala (a school), piața (a square), stadiul (a stadium), gara (the railway station), strada (a street), telefonul (the telephone), teatrul (the theatre).

At the entrance to some public buildings, you will see a sign with the letters toaleta ("twa-leh-ta") running from top to bottom. That is the sign of the public lavatory. There are two doors, or two crimson velvet curtains, one with the word, "Femei" (women) above it, and the other with the word, "Barbati" (men). You will rarely find an attendant and usually no charge is made, though very occasionally women are charged 50 bani.

When you want a bath, ask for a "baia", or look for that word on the door in the hotel corridor. In the bathroom the taps will be marked rece (cold) and cald (hot), but do not depend on this. Sometimes careless workmen have connected them up wrongly.

Should you take a train, a taxi, a trolley bus or a tram, you get a tren, taxi, troleibus or tramvaiul and buy a bilet for the journey.

Now for some simple words and phrases:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Rumanian</th>
<th>Phonetic Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>eu</td>
<td>éu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you</td>
<td>tu</td>
<td>tú</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>he</td>
<td>el</td>
<td>él</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>she</td>
<td>ea</td>
<td>eá</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>we</td>
<td>noi</td>
<td>nóí</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you</td>
<td>voi</td>
<td>vói</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>they</td>
<td>ei</td>
<td>éi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>here</td>
<td>aici</td>
<td>ighch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>there</td>
<td>acolo</td>
<td>acolo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>near</td>
<td>aproape</td>
<td>aprwápe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>far</td>
<td>departe</td>
<td>dépárte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on the right</td>
<td>la dreaptu</td>
<td>la dreáptu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meaning</td>
<td>Rumanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on the left</td>
<td>la stinga</td>
<td>la stinga</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>yes</td>
<td>da</td>
<td>da</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no</td>
<td>nu</td>
<td>Nu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>perhaps</td>
<td>poate</td>
<td>poate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>please</td>
<td>mă rog</td>
<td>Mer rohg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thank you</td>
<td>mulțumesc</td>
<td>Moolt-soo-mesk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>good</td>
<td>bun</td>
<td>bun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bad</td>
<td>rău</td>
<td>rau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>much</td>
<td>mult</td>
<td>mult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>little</td>
<td>puțin</td>
<td>putsin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dear (expensive)</td>
<td>scump</td>
<td>skump</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cheap</td>
<td>ieftin</td>
<td>yéftin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>everybody</td>
<td>tot</td>
<td>tot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>where</td>
<td>unde</td>
<td>únde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>child</td>
<td>copil</td>
<td>kopl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boy</td>
<td>băiat</td>
<td>bayát</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>girl</td>
<td>fată</td>
<td>fáta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>father</td>
<td>tată</td>
<td>táta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mother</td>
<td>mamă</td>
<td>máma</td>
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<tr>
<td>brother</td>
<td>frateli</td>
<td>fratele</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sister</td>
<td>soră</td>
<td>sora</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I beg your pardon</td>
<td>Pardon</td>
<td>Pardon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excuse me, please</td>
<td>Scuzați-mă</td>
<td>Skoozâhts-mer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much?</td>
<td>Cât?</td>
<td>Kurt?</td>
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**Numerals**

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<table>
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<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>one</td>
<td>un</td>
<td>Únu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>two (both)</td>
<td>doi (amindoi)</td>
<td>doi, amindoi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>three</td>
<td>trei</td>
<td>tréi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>four</td>
<td>patru</td>
<td>pătru</td>
</tr>
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<td>five</td>
<td>cinci</td>
<td>chînchi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>six</td>
<td>șase</td>
<td>shase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>seven</td>
<td>șapte</td>
<td>shâpte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eight</td>
<td>opt</td>
<td>opt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nine</td>
<td>nouă</td>
<td>now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ten</td>
<td>zece</td>
<td>zéche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eleven</td>
<td>unsprezece</td>
<td>unsprezeche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>twelve</td>
<td>doisprezece</td>
<td>dősprezeche</td>
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<td>Meaning</td>
<td>Rumanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
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<td>------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thirteen</td>
<td>treisprezece</td>
<td>treisprezeche</td>
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<tr>
<td>fourteen</td>
<td>paisprezece</td>
<td>páisprezeche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fifteen</td>
<td>cinsprezece</td>
<td>chinchisprezeche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sixteen</td>
<td>şaisprezece</td>
<td>shaisprezeche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>seventeen</td>
<td>şaptesprezece</td>
<td>shaptesprezeche</td>
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<tr>
<td>eighteen</td>
<td>optsprezece</td>
<td>optsprezeche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nineteen</td>
<td>nouăsprezece</td>
<td>nowasprezeche</td>
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<tr>
<td>twenty</td>
<td>douăzeci</td>
<td>dowazechi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>twenty-one</td>
<td>douăzeci şi unu</td>
<td>dowazechishi una</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thirty</td>
<td>treizeci</td>
<td>treizechi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>forty</td>
<td>patruzeci</td>
<td>patruzechi</td>
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<td>cincizeci</td>
<td>chinchizechi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>şaizeci</td>
<td>shaizechi</td>
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<td>seventy</td>
<td>şaptezece</td>
<td>shaptezechi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eighty</td>
<td>aptzece</td>
<td>optzéchi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ninety</td>
<td>nouăzeci</td>
<td>nowazechi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100, one hundred</td>
<td>100, o sută</td>
<td>o sută</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101, one hundred</td>
<td>101, o sută unu</td>
<td>o sută unu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and one</td>
<td>200, doua sute</td>
<td>dowa sute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200, two hundred</td>
<td>1000, o mie</td>
<td>o mie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,000 one thousand</td>
<td>1957, o mie noua</td>
<td>o mie nowa sute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1957, one thousand</td>
<td>sute cincizeci</td>
<td>chinchizechi shi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nine hundred and</td>
<td>si sapte</td>
<td>shapte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fifty-seven</td>
<td>un milion, doua</td>
<td>un melion, dow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>one million, two</td>
<td>milioane</td>
<td>miliwone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>million</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>much</td>
<td>mult</td>
<td>mult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>little, a little</td>
<td>puţin</td>
<td>puitsin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>all</td>
<td>tot</td>
<td>tot</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Colours**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Rumanian</th>
<th>Phonetic Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>alb</td>
<td>alb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>black</td>
<td>negru</td>
<td>negru</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blue</td>
<td>albastru</td>
<td>albastru</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>yellow</td>
<td>galben</td>
<td>galben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>red</td>
<td>rosu</td>
<td>roshu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English</td>
<td>Romanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>green</td>
<td>verde</td>
<td>vérdé</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>grey</td>
<td>gri</td>
<td>gri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brown</td>
<td>maro</td>
<td>maro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>silvery</td>
<td>argintiu</td>
<td>ardgintiu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>golden</td>
<td>auriu</td>
<td>auriu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>light, dark</td>
<td>deschis, inchis</td>
<td>deskis, inkis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Greetings**

good morning | bună dimineața | búnä dimineatsa |
good day      | bună ziua      | búnä ziua       |
good evening  | bună seara     | búnä seára      |
good night    | noapte bună    | nwápté búnä     |
good-bye      | la revedere    | la revedere      |
so long       | pe curind      | pe kurind         |

**Time**

what time is it? | cât e ceasul? | Kurt-eh-cháh-sool? |
today            | astâzi        | astâzi            |
tomorrow         | miine         | miine             |
the day after    | poiimine      | poiimine          |
tomorrow         |                |                   |
yesterday        | ieri          | yeri              |
day              | zi            | zi                |
week             | săptâmină     | săptâmină         |
month            | lună          | lunä              |
last month       | lună trecută  | lună trecutä      |
next month       | lună viitoare | lunä viitoare     |
some days ago    | acum citeva zile | acum citeva zile |
after a few days | peste citeva zile | peste citeva zile |
(in) the present | (in) prezent  | (in) prezent      |
(in) the future  | (in) viitor   | (in) viitor       |
(in) the past    | (in) trecut   | (in) trecut       |
now              | acum          | aküm              |
late             | tirziu        | tirziu            |
later            | mai tirziu    | mai tirziu        |
early            | devreme       | devréme            |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Word</strong></th>
<th><strong>Rumanian</strong></th>
<th><strong>Phonetic Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>earlier</td>
<td>mai devreme</td>
<td>mai devréme</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at once</td>
<td>imediat</td>
<td>imedýát</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ever</td>
<td>totdeauna</td>
<td>totdeaúna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>never</td>
<td>niciodată</td>
<td>nichodata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the seasons</td>
<td>anotimpurile</td>
<td>anotímpurile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spring</td>
<td>primăvara</td>
<td>primavara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>summer</td>
<td>vara</td>
<td>vára</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>autumn</td>
<td>toamna</td>
<td>twamna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>winter</td>
<td>iarna</td>
<td>várna</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Days of the Week**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Day</strong></th>
<th><strong>Rumanian</strong></th>
<th><strong>Phonetic Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>luni</td>
<td>lúni</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>marți</td>
<td>mártsi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>miercuri</td>
<td>myérkuri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>joi</td>
<td>jói</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>vineri</td>
<td>vínéri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>simbăță</td>
<td>simbata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>duminică</td>
<td>duminiaka</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Months of the Year**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Month</strong></th>
<th><strong>Rumanian</strong></th>
<th><strong>Phonetic Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>January</td>
<td>ianuarie</td>
<td>yanwárie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February</td>
<td>februarie</td>
<td>febrwárie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>martie</td>
<td>mártie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>aprilie</td>
<td>aprilie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>mai</td>
<td>mai</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>iunie</td>
<td>yúnie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>iulie</td>
<td>yúlie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>august</td>
<td>august</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September</td>
<td>septembrie</td>
<td>septémbrie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October</td>
<td>octombrie</td>
<td>octómbrie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November</td>
<td>noiembrie</td>
<td>noyémbríe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December</td>
<td>decembrie</td>
<td>dechémbrie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in the month of...</td>
<td>in luna...</td>
<td>in lúna...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**The Day**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Time</strong></th>
<th><strong>Rumanian</strong></th>
<th><strong>Phonetic Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(in) the morning</td>
<td>dimeata</td>
<td>dimineátsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>before noon</td>
<td>inainte de masă</td>
<td>inainte de mása</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Romanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(in) the afternoon</td>
<td>după amiaza</td>
<td>după amyáza</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(in) the evening</td>
<td>seara</td>
<td>seára</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at night</td>
<td>noaptea</td>
<td>nwaptea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at dawn</td>
<td>în zori</td>
<td>in zori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at noon</td>
<td>la prinz (la amiaza)</td>
<td>la prinz (la amyaza)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at sunset</td>
<td>spre seară</td>
<td>spre seára</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>during the day</td>
<td>în timpul zilei</td>
<td>în timpul zilei</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>during the night</td>
<td>în timpul nopții</td>
<td>în timpul noptii</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Useful Words and Phrases

I. IN THE HOTEL

key        | cheie        | kéye     |
lift       | lift (ascensor) | lift (aschensór) |
corridor   | coridor      | koridor   |
stairs     | scări        | skari     |
suitcase(s) | geamantan(e) | dgeamantán(e) |
chambermaid | îngrijitoare | ingrijitware |
doors      | ușă          | usha      |
window     | fereastră    | fereastra |
to open    | a deschide   | a deskide  |
to shut    | a închide    | a inkide   |
wardrobe   | dulap        | duláp     |
lights     | lumină       | lumina    |
bed        | pat          | pat       |
blanket    | pătură       | patura    |
pillow     | pernă        | perna     |
bell       | sonerie      | sonerie   |
shower     | duș          | dush      |
toothpaste | pastă de dinți | pasta de dintsi |
mouth-rinsing water | apă de gură | apă de gúra |
soap       | săpun        | sapun     |
shaving soap | săpun de ras | sapun de ras |
blades     | lame de ras  | lâme de ras |
razor      | brici        | brichi    |
towel      | prosop       | prosóp    |
I stay at the ... hotel    | Locuiesce la hotelul. . . | Lokuyesc la hotelul. . . |
Word
Please take my luggage to my room
I want a room (with two beds) and a bathroom
Please waken me at seven o'clock in the morning
I want a room with a balcony
Please send my breakfast to my room
Please have my linen laundered
Please have my trousers pressed
Are there any letters for me?
Send this telegram, please
Open (shut) the window
Please bring me another blanket. I feel cold
I should like a car for tonight at nine o'clock

Rumanian
Uriă, te rog, bagejele in cameră
Dorsec o cameră cu un pat (cu dowa paturi) și baie
Vă rog să mâ treziți la ora șapte dimineața
Aș vrea o cameră cu balcon
Vă rog să-mi trimiteti micul dejun în cameră
Vă rog să-mi dați rufele la spălat
Vă rog să dati pantalonii aceștia la călcat
Am primit vreo scrisoare?
Vă rog să-mi expediați această telegramă
Deschideți (inchideți) fereastra
Te rog să-mi aduci incâ o pătură, mi-a fost frig
Aș vrea o mașină pentru ora 9 seara

Phonetic Pronunciation
Urka, te rog, bagăjele in kâmera
Doresk o kâmera ku un pat (ku dowa paturi) shia bâye
Va rog sa ma trezïtsi la ora shâpte dimineaatsa
Ash vreå o kâmera cu balçon
Va rog sâ-mi trimitetsi mikul dejun in kâmera
Va rog sa-mi datsi rufele la spalât
Va rog sa datsi pantalonii acheshtya la kalkat
Am primit vreo scriswâre?
Va rog sa-mi expediatsi archeasta telegraama
Deskidetsë (inkidetsi) fereastra
Te rog sa-mi aduchi inka o patura, my-a fost frig
Ash vreå o mashina pentru ora nowa seara

II. IN THE STREET
road  şosea
shop  magazin
policeman  milițian

shoseå  magazin
militsian
**Tackling the Language**

**Word**

*stop*
*end*
*distance*
*monument*
*church*
*Where is... street?*
*How can I go to the centre of the town?*
*To the hotel...?*
*Is it far to...?*
*Where can I take the tram?*
*Where is the information office?*
*Where can I find a letter-box (a post-office, telephone exchange, public telephone)?*
*Thoroughfare for pedestrians*
*Stop, no thoroughfare!*

**Rumanian**

*stop*
*capăt*
*distantă*
*monument*
*biserică*
*Unde este strada...?*
*Cum ajung în central orașului?*
*La hotelul...?*
*E departe pină la...?*
*De unde pot lua tramvaiul?*
*Unde este biroul de informații?*
*Unde este in apropiere o cutie de scrisori (posta, telefoanele, un telefon public?)*
*Trecere pentru pietoni*
*Unde este o săla de așteptare?*

**Phonetic Pronunciation**

*stop*
*kapat*
*distantșa*
*monumént*
*bisérîca*
*Unde este strădă...?*
*Kum ajûng in chentrul orășului?*
*La hotelul...?*
*e depârte pina la...?*
*de unde pot luá tramáewl?*
*Unde este biroul de informátsii?*
*Unde este in apropiere o kutie de skrisori (poshta, telefwanele un teléfono publik)?*
*Trechere pentru pietoni*
*Trecerea oprită!*

---

**III. TRAVELLING**

*platform*
*luggage*
*fast train*
*sleeping car*
*dining car*
*Where is the waiting room?*

*peron*
*bagaj*
*accelerat*
*vagon de dormit*
*vagon restaurant*
*Unde e sala de așteptare?*

*perón*
*bagáj*
*akchelerât*
*vágon de dormit*
*vágon restauránt*
*Unde e săla de ashteptáre?*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Rumanian</th>
<th>Phonetic Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I should like a seat near the window</td>
<td>Aș dori un loc lingăgeam</td>
<td>Ash dori un lok linga dgeam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What time does the train go?</td>
<td>La ce oră e plecarea (pleacă trenul)?</td>
<td>La che orae plekarea (pleáka trenul)?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much is the fare for a first class ticket to Bucharest?</td>
<td>Cit costa un bilet clasa întii pînă Buceresti?</td>
<td>Kit costa un bilét klása inti i pina Buceresti?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When does the train reach...?</td>
<td>Cind ajunge trenul la. . . ?</td>
<td>Kind ajundge trénul la. . . ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter, please take my luggage</td>
<td>Hamal, ia, te rog, bagajele</td>
<td>Hamál, yá, te rog, bagájele</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where is the dining car?</td>
<td>Al cîtelea vagon e vagonul restaurant?</td>
<td>Al kîtelea vagón e vagónul restaurant?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What train shall I take for...?</td>
<td>Cu ce trenul ajung la. . . ?</td>
<td>Ku che trenul ajung la. . . ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where shall I get off for...?</td>
<td>A cita stație mă dau jos pentru. . . ?</td>
<td>A kita statsie ma dau jos pêntru. . . ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am sea-sick</td>
<td>Am rău de mare.</td>
<td>Am rau de mare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Please, call the doctor</td>
<td>Vă rog să chemați doctorul</td>
<td>Va rog sa këmatz. dôktorul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you anything to declare?</td>
<td>Aveți ceva de declarat?</td>
<td>Avețs chevâ de deklarat?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No, I have only some gifts for my friends</td>
<td>Nu, am doar cîteva cadouri pentru prieteni</td>
<td>Nu, am dwár kîtevá kadouri pêntru priéteni</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**IV. IN THE RESTAURANT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>waiter</th>
<th>ospătar</th>
<th>ospatár</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>breakfast</td>
<td>micul dejun</td>
<td>mikul dejún</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lunch</td>
<td>prinz</td>
<td>prinz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dinner</td>
<td>cină</td>
<td>china</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knife</td>
<td>cuțit</td>
<td>kutsît</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fork</td>
<td>furculița</td>
<td>furkulitsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spoon</td>
<td>lingură</td>
<td>lingura</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plate</td>
<td>farfurie</td>
<td>farfurie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English</td>
<td>Romanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>table-cloth</td>
<td>fată de masă</td>
<td>fata de màsá</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glass</td>
<td>pahar</td>
<td>pahár</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>napkin</td>
<td>servet</td>
<td>shervét</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bottle</td>
<td>sticlă</td>
<td>stikla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>salt</td>
<td>sărât</td>
<td>sarat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sugar</td>
<td>zahăr</td>
<td>zahar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pepper</td>
<td>piper</td>
<td>piper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hot</td>
<td>fierbinţe</td>
<td>fyierbinţe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cold</td>
<td>rece</td>
<td>réche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sweet</td>
<td>dulce</td>
<td>dûlche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sour</td>
<td>acru</td>
<td>ákru</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tea</td>
<td>ceaiul</td>
<td>cháh-ee-ul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>butter</td>
<td>unt</td>
<td>unt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eggs</td>
<td>ouă</td>
<td>ow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cheese</td>
<td>brinză</td>
<td>brinza</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ham</td>
<td>șuncă</td>
<td>shunka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tomatoes</td>
<td>roșii</td>
<td>roshii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caviar</td>
<td>icre negre</td>
<td>ikre négre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fish (boiled,</td>
<td>pește (rasol,</td>
<td>pështe (rasol, projit,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fried, grilled)</td>
<td>pröjit, la</td>
<td>la gratár)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clear soup</td>
<td>supă</td>
<td>supa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tchorba (sour</td>
<td>ciorba</td>
<td>chorba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soup)</td>
<td>borș</td>
<td>borsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>borsch</td>
<td>carne (de vita,</td>
<td>karne (de vita, de</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>de porc, de</td>
<td>pork, de pasare)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>pasâre)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beefsteak</td>
<td>muschi de vacă</td>
<td>mushki de vaka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>legume</td>
<td>legûme</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>salads</td>
<td>salate</td>
<td>salâte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cake</td>
<td>pröjitură</td>
<td>pro jitura</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ice-cream</td>
<td>inghețată</td>
<td>ingetsâta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fruit</td>
<td>fructe</td>
<td>frukte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mineral water</td>
<td>apă minerală</td>
<td>apa minerăla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(white, red) wine</td>
<td>vin (alb, negru)</td>
<td>vin (alb, négru)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>champagne</td>
<td>șampanie</td>
<td>shampánie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beer</td>
<td>bere</td>
<td>bere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a glass of iced</td>
<td>un pahar de apă</td>
<td>Un pahár de apa de</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>water</td>
<td>de la gheată</td>
<td>la geátsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Rumanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>țsuica</td>
<td>țuica</td>
<td>țsuica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lemon-juice</td>
<td>citronadă</td>
<td>chitronáda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>orange-juice</td>
<td>oranjadă</td>
<td>oranjáda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me the menu, please!</td>
<td>Vă rog o listă de bucate</td>
<td>Va rog o lista de bukáte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiter, the bill, please!</td>
<td>Ospătar, plata!</td>
<td>Ospătar, pláta!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A glass of beer, please!</td>
<td>Adu, te rog, un tap de bere!</td>
<td>Ádu, te rog, un tsap de bére!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A bottle of mineral water (of wine, of soda, of beer)</td>
<td>O sticlă de apa minerală (de vin, de sifon, de bere)</td>
<td>O stikla de apa minerala (de vin, de sifon, de bere)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you any fruit?</td>
<td>Fructe aveauți?</td>
<td>Frukte avétsi?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring me, please. . .</td>
<td>Adu, te rog. . .</td>
<td>Ádu, te rog. . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A black coffee</td>
<td>O cafelă turcească</td>
<td>O kafea turchaska</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A coffee filtre with whipped cream</td>
<td>Unfiltru cu frișcă, te rog</td>
<td>Un filtru ku frishka, te rog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring me some hot tea, this one is cold</td>
<td>Ceașul acesta e rece, adu-mi unul mai fierbinte</td>
<td>Chaewl achësta e réche, ádu-mi mai fyerbinte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring me a coffee and milk and a boiled egg</td>
<td>Adu-mi o cafelă cu lapte și un ou fierată</td>
<td>Ádu-mi o kafea cu lápte, shi un ou fyert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A roll with butter and ham</td>
<td>O chifla cu unt și cu o șuncă</td>
<td>O kifla ku unt shi ku shunka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me some more. . .</td>
<td>Mai ádu-mi poție de. . .</td>
<td>Mai ádu-mi o portsie de. . .</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

V. IN THE SHOPS

bill
small money
change
shop-window
Where is a... shop?
How much does it cost?

bon
măruntiș
rest
vitrină
Unde este un magazin de...?
Cît costă?

bon
maruntsish
rest
vitrina
Unde este un magazin de...?
Kit kosta?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Word</strong></th>
<th><strong>Rumanian</strong></th>
<th><strong>Phonetic Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>What is the price of...?</em></td>
<td>Ce preț are accastă. . . ?</td>
<td>Che prets are achasta. . . ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Give me the bill</em></td>
<td>Faceți-me bonul</td>
<td>Fachetsi-mi bonul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Have you got another colour (shade)?</em></td>
<td>Aveti și alta culoare (nuanță)?</td>
<td>Avêtsi shi alta kulware (nuantsa)?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>I want to try summer shoes</em></td>
<td>Vreau să încerc pantofii de vară pălărie cu borul mare</td>
<td>Vreáu sa inchérk pantofii de vara palarie ku borul mare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>a broad-brimmed hat</em></td>
<td>servietă</td>
<td>servietá</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>a bag</em></td>
<td>carte</td>
<td>kárte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>book</em></td>
<td>bloc de corespondența</td>
<td>blok de korespondentsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>writing-paper</em></td>
<td>plicuri</td>
<td>plikuri</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(a) *At the chemist's*

| medicine | medicament | medikamént |
| analgetic | antinevralgiic | antinevraldgik |
| purgative | purgativ | purgativ |
| laxative | laxativ | laxativ |
| throat mixture | sirop de tuse | siróp de túse |
| analgesic | calmant | kalmánt |
| plaster | plasture | plásture |
| alcohol | alcool | alkól |
| cotton wool | vată | vata |
| gauze | tifon | tifón |
| talc-powder | pudră de talc | pudra de talk |

(b) *At the tobacconist's*

<p>| cigarette (strong, mild) | țigări (tari, slabe) | tsigari (tári, slábe) |
| cigars | țigări de foi | tsigari de foi |
| tobacco | tobacco | tobacco |
| matches | chibrituri | kibrituri |
| post-card | carte poștală | karte poshtala |
| picture-card | ilustrată | ilustrata |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Romanian</th>
<th>Phonetic Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(c) At the hairdresser's</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wash</td>
<td>spălat</td>
<td>spalát</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>manicure</td>
<td>manichiură</td>
<td>manikiúra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shave</td>
<td>ras</td>
<td>ras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hair trim</td>
<td>tuns</td>
<td>tuns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shampoo and set, please!</td>
<td>Vă rog să mă spălăti pe cap și să-mi faceți un mis en plis</td>
<td>Va rog să-mă spalatsi pe kap shi sa-mi fachetsi un misanpli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(d) At the dentist's</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have toothache</td>
<td>Mă doare dintele (măseaua)</td>
<td>Ma dware dintele (Maseawa)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have lost a filling</td>
<td>Mi-a căzut plomba</td>
<td>Mya kuzut plomba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It hurts when I feel heat</td>
<td>Mă doare la cald (la rece, la apăsare, la dulce)</td>
<td>Ma dware la kald (la ceche, la apa sare, la dulce)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in my tooth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Please put in a temporary filling</td>
<td>Vă rog să-mi faceți un pansament provizoriu</td>
<td>Va rog sa-mi fachetsi un pansament provizoriu</td>
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</tbody>
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VI. FOR CLIMBERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Romanian</th>
<th>Phonetic Pronunciation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>hut</td>
<td>cabana</td>
<td>Kabana</td>
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<tr>
<td>night's lodging</td>
<td>adăpost peste noapte</td>
<td>adapost peste noapte</td>
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<td>in a room</td>
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<td>dormitory</td>
<td>dormitor</td>
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<td>rope</td>
<td>fringhie</td>
<td>fringhie</td>
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<tr>
<td>ice-axe</td>
<td>tarnacop</td>
<td>tarnacop</td>
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<tr>
<td>crampons</td>
<td>carlige</td>
<td>carlige</td>
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<tr>
<td>fixed iron bars</td>
<td>piloane de fier</td>
<td>piloane de fier</td>
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<tr>
<td>snow</td>
<td>zăpadă</td>
<td>zapada</td>
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<tr>
<td>rain</td>
<td>ploaie</td>
<td>plwayne</td>
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<td>thunderstorm</td>
<td>furtuna</td>
<td>furtuna</td>
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<tr>
<td>thunder</td>
<td>tunet</td>
<td>tunet</td>
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<tr>
<td>avalanche</td>
<td>avalanse</td>
<td>avalanse</td>
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<tr>
<td>mountain</td>
<td>munti</td>
<td>moonti</td>
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<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Rumanian</td>
<td>Phonetic Pronunciation</td>
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<td>summit</td>
<td>vart</td>
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<td>lake</td>
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<td>glacier</td>
<td>ghetar</td>
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<td>rock</td>
<td>stanga</td>
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<td>path</td>
<td>poteca</td>
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<tr>
<td>scree</td>
<td>pietre carecao</td>
<td>pietre carecao</td>
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It is impossible to give here all the words which a beginner would find useful, but the Scientific Publishing House of Bucharest has issued a small English-Rumanian Conversation Book which can sometimes be purchased in the main towns. It costs 6s. Unfortunately, it is generally in short supply.

Those who wish to make a serious study of the origins and development of the Rumanian language cannot do better than consult Linguistic Studies and Research, which is regarded as the most authoritative linguistic review in the R.P.R. and was brought out by the Institute of Linguists of the Academy of the R.P.R., Bucharest. This body was also responsible for The Rumanian Language, a publication which was intended specially for secondary-school teachers. Other fairly recent important works are: I. Jordan—Rumanian Place Names in the R.P.R. (1952) and Contemporary Rumanian (1955); A. Rosetti—Linguistic Studies (1955); A. Grau—Essay on the Basic Word Stock (1950) and Studies in General Linguistics (1955).
Among the many surprises that await the visitor to Rumania is that of finding how richly varied is the life of the sixteen regions. Nowhere is this more apparent than in their folklore and folk-art, which seems to belong not to the picturesque past, but to be truly part of the lives of Rumanians of today. The country has been called the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk, but it might equally well be described as the meeting place of fact and fancy, the Tom Tiddler’s Ground where reality and magic rub shoulders.

Inevitably, some of that magic rubs off on to the visitor who has the opportunity of entering into Rumanian folklore, as the people sing, tell tales, dance at the hora (the village round dance), at bees, in the fields, at hoeing, reaping or mowing time, at weddings, funerals, at Christmas time and the New Year or the many other occasions, each with their specific customs. The strong pull of tradition and their deep artistic value have kept many of the customs alive long after their ancient significance has gone and the further one moves away from the towns, the more likely one is to encounter examples of deeply rooted beliefs or superstitions, or the careful cherishing of old customs.

Even today, many in Wallachia will not use beech wood as fuel, because in the spring the beech yields a red sap which is said to be tears of blood because the Turks used to roast Christians upon spits made of beech. Like his Italian ancestors, the Daco-Roman still pays uneasy tribute to the divinities of
high Olympus, so that some peasant girls in the Oltenian valley will never fill their vase-like pitchers without first breathing upon the water and pouring some of the fluid upon the ground as a libation to the nymph of the fountain. Of course, while they go through the little ritual, none of them could tell you why she does it.

In country districts, belief in lucky and unlucky days still lingers. Like the Turks, Wallach women wash on Wednesdays and spin on Saturday, but Tuesday is regarded as a very unlucky day, when no journey should be undertaken, or work of importance begun. As at the Roman festival of the Lupercalia, on certain days of the year some of the old farmers will not cut anything with shears lest wolves should injure their sheep. Their wives will not sew on Tuesday, for fear the Saviour would feel every stitch and be crucified anew, and they are convinced that plague can be averted by burning a shirt which has been spun, woven and made up in less than twenty-four hours.

Idiots in Rumania are treated with special kindness and indulgence. Many districts hold "Fool's Week" when lunatics are permitted to run through the streets, rather like the Thugs of India, beating whoever they meet and doing a good deal of harm beside.

Fortunately, there are pleasanter relics of the past, particularly in connection with sports and dancing, those of the Wallachs bearing a striking resemblance to those of the Roman peasantry in the time of Trajan. The Daco-Romans have two national dances, the hora and the colusari, both of which are group dances. The colusari is probably the ancient dance of the Sabii, who had a temple on the Quirinal hill of Rome and performed on the ides of April, under the direction of a leader, to the chanted accompaniment of strange rhapsodies. For the colusari, Wallach dancers today wear leather straps across their shoulders ornamented with copper buttons, and brandish long clubs in their hands, while they vault and leap with the Bacchic frenzy of whirling dervishes.

As you watch the hora, you may be reminded of the Roman
chorus as shown on ancient bas-reliefs. Men and women
dancers, holding hands, form a large circle round the *lautari*,
one of whom sings while the ring of dancers whirls round and
round, arms and feet moving in harmony, advancing and re-
treating, so as to diminish or enlarge the circle. Both of these
dances have mournful undertones, in keeping with the melan-
choly chants of the *lautari*, but the dance of the girdle is quite
different. The couples place the left hand on each other’s waist
and rest the right on the shoulder. At first, the movements are
slow and almost languorous, but gradually the tempo increases
until there is an intoxicating frenzy of movement and the
beautiful native costumes become first a kaleidoscope of hues
and then a glorious blur, as though the colours on an artist’s
palette had run together.

There seems no end to the wealth and variety of Rumanian
dances, which assume rich and varied forms not only in the
different regions, but within the confines of a single locality.
Beside the group and couple dances, there are round and chain
dances, men’s and mixed dances, but only rarely women’s
dances. Sometimes there is a close connection between danc-
ing and satirical folk poetry shown in calls known as *chiuituri*
or *strigaturi*, shouted out by the leader of the dance. These
always evoke great merriment. Quite apart from the usual calls
of command which lead the dance, in some areas, during the
dance, the people chant or call out rhythmically satirical
quatrain, mocking certain habits or situations.

The names alone of some of the dances are enough to show
the wealth and variety of this aspect of Rumanian folklore.
Apart from the well-known *hora*, the classical round dance in a
closed circle, there are the *mocaneasca* and *posovaici*, shep-
herd dances; *fecioarești* and *calusarești*, men’s dances; *batuta*, a
rather hectic dance; *sirba*, a quick spirited dance; *briul*, a lively,
dynamic dance with many intricate steps; *invîrțit*, pair dances;
*barbuncuri*, young men’s dances before conscription; *arcane*,
Moldavian dances; *ardelene*, Transylvanian dances; and *hate-
gare*, dances of the Hateg district. A New Year tradition is
Apuseni Mountains. Mountain horns are used in the daily work of the shepherds, but proficiency in their use can bring prestige and even offers of marriage to the women!

Golia Church, Jassy, will remind travellers of Florence. Its walls commemorate the famous fiddlers.
Trei Ierarhi Church, Jassy. The mosaics and famous paintings, illustrating Rumanian folklore, are in perfect condition.
the dancing of *The Goat* when a man hidden under a tent of gaily coloured cloths, surmounted by a head-dress of fur and cocks' heads, dances through the village to the music of drum and flute.

An unforgettable sight is to come across a group of peasant children from the Oas Country, in the Baia Mare Region, dancing in the mountain pastures, in speechless delight to the sound of the simple *tilinca*, a long, thin flute without stopper, holes or mouth-piece. There will be only the sheep to see them, for behind them sparkles the "sea eyes", Alpine tarns far removed from human habitation, where, startled by the sound, a stag standing on the moss-covered stones vanishes at a bound. Shyly, the children will offer to share the traditional dishes of balmos (boiled cheese balls), cas (unsalted cheese) or little dishes of mamaliga (maize porridge) with sheep-cheese.

Yet folklore is not left behind with these children tending their sheep. In the deep valley below, where the air is full of the strong scent of resin, close to the muffled roar of the timber yards, is an enchantment of ancient wooden churches. When you climb the small slippery steps, now worn so smooth that they scarcely offer a foothold, you will find fascinating pictures painted direct on the inner wooden walls of many of the churches. The lore dates back to 1366, the simple, primitive paintings preserving in natural and expressive forms the fates of the sinners—the thief, the drunkard, the dishonest cobbler. Here is depicted the superstition that the woman who does not want to bear children is tortured in hell by being bitten by two gruesome-looking serpents.

Perhaps the most interesting folk-lore for the visitor is to be found in Rumanian music and literature. The fame of Rumanian folk musicians has long crossed the borders of the country. One of them writes: "The Rumanians use a great many folk musical instruments, ranging from the simplest ones, such as a pear leaf, a piece of birch tree bark, or a fish-scale, right down to modern ones, like the accordion, or the saxophone. We have five different kinds of alphorns; they are used
for signalling or as shepherds’ horns. There are more than fifteen kinds of flutes, from the simple *tilinca*, to the twin flutes; many different bagpipes, the *cobza*, which is half-way between a guitar and a mandolin, zithers, the dulcimer, fiddle, viola, ’cello, pan-pipe, clarinet, *taragot* (a sort of clarinet with a deeper tone), trumpet, etc.”

With such a wealth of instruments, not surprisingly, Rumanian instrumental folk music is outstanding for its wealth of repertory as well as for the virtuosity of the performers. Probably the most famous solo piece, which demands high technical skill from the accompanist, is *The Lark*, and leading popular instrumentalists have created folk suites such as *The Story of the Shepherd Who Lost His Sheep*. In the Galatz Region are mountain pasture lands, where the peasants take their cattle to winter up in the mountains and so they do not require to cart the hay down the hills in their sleighs drawn over the grass. The flocks are guarded by a single man for months on end and these solitaries become dreamers and experts in the *doina* (song of longing). Here the flute and fantasy of the shepherds created the unsurpassed *Miorita* ballad:

Where the mountain ends  
And to heaven bends  
They are coming, lo,  
And downhill they go  
Flocks of fair sheep three  
And their shepherds, three...  
From Moldavia one,  
Transylvania one,  
And from Vrancea one...

Two of the shepherds plot to kill the third. A ewe warns the Vrancea shepherd, but he is unafraid, wishing only to be buried beside the sheep-pen:

There at my head let be  
The beechen shepherd’s flute  
It sings such lovely tunes!  
The shepherd’s flute of bone
COUNTRY LIFE

It sings such tender tunes!
Flute made of alder wood
It sings such fiery tunes!
And when the wind blows strong
It wakes the flutes to song...

The ewe is warned that if anyone asks what has happened, she must say nothing of the murder, but instead:

And tell them downright this:
That I am wed henceforth
To one so proud and fair
The fair bride of the world;
That at my wedding day
From heaven dropped a star;
The bridal wreath was held
By sun and moon alike,
And fir and maple-tree
Were wedding-guests to me;
And mountains high were priests
And fiddlers were the birds
Some thousand birds and more
And torches were the stars!

Probably the most poetic and meaningful real folklore celebrations take place in the countryside between December 25th and January 6th for the Christmas and New Year celebrations. Then people wish each other health, prosperity and the fulfillment of their heart’s desires, with colinde (Christmas carols), the plugasor (an ornamental plough symbolizing rich crops), the buhai (a sort of friction drum imitating the bellow of a bull), and the sorcova (a cluster of gaudily painted paper flowers).

The carols have a haunting beauty, especially when they are sung in their original form by groups of children organized in bands (cete), who trudge through the snowy village streets with their fur caps pulled well down over their ears and their mittened hands beating a warm tattoo on their padded chests. In exquisite poetry, the carols offer good wishes to each person according to his station in life: to the husbandmen and to the
housewife, to the lad or maid soon to be wed, to the shepherd and to the children who help to tend the cattle.

Today in Communist Rumania the patron-saint celebrations are still observed. In some areas, these are known as nedei or hramuri and in others as tirguri (fairs). The nedei of Tismana and Poiana Muieru are nationally famous and the Girls’ Fair at Mount Gaina and the Horse Fair at Neguleasa are internationally known and act as a magnet to visitors.

In the north of the country, the mountain sheep-folds have long been organized in common and are an old institution with a traditional legal régime. There the shepherds have their own special celebrations, culminating in the gay Milking Festival which takes place on the eve of the sheep flocks leaving for the mountain. Their folklore is rich in unique music to fit the various occupations of the shepherd: the calls sounded on the bucium (alhorn) or the shepherd’s horn; the sireaguri, a suite of tunes, sung during cheese making or at the descent of the herds from the mountains in the autumn.

The visitor who is privileged to see the harvest festival of the Wallachs is unlikely to forget it. The village girls select the prettiest from among themselves. They call her Dragaika and crown her with a wreath of leaves and heads of grain. Like Ceres, she leads them, singing and dancing, through the fields and villages. The wreath of the Dragaika is much desired by each girl, although the burden of her song is that she will not be married for three years. The cununas (wreath of spikes) are harvest customs in most parts of the country, but the Transylvanian dragalca (harvest folk dance) and cununa songs are considered to be the most charming and poetic.

Among many interesting ancient rituals are those for the invocation of rain. The paparude are young gipsies who deck themselves with leaves in time of drought and, in some regions, also in time of drought, the scalonian, or clay doll, is sent floating down a stream or river. During the summer, when the fields are scorched and parched, the peasants will dress a little girl under ten years of age in a garment of leaves. All the other children
of the same age follow her through the village, dancing and singing:

Papulunga!
Go up to Heaven,
Open its windows
And let the rain down,
That the corn and the wheat
May grow well and ripen.

Unforgettable, too, are the funeral customs, embodying ancient beliefs and practices, retained in remarkably picturesque forms in the funeral song of the dawn, that of the fir-tree, the rites and mask dances at vigils, and the dirges.

As in country districts all over the world, a wedding is a signal for the most exuberant rejoicing and most Rumanian marriages are fascinating mixtures of ancient rites and modern songs and dances. Sometimes weddings include orations, the bride’s song and the groom’s song, the latter being sung in Wallachia and Oltenia at the ceremony of shaving the bridegroom. In other regions, where traditional forms have been preserved, the wedding includes the best-man’s song, old-time songs and dances, the big hora and the bride’s dance. For this, the bride is followed by a retinue of young maidens in traditional costume and, to the strains of a fiddle, they dance towards the groom who awaits his bride, holding a be-ribboned and flower-decked staff. In certain parts of Transylvania, the song of the hen forms an amusing and fascinating part of the wedding fertility rites.

Indeed Rumania is full of song: the epic songs sung in country inns and roadside halts; ancient versions of the “walking-in sacrifice” and the Icarus myth; ballads of the Turkish occupation; the haiducks’ songs of revolt and battle; the slow, long-drawn out melody of the doina. If these are the warp of the Rumanian tapestry, the folk literature is its woof, with charming tales about Fat-Frumos (Prince Charming), Cenusotca (Lazybones), Ileana Cosinzoeana (a beautiful young girl), and dragons and fairies endowed with supernatural powers.
In the fine arts, Rumanians have shown a similar creative ability, expressed in their architecture, tools, clothes and ceramics and in each region objects of peasant folk-art have acquired characteristic features. All folk costumes were, and still are, made at home, woven and embroidered with a skill and taste that bear comparison with those of any other country in the world. Visitors who have the opportunity to see the wonderful collection of such costumes in Bucharest would be foolish to miss it. They are on show in the Musée d’Art Populaire, Calea Victoriei 107. It would be wrong to imagine, however, that native costumes are now merely museum pieces. As you move around the country, you will see men in their white tunics, with broad black leather belts, white felt trousers and calf-length boots; peasant women in the colourful catrinite, or double apron, forming a skirt. Every now and then, you will meet an old woman wearing a gorgeously embroidered feregea (cloak), while very many women and young girls wear shalvari (baggy Turkish trousers).

Carpets, rugs, blankets, plaids and curtains bear unmistakably the mark of their origin, shown in their distinctive colours, designs and types of weaving. For example, Oltenian rugs usually have floral patterns and are much less conventionalized than those from Northern Moldavia, which nevertheless feature garden flowers. The basic colours in Oltenian rugs are red and blue, but these colours are rare in Moldavia, so have to be replaced in their rugs by more sombre greys, browns and blacks. Maramures rugs, on the other hand, are usually brilliant with stylized geometric patterns and occasional human figures, while the Banat rug is almost square. Rumanians regard all four types as too valuable to be put on the floor. Instead, they use narrow woven strips, adorned with multi-coloured stripes for this mundane use.

If you are fortunate enough to be invited to a Rumanian home, you will not only find it gay with woven fabrics and embroideries, but often adorned with articles of folk pottery—jugs, plates and jars—as well as with wooden objects and furni-
ture, skilfully carved or incised with patterns that go back as far as the Middle Ages. Most of the pottery has a pale biscuit or pastel background, decorated with vivid floral or geometric designs, but many areas produce a polished black pottery, which has been incompletely burned with much smoke and then stone-polished.

When the art of painting on glass spread from Bohemia and Moravia in the seventeenth century, peasant ikon painters quickly acquired the skill. They introduced homely, everyday objects into their religious works, sometimes striking a somewhat incongruous note. You will see many examples in Transylvania and, in the Cluj Region, woodcuts of a similar realistic kind.

But the glory of Rumanian art lies equally in its architecture, mural paintings and church furniture. The story of the country can be traced in the shape of princely and ecclesiastical thrones, choir stalls, church vessels, gold and silver book-covers, censers, altar-lamps, reliquaries, platters for holy bread, cups, magnificent embroideries, such as the burial draperies of Maria of Mangop, wife of Stephen the Great, shrouds, liturgical embroideries, and priestly vestments. The best of these are in the monasteries of Putna and Sucevita, but many examples are to be found throughout the country and, of course, in the main museum in Bucharest.

Few visitors will be able to look at the numerous examples of religious and secular art, handicrafts, ceramics or costumes without wishing to take home something to remind them of their stay in Rumania. Ideally, one should explore each place for oneself, delighting in the unexpected discovery of a well-stocked shop, a wayside weaving factory or pottery works, but few visitors are likely to have the time for this type of leisurely shopping. For their convenience, I am appending, at the end of each of the following chapters, a list of souvenir shops in some of the main towns.

You will be able to choose from an almost unlimited supply of embroidered bags, wall rugs, chair backs, table cloths and
mats, all brilliantly embroidered, the usual backgrounds being red, blue or white. There are exquisitely embroidered blouses, chic felt caps for women, gaily decorated belts and handkerchiefs, peasant skirts and hooded felt jackets and, in the mountain areas, beautifully carved walking sticks. Special favourites with visitors are the brightly coloured, quaint, wooden Turkish figures.

Few can resist the water sets (pottery, not glass), ceramic wine sets or ornamental bottles. It is best to shop for these in Bucharest.

Those who collect dolls from the countries they visit may be disappointed with the Rumanian variety. While readily available and beautifully dressed in authentic costumes of the various regions, the dolls are generally cheap celluloid ones, quite unworthy of the lively costumes. However, it will be surprising if Rumanian officials do not quickly correct this.

For those who disembark from cruise ships at Constantza, there is a duty-free shop on the harbour which is a veritable treasure house for the shopper. For example, a mouth-watering Persian Lamb coat cost £35. Another exceptionally smart coat, three-quarter length, of fine suede, lined and collared in fur, cost £13, and there were similar bargains of interest to women. For men, excellent Cuban cigars, American cigarettes, Scotch whisky, etc., are likewise obtainable at similar concession rates.

A good purchase is a bottle of țuica, the fiery plum brandy, or almost any of the many Rumanian wines, though friends will probably appreciate most a bottle of Cotnari or a Riesling.

Many visitors like to bring a gramophone record from each country they visit and Carpati supply a list of the discs likely to have the most general appeal. Here it is:

*Rumanian Folk Music*

Long-playing records, 17 centimetres:

Recitals by:

Iliuta Rudareanu (clarinet)  
Nicu Stanescu (violin)  

EPC 118  
EPC 122
Fanica Luca (panpipe)  
Maria Tanase (vocal, French)  
Maria Lataretu (vocal)  
Maria Lataretu (vocal)  
Maria Lataretu (vocal)  

Long-playing records, 25 centimetres:
Rumanian Instrumental Folk Music  
  (1) Folk Music Instruments  
  (2) Songs  
  (3) Dance Tunes  

Symphony and Chamber Music
Long-playing records, 30 centimetres:
George Enescu: No. 2 Piano Suite, opus 10  
  (Li Ming-Chang)  
  No. 1 Piano Sonata opus 24 (Maria Fotino)  
Gheorghe Dumitrescu: The Tudor  
  Vladimirescu Oratorio, Part I,  
  Conductor George Georgescu  
Mihail Jora: The Ballet Suite,  
  When the Grapes Ripen  
Ovidiu Varga: Spark of Liberation  
  Oratorio, conductor Iosif Conta  

Long-playing records, 85 centimetres:
Ion Dumitrescu: No. 1 String Quartet in C major  
George Enescu: No. 1 Symphony in E flat major,  
  opus 13, conductor George Georgescu  
George Enescu: No. 2 Sonata for Piano and Violin  
  in F minor, opus 6 (George Enescu, violin, and  
  Dinu Lipatti, piano)  
Paul Constantinescu: Concerto for String Orchestra,  
  conductor Mircea Cristescu  
Three Rumanian Symphonic Dances,  
  conductor George Georgescu
George Enescu: No. 1 Suite for Orchestra, opus 9, conductor George Enescu

*Rumanian Light Music*

Long-playing records, 17 centimetres:
- Songs from Rumanian films: EDC 156
- Songs about Bucharest: EDC 158
- Songs about Bucharest: EDC 202

*“Rumanian Composers of Light Music” Collection*

- Ion Vasilescu: EDC 181
- H. Malineanu: EDC 192
- Elly Roman: EDC 194

Many of the shops which sell these records, or other souvenirs, close in the afternoons during the summer months for siesta time, generally from 2.30 until 5.30 p.m. Shops supply paper wrapping, but no string or cardboard packaging. Visitors would be wise to take a hint from the opening times of shops and, during the hottest months of July and August, do sightseeing and shopping in the afternoons and early evenings.
I hope you will go to Rumania, as I did, when a big, bland moon lays a gauze of thin gold over the inky darkness of the Black Sea and the lights of the hotels at Mamaia stretch out like a tiara of diamonds, rimming the long curve of the beach. There is something mysterious, almost cloak-and-daggerish, about swooping down from the darkness on a new country, and it is in the nature of a let-down to find that the airport reception hall at Constantza is a model of modernity. For me, honour was satisfied when I learned that it did not exist the week before and that the blaze of distant lights, like an electrical Niagra, beyond Constantza, could only be reached over a tortuous, bumpy road.

I went to bed just as dawn was breaking greyly beyond the French windows and fell suddenly asleep, drunk with the perfume of honeysuckle, the strange full-throated song of hundreds of frogs and the lorelei calls of wild duck on Lake Siutghiol. In the morning, it was as if someone had rolled up the curtain on a brilliantly lit stage. Certainly, in extensive travelling, I have never seen anything to equal the crystalline beauty of that ten mile curve of beach, with the pared-down beauty of bone where land and sea meet against the shimmering sophistication of the buildings beyond.

Aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks and all that we
Read in their smiles and call reality.
The waters are as clear as air, sometimes turning a milky jade or a deep, rich blue like an enormous sapphire pavement, but I believe that it is the quality of the light that is most memorable—not the harsh, searching glare of Mediterranean light, but a staring brilliance that illuminates and intensifies the colours of the hotels.

Sometimes it seems too good to be true. Sun-worshippers at the French or Italian Rivieras, those who swear by the Spanish resorts or the sybarites who have known Palm Beach, Miami Beach or Nassau in their full glory have a new Eden awaiting them. At Mamaia, there is nothing that is old, tattered or harsh. It is as if Nature, like Mamaia itself, has been new-minted—the sea freshly polished like a lapis-lazuli disc, the crushed seashell sand sifted like bleached wheat, the lawns and gardens fronting the buildings planted anew that morning. As indeed they may have been!

The scenery must be unique. Mamaia stands on a sandy peninsula midway between the waters of the Black Sea and the freshwater Lake Siutghiol, so that you step directly from your hotel in your bathing suit on to the beach, or cross the road at the back of the hotel for boating or fishing on the lake. It is rather like living on the narrow edge of a coin whose sides have entirely different designs. The beach side is all elegant sophistication, with sun-bronzed figures spilling out of bikinis; sleepy, supine bodies under gaily striped umbrellas; fat babies like pink star-fish curling toes in the sea; throaty Italian or German love songs drifting over the dizzy warmth.

The lake is like a Japanese print, with limpid water stirring the sedge to a dry frou-frou; a clutch of small boats bucking gently against a sun-bleached wooden pier and a few anglers casting, like figures seen in a dream. Shadows lie soft as peace in the deep grasses and you realize that, if anything, that is what the other side of the coin lacks—the benison of shadows veiling the buildings.

It is possible to sun-bathe at any time of the day over a period of thirteen or fourteen hours and a great wealth of ultra-
violet rays is generated by the refraction of sunlight on the vast mirror of the sea. The beach faces east, so that the wonderful sub-tropical climate is tempered by sea breezes. Nevertheless, it can be very warm and it is wise to take precautions. On my first night in Mamaia, I found a white mat folded on my bed. It was thicker than a sheet and I assumed that it was the blanket cover, removed for the night. It was still there next day, folded as before, and I learned that it was for use on the beach. You can lie on it or buy at a beach kiosk a set of four short wooden poles for making it into a tent as protection against too much sun.

There are excellent shops attached to most of the hotels. At the Hotel Modern, there are two. One is a music shop where you can buy discs and a variety of musical instruments. Next door is a gift shop with a tempting array of pottery, Rumanian embroidered goods, attractive book-marks and a host of small mementoes of the place. At the International Hotel, which is only a few hundreds yards away, you can spend a fascinating time in the food shop, listening to the chattering of the polyglot customers. You can buy biscuits, cheeses, chocolate, Rumanian wines, Scotch whisky, caviare—an almost endless selection of foods and wines. Right next door is a large general merchanize shop, though you may flinch at the prices for beach towels or woollens. If you forget your toothbrush or your soap, you will have no difficulty in replacing them.

You will probably find, however, that it is difficult to organize the time to go there. The beach sings a siren’s song that holds you, looking across the Pontus Euxeinos, the hospitable sea, living like a fish in the almost tideless waters or simply soaking up the sunshine. For those who like a simple life of sea, beach and hotel amenities, it is pointless to go further afield. With stunning casualness, Mamaia combines extreme simplicity with elegant sophistication. On the gently shelving beach it is possible to achieve complete privacy and a silence broken only by the smooth hiss of the water or a rain of bird-song. For those who like to be within at least sound of their fellow men,
there need be no angry silence. Emerging from the sand, like the attenuated trunks of buried elephants, are rows of loudspeakers which drip Italian, German, or Rumanian love-songs, fortunately for the unsentimental, pianissimo.

Between most of the hotels and the lake are almost incredibly beautiful gardens, tunnels of greenness and gently shifting sunlight, with broad marble benches and great terra-cotta jars, like props from an Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves pantomime.

To get the full flavour of this miniature Corniche, take a taxi and cruise gently along. At one moment you are in a Moorish garden, with delicate orange blossom outlined against a background of white pointed arches; next, the setting is Turkish with squat domes hovering above cool, shadow-washed courtyards, fringed with palm trees. Nearby, the hieratic silhouettes of Byzantium columns show through a blur of greenness and presently, like an intrusive Hollywood, a café terrace swoops down in a waterfall of petunias, to the road.

Fortunately, the hotels beyond are worthy of their setting and, since there are twenty-two of them, you need not lack places to explore in the evenings. If Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier and Sir Basil Spence had pooled their ideas, they might have produced something approaching Mamaia—an amalgam of soaring edifices of glass and concrete in daring designs, startlingly beautiful colours and each with terraced restaurants, which seem to float like bubbles of glass above the green lawns.

At first, it seems strange and vaguely sinister that each country is allotted its own hotel—the Yalta for the Russians, the Palace for the Finns, the Modern for the British and so on, but it soon becomes clear that this is a convenient administrative arrangement and there is no desire or attempt to segregate the nations. Carpathi is used to dealing with tightly organized groups from the eastern bloc countries and has little experience of independent minded individuals.

It is, of course, perfectly simple to wander around on your own. In the evenings visit the other hotels, and see the variety
of styles and furnishings; dance in the perfumed darkness on
the terraces to the haunting music of a Rumanian band; walk
by Lake Siutghiol, sweet and cool after the hot, insect-humming
afternoon; or bathe by moonlight in the Black Sea, with the salt
hand of the sea gentle as a caress against your body.

At the Hotel Modern, there is a very new espresso bar, com-
plete with juke box, which is always ringed around by sober-
faced teenagers, sunk in vacuous appreciation of the latest
Rumanian and American hit tunes. Among my cherished
memories is the night the espresso machine blew up to the
resounding music of "When the Saints Come Marching In!"
The bar (happily restored) can supply ice-cream, cakes such as
Britain has never known, very good fresh lemon and orange
drinks, and practically any wines and spirits, including the pro-
prietary blends of whisky, but these are expensive. With a glass
of tuica or a cup of coffee before you, it is a simple matter to
solve the problems of the universe or simply to admire the
enduring elegance of the French women, the boyish soap-and-
sunlight attractiveness of the Danes or the appeal of the few
Rumanian women you will see, who look like Murillo
Madonnas with big, velvety dark eyes.

By day, there is yachting, boating, hydro-cycling or fishing
on Lake Siutghiol and a bus ride to Constantza can be an
enthralling experience, though public transport does not reach
the standards of the buses supplied by Carpati. You board the
trolley bus at the terminus, a few yards from the Hotel Modern,
entering by the rear. Marooned behind a tiny counter is a young
girl who collects your one leu, issues a ticket with the grave,
unsmiling courtesy that seems to be the hallmark of Rumanians
and settles down for the rest of the journey to contemplate you
with earnest admiration.

Probably you will be struck by the fact that nobody seems
to talk on journeys, whether it is by bus or by train. There is
no animated discussion of places of interest, no small talk such
as British travellers like to exchange, so that after a while you
find your own voice faltering and finally dying away. Perhaps
it is just as well, for there is time to notice the permanent naval training ship and the impeccably neat camping site just beyond Mamaia. Each khaki-coloured tent looks brand new and the rigid harmony of the neat rows reminds one of a child's army set.

The road is white and dusty, and down the centre squads of women listlessly turn the soil in the flower beds or water the grass. In their long cotton frocks, with their kerchiefed heads, they look like shabby housewives from a mid-Victorian print. Their teak-brown faces are lined and wrinkled like dry old pears, and their eyes watchful and wary as they follow the progress of the bus. There seems to be no shortage of woman-power. Where planting is in progress, one woman makes a hole with a wooden dibble; another carries a box of plants; a third woman selects a plant and places it in the hole and a fourth follows up to fill the hole and stamp the earth down firmly. A bored male overseer surveys the scene like a weary buck with his hinds. Rumanians love flowers and everywhere you go you will see their unceasing efforts to make every vacant space glow with petunias, roses or salvias, but for the visitor much of the pleasure is lost by the sight of those silent squads of wretched women.

Even more depressing are the squads of women street cleaners with their archaic besoms ineffectually stirring up and scattering the thick, white dust. It settles on their faces, so that they look like sick mulattos. They are so much a part of the Rumanian scene that no one in the bus gives them a second glance.

There is a very little traffic on the road, for there are few motor-cars, and trucks seem to spend a good deal of time at the side of the road, undergoing repairs. Occasionally, another type of bus will pass. It looks like an open truck, with rows of bench-like seats, but the passengers, who are packed tight as sardines, seem to enjoy their breezy journey.

Small, wooden, cottage-type houses line the main road. Every window is choked with green plants, and the gardens have the lush, neglected look of uninhabited dwellings. While the build-
Iron Gates: between Rumania and Yugoslavia—the most impressive of all river journeys! Fortunately, the Danube is not as dangerous as formerly.

Agapia Monastery. The onion domes, brilliant against an azure sky, tell of the ancient heritage of religion in Rumania, with its flavour of the East.
Peles Castle, once the royal residence, and now a museum.

The Alpin Hotel, Sinaia, the mecca of mountaineers and winter sports lovers.
ings have the shabby, weathered pallor of sea-side houses, the walls and pavements present a strangely neat contrast and are totally unlike those you will find in the side streets. The explanation is simple. They are part of Operation Clean-Up which took place all along the route from Mamaia to Mangalia immediately preceding Khrushchev's visit to Rumania in June 1962.

Not far from Constantza, you will pass Scoala No. 2 (School No. 2) and the barrack-like building might be the prototype for every school in Rumania. You will notice that it is co-educational, and since holidays have probably begun, the children are wearing, not their school uniforms, but the uniform of the Pioneers. The girls have neat grey skirts, and white blouses with scarlet neckchiefs; the boys, navy trousers, white shirts and similar neckchiefs. Soon they will be off to camps, Pioneer Palaces or villas at the sea-side or in the mountains and, wherever you meet them, they are almost certain to be clutching bunches of wild flowers.

But nothing outside is likely to equal in interest a study of your fellow passengers. It is very improbable that you will find any visitors from the hotels among them, for they tend to remain with their groups, travelling only on the transport provided by Carpati. Dissimilar in types as they are, the other passengers will be Rumanians. There are many gipsies in the country, so do not be surprised if a young woman with bold dark eyes, sallow skin and vividly embroidered costume stands swaying above you. The air will be heavy with the sickly perfume of the oil on her hair and body and something at once flamboyant and secret about her will be redolent of the Orient. You will be unfortunate if you do not see old men in native costume, shrunken and fragile, their bones almost showing through the wrinkled flesh as if they had spent too many summers under too many scorching suns. They are faithful to the picturesque white felt trousers, calf-length leather boots, long, loose, surplice-like white shirts, black embroidered waistcoats and ancient, wide-brimmed black felt hats. As they squeeze past on their way out, the passengers will smile at you, often
showing complete sets of stainless-steel dentures, which they click like castanets when they wish to express disapproval or annoyance. You are almost certain to be impressed by the shrewd intelligence in the handsome faces and by the competent toughness of the men.

In the streets of Constantza, it is a common occurrence to meet women wearing *shalvari*, baggy Turkish trousers, and heavy swathings of dark cloth over their heads and covering their faces. The spirit of the Orient is everywhere, so the long drawn-out cry of the muezzin seems peculiarly fitting.

Today, Constantza is not only a dignified, sprawling old town which has retained the strange, oriental charm of another age. It is a busy, modern port, with docks that are bursting at the seams and in urgent need of expansion. Its history goes back 2,700 years when, on this sea-girt site, the Greeks founded the city of Tomi. Strictly speaking, present day Constantza is built above what still remains of Tomi, or Tomis. Archaeologists have discovered that beneath modern Constantza is a mighty hidden museum, which is gradually being brought to light. Skeletons, tombstones, pottery, the walls of ancient houses, exquisite pavements have been discovered. The visitor can see the remains of the original city walls and the partial excavation of the “Butchers’ Tower” which was found beneath the rubble when a modern building was bombed during the war. On the steep slope behind the Central Square, delicately lovely mosaics lay buried beneath the soil, but now excavation work is going ahead and wide pavements, their colours glowing in the brilliant sunlight, have been uncovered. This is said to be the biggest mosaic floor in the world (some 1,800 square yards) and to date from the second or third century.

Unfortunately, during the building of modern Constanza, much of the ruins of the ancient city were, tragically and thoughtlessly, used as building material.

Rumanians, who were fortunate enough to dig up any relic of the past, sold it to holidaymakers or to shopkeepers willing to pay a few lei for almost priceless treasures. So, much has
been lost. Nevertheless, many of the links with the past still remain. For example, the “Genoese lighthouse” still stands, hidden behind a screen of poplar trees, on the high cliff overlooking the sea. It bears mute testimony to the time when Rumania carried on a flourishing trade with Italy, and it is believed to have been built out of gratitude by Genoese merchants who travelled there in their ships. A visit to the magnificent Archaeological Museum is time well spent. As you step from the blinding heat into the coolness of the marble halls, you take a journey back to the era between the seventh and the third centuries B.C. The story of Tomi (Constantza), Histria, Kallates (Mangalia), Axiopolis (Cernavoda) and Vasile Roaită unfolds before your eyes. The ruins of palaces, temples, marble columns, statues, superb coloured mosaics, vestiges of the ancient Greek and Roman civilization, are there in rich abundance, well catalogued, so that even the least informed visitor gets a clear picture of what life must have been like in the old city colonies.

In the main square is an impressive statue of the poet, Ovid, who, in A.D. 9, with an increasing reputation and enjoying the favour of Augustus, was suddenly exiled to Tomi, on the Euxine. The reason has never been explained. He himself attributes it to one of his poems (probably “The Art of Love”) and to an indiscretion. Unable to obtain remission of his sentence, he died at Tomi. There he wrote his “Tristia,” immortalizing his loneliness, and countless visitors have gathered round his statue in Central Square to gaze up at the toga-clad figure and mull over the inspection:

Hic ego qui iaceo, tenorum lusor amorum,  
Ingenio perii, Naso poeta, meo.  
At tibi qui transis, ne sit grave, quisquis amasti,  
Dicere: Nasonis molliter ossa cubent.

(I who lie here, Naso, the poet, dealt lightly with the tenderness of Love. My very skill was my undoing. Stay, passer-by, and if you too have been a lover, have the heart to pray that the bones of Naso may rest softly.)
The poet’s tomb is said to be beneath a mound on which villas have been built, but here the rich, historical past keeps its secret.

Quarter of a mile away, overlooking the sea, is the bronze bust of another poet, brooding above the figure of his Muse of Poetry—the handsome young Rumanian, Mihail Eminescu. He wrote:

If soon I am lost
In oblivion, in darkness
Bear my body, soundlessly,
To the edge of the ocean... .

His statue is at the end of the very lovely, luxuriantly decorated promenade, which lies under a series of palm-fringed terraces, ablaze with flowers, close to the sea.

Nearby is the former Casino, now the Palace of Culture, but still stamped unmistakably with the air of Monaco, so that as soon as one enters the sugar-icing building, one expects to hear the sharp rattle of the dice and the familiar: *Faites vos jeux!*

Now other and more serious games are enacted within its walls. The visitor may linger on the terraces (sun-dazed on the sea side, mint-fresh on the promenade side) to drink coffee or beer and recover from his diet of culture within.

Across the road is the recently built Aquarium, bowered in roses, where the fauna and flora of the Black Sea inhabit a surrealistic world of darkness, lit by the uncertain glow from wall tanks. Small boys press noses against the glass, trying vainly to outstare the cold-eyed specimens of the fishy world. From the striped-peppermint beauty of the darting angel fish and the sinuous horror of monster eels, one staggers upwards into the sunlight, bemused by the richness and variety of nature’s gifts in this corner of the earth.

If you walk back towards the square, you will find yourself passing comfortable, modern villas which stand cheek by jowl with oriental houses, festooned with lacy, wrought-iron balconies. At 12 Str. Elena Pavel, a starkly modern building houses the Dobruja Regional Museum, whose young Directrice, Madame
Florica Postolache, is a charmer. In fluent French she will tell you the history of the main exhibits, giving you a wonderful pen-picture of Rumania’s foremost sculptors and painters. There are some excellent bronzes, notably a study of fishermen, and a few quite outstanding examples of the painter, Grigorescu’s work. There is a flavour of Holman Hunt about his canvases—the same statuesque women, with gentle, dove-like expressions. A recent acquisition is his very lovely Profil de Fata. No one will object if you wish to photograph any of the exhibits.

A few paces along the road, on the opposite side of the street, is an old mosque, marked by a crescent moon. Nearby you will probably meet some Muslims with their strings of beads, some dark, some orange, some green, counting them off as they recite silent prayers, for this is the Turkish rosary. The minarets of the mosques have been called the “Lighthouses of the Muslim Faith”, since the good Muslin must turn to Mecca and pray five times a day. The Muezza sounds to mark the intervals and the first call is made at daybreak. Contrary to general belief, you may enter any mosque, even during a service, though it is essential to remove your shoes and stay quietly at the back of the congregation. In the courtyard are the ablutions, a long trough-like structure with a number of water taps fixed in the wall. The faithful must be clean, from just below the knee-caps to the toes, and from the forearm-joints to the fingertips, and the face and the neck. Nowadays, the tendency is to make the cleansing process only a token affair. In the building, you will see hundreds of clear glasses suspended, looking very much like drinking glasses. Formerly, these were filled with candles to provide illumination, but nowadays that is provided by electric-lighted candelabras. Each mosque contains a dais with, nearest to Mecca facing it, a niche in the wall, called the Mihrap. This is for the Imam, or priest, and the Mihrap always faces the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. The faithful form up in rows before the Imam on the dais. You will notice that the floors are covered with silky Persian rugs,
and even the very shabbiest of the mosques has an air of long use.

On the outskirts of Constantza, on the road to Eforie, you will see a very different kind of lighthouse. Rumanians are fond of quoting:

La même perspective. Un autre message.

The modern lighthouse seems to rise straight out of a fringe of small, clustering houses. It is like a slender, cream obelisk with a pale-blue cap and is certainly a very modern concept of lighthouse architecture.

Before you leave Constantza, however, you will want to explore thoroughly this conglomeration of the old and the new, typified in the sun-bleached wooden cottages, oriental villas, two very up-to-date hotels, the state theatre, operetta theatre, the premises of the People's Council and its secondary and technical schools.

As you stroll down the dusty main street, you may be inclined to smile a little patronizingly at the sight of some of the poor little shops with their sparse array of goods or at the prehistoric cinema, spilling its quota of bemused young people blinking into the afternoon sunlight. The great, bare caverns of the cafés may strike you as being cheerless places in which to drink a glass of beer or a cup of coffee, but you will certainly have nothing but admiration for the modern, well-stocked bookshops. As in the Soviet Union, books in Rumania are beautifully produced and comparatively inexpensive and it is clear that, like her Soviet neighbour, Rumania regards education as top priority. The manager in the main bookshop will take endless trouble to show you his stock, though do not expect to find any books in English. Excellent purchases are Images de Roumanie (in French) for 90 lei and Le Littoral Roumanie (in French) for 75 lei. The illustrated children's books are quite enchanting and reflect the Rumanian's love of children.
I hope you will have the opportunity of driving through Constantza in the late evening, when work has been laid aside and the people bring chairs out on to the road or pavement outside their doors to sit in the perfumed coolness and chat with their neighbours. It is like turning the pages of an old Eastern volume, in which the lighted houses look like small, cheerful churches, the men seem patriarchal and the shabby, weary women like spent Madonnas. Unless you see that peaceful, contented scene, you will not really know Constantza. Then the city seems to shrink to the cosy dimensions of a small village and it is difficult to remember that this is Rumania’s main gateway to all the other countries of the world, that immense cargoes are deposited here and that a tremendous volume of international trade passes through the port. This, if anywhere, is the melting pot of the nations that make up Rumania. According to the last census, taken in 1960, the population figures for the region are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Population Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total population</td>
<td>635,950</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rumanians</td>
<td>560,521</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magyars</td>
<td>1,139</td>
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<tr>
<td>Germans</td>
<td>1,744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jews</td>
<td>978</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ukrainians</td>
<td>6,720</td>
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<tr>
<td>Serbs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croats</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slovenes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russians</td>
<td>26,639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tatars</td>
<td>20,253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turks</td>
<td>11,468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bulgarians</td>
<td>904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Others</td>
<td>5,417</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is equally difficult to remember that in this city where so many of the women wear old-fashioned ankle-length, overall-type frocks, one seems to see just as many very brief bikinis
in the great stretch of beach and that, in fact, this coast is one long holiday resort from Mamaia to Mangalia, which lies forty-five miles south, close to the Bulgarian border. Whether you make your way by train, steamer, bus or taxi, the journey is unforgettable.

The Dobruja or Scythia Minor lay on the road leading to the Byzantine Empire and all the migrant peoples, in their attempts to reach the empire, passed this way. Goths, Huns, Gepidae and Avars came in waves, and the Romans and the Turks at various periods over the centuries established their rule here. Eventually, during the late feudal period, the Dobruja became a place of exile, a deserted spot to which administrative officials were sent as a punishment. Only with the establishment and growth of modern Constantza did life return to this uninhabited region. Now the Dobrujan steppe is a prosperous, crop-bearing region, an immense plain of wheat and maize, studded with villages, churches, and ancient Tatar and Turkish cemeteries. This part of the country is aptly called the Golden Gulf.

In the fields, you will see groups of young girl workers, their heads and faces protected against the fierce sun by white yasmaks stretched across their mouths and pinned tautly to the backs of their heads. Only their lithe movements hint at their youth. By the side of the road an old woman, crouched in the dusty grass and muffled to the eyes like the Taureg, tends a cow whose flanks quiver like dewlaps. Still as a cat, she watches the noisy passage of bus or car with indifferent eyes. All over the countryside, identical women or barefooted young children will sit at the side of the road, with the regularity of human milestones, watching the family goat or cow. Occasionally, across the fields, you will see a lean, patriarchal figure swinging a scythe through the tall grass, but for the most part, the area seems oddly deserted. Close to Eforie, you may see squads of prisoners working steadily at the crops under the cold gaze of guards carrying sub-machine guns. They strike an incongruous note in the peaceful, dreaming landscape.

Chiefly, I remember the heavenly perfume that pervades
the whole countryside and the swift, crimson flash of pantiled roofs, glimpsed through the haze of noon in this heat-soaked land. Always in the background was the slumbering breath of the sea, for the Black Sea dominates this whole area.

The region is really a mighty plain, studded with barrows, where, beneath a blanket of wheat and maize, the Scythians and Ocornans sleep their centuries' old sleep. Prosperous looking villages nestle in the fields, their church spires and ancient minarets like slender needles, brilliant against the piercing blue of the sky. Occasionally you will see, almost side by side, a cemetery dotted with crosses or the blackened stone columns of a Tatar cemetery, for there is a considerable Tatar population in the area. The men are skilled wrestlers, and a picturesque feature of the fairs in the district is the spectacular Tatar wrestling tournaments.

We passed a small boat harbour, gleaming white on blue, and a long pier draped with fishermen and bronzed sun bathers. There was the brooding quiet of a Polyclinic, white and remote among the trees and, close to the water's edge, a long, low building with sloping ramps which we learned was a crippled children's hospital.

Yet, nothing in the lovely landscape had prepared us for the beauty of the coastal resorts. Agigea, Eforie, Vasile Roaita, Tuzla, 23rd August, and Mangalia unfold for the traveller like the flawless petals in a single perfect rose. Each is complete in itself, yet subtly enhanced by being part of a string of lovely resorts. Here the coast rises steeply, so that one looks down from flower-encrusted promenades and stark white terraces to swirling, milky jade seas and bone-white sands. Each of the resorts has cool, terraced restaurants where one can sit under the glancing shadows of the trees to drink coffee, beer or citronade. The streets seem to be almost carpeted with petunias and among the greenness are cream or white villas with brilliantly painted shutters and huge, modern hotels with strange, curving roofs. The villas were formerly the homes of the old aristocracy and of the well-to-do, but are now at the
disposal of workers who, the government feels, have earned a holiday.

If Eforie is the most spectacular, Mangalia is certainly the loveliest and the most peaceful. Here huge terracotta jars march sedately along the promenade, complementing the Moorish style balconies of the hotels and the crescent-crowned mosques in the background. One is so high above the beaches that the crowds are seen like performers in an old silent movie—impressive by the sheer mass of gleaming, bronzed bodies, but mercifully silent.

From above, the harbour looks serenely lovely—a protective, encircling white arm which encloses a sapphire pool, but nosing silently across the waters you may see a man-of-war like a thin, grey bullet.

Behind the line of magnificent hotels fronting the sea is an interesting huddle of houses, the wooden balconies festooned with strings of onions and the family washing. There is a certain endearing clutter that speaks of the warm business of living that one misses in the show-place hotels all along the coast.

On the clipped lawns under the trees at Eforie are broad picnic tables but I do not recollect ever seeing them being used and, in the main, the promenades and terraces are as formal as stage settings. Eforie is famous as a health spa and people suffering from rheumatic complaints, tuberculosis, gynaecological or dermatological affections go there for the sun baths, salt-water waters and mud baths. On one side is the Black Sea and on the other the very lovely Lake Tekirghiol on whose banks are special establishments for applying therapeutic mud.

Mud was formed and is being continually formed in the waters of Lake Tekirghiol, a lake which had its origin in a gulf in the Black Sea in the quaternary era. A sandbank appeared between the former gulf and the sea, thus forming a large separate lake. Its waters are said to be seven times more salt than the sea, the quantity of salt water being 39,800,000,000
litres, while the quantity of salts in the lake is calculated to be sufficient to build a monument almost as large as the Keops Pyramid! Even if new mud did not form every year, there would still be enough left to last another five centuries.

There can be few more fascinating lakes. Sometimes you will come across tiny piers with a few rowing boats rocking peacefully against a frame of trees and seductively perfumed bushes. Humanity seems as remote as the stars. Then you may find yourself looking down on what appears to be a scene from Chinese mud wrestling. Dozens of health seekers are practising plastering, or the so-called Egyptian method of mud packing. After bathing in the lake, you spread a thin layer of mud all over the body up to the neck, then stay in the sun for 15 to 20 minutes, until the mud dries. After a few minutes' dip in the lake, you again stay in the sun until quite dry, followed by an hour's rest. The treatment is supposed to be taken for two to three weeks.

Mud larks seem very remote from the sedate little town of Tekirghiol itself, which attracts almost as many tourists as the lake, partly because it is a charming mélange of the old and the new and partly because it is the home of the famous little Black Church. This is a tiny wooden building, silvery grey with age, said to be well over three hundred years old. It has lovely lines, with crisply pointed steeples soaring above minute fretted balconies. No nails have been used in the construction and the ancient beams fit as snugly into each other as they did those centuries ago. On one beam, nearest the entrance, is a vigorous carving of the heads of the founders—a wimpled nun and a grave, bearded Greek Orthodox priest. Mercifully, Rumania seems to have escaped the modern sickness of vandalism and the carving is in excellent condition.

When we visited it a service was in progress and the tiny room was crammed with kneeling bodies. After the hot sunshine, it was like stepping into complete darkness, but gradually through the film of incense, in the channels of shadows,
we became aware of the gently indifferent eyes watching us. Almost every available space was covered with holy relics—pictures, ikons, silk banners. All sprang to life as a score of thin wax candles were lighted. The middle-aged man in charge of the candelabra might have been an Irish labourer in a small Roman Catholic Church in his decent black, with his teak-brown face. In the confined space the litany rolled like an organ voluntary and the watchful, waiting eyes shone. After the service, we were invited to step behind the tiny screen to the circular room beyond, to gaze on the silver embossed book of the gospels and lightly touch the silken robes of the priest.

In the paved courtyard outside were masses of sentinel-like Easter lilies, stiff and snowily perfect in the sunlight, and a great fragrant bush of orange blossom. Adjoining is a trim white building which is a home for convalescent priests. Several maids had pulled a kitchen table out into the sunshine and in a corner of the courtyard they prepared the vegetables for lunch. In the midst of shelling great mounds of peas and peeling a basinful of potatoes, they stopped their chattering to look at us curiously.

For the visitor, there could be no greater contrast than the sophistication of the magnificent beaches and the simplicity of the tiny church. Essentially and inescapably, each is Rumania.

You would be well advised to hire a car to explore the Constantza Region, which includes part of the Baragan (the Fetesti district) and almost the entire province of the Dobruja. Not all of it is beautiful, but all is interesting, and only by travelling by bus or car is it possible to arrive at any idea of the great variety of the geographical features of the region: the Baragan steppe, the lovely coastal districts, the Danube and its Borcea arm, the mysterious Danube Delta, the Dobrujan steppe and part of the Hercinians, which are mountains of very ancient formation.

It is worth visiting the Cernavoda Bridge which spans the
Danube in a great triumphal arch connecting up the Baragan and the Dobruja. The area is a happy hunting ground for archaeologists. The landscape is forbidding, a place of low-lying plains, pools and swamps against which the buildings and chimney stacks of the town of Medgidia stand out boldly. It is a relief to the eye when, eastwards, the land forms into gentle hills clothed with the Murfatlar vineyards. Against the dark green background of vineyards and orchards, the tractor repair shops and the huge kilns of the “Cimental Pacii” cement factory send billows of black smoke skywards. The barren Dobruja provides vast quantities of stone for the cement mills and the area is becoming a very large cement producer.

Soon the landscape changes and, as you move into the heart of the Dobruja, the wide steppe opens out into long stretches of fields filled with crops and laced with young trees which have been planted as windbreakers. The great reddish bluffs, rising like cliffs here and there, are left behind and deep valleys appear, cradling at their feet the remains of the ancient Hercinian Mountain range. This is the region, par excellence, that is soaked in ancient history. For a hundred and twenty thousand years, relics of the past have remained in the caves of the Gura Dobrogei, at Cheia, at Topalu and across the terraces of the Cara-Su Valley.

By following a line from Medgidia to Tulcea on the Danube Delta and from Medgidia to Negru Voda, close to the Bulgarian border, you will have travelled along the entire length of the Dobruja. When you have looked at the old Esmahan Sultan Mosque at Mangalia, a Scythian tomb near Mangalia, a Stone Age settlement at Hamangia, at the Daco-Getic hoards of vases at Agighiol, at a luxury villa set amid acacia and sumach-trees at Razelm Lake, you will begin to see how much variety this region has to offer. There will still remain the famous vineyard districts of Sarica and Niculitel; the monasteries of Cilec-Dere, Cocos and Saonu set deep in the old lime forests and the necklace of towns—Jurilofca, Beștepe, Murighiol, Mahmudia, Somova and Isaacea—that march towards the mountains which
stand guard along the Danube. Should you choose to spend your entire holiday in the Constantza Region, you could not conceivably exhaust its possibilities in many weeks.

**Useful Information**

*Shops* Most of the souvenirs and presents that you will want to take home are produced by the Handicraft Co-operatives of the Rumanian People's Republic. Prices are standard, so if you see what you want at Mamaia, don't expect to buy it more cheaply at Sinaia or Bucharest. Everything is priced, whether it is a piece of embroidery, foodstuffs or boxes of chocolates, so there is no question of being cheated. In the Black Sea Coast area, these are the principal shops:

Constantza—Str. 1.V Stalin nr. 18—Magazinul nr. 1.
Constantza—Str. 1.V. Stalin nr. 41—Magazinul nr. 2.
Mamaia—Magazinul complex “International”.
Mamaia—Magazinul complex “Modern”.
Mamaia—Magazinul complex “Yalta”.
Mamaia—Magazinul complex “Tomis”.
Mamaia—Magazinul complex “Cazino”.
Eforie—Magazinul nr. 1 Arta Populara.
Vasile Roaia—Magazinul B-dul Rezpublicii.
Mangalia—Magazinul Str. Puskin.
Tekirghiol—Magazinul Faleza.

**Places of Interest**


*Constantza*: Butchers' Gate, Genoese Lighthouse, Hunchair Mosque, Principal Mosque, Spanish-rite Jewish Temple, Statue of Ovid, Black Sea Aquarium, Dobruja Regional Museum, Briuletul Folk-Music Orchestra, House of Culture of the Trade
Unions, House of Literary Creation, State Theatre, Navy Theatre, Operetta Theatre, Sports Stadium.

_Mangalia_: Ruins of the Callatis enclosure wall, Scythian tomb.

_Vasile Roăită_: Dr. Horia Slobozianu Museum.
INTERESTING EXCURSIONS
Histria—Murfatlar Vineyard—Danube Delta

Having reached Mamaia, you will almost certainly be tempted to stay there, enjoying the sun and the sea, and it may take some effort of will to explore the Dobruja region further. It is well worth taking the excursions available and all of them are excellent value.

Understandably, most people undertake afternoon sails on the Black Sea and these need no description. Almost equally popular are the excursions to Kallates or Histria. The former lies 40 kilometres to the south of Constantza and is known as the “City of Powerful Walls”. It was built by the Dorians almost 2,500 years ago and traces of the ancient world still remain. Archaeologists have uncovered cemeteries in which the neolithic men had at their heads sacrificial jars, stone chisels and hatchets and wild boars’ heads. At the heads of the women were usually clay idols representing pregnant women, and sometimes there were attractive marble bracelets or dainty shell necklaces. In the settlements, charred wheat grains, stone grain-grinders and stone cudgels have been found. Fortifications, roads, temples, mosaics, statues, aqueducts, thermal baths testify to the Greek and Roman occupations, and it will be an unimaginative person who can look unmoved at the sturdy walls and graceful broken columns and not spare a thought for the skilled hands that fashioned them.

Just over 40 kilometres to the north of Tomi is Histria, or rather the ruins of the old port of Histria, founded by the Ionians in the seventh century B.C. It is the oldest settlement in Rumania. In the times of the Greeks and Romans, the port
was situated on an island close to the river bank. Now, after twenty-six centuries, Histria is on the east bank of Lake Sinoé, the alluvial deposits of the Danube having gradually encroached on the ancient domains of the sea. It is a paradise for archaeologists, but Histria, the “wondrous flower of history”, as it has been called, is not for the student only. It has much to offer the intelligent traveller—beautiful Ionian columns, stone carvings, Greek inscriptions on the stone blocks and slabs let into the Roman walls, graceful wine and oil jars. There are countless reminders of a richly storied, though often unhappy, past. The visitor can wander among the ruins of the temple of Aphrodite; see the remains of the thermal baths with their richly glowing mosaics; inspect the site of the Forum and see parts of the ordinary houses. Excavations are still going on and fresh treasures coming to light, so the next few years should see a considerable improvement in what Histria has to offer.

The city’s story goes back a long way. Between the seventh and the first century B.C., the Greeks introduced slavery to this area. The inhuman trade flourished and more and more of the native population were bundled into the holds of Greek vessels along with the cattle to be shipped to the Greek metropolis. Naturally, the native population was loud in its protests and fierce in its attacks, so the Greeks had to shut themselves up behind powerful protective walls. Remnants of these can still be seen at both Tomi and Histria. Later, the Romans built highroads and raised walls of earth and stone right across the Dobruja. Part of the Trajan’s Wall and relics of some of the Roman defensive ramparts can still be seen. Traces of the Scythians, Getae and Dacians remain in their cemeteries and earthenware vessels found outside the city walls, while the relics found within Histria’s walls are mostly Roman.

Few cities can have had a comparable record of civilization, luxury and refinement, but the bitter truth was that Histria owed its prosperity to its traffic in human beings. Rumanian historians like to point out that, like the punishment of Sodom
and Gomorrah, it was Histria’s fate to die buried alive. The Danube, formerly called the Ister, avenged the miserable slaves by ruining the alien oppressor city. Year by year, the Ister carried down mud and alluvium until it filled up the gulf, the lung through which Histria breathed. Fittingly, the city became a prisoner of the mud and, since ships could no longer reach it, its people departed to other ports and Histria died slowly. Today, the visitor can see the Scythian tomb stretching as far as the eye can see, and feel like something tangible the undeniable air of melancholy that pervades the region.

A much gayer excursion is a wine-tasting visit to the Murfatlar Vineyards, which lie inland fairly close to Medgidia. It is not surprising to find a vineyard here, for Rumania has an old tradition in wine-growing. Indeed, two centuries ago, on the Black Sea shore, Dionysos was worshipped. The name of Murfatlar is well-known outside Rumania, since wines from this area have won numerous gold medals—Ljubljana 1958, 1959, 1960; Montpellier 1958, 1959; Budapest 1958, 1960.

Apart from tasting and acquiring a good deal of information about the wines of the district, the visitor can learn much about the wines of other areas. For example, almost directly north from Medgidia is the Region of Galatz where the ancient town of Focșani has long regarded wine as an integral part of its make-up. Descriptio Moldaviae mentions a contest between a Moldavian and a Wallachian, who, instead of horses and lances, had wine cups as their weapons. Since 1862, the town’s coat of arms has embodied a tipsy Bacchus leaning against a barrel. He is said to have good reason for being tipsy since close at hand is Odobești with its renowned galbena (white wine). At one time, the Polish princes used to buy it and escort it back to Poland with drawn swords, as though they were transporting gold. Nearby, too, is Nicoresti of whose famous cracana a Rumanian writer says that it blends the light of a peerless ruby with the taste of feathered game, as, for example, grilled partridge or quail partaken of in front of the wine cellar.

The visitor to Murfatlar is likely to learn also of the merits
of the wines of Jaristea and Panciu, though he will probably have already noticed these names on the wine bottles at meals. He should ask about those of the Timișoara Region, and may expect to be told that, in August, when cherries have long been past elsewhere, the fruits of the great cherry trees, the size of centenarian oaks, are just ripening at Cornereva and Canicea. These are used for brandy. This is the region where the villagers make a special kind of țuica (plum brandy) called slibovita from a variety of late autumn plums.

The part that the vineyard has played in Rumania’s history is emphasized by the frescoes found in old convents, monasteries and churches. On the carved wooden pews and thrones, carved stone window mouldings, inscriptions engraved on tombstones, among the well-known Byzantine-Armenian decorative designs are garlands of flowers and fruit, plants with stylized leaves, and intertwined vine-branches standing out against the austere backgrounds.

The traveller who cannot go to the Jassy Region to visit the famous Cotnari vineyard can comfort himself with the thought that Murfatlar is fairly representative of what may be seen in many parts of Rumania. At Constantza, he can see at the Folk Dancing Festival, a typical Grape Harvest dance, a hectic, joyous affair in which the rhythmic intricacies generate their own excitement. In learning something of the vineyards and wines of Rumania, he will have come very close to understanding an important part of her past and present.

The most unusual excursion, however, is the two day trip to the Danube Delta. Normally, passengers leave Mamaia on Tuesdays and arrive back on Wednesdays, having seen a region so strange and wonderful that it is like something from a surrealistic dream, at times reminiscent of the tales of Edgar Allan Poe and at others evocative of the fairy tales of childhood.

A Rumanian historian has captured something of the seemingly endless variety of the Delta in these words:

The Danube’s mighty arms, the magic blue mirrors of the lakes, the dark impenetrable hermit-like islands of weeping willows,
the immense expanses of reeds and the stretches of high ground, the long narrow streams and canals penetrating deep into the Untrodden wilderness; the flights of birds passing over the reeds; the colonies of pelicans; the secret hiding places of the swans; the herds of wild boar; the great islands over which flocks of sheep and herds of cattle wander in search of pasture; the dark squat outline of a fisherman’s hut or fishing centre; the lonely cottages of Robinson Crusoes of this watery wilderness; the long black arms of a windmill; the trail of smoke left by a steamer; the roof of a solitary hunting lodge; the snatches of a fisherman’s song; the villages strung along a strip of earth and reflected in the shining waters around them, and rare glimpses of the inscrutable sea—such are the sights that lure you to penetrate into an unexplored world. The Dobruja is a stony land, tormented by scorching sun and parching winds, but here this modest region has been given as compensation a scenery that is quite unique.

The Danube Delta is situated on the highroad from the mountains to the sea, north of the Dobrudjan plateau and close to the fertile plains of the Baragan. The river’s three main arms, with the countless canals, lakes and marshes uniting them, occupy 4,340 square kilometres and the Delta is made up of 80 per cent water and 20 per cent dry land. From the Chilia, Sulina and Sfintul Gheorghe arms fascinating trips through the watery empire can be taken.

Most visitors to the Black Sea coast make the fifty minute journey by air from Constantza to the little town of Tulcea which is just over 100 kilometres away and is a busy and picturesque fishing centre. Fishing smacks huddle close to the sea-wall and it is clear that the whole life of the town centres in the wide arc of buildings rimming the Danube. Canning factories deal with almost endless supplies of perch, bream, carp and sheat-fish. Large quantities of roach are fished in Lake Razelm, but one would have to go to the Sf. Gheorghe arm of the Delta to see the superb catches of sturgeon and sterlet. Because of the special conditions prevailing, fish grow to an enormous size. Sturgeon weigh up to 3,800 lb. have been
caught, and carp up to 105 lb. Owing to their huge size, landing them is a tricky business. Many maintain that the sturgeon caught in the waters of the Delta is the tastiest, and certainly the caviar prepared at Sf. Gheorghe is prized all over the world.

At Tulcea, the visitor has ample opportunity to sample the catches of the waters. On the motor ship which takes him for a cruise through the channels and canals of the Delta, lunch, dinner and overnight accommodation is provided. Fish is served at every meal and the three course lunch provides an opportunity for sampling three different and exotic varieties of fish.

Understandably, the accommodation aboard the motor ship is not sumptuous, but two, three and four berth cabins are available, though a surprising number of people elect to sleep on deck. Not unexpectedly, darkness brings mosquitoes, and there is no guarantee that the toilets will be free from cockroaches, but these seem unimportant details in this unspoiled natural paradise of channels and streams, fringed by willows and reeds and teeming with pelicans, swans, herons, flamingos, and egrets.

How is it possible to convey the strange, haunting beauty of the Delta? It is another Sargasso Sea, sinister and repellent; a land of wonderful pools, encrusted with giant white and yellow water-lilies; a place of deep, equatorial forests where entwining creepers of luxuriant vegetation smother the oak trees and blot out the sun. It is the winter home of the collared goose, the polar grebe, the singing swan; the summer resting place for the dwarf cormorant, the Mongolian pelican and the pink-plumaged flamingo from the Nile.

Sadoveanu described his sense of wonder at his first sight of the Delta:

As soon as we emerged along the banks of the Danube amid those vast willow copses, gently bowing to the breeze, I understood we were entering another life or a fairy tale. Beyond the copses lay the innumerable deep lakes, prisons for the fish; fishermen's adobe warehouses and their primitive huts; islands
and drift wood. On the floating bed—that is, on the land recently formed by alluvium deposits, sedge, plants and everything that death collects and transforms—a new and feverish life was teeming. Unknown plants sparkled in the sun. Blue Judas-vines climbed towards the plumes of the sedge. Various creepers intermingled to weave draperies. At dusk one evening, the nightingales sang in a blooming tamarisk spinney, the colour of the sky. In the deep shade, at the back of this brilliant scenery, thousands of birds and animals lived an unfettered life. And below them, in the boiling water and in the warm mud, there was another life, that of the beetles, numberless, unending, manifold and fabulous, whose sources spring from eternity. The eagle screamed up in the air, where flows the great river of winds. Nearer to us, the swans and cormorants floated and paddled by. White spoonbills followed each other flying over the reeds. Out of ancient, hollow willow trunks sprang graceful egrets, like winged snowflakes. And the duck, and the geese, and the heron, and the crane, and the woodcock, and the various species of sea-gulls. . . . And the strange men with whom we came in touch, men of another race and from a different zodia, who did not speak only of the kinds of fish to be found in the marshes and lakes, but also of the animals in the copses on the banks, such as the wolf and the wild-boar, the otter and the mink. . . . And passing by an island I saw an orchard of quince-trees carrying large golden fruit as in the tale.

If you fly over the Danube Delta (as you will do if you undertake the excursion to Odessa in the U.S.S.R.) you will find it difficult to accept that as much as 20 per cent of it is in fact land. As far as the eye can see are twisting channels of water and the forests have an air of green impenetrability. Intellectually you accept the possibility of solitary fishermen or of small, remote groups of people existing somehow amidst the clouds of birds that rise above the waters, but the idea of towns or even villages in the Delta seems fantastic. Yet at Dranov, at Mila 23, at Matita, at Portita, at Sf. Gheorghe, at Chilia Veche and at Sulina are large, bustling picturesque fishing centres. Today Mila 23 is regarded as a model fishery. Great dams
have been erected, so that wheat is now cultivated, and on the islands heaped up by the water herds of cattle and flocks of sheep graze.

On the Maliuc plateau is an extensive experimental station where research on the reeds is carried on. At Braila, testing of machines for harvesting the reeds is in progress, and work on dam construction, on improvements in the canalization system and in piscicultural improvements are important features.

Mingled with the fisherman’s deep song, you can hear the shepherd’s flutes, the fast-beating Tatar tambourines and the balalaika, for there is new life in this ancient region and what was old when Herodotus wrote is today being transformed into a flourishing young region.

The visitor is not likely to forget the floating islands of reeds, some up to twenty feet high or the vast expanses of reed forest thickly matted with vegetation and teeming with game. On the island of Letea, in the 5,000 acre forest, wild boars make their home among the ancient oaks. Herodotus wrote of this region 2,500 years ago, but its appearance has changed often since then, since the floating islands of reeds change their position with every storm of any magnitude.

This is the meeting place for almost all the birds of the world, so that, particularly in autumn, the Delta has all the hustle and noise of a large city. Cranes, storks, black storks, buzzard, egrets, the whooper swan, the arctic swan meet as though by appointment. Some birds assemble here before leaving for warmer climes; some are merely passing through and want to rest for a few days; some have come to hatch their chicks. Pelicans build their huge nests (1-1½ metres in diameter) in great compact groups. Sometimes as many as a hundred couples are to be seen, and close-by are often equally well organized groups of cormorants. These bully the pelicans whom they force to join in the hunt for fish. They form a semi-circle and from the rear drive the semi-circle of pelicans forward. By their joint efforts, the fish are chased into the centre, but since the pelicans are
not particularly skilful and cannot dive under water, the cor-
morants usually get the fish.

Fish is the traditional wealth of the Delta. If the visitor
wishes to travel any distance into the marshes, he will have
to travel with the fishermen in flat-bottomed boats, like heavy
punts smeared with pitch. The men let down small cylindrical
wicker-baskets with cone-shaped ends made of netting into
which the fish enters and is trapped. There is an old fishing
legend which tells that theft in the marshes is the greatest
crime, and whoever is caught stealing from another man's fish-
ing basket shall have his thumb chopped off on the block.

In this watery region, life has never been easy. Flooding and
disaster have always been just round the corner. In many of the
little hamlets and villages children are said to have learned to
swim in the waters inside their homes. Naturally, such condi-
tions have produced a sturdy, resourceful people. There are
several national minorities, such as Ukrainians, Russians,
Lipovenes, co-existing with the Rumanian population. Each
have preserved their traditional folk-art and crafts and the
area is rich in peasant rugs, beautifully carved wooden imple-
ments and houses with exquisitely painted door panels and
carved eaves. The Lipovenes are a most interesting section of
the community. Nearly three hundred years ago, 25,000
Russians fled to the Lower Danube to "save our souls from
eternal damnation". Today, these strange people live mostly
by fishing, and the men wear great curly beards because their
customs forbid shaving. They use fish for money and live in
mud huts and try to preserve the "pure form of Russian life".
They are afraid that they may be forced out of business by
the new fish cannery plants being built along the river. A few
from the area have gone into collective farms and some into
factories, but even in the modern factories they still wear
beards. Rumanians call them Lipoveni, or bearded fishermen,
and they call themselves the Raskolnik, or "Old Believers".

As in other areas of Rumania, conditions are changing
rapidly. Crops and fruits are assuming a new importance and
it is not difficult to see that in future the wealth of the Delta will unquestionably be its sedge. It is an important raw material for the country’s chemical industry, producing annually three million tons. Two hundred and seventy thousand hectares of the Delta are covered with sedge and the crop from a single hectare makes the cutting of eight hectares of resinous forest unnecessary, since it produces the equivalent quantity of raw material for the cellulose and paper industry. An additional advantage is that the sedge grows by itself each year, whereas the resinous forest requires careful planting and much labour and takes sixty to seventy years to mature. The time is not far off when this region will be a flourishing industrial area.

Of the three arms of the Danube, the Chilia arm is the most northerly. It is 110 kilometres long and starts from Ceatolul Ismailului. It meanders round many islands and is building up on the territory of the Soviet Union a delta of its own. The middle arm, called Sulina, is 53 kilometres long and is the straightest. Fishermen’s cottages and farm houses set amidst orchards are strung out along the banks. The new buildings at Maliuc are typical of the new developments of the Delta. By means of a series of lakes and canals, the Sulina arm communicates with the meres on Letea Island to the north and with those of Sfintul Gheorghe to the south. This last arm is the most southerly and is 110 kilometres long. Its beginnings are marked by the Dobrudja mountains. Then it reaches the Razelm Lake region, which is connected to the Delta by a system of lakes, islands and canals, which make up an extension of the Delta region called Dranov Island. This area is rich in archaeological remains and is not far from Histria.

**Useful Information**

**TRANSPORT:**

- By Rail  Constantza—Tulcea
- Bucharest—Tulcea
- Bucharest—Braila (Braila—Tulcea by steamer)
By Air  Constantza—Tulcea (Bucharest—Constantza—Tulcea)
        Bucharest—Galati—Tulcea
By Car  Constantza—Tulcea
        Bucharest—Hirsova—Tulcea
        Bucharest—Braila

Places of Interest

_Fintinele_: Springs and aqueducts of Histria.
_Hirsova_: Ruins of the Carsium Citadel.
_Medgidia_: Principal Mosque.
_Tulcea_: Museum of Natural Science.
_Braila_: Bust of Emperor Trajan by Pavelescu-Dimo, Church of Sf. Mihail and Gavril, State Theatre, Arts Museum in the Palace of Culture.
_Galatz_: Monument of the Union of the Principalities by Rafael Romanelli, Precista Church (seventeenth century), Sf. Gheorghe Church, Arts and Natural Sciences Museum, Arts Museum, Museum of History.
7 THE PRAHOVA VALLEY
Getting There—Constantza
to Hirsova—Pitesti—
Ploesti—Sinaia

The region in Rumania most widely frequented by tourists is
the Prahova Valley and there could be no greater contrast to
the sun-soaked, sophisticated Black Sea coast than this region
of magnificent gorges, carved out of the Carpathians by the
rivers; of deep caves like natural underground cathedrals; of
glacial lakes and enchanting valleys.

For most people, Sinaia is the popular destination, since it
is a perfect centre for exploring the Southern Carpathians; visit-
ing Paltinis or Borsa; the fantastic stone figures called the
“Babele” (the old women) and the “Sphinx” at the top of the
Bucegi Mountains; the sports resorts of Poiana Brasov and
Predeal, and generally enjoying life in a lovely mountain resort.
Because of poor connections and slow trains, the journey by
train from Constantza to Sinaia, at the moment of writing,
occupies an entire day and, while the experience is neither dull
nor uncomfortable, from the visitor’s point of view, the ideal
method is to make the journey by road. In a leisurely seven
hours, with frequent stops, one can absorb much of the true
Rumania, for in the confetti of facts about the country much
of real import may be lost, and by looking at the land that has
bred them, the homes they have fashioned and seeing them in
their natural settings, one comes to know something of the
truth about the Rumanian people.

With the sun high in the sky, five of us set out by car from
Mamaia for Sinaia. Vasile, our Rumanian driver, a tall, slim,
young man with an expressive, intelligent face, looked anxiously
at the interior of the Zim car to see if the minutest speck of
dust had escaped his vigilance. As usual, he was immaculate
in a freshly washed and ironed cotton suit and quite obviously
regarded the long car journey as a treat. As our luggage had
preceded us by train, we had plenty of room for leg-stretching
and for the twisting and turning that a particularly interesting
or lovely spot provoked.

Once we had left Constantza behind, we might have been
five castaways on a desert island. The arrow-straight road
stretching endlessly before us, the immense fields meeting an
incredibly distant horizon, the great blazing arc of the sky, all
contributed to make us feel that we were the sole survivors of
some great disaster.

Yet there was nothing sinister in the landscape. The fields
of corn were as yellow and wholesome as newly baked bread.
Occasionally great patches of purple vetch splashed across the
gold and sometimes by the roadside there would be a clump
of scarlet poppies staining the greenness. The intoxicating scent
of the tobacco flower drifted into the car, and at times the
maize-stalks would bend as if a mighty, underground current
pulled at their roots. A rice field stretched to the horizon as far
as the eye could see, though Vasile informed us that the most
famous rice plantations are to be found in the Danube marsh-
lands, at Chirnogi.

The road ran through the middle of a succession of little
hamlets and villages, the houses sturdily built of wood and
surrounded by trim fences, sometimes beautifully carved with
designs of flowers, fruits or birds. None of them had the slightly
down-at-heel look of the houses on the outskirts of Constantza
and the native love of flowers was shown in the festoons of
greenery in the small windows and in the rather pathetic little
fringes of flowers edging the main road. While the houses were
modest wooden or whitewashed erections, they were not
shabby and the variety of styles made each village a pleasing
and harmonious unit. Beautifully thatched roofs, toasted by
many hot suns, predominated, with the onion dome of the village mosque towering like a lighthouse above them.

Hereditary Moslems are said to differ from other people in that they are possessed of a kind of inner clock and compass outfit, so that whenever and wherever they are, they instinctively know the hour of prayer and the exact angle at which to face Mecca for their prayers. This seems to be true of those Moslems who live in small villages. In the really remote parts, where there is no minaret, the muezzin will climb the highest tree and from the topmost branch will shout his exhortation with hands cupped to his mouth.

_Allahu akbar! Lā ilāha illā 'illāh!_

It is a startling and lovely experience to hear the thin high voice sounding across the fields with an unearthly delicacy, like an assurance of immortality.

Sometimes outside one of the tiny field houses, you will see a man grasping in his horny fingers a short string of blue beads, the Moslem rosary or _tespyeh_, fiddling with the thirty-three beads, while his eyes follow the car with child-like wonder. Often you will be able to tell which is a Moslem house, since the Turks like to grow the great crimson flowers of the rhododendron, so that they may pick the petals and eat them as their ancestors did to fortify themselves on the eve of battle.

If you are fortunate enough to be invited into any of the little village houses, you will be struck by the way in which the customs and handicrafts of the regions from which the owners have come have been preserved. Particularly in the Constantza Region is there a mingling of people from many areas. There is no mistaking the homes of those from the Magyar Autonomous Region in the north, for they are almost certain to be marked with the Szekler gate with dove-cote, elaborately carved and painted in bright colours. Many historians believe that this is an ancient religious symbol brought from Asia to venerate the Goddess Astarte, protector of doves and the personification of the divine life-giving power. On the
gates, carved on the boards of the eaves, on the window frames and on the pillars of the veranda will be designs of palm trees and the solar orb, typical of sun-worshipping oriental people. The Szechlers paint and carve almost all their possessions—the distaff, their furniture, the yoke of the oxen, and even the funerary ornaments which they set up in their tiny cemeteries instead of crosses. These pillars (*kopijafa*) are shaped like lances and are thought to be relics of the ancient nomad custom of burying the warrior with his weapons. Often the top is carved in the shape of a fez or a hat, the shape of which will tell the knowledgeable a good deal about the status of the dead.

In some of the villages, you will find a few hardy *padureni* (forest dwellers) who have made the long journey south-eastwards to the plains from the remote hills in the Hunedoara Region. The women cling to their richly embroidered blouses and bodices, their black aprons called *opregi*, worn in front and behind, and *opinci*, a type of laced, one-piece leather moccasin with upturned toes. Over their shoulders, they wear a white sheepskin coat and hat and the married women cover their heads with white veils, encrusted with embroidery, which flow down their backs almost to the ground.

The austerity of their houses reflects the hard way of life that has been bred in their bones, but there will be carved dowry-chests, ornamental water-jugs and even the receptacle for pressing the butter will have designs from the flora and fauna of the region of their origin.

Some houses, particularly if the owners come from the Moți Land, still retain the single bed for the whole family placed in the middle of the main room, and all the houses will have at least one beautifully glazed stove stretching from floor to ceiling in the principal room.

As the miles sped past, Vasile told us of the customs in other areas. For example, in the Craiova Region, the mountain-side dwellings are usually built on raised foundations to avoid the damp, and nearly always have a staircase leading up to an
open veranda, supported by richly carved pillars. The most picturesque buildings in that area are the *cula* type, a country house, which is a fortified dwelling rather like some found south of the Danube, but with specifically Rumanian features. These were first built by the boyars in the seventeenth century against the plunderers coming from the Ottoman Empire. Though the need for protection has gone, many still cling to the *cula*-type of fortified dwelling with a few superimposed rooms, thick walls pierced by narrow loopholes, and massive oak doors. However, you will not see any of these on the road to Bucharest, but will have to go to Curtisoara, Groserea or Almaj for perfect examples, though less impressive ones are to be found at Vadeni, Caloparu or Frasin.

The road along which we travelled had been marked on the official way as specially suitable for tourists, and the sight of those attractive villages nestling at the side of the road supplied an adequate reason for the recommendation.

We were approaching Crucea when we saw a straggling little procession of soberly clad men and women following a horse-drawn hearse. The horse drooped sleepily between the shafts and the sun glinted incongruously on the sombre, elaborately ornamented black vehicle. As we drew abreast, we had a terrifying glimpse of a paper-white face, a long beaky nose pointing skywards and a head of sleek, black hair. Was it some young farmer in the open coffin or a Vrancea shepherd? We shall never know. Later, when we spoke of the incident, our Rumanian guide looked horrified. “Impossible!” she exclaimed. “You cannot have seen this. We are trying to stamp out such customs.”

Our arrival at Crucea was witnessed by a couple of old women, like bundles of old clothes, who, impervious as billiard balls, gathered the grass at the side of the road for a couple of skinny goats. In an excess of mad excitement, a small pinafore-clad boy poked viciously with a pointed stick at a hobbled cow, as if to establish his ownership and consequent importance in our eyes. Otherwise we seemed not to stir even a grain of the
thick white dust of the road, but might have been in a deserted village. The pretty little wooden houses had a secret, shuttered look as if life would begin for them only with the return of the owners from the fields.

We had been attracted by the sight of this cluster of houses perched on a knoll with the pointed spire of a time-weathered Greek Orthodox church rising out of their midst like a grey, intractable finger. Almost as soon as we pushed the creaking wooden gate leading to the church, an old man and a handsome youth with dark, laughing eyes appeared like genies summoned by Aladdin’s lamp. With a flourish, a key was produced and, like visiting royalty, we were ushered into the shadowy depths.

The church was old, dusty and shabby, innocent of seats, except for a few stall-like fitments against the walls. The stiff heads of anonymous saints and a bland Madonna looked down a little self-consciously from above. A stale aroma of dust and old incense hung in the air. Quietly the old man watched us, well pleased with what he had to show. With sudden leaps, like a mountain goat, the youth indicated the paintings and carvings on the screen that divided the two rooms. Ceremoniously, we were conducted to the inner sanctum and there was the familiar, suicidal leap to manipulate pulleys controlling panels that shut off the main room.

There was little in the high-ceilinged circular inner church to detain us—a few bad paintings, the ornately bound Book of the Gospels, several crumpled copies of recent editions of newspapers. Mercilessly, the dancing sunlight revealed the shabbiness and the neglect. Yet we lingered contentedly, recognizing in the brown-faced simplicity of the old man and the eager courtesy of the boy something that was probably typical of the isolated little community—a gentle dignity and kindliness that made us reluctant to leave. If, as Maeterlinck maintains in The Blue Bird, even bread and milk have a soul, there can be no doubt that Cricuia has one too.

We were still about 35 kilometres from the Danube, making
for Hirsova where we would cross the river by ferry boat. Occasionally, an open lorry would lumber past, packed with workers who stood swaying under the weight of heavy banners. They were returning to their villages from Constantza where they had been welcoming Khrushchev, then on a courtesy visit to Rumania.

Above the rumble of the wheels came the lovely Amigdalea (almond-tree) song:

The slender almond-tree with snow-white hands she shook,
And shoulders, arms and hair were strewn with blossom fair. . . .

The deep male voices mingled with the light voices of the women in a great joyous burst of sound that seemed part of the sunshine, the blinding light and the dry, wholesome whisper of the crops.

Nothing, I thought, could be flatter than the country through which we were driving. Soon the grass had the coarse, sour look of sedge. There was the flash of water and strange primeval trees, the colour of elephant hide, growing straight out of the water. With a great whirring of wings, a flock of wild duck flew over our heads. Obviously we were in the vicinity of the Danube.

Like a Canaletto painting, Hirsova stretched flatly across the horizon, a collection of ochre buildings and oriental cupolas. There were the stark ruins of the Carsium Citadel, the onion domes of churches, and the styles, or pillars, in an old Turkish churchyard leaning drunkenly in every direction. The sound of a balalaika drifted on the air and a wattle-covered cart, like an outside upturned osier basket on wheels, lurched over the cobblestones towards the town.

We were still on the outskirts when the engine of the car gave a sound midway between a gigantic sneeze and a cough. With rare common sense, Zim had dug in her toes exactly opposite a petrol station. Only Vasile looked perturbed.

Before going to the garage, he stretched up to an overhanging tree, pulled off some branches and brought them to me,
crushing the leaves between his fingers to release the sweet, heady perfume of the lime.

Soon it would be evening, but the sun was still hot and a group of young Turkish girls walked slowly down the middle of the road, scuffing the dust with their bare feet. With their dark, flashing eyes, flower-decked hair and baggy shalvari, they looked gay and elegant and not at all as if they had spent a long day in the fields. Although they had barely reached their teens, as soon as a camera appeared, they struck poses with the practiced grace of a demi-mondaine and launched into a fingersnapping, veil whirling dance for our entertainment.

It seemed a pity when Vasile announced that the car was fit for the road and we had no excuse for lingering.

Fortunately, we had just missed the ferry, so we had ample time to look around. Clinging to the bank was a tiny, open-air fisherman’s restaurant. It was no more than a shelter of roughhewn logs and crowded plastic-covered tables, but the air was loud with laughter and the happy, excited talk of people having a good time. Great bowls of the famous fisherman’s broth were being consumed and strange, exotic fish—boiled, grilled, stewed—were on every plate.

We shared a table with three military officers who drank beer. When they called for a second round, I followed the waiter with my eyes. He carried the glasses to a table on which was a tin bowl filled with dark-brown water and rinsed them vigorously. I decided I was not hungry. Looking around at the noisy, smiling diners, dunking wedges of country bread in the savoury stews, I felt slightly ashamed of my fastidiousness.

Illogically, of all my experiences in Rumania, it was the one I enjoyed most. The gaiety of the people, the benison of the heat, the unforgettable smell of water and the crossing of the Danube on the primitive ferry are a rich amalgam that still spells happiness.

The ferry itself was little more than a roughly made raft towed by a small cabin cruiser. Just before we left, a long slender caique, like a hollowed tree-trunk was tied on. The
seven elderly men in it shipped the long oars and rested their work-gnarled hands in their laps with the beaming smiles of children at a party. They were only a couple of feet below us in the water and were obviously as delighted with us as we were with them. With many smiles and nods and large expansive gestures, we shared a common joy in the good sunshine, the thrill of skimming over one of the great rivers of the world, our admiration for the exotic floating islands with their rich vegetation, and the sheer happiness of being alive.

That day the Danube was a steely grey, like polished pewter, but it was boiling pewter that whirled and hissed and bubbled, as if above an enormous cauldron. The air was loud with the rushing sound of many wings and the sweet, clear call of birds. There was the long, strong pull of opposing currents plucking at the ferry, and in our faces the gentle slap of the wind.

There was no proper landing stage—just a white stretch of fairly flat ground, on which several trucks were already waiting to take their places for the return trip. But we were not to leave the Danube behind us yet. For a time we ran alongside, glimpsing through the trees strange twisted vegetation growing straight out of the water, smelling the dampness and seeing the sour marshiness of the land on either side of the road. Occasionally, a solemn faced boy, no more than seven or eight years old, would forget his charge of a solitary cow or goat to stare after us. Sometimes a wattle-covered cart, its interior piled high with all the worldly goods of the gipsy owners, would jog past as if time were of no account. It was a strange, lonely journey, as if we had entered a region of very few people.

Soon we had left the region of Constantza behind and had entered the Bucharest Region, but the land was as flat as before and even more desolate. Flocks of sheep of a breed smaller than any seen in Britain cropped the rank grass. Groups of shepherds, usually in bunches of four of five, herded their flocks with long wicked-looking whips, like cowboys at a rodeo. There seemed to be no sheep-dogs and nowhere did there appear to be flocks of sufficient numbers to justify several
shepherds, but the sheep may have been more widely scattered than we realized. None of the shepherds was in costume, but evidently in late autumn and winter they wear great shaggy, hooded sheepskin coats or huge, enveloping, hooded cloaks of felt as protection against the biting winds, for most of them are Vrancea shepherds and have brought with them the costumes worn in the Vrancea mountains.

Those we encountered seemed a tough crowd, but they must have been gentler than they looked or very fatalistic. When a lorry passed, honking madly at the sheep who straggled across the road, one group of shepherds made no attempt to control the flock. One sheep made a flying leap in front of the truck. There was a heavy thud and the unfortunate animal gave a few feeble kicks and then was still. The driver of the lorry made no attempt to slacken speed and the shepherds gave no signs of resentment, but gazed after the truck with bovine indifference, and the last we saw of them was one man pulling out a knife and beginning to skin the carcase. The contrast between the brouhaha that would have erupted in Britain and this philosophic acceptance was startlingly pointed.

As the light faded, an occasional open truck would pass us on the road, packed so tightly with men and women workers being brought in from the fields that one wondered how they managed to breathe. When the lorry stopped to pick up a few more women who waited patiently at the side of a field, nobody made any move to help them to negotiate the steep climb up the wheel and over the side of the truck. The packed mass simply drew itself in a little more tightly.

Sometimes a wattle-roofed cart, similar to those seen in remote parts of Ireland, would jog along with a timeless air of going nowhere in particular. Festoons of baskets and besoms were obviously the stock in trade. From under the curving roof, lying full length on the piles of goods, children with wild dark eyes and elfin faces peered out. They belonged to the numerous bands of gipsies that wander over Rumania.

There are large colonies of tziganes in the Constantza
Region. They have been there for centuries, having crossed from Macedonia into the Dobruja when that territory was inhabited by the nomadic Huns and Tatar tribes. They resemble no other gipsies in the world, for the Dobrodgean gipsy and the Tatar mingled and inter-married, so that the gipsies of Constantza have Mongolian blood, shown in their heads shaped like bullets and in their small eyes sunk deep in their sockets.

All over Rumanian to this day these gipsies travel as single families and not in tribes, and you may be fortunate enough to meet a gipsy leading a huge Carpathian bear, while the women of the family follow, wearing half a dozen snakes in their bosoms. Before the age of five, a girl-child will have been taught how to dance the tanana, a racial dance, and, although the authorities are striving to stamp out the custom, she will probably be a mother before she is eleven years old, though the father may be three or four times older. It is comforting to know that gipsy children in Rumania are never ill-treated by their parents. Indeed, it is considered a greater crime to beat one's child than to beat one's parents.

There were few villages to break the monotony of the long, straight road. Tandarei was no more than a string of small cottages, with the grandmothers arrayed on the strip of grass edging the road and keeping a watchful eye on the family cow. Bucu was slightly more imposing by virtue of a petrol station and a public telephone. Slobozca was a small, bustling forest town whose main street was choked with a mixture of bicycles and yoked oxen pulling ungainly farm carts. Visitors from the nearby inland bathing resort of Amara crowded round the main shops, making their favourite purchases of materials, paper patterns and gramophone records. From twists of paper they ate cherries or chewed raisins endlessly, like ruminating cows. They had the released, unhurried air of people on holiday, for this was Saturday evening and there would be no work the next day.

The story of the fortuitous discovery of the curative properties of Lake Amara, where the spa is now situated, is an interesting one. During the fighting with the Turks, Amara
was regarded as a rest camp for cavalrymen and their horses, withdrawn from the front line. There appeared to be no remedy for a skin disease then rife among the horses, much to the distress of the soldiers who were extremely fond of their faithful friends. One man led his horse to the swamp at Amara to bathe its sores in the multicoloured water and, as if by magic, the animal was healed. This led to the discovery of the unique healing powers of the lake for rheumatic patients, and today comfortable villas have been built to house those who arrive to take the cure.

By contrast, to the south, at Ciulnita, is Rumania's biggest cotton-ginning factory.

We had now travelled 48 kilometres from the Danube Delta following the line of the main railway and would have to cover 65 more to reach the town of Urziceni.

The country to the south was swampy and slightly menacing with strange, twisted trees emerging like pale ghosts from the water, stunted vegetation spreading like grey fungi between us and the river and the forlorn, keening cries of wild duck punctuating the stillness. It seemed a land given over to reeds and bulrushes, the haunt of fish and birds alone, where man had no place. Yet we knew that close by, to the south, between the river and the string of towns—Dragalina, Veda, Dragos, Marunt, Dar and Lehliu—stretched the great hunting grounds, teeming with game and wild animals, where the woodcock and snipe in the forests, drew the sportsman away from the wild duck and coots in the bulrushes.

The river Ialomita, sometimes veiled with age-old willows, kept us company past the village of Andrasnesti and as far as Cazanesti, when it curved south towards the little market town of Crasani. We were tempted to take a slight detour north to see the historical monuments at Revine and Reviga, for this was the region of Michael the Brave and monuments recorded where the people rose repeatedly against the Phanariot princes appointed by the Ottoman Empire.

Urziceni is a quite unremarkable town, picturesque because
of the yoked oxen that draw the loaded farm carts through its narrow streets; perilous to the motorist because of its abrupt corners and roughly cobbled roads; important because it lies at the junction of railway lines from north, west and east. Because of its position at the junction of the highroad recommended for tourists and the regional main road from the wine towns of Urlati, Ceptura and Calugareasca in the Ploesti Region, it has a bustle and stir that is quite absent in any other town for miles around. Since it is in the centre of the hunting country, it is the Mecca of sportsmen who come from August 5th until February 28th to hunt wild boar in the forests to the north, who shoot quail from August 5th until March 20th, go after blackcock from April 1st to May 15th, and who pot hares all the year round.

Men in the little towns and villages north of Urziceni—Ciocirlia, Gladeanu—Silistea, Limpezisu and Castesti—are expert in carving horn and wood, and from the animal skins the women fashion beautiful jackets, turning the fur side inwards and embroidering the skin with elaborate, colourful silk designs which almost entirely conceal their base. The women work the skins with their fingers, as Eskimo women do, until they are as soft as glove leather and can take their embroidery needles easily. Examples of this wonderful work, as well as similar embroidery done on sheep skins, may be seen at the Muzeul Satului at Bucharest.

For the 56 kilometres between Urziceni and the capital, the highway runs almost directly due south-west, except for describing a wide arc just before Afumali. Prior to that, the road runs through Cosereni and Movilita Veche, both of which are charming with their small, attractive houses, gay with geraniums, garden wells and pretty wooden arched gateways. Each garden was quiet, green and shaded from the summer sun, shadowed by acacias and lime trees, alive with bees busy about their business of producing the honey for which Bucharest is renowned.

It was like a biblical scene. In the cool of the evening, long
shadows lay along the grass. In each village, at the village well, the women were congregated, their water vessels at their feet while they lingered, arms akimbo, to exchange gossip and relax after their long day in the fields. There were fascinating glimpses of the men, with the dust of their labours still upon them, packed into the tiny beer shops or queuing patiently with their jugs at the beer carts. In lamp-lit taverns people sat eating dishes of the splendid yoghourt for which the villages are famous. There was serenity and contentment in the relaxed postures and in the tranquil faces. Only the hiss of geese, impatient to cross the road, or the blurred gobbling of turkeys broke the stillness.

Even the landscape seemed to take on a warmer, kindlier aspect. There was the toasted gold of wheat in long, level fields; occasionally the towering, dark-green rows of hops and the swelling richness of corn cobs. It was absurd to imagine that we were close to a great city of the world, yet at one moment our car was surrounded by the clumsy, lurching bodies of a herd of cows and the interior fragrant with their clover-laden breath; the next, we were dodging a trolley-bus on the outskirts of Bucharest.

I had been warned that it is not a beautiful city, and certainly my first impressions were not favourable. There was a quick glimpse of drab, cobbled streets, too wide to be friendly; of a bus crammed to the gunwales with tired-looking workers, with every step festooned with clinging bodies; of mean little buildings, their paint peeling and scabrous in the pallor of the setting sun. Was this indeed the Paris of the Balkans?

The Dambovitza is the stream which flows through Bucharest and all visitors are likely to hear the couplet:

\[
\text{Dambovitza apa dulce,} \\
\text{Cine o bea me se mai duce,}
\]

which means:

Sweet waters of the Dambovitza,
Whoever drinks it never more departs.
A little ruefully, after seeing the dirty little stream, I recalled James Samuelson’s observation: “What its retentive properties may have been in former times, we are not able to say, but we can quite imagine any person who ventures to drink of the water being incapable of leaving the city for ever afterwards”. Only later was Bucharest, or Bucaresti, the city of joy, as it is called by the Rumanians, to exercise its charm over me.

Because most visitors to Rumania are likely to visit Bucharest and will want to know something about the city and what it has to offer the traveller, the story of the capital is told in the succeeding chapter.

At this point, the motorist who is on his way north to Sinaia may wish to know a little about what the surrounding regions are like, in case he has the time or the opportunity to make a detour and certainly he is within easy reach of country that is as varied as it is beautiful.

Bucharest lies at the junction of seven main highways, four of which are those recommended for tourist travel and three of which are regional main roads marked on Rumanian maps with index numbers.

Road 1 runs practically straight north to the town of Ploesti, en route to Sinaia, and will be described later.

Road 2 is that between the capital and Urziceni and has already been described.

Road 3 runs due east through Panteli, where there is a lovely little church, swings past the chalet-shelters and the big rural settlements in the forest towns of Pasarea and Branesti, goes through Tundulea, to curve sharply south at Stefanesti and go twisting and curving through Lehlu, Rasvani, Lupsanu, Plevna, and industrial Nicolae Bálescu to the important town of Calarasi, on the Danube, marked on the map as the Dunarea.

Road 4 runs for 64 kilometres almost directly south-west to Oltenita, on the river Arges, famous for ship building, passing through Popesti, Stubei-Orasti, Budesti, Curcani and so on to the swamp land bordering the river. An old song says:
The waters of Arges are broad and strong.
But the waters of Sabar run laughing along.

At one time, Rumanians thought that there was too much water in the area, but to the east the Chirnogi rice-fields stretch to the horizon as far as the eye can see and these famous rice plantations of the Danube marshlands have brought prosperity to that part of the Baragan.

If you follow Road 5 from Bucharest, it will take you in an almost straight line, 64 kilometres south, passing right through the fertile Baragan, by way of Jilava, Adunatii-Copaceni, the tractor town of Calugareni and Daia, to the port of Giurgiu. The last takes its name from the days when Genoese navigators built a castle here, called San Giorgio. Unfortunately, no trace of this castle now remains, but on the outskirts of the town you may visit the remains of the ramparts of the fortress built centuries ago by the Turks.

Everywhere in the town are traces of the Ottoman influence, the detritus of another civilization. Dating from the Turkish occupation is the tall tower in the centre of the town, from which the guards of the Crescent watched over the fortress but which has been used more recently as a watch-tower against fire. There is an interesting local museum and many archaeological discoveries dating to the late-palaeolithic age, as well as the remains of a feudal-type fortress, attributed to the reign of Prince Mircea the Old (1386-1418).

The town is an interesting mixture of the old and the new, the latter being exemplified in the very modern flats in the east of the port, from which the people set out each day to work in the shipyards, in the “Popa Sapca” sugar factory and in the “Fructonil” tinned food factory.

The old is exemplified in the Turkish words that have persisted through the ages. For example, the Turkish word Tabia describes the hill on the outskirts of the town and hawkers of Turkish origin will probably try to sell you braga (a soft drink) and acadele (candy-sugar).
You will hear how Michael the Brave, Prince of Wallachia (1593-1601) defied the old Turkish general, Sinan Pasha, and retreated across the River Neajlov, half-way between Giurgiu and Bucharest. Near the then village of Calugareni, Michael routed the Turkish host. The story goes that Sinan Pasha, the pride of the Sublme Porte and the scourge of Christendom, fell into the river and, to the mirth of his enemies, lost his last remaining tooth, though not his life. Today the bridge is an historical monument with a bronze plaque commemorating this event and bronze medallions portraying Prince Michael mark the portals at each end.

You must certainly visit another bridge—the impressive “Friendship Bridge” between Giurgiu and Russe, the town directly opposite it in Bulgaria. It takes its name from the fact that there is mutual visiting and rejoicings on August 23rd, the Rumanian national holiday, and on September 9th, when the Bulgarian people celebrate their own national holiday.

But the area is full of beauty and interest—the forests of reeds, now used for the manufacture of cellulose, the drooping beauty of the weeping willows and the flocks of wild geese, white-billed snipe and coots that make the riverside endlessly fascinating.

If, however, you decide to travel from Bucharest along Road 6, equally you will not be disappointed. This one is 88 kilometres long, although it will not take you as far as the Danube, but to Alexandria which is on the railway route, midway between Rosiorii de Vede and Zimmicea. Your journey to Alexandria will certainly not be monotonous, since it will take you through the very different towns of Bragadiru, Miihailesti, Balaria, across the river to Naipu, on to Asan Aga, Draganesi-Vlasca and Vitanesti. At Vlasca, you will be well advised to see the Caldarusani Monastery and, if you go as far as Zimmicea, the remains of the Geto-Dacian settlement on the Citadel there.

Road 7 will take you out of the Bucharest Region into the neighbouring region of Pitesti, going north-west from the city of Bucharest for 113 kilometres to the town of Pitesti. You
will not be able to complain of lack of variety *en route*, for you will quickly find yourself in a land of mountains, deep, rushing streams, gorges, and a string of interesting forest and mountain towns and villages—Tartasesti, Slobozia-Moara, Salcuta, Titu, Gaesti, Glimbacata, Leordeni, Topoloveni and Calinesti.

At first the road runs through the Ruoasa Forest, under archways of centuries old silver poplars. On the right lies Ghergani, the birthplace of the nineteenth-century writer, Ion Ghica, and Tirgoviste, ancient residence of the princes of Wallachia.

Just before Pitesti is reached, the road forks north to another ancient princely residence—Cimpulung. For centuries past, on Sf. Ihe’s day in midsummer, a fair has been held there. A Rumanian historian describes it in these words:

> From all over the Muscel and Arges districts, women and girls gather in thousands, arrayed in the most beautiful national costumes, with an infinite variety of finely embroidered blouses, skirts and head-veils, and wearing heavy gold-coin necklaces. In the July sunshine, these sparkling ornaments, the multi-coloured embroideries covering the delicate white silk and cotton fabrics, the little butterflies embroidered in gold, and the golden necklaces glitter in a blaze of light, producing a veritable impression of Fairyland. He who has not seen Sf. Ihe’s fair-day cannot imagine the beauty of Rumanian national costume—that invaluable treasure handed down to us from the remote past.

Nestling at the foot of the mountain range, Cimpulung is an enchanting town of old belfries, imposing white houses and lovely gardens. Not to be missed by the visitor is the ancient Negru Voda Monastery, the specimens of the *cula* (fortified dwelling) and gates in the old Rumanian style, as well as examples of pottery for which the people of this part are famous. In Bucharest, they have established a “potters’ suburb”.

While you are in the district, visit the imposing Horez Convent, the ornate sixteenth-century Episcopal Church at Curtea de Arges and, of course, Pitesti itself, renowned for Trivalea
Forest. The town is a lively, prosperous place with many new buildings, not least of which is the recently built theatre. Pitesti owes its fame, however, largely to the fact that it is the capital of one of Rumania's very loveliest regions.

If you go further north you will pass magnificent forests, along roads marked by wells and crosses, and through steep little villages with interesting old churches. Follow the course of the River Olt and you will reach one of Rumania's show places—the fourteenth-century Cozia Monastery, on the banks of the river, in a magnificent mountain setting. A few monks live there, farming the land and taking care of the many historical treasures in the monastery. There is a museum of icons, old books, manuscripts and local minerals, as well as a very fine collection of old paintings which have been skilfully restored.

It would be a pity to miss Calimanesti where you will, of course, sample the sulphur waters, or, depending on your sex, see the remote little Monastery of Frasineiu which, like those on Mount Athos, is forbidden to women.

There is so much to see in the Pitesti Region—the magnificent scenery, old village houses, interesting carvings (for example, the grocer who cheated his customers, the sinful nun, a dishonest tailor shown standing naked with his scissors hanging round his neck, etc.), majestic convents and monasteries, ruins of Roman forts, spas, exquisite examples of national dress—that you will be tempted to spend your entire holiday in this region, which would be a pity since close by is the neighbouring region of Ploesti which likewise has much to offer.

Road 7 from Bucharest which we followed en route to Sinaia took us, for 115 kilometres, through this region, which we entered for the first time after darkness had fallen. So my first impressions were of climbing steeply, only to drop down again with alarming suddenness, of precipitous upward swoops, of dizzying mountain bends and the white flashes of wooden barriers that kept us from crashing into the ravines below. Against the sweep of the valley and the mountains standing
like monuments in the light of the car lamps, the solitary houses looked almost unbearably remote.

Later, when we made the trip by daylight, I found that the area had lost none of its magic for me. This is the oil region of Rumania, but it is also the region of the perfume of the tobacco flower, of the golden silk corn cobs, of richly fruited walnut trees and the heady, resinous aroma of pines and firs.

The town of Ploesti is one of the large towns of Rumania with a population close on a million and a half. Unlike Constantza, Bucharest or Pitesti, most of its minority nationalities are Jewish and there are very few Tatars or Turks in the region. If you do meet any Turkish women, they will not, in this area, be wearing shal vari. The old poem lays down the etiquette:

Up in the mountains it snows and rains
Down in the marshes falls the dew
Up in the mountains wear itari
Down in the marshes take shal vari . . .

Itari (a kind of tight fitting trousers made of drugget cloth) is the attire of young men and is really Oltenian national costume with Turkish influence, so you would require to go to the Craiova Region to see these. They are richly decorated with wool embroideries and the back of the itari is always more elaborately ornamented than the front.

In the Ploesti Region, you will see national costumes aplenty, though you are unlikely to see any in the modern town of Ploesti. The last war left the town a mass of ruins and it has been entirely rebuilt. There are large refineries for the "black gold" which has made this oil town so prosperous; but for the traveller, with the disappearance of the old fifteenth-century Roman town of Ploesti, much of the real charm has gone. Fortunately, at Drajna, Teisani, Slon and Tabla Burri, sites of former Roman fortifications, many relics of life eighteen centuries ago remain. For example, the bread ovens of the peasants who live in these villages are lined with Roman bricks 1,800 years old and, if you buy a loaf in the Teleajen
Valley, stamped on it from the ceramic tiles of the oven will be the effigy of some famous legion, eighteen centuries after the soldiers are dust.

At Pietroasa, the famous “Golden Hen and Chicks” was discovered—a treasure trove of solid gold, dating from Visigothic times. In Batrini, in this region, originated the “Perinita”, the famous dance of the youth, which is known all over the world.

Most of the towns have noble histories. Tîrgușorul was a royal seat. Long ago, Tirgoviste was the country’s capital and it still preserves the ruins of the old princely citadel. Within its walls, five hundred children used to be handed over annually as living tribute to the Turks, who used to train these boys at Istanbul as spahis in the Turkish army. Today, Tirgoviste shares the prosperity that comes from oil and which gives the Ploesti Region its special character, though visitors are likely to be drawn to it, not by that fact, but to see the famous Chindia Tower, the ruins of the Princes’ Palace and Stelea Church.

Those of a macabre turn of mind will be interested in making the journey north-east of the oil town of Cimpina to the old prison at Doftana, now preserved as a museum. It is a terrifying place, once devoted to the punishment of Communist prisoners and about it still hangs unmistakably an aura of misery and suffering.

Most people will, however, be content to linger at Cimpina, especially on the outskirts where, set back from a walnut tree-lined road is an attractive white house with a fretted wooden balcony and quaintly canopied chimneys. This is the house in which the Rumanian painter, Nicolae Grigorescu (1838-1907) lived and worked. In it are hundreds of examples of his paintings and sketches and the house has been preserved much as it was when he was alive. His detractors used to say that all his work was only half finished, so with great good humour, Grigorescu painted a picture, which hangs in the hall. Half of it he completed and the other half he left “half finished”. Naturally, his enemies had the last word, since they maintained that the so-called finished part was only half finished;
All around, wherever you go in the region, are the splendours of the Prahova Valley, or the beauties of the Bucegi, Cincas and Vrancea mountain ranges and a bewildering array of styles of architecture.

Piscu and Gheboaia are villages which are worth a visit. They are renowned as pottery centres, where the art has been handed down from mother to daughter from one generation to another through the centuries.

Most visitors to the Prahova Valley go to the little village of Breaza, a sleepy little place of white cottages bright with flowers, whose deep silence is broken only by the ecstatic songs of birds and the breathy snufflings of intrusive cows. Here women members of co-operative organizations make beautiful examples of national costumes, silk head-veils, embroidered blouses or handkerchiefs. It is fascinating to watch their fingers flying over the fine materials and, particularly, to see the girls themselves in their beautiful native costumes. Only a few yards from their small factory is an equally interesting carpet factory, where you may watch the women at their hand-looms and, of course, purchase the very lovely examples of their art.

But the Mecca of the Prahova Valley is the mountain resort of Sinaia, enshrined in the wide gap in the south-eastern Carpathians and dominated by lofty peaks. Legend has it that it was founded out of gratitude by the Wallachian noble, Mihail Cantacuzino, who in the seventeenth century, escaped from his enemies in the Peles Valley, at the foot of Mount Furnica. He vowed, in gratitude for his survival, to found a monastery on the spot, and it was to be an exact counterpart of the famous Arabian monastery at Sinai.

Historians do not accept this charming explanation of the origins of modern Sinaia, since settlements are known to have existed in the pass to Brasov as far back as the reign of Prince Mircea the Old (1386-1418) and Prince Mihnea the Cruel (1508-1510). Evidence is not lacking for the eventual prosperity of the monastery—from the Telega salt, the crude oil deposits
Sinaia. The Postavarul Hotel nestles in a setting of pines and firs, with Peles Castle in the background. The grandeur of the Carpathian Mountains dominates the scene.
Bucharest. Rumanian architects freely interpret modern trends. This building is used for exhibitions.

Village Museum, Bucharest. This house of the Moți people is just as it was centuries ago.
at Bustenari, the vineyards, farmlands and pastures of thirty villages and the great wealth of the surrounding mountain and forest region, but it was not until the second half of the nineteenth century that the true development of Sinaia began.

Today it is known as the "Pearl of the Carpathians", a title well merited. It has a distinctly German flavour in its style of architecture, with villas, mansions, casino and luxury hotels an amalgam of soaring cupolas, beamed buildings, fretted balconies and pointed spires. Many are real "ginger bread" houses. The town clings to the side of the mountain, like an illustration in a German fairy tale. There is a magnificent backdrop of forested mountains, often with their caps veiled in wreaths of mist. The mountain scenery is superb, and when the local train makes its way down the valley its whistle reverberates in the hills like the grandiose echoes of a Wagnerian chorus. The air has the resinous clarity that one associates with the mountains and you will probably find that you need much less than your usual quota of sleep.

As you climb the steep cobbled streets in the town you will see foresters who have come down from their mountain chalets to earn a few lei. They will offer for sale hand-made coat-hangers, little carved wooden figures, wooden boxes decorated with simple and rather crude designs, and what look like suede goods. You will probably not be able to resist a tan-coloured peaked cap (very popular with ladies!) or a tan-coloured purse, both of which seem to be made of suede, but have actually been fashioned of tree bark.

Often a wood-cutter will take his stance outside the local dairy, where for 1 leu he will sell you a little glassful of wild strawberries, with the dew of the mountains still glistening on the tiny globules. Strategically, he has taken you close to the source of fresh cream!

You cannot fail to be impressed by the gentle, smiling courtesy of these men and women, who are as far removed from the usual touts as black is from white. On the whole, they are much poorer than the people in the marshlands of the Danube
Delta, for instance, though when you look at their trim cottages you might not think so. It should, however, be remembered that mountain folk, with ample resources for building at hand, are better off in this respect than marshland people who may have the money but simply do not have the material means of building substantial homes. Often, at the sides of the mountain paths, you will find women bent industriously over their tatting, which they will sell for a few lei.

There is a gay, holiday air about the town and as you sit in the sunshine under a striped umbrella in an open-air café or climb the mountains that ring Sinaia round, you will rub shoulders with many nationalities. Some will be staying in the town and some will be visitors from other health resorts on the banks of the upper Prahova, such as Poiana Tapului, Busteni and Azuga.

In the gardens at the rear of the Postavarul Hotel is a graceful place which was formerly a gambling casino, but is now a Palace of Culture. It is a sugar-icing building in the tradition of Monaco, with a sweeping white staircase curving up to a terrace overlooking the gardens. Now the lofty, mirrored rooms are given over to plays, masques, exhibitions and recitals which go on throughout the season and are prominently advertised in each hotel. You will enjoy a miming exhibition, for the greatest artists from Bucharest do not disdain to perform in this mountain resort.

The gardens themselves are well worth many visits. They are full of cool corners, dappled sunshine, trimly clipped trees and hedges, the huge urns that one associates with gardens on great estates and there is the impressive stretch of the Postavarul Hotel to lend a note of dignity and opulence. You are not likely to forget the gentle happiness of evenings spent strolling in the warm dusk, while you watch the waxing of a fat moon through its many stages.

It will be strange if you can look at the grandiose panorama of the mountains without wanting to get up there to the top. If you are a climber, this presents no problem. Carpati will
supply you with a list of thirteen carefully vetted climbs through the forests, giving the markings and the estimated times. The mountain paths are clearly marked and woodsmen are almost always at hand to supply directions.

If you are not too ambitious and from the streets of Sinaia have looked up in awe at the cloud-wreathed "Cota 1,400" Alpine Hotel, resting like a snow-flake on a peak of the Bucegi Mountains, you can be carried to the top in an open truck or you may use the small khaki-coloured jeep which acts as the local bus. The ascent is a heart-stopping, dizzy affair of hairpin bends and goat-like climbs, when you fear that the law of gravity must pluck your vehicle backwards. As a dyed-in-the-wool coward, I was much relieved to learn that there had never been an accident.

Winter sports enthusiasts are borne up to the hotel in exactly the same fashion and our young driver looked mildly surprised that I should consider this to be remarkable.

The panoramic view from the top is breath-taking, with the whole range of the Bucegi Mountains softly encircling the valley and the land dropping gently away to the wide plain of the Danube. You will have no complaints about the amenities of the hotel, which is quite unlike what anyone could reasonably expect at the top of a mountain. It is a place of shining parquet floors, deep restful chairs, large bright rooms and has an excellent dining-room. When you add to that attractive, comfortable bedroom suites, you will understand why this mountain eyrie always has a full quota of guests.

On the downward descent, you will have time to observe the enchanting little woodsmen's cottages among the trees, the blaze of mountain flowers, the silver thread of streams lacing the greenness, the magnificence of a Pioneer Palace for children among the trees, the outline of Peles Castle and the grand buildings which you will probably be surprised to learn are the stables.

Try to avoid visiting Peles Castle on a Sunday or public holiday, when your pleasure would be greatly marred by the
noise and pushing of the crowds. It is easily reached by the
town jeep or, if you do not mind a stiff half-hour climb through
the forest, on foot.

On the way, you will pass Sinaia Monastery which is being
gradually restored. It has a fairly imposing Greek Orthodox
Church, but through a low arching doorway, you emerge into
a wide courtyard in the middle of which is a tiny church said
to be over six hundred years old. You will find the courtyard
a place of delightful seclusion with the perfume of orange
blossom and the tobacco flower enriching the air. Several
priests, like carbon copies of Archbishop Makarios, tend the
garden, repair the refectory or simply devote themselves to
giving you the history of the foundation. When you close the
monastery gate behind you, I will be surprised if you do not
feel that you have been, quite literally, out of this world for a
short time.

By contrast, the castle is extremely showy in a delightful,
Sam Goldwynish way. It is now a museum, but it must always
have looked somewhat theatrical, though when Nature herself
seems to be showing off a little in this area, a little excess is
understandable. It stands on the crown of a sloping green
meadow between clumps of trees with, inevitably, the impos-
ing backdrop of the Bucegi Mountains to emphasise its
grandeur.

Formerly it was a royal residence built in German Renais-
sance style, a type of architecture understandably dear to the
hearts of the Rumanian monarchy which was for so long
drawn from the Hohenzollern dynasty. It was begun in 1873
under the guidance of the Viennese architect, Wilhelm Doderer,
continued from 1876 by his former assistant, Johann Schulz,
of Lemberg, and given its final form from 1896 to 1914 by
the Czech architect, Karel Liman.

One has the impression that one is approaching a castle of
the Late Middle Ages in Southern Germany, yet a nearer view
reveals terraces and fountains in the Italian renaissance style,
and an amphitheatre and statues that owe nothing to teutonic
influence. There are thirty rooms arranged around the hall of
honour (with its remarkable corkscrew staircase) on the ground
floor and, while the style of the German renaissance prevails,
you will see, too, French rococo, Moorish and Turkish styles,
German baroque, Italian renaissance and the influence of the
Spanish-Moorish.

How good are the works of art? Some are very good indeed,
though many of the paintings are not originals. The wood
carvings are outstanding: the specimens of Swiss stained-glass
of the sixteenth and seventeenth and twentieth centuries, quite
breath-taking; the examples of Meissen and Sevres china,
superb; and the collection of arms, probably as good as you
will see anywhere. There is so much to see—the Florentine
Room, the Turkish Drawing Room, the Moorish Room, the
Dining-room, the Column Room, etc—that it is not surprising
if you emerge slightly stunned by the sheer plethora of riches.
Fortunately, you can buy a pictorial record of your visit to
mull over at your leisure, and Rumanian photography is of a
very high order.

There are many sumptuous villas in the vicinity of the
castle, formerly the homes of the nobility and members of the
Court. Now Rumanian artists and scholars use them as homes
while they carry out their creative work, just as many of the
villas in Sinaia, former homes of the wealthy, now house
workers on holiday.

Sinaia is not exclusively devoted to sports and holidaymak-
ing. There are the “I.C. Frimu” metal works and, as you
follow the course of the river, you will see many lumber yards.
If you tire of the mountains and have explored the Babele (a
cluster of rocks which erosion has shaped like gigantic mush-
rooms), the rock reminiscent of the Egyptian Sphinx and the
famous Ialomicioara cave, take a local bus to Busteni and
Azuga and return by train. It is a fascinating experience. You
will follow the course of the river well into the heart of the
mountains, though you will need to change buses en route. You
will probably agree that the scenery at both places far surpasses
that at Sinaia and, for the first time, you will feel the real chill of mountain air. Get off at the brewery at Azuga and wander about the streets of the village. You will have no lack of company and you will probably be invited into one of the houses.

Do not expect to find more than standing room on the train, if you wait until evening, when the workers are returning to Sinaia. They will treat you with the utmost courtesy until you want to get out. Then, unless you push and wriggle your way through the mass of people trying to get off and those struggling to get on, you will find yourself carried on beyond Sinaia. This type of journey is excellent for meeting people, seeing the national costumes and the sheer, breath-taking grandeur of the Prahova Valley.

Since you are so near, you will want to visit the Brasov Region, known until a few years ago as the Stalin Region and still marked in that fashion on some maps. The region has been compared to an artist’s palette and it is a good description. The old town of Sighisoara is like something straight out of the Middle Ages and is an artist’s paradise, while Sibiu, with rows of quaint houses covered with rust-coloured tiles is entrancing.

The town of Brasov is a mixture of the old and new, since you will find there modern motor lorry works and the fascinating fourteenth-century Black Church. The region has in it much of the magic of the fairy tale, though you will have to go in winter if you wish to see the full beauty of the sports and health resorts of Poiana Brasov with its famous Sports Hotel and Predeal. This is the region of ingenious wood carvings, of ikons painted on glass, of the great frescoes painted on the walls of the monasteries to replace the inaccessible writing of the gospel, of slavonic liturgic chants, of carved distaffs like delicate heraldic symbols, and of wide doorways and verandas.

If you are staying in Sinaia without a car, do not expect to move further afield than this, but there is no reason why the motorist should not explore the regions of Oradea, Cluj, Baia Mare, Suceava, Jassy, Bacau and the Magyar Autonomous
Region, though it would take an entire book to do justice to their attractions. Cluj is an important university centre; Jassy, a town with interesting architectural monuments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Oradea is known as the “Nice of Transylvania” and has ancient historical and cultural traditions; Baia Mare is renowned for its enchanting wooden churches in the building of which neither iron nails nor metal clamps are used; in the Suceava Region, Vatra Dornei enjoys an enviable reputation as health resort for heart diseases and rheumatism, and the old churches of Tîrgu Mureș in the Magyar Autonomous Regions are magnets to the traveller.

Each region has something special and unique to offer and it would take many visits to exhaust the possibilities of such a diverse country.

Places of Interest

_Cernavoda_: Ruins of the Sinoé Citadel (Axiopolis).
_Hirsova_: Ruins of the Carsium Citadel.
_Calugareni_: Bas-reliefs by C. Baraschi on the Michael the Brave Bridge, Michael the Brave Memorial Cross by Oskar Spathe.
_Cernica_: Cernica Monastery.
_Giurgiu_: Clock-tower, Remains of city walls along the Sf. Gheorghe Channel, Ruins of the island fortress, District Museum of History and Natural Sciences.
_Vlasea_: Caldarusani Monastery.
_Zimnicea_: Remains of a Geto-Dacian Settlement on the Citadel.
_Oltenea_: District Museum of History.
_Calimanesti_: Cozia Monastery.
_Cimpulung_: “Baratia” Roman-Catholic Church with belfry, Rudu Negru Monastery.
_Curtea de Argeș_: Episcopal Church, Domneasca Church, Ruins of the Prince’s Palace, Ruins of the Sin Nicoara Church. Well of Master Manole.
Dragasani: Ruins of the Russidava Roman Citadel.

Pitesti: Monument to the Heroes of 1877, Sf. Gheorghe Church, Trivale Hermitage, Palace of Culture, Regional House of Folk Creation, Regional Library, State Theatre, Puppet Theatre.

Buzau: The Bishop’s Palace.

Ploesti: Liberty Statue, Sf. Petre si Pavel Prince’s Church.

Sinaia: Sinaia Monastery, Peles Palace.

Teleajen-Cheia: Cheia Monastery.

Tirgoviste: Metropolitan Church, Ruins of the Prince’s Palace and the Chindia Tower, Stelea Church.

Valea Calugareasca: Experimental Viticultural Institute.

Telega: Former Doftana Prison (now a section of the Museum of the History of the Rumanian Workers’ Party).

Brasov: Black Church, Black Tower, Honterus Statue, Old Mill, Old Town Hall, Schlossberg Citadel, St. Bartholomew’s Church, White Tower.

Predeal: Predeal Monastery.

Sibiu: Council Tower, Evangelical Cathedral, House of the Goldsmiths’ Guild, Sf. Treine Orthodox Cathedral, Stairway Passage.

Bran: Bran Castle.
There is always a special excitement about visiting the capital of any country. Perhaps illogically, one expects to find there not only the directing forces of the nation’s social, cultural, political and economic life, but a kind of distillation of the spirit that informs the rest of the country. If these are your expectations, Bucharest will not disappoint you.

It is a city in which an uneasy present struggles to overcome the persistent past and where an old beauty and grace controls the encroaching standardization, like an unforgotten discipline. It would be difficult to obliterate the signs of four hundred years of Turkish domination, as well as the various other foreign influences brought to bear upon the city, and Bucharest has not attempted to do so. Turn a corner and you will come upon a little old church, peering from between the angular regularity of blocks of modern flats. Cheek by jowl with a more elaborate early eighteenth-century Greek Orthodox church, with its ornate arches and elaborately carved screens, is the town house of a former member of the Rumanian court. Its painted frescoes, weathered oak beams and massive doors might have been translated from a medieval German village. The trading exchanges between the city and the northern and Near Eastern countries have left their mark, like an old thumbprint, on the pages of the capital’s history. The result is a jumble of styles and names which may be an architect’s nightmare, but is a joy to the historian and the inquisitive traveller.
KEY TO FACING MAP

1. Athenée Palace Hotel
2. Art Museum of the R.P.R.
3. R.P.R. Athenaeum
4. Central University Library
5. Telephone Exchange
6. Central Army Club
7. Simu Museum
8. Patria Cinema
9. Ambasador Hotel
10. Lido Hotel
11. Republica Cinema
12. I.L. Caragiale National Theatre (comedia)
13. C.I. Parhon University
14. Statue of Michael the Brave
15. Russian Church
16. R.P.R. State Bank
17. Stavropoleos Church
18. General Post Office
19. Central Trade Union Council Theatre
20. Victoria Department Store
21. Savings and Deposit Bank
22. Băneasa Airport
23. Mogosoia Railway Station
24. Dr. Minovici Museum
25. Scinteia House Printing Works
26. State Republican Hyppodrome
27. Dante Gherman Swimming Pool and Sports Ground
28. J.V. Stalin Culture and Rest Park
29. Pescăruș Restaurant
30. Village Museum
31. Triumphal Arch
32. Institute of Agronomic Research of the Academy of R.P.R.
33. Mogosoia Palace (Feudal Art Museum)
34. N. Bălcescu Open-air Theatre
35. Floreasca Sports Hall
36. C.I. Parhon Endocrinological Institute
37. The Aviator’s Statue
38. Grivita-Roșie District People's Council
40. Monument of the Soviet Hero
41. Council of Ministers
42. Dynamo Sports Park
43. Obor Market Hall
44. Obor Railway Station
45. North Railway Station
46. Ministry of Transport and Telecommunications
47. Composers’ Union
48. R.P.R. Academy Library
49. Folk Arts Museum
50. State Planning Committee
51. V.I. Lenin Institute of Economic Sciences and Planning
52. I.L. Caragiale National Theatre (Studio)
53. Parcul Trandafirilor Restaurant
54. Opera and Ballet Theatre
55. Faculties of Philosophy and Juridical Sciences
56. Cismigiu Gardens
57. Botanical Gardens
58. Pioneers’ Palace
59. Progresul Swimming Pool
60. Republic Stadium
61. Monument to the Rumanian Soldier
62. Curtea Veche Church
63. Law Courts
64. 28 Martie Market
65. Antim Monastery
66. Patriarchal Church and Grand National Assembly
67. Bucur Church
68. New Houses at Vatra Luminoasă
69. 23 August Open-air Theatre
70. 23 August Stadium
71. Liberty Park
72. Houses at Ferentari
Bucharest's story goes back a long way, for her streets are built over human settlements dating from the mid-palaeolithic age, though the first written record appears on September 20th, 1459, when Prince Vlad the Impaler (1456-1462) first mentions its name in a document in the Slavonic tongue.

Its position, almost half-way between the Danube and the Carpathian Mountains, in the middle of a mighty plain studded with lakes, made it eminently suitable, not only as a trading centre, but as the home of the princes of Wallachia. While it has had fluctuating fortunes, its position as the administrative and cultural centre of the country was never seriously threatened. Today, it is the largest and most important city in the country, with a population of just over a million and a quarter and a concentration of over 20 per cent of the country's entire industrial production. Because it lies at a point where the most important international communication routes meet—highroads, railways and airlines—it is within easy reach from every point of the Continent.

During the last few years, Bucharest's trading agreements with foreign countries have steadily increased and British firms (for example those with timber, paper, rubber tyre, or electrical interests) have been established in the country. Visiting industrialists are impressed by the progress of such enterprises as the "Tudor Vladimirescu" works which produce motor- and trolley-buses for the entire country; by the "Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej" garment factory which accounts for 49 per cent of the entire garment production of the country; by the "Bucuresti" plastics factory and by the "Jilava" rubber works, as well as by the many factories which turn out a wide range of electrical engineering products.

The memory of former trades and crafts is perpetuated in the names of certain streets—Sepcari, the cap-makers' street; Blanari, the street of the furriers, etc.—but Bucharest's eyes are fixed firmly on the future, as far as commerce is concerned.

Understandably, since there are thirty-eight such institutions,
it has been called "the city of museums", but it is fast gaining a reputation as a city of conferences, since people are attracted from all over the world by the excellent facilities—splendid halls, first class hotels, the attraction of the lovely parks and gardens, the chain of nine lakes which surround Bucharest, and especially by the richly varied cultural life of the city.

Presented with a bewildering choice of attractions, the visitor who has only a brief stay in Bucharest may wonder which are the not-to-be-missed places of interest. These will depend, to a certain extent, upon individual tastes and specialized interests, but since Bucharest is not only the capital city, but is also the focus of the nation's life, you could scarcely do better than begin with a visit to the Museul Satuluui, or Village Museum.

Here in a small area is concentrated much of the story of the progress of the people of Rumania from each of the sixteen regions, a miniature open-air album of their daily lives—the homes they built, the furniture they used, the food they ate and how they cooked and served it, the clothes they wore and their hopes and aspirations as expressed in their folk-art.

The Model Village is open from October 1st—March 31st from 10 a.m.—6 p.m.; from April 1st—September 30th from 10 a.m.—2 p.m. and 4 p.m.—8 p.m. every day except Mondays. On holidays it is open from 10 a.m.—8 p.m.

To reach it from the centre of Bucharest, you will have to pass through the very wide Piata Victoriei dominated by the magnificently sculptured monument to Rumanian soldiers. It stands at the entrance to the very lovely Kiseleff Chaussée, a boulevard which runs ruler-straight through the forest, so that it is like being in a tunnel of trees when shifting sunlight makes fantastic patterns on the road.

If the stones of this famous boulevard could only speak, what tales they would have to tell of the changing fortunes of Bucharest! They have felt the rattle of the carriages of the wealthy and the threatening guns of revolution. Writing of the
splendour and luxury of life on the Kiseleff Chaussée, a Rumanian historian says:

Sleighs with rich nettings over the horses, with ladies wrapped in furs, and drawn by fiery stallions, are depicted around the year 1850, and not long after we are shown tall cabriolets with golden spokes to their wheels, drawn by English steeds harnessed tandem with yellow and gold trappings and driven by the princes’ sons. Here, along this avenue, were the haunts of pleasure, their entrances discreetly concealed beneath the linden-trees weighed down by flowers. On either side of the avenue, villas lay concealed at the end of the poplar-bordered alleys.

Many of the villas remain, but today they house the workers and, where the great lords and ladies once laughed in the sunshine under the trees, men and women in the sober dress of the working classes drink a modest glass of beer and talk of the new Rumania.

The great white silhouette of the Triumphant Arch will remind many of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, but there is nothing of France in the two impressive buildings on your left—the Museum of the History of the Rumanian Workers’ Party and the Grigore Antipa Natural History Museum.

The Village, half-shadowed by over-hanging beeches, is a synthesis of folk architecture and folk-art whose ethnographic value is probably unique in the world. Embowered in the forest in the Park of Rest and Culture, on the edge of the tranquil waters of Lake Herăstrău, is a motley collection of 198 constructions and more than 14,500 ethnographic and popular art objects. The forty-two buildings open to the public were all dismantled in the villages of their origin, transported and, with the help of local craftsmen, re-erected in the Baneasa Forest to form a genuine little village with grass, lawns, flowers, trees, paths and lanes. The out-buildings, churches, wells and wayside crosses, wattle fences and fences of jigsaw boards, country workshops, carved archways and wooden machinery tell the story not only of the Rumanian people, but of the Hungarian, German and Russian minorities.
The site of the Village conforms roughly to the shape of the map of Rumania and the various exhibits have been placed in positions approximating to their locations in their native regions. The following are the principal monuments:

1. Homestead from Cimpanii de Sus, district of Lunca Vascaului, Oradea Region, late nineteenth century.
2. Homestead from Moisteni, district of Oas, Baia Mare Region, 1780.
3. House from Sant, district of Nasaud, Cluj Region, 1876.
4. Homestead from Ieud, district of Viseu, Baia Mare Region, 1890.
5. Homestead from Bancu—Ciucsingiorjiu, district of Ciuc, Autonomous Hungarian Region, 1862.
6. Church from Turea, district of Cluj, middle of eighteenth century.
7. Church from Dragomiresti, district of Viseu, Baia Mare Region, 1722.
10. Homestead from Stanesti, district of Curea de Arges, Pitesti Region, late nineteenth century.
11. House from Tilisca, district of Sibiu, Brasov Region, 1874.
12. House from Chiojdul Mic, district of Cislau, Ploesti Region, early eighteenth century.
13. House from Traisteni, district of Cimpina, Ploesti Region, late nineteenth century.
14. Homestead from Ceauru, district of Tirgu Jiu, Craiova Region, 1875.
15. Homestead from Suici, district of Curtea de Arges, Pitesti Region, early twentieth century.
16. Homestead from Dragus, district of Fagaras, Brasov Region, late nineteenth century.
17. Homestead from Salcina de Jos, district of Cimpilui, Cluj Region, 1815.
19. Homestead and fulling-mill of the late nineteenth century from Borlova, district of Caransebes, Timisoara Region.
22. House from Curtisoara, district of Tirgu Jiu, Craiova Region, early twentieth century.
23. Homestead from Goicea Mica, district of Segarcea, Craiova Region, late nineteenth century.
25. Dug-out hut from Draghicieni, district of Caracal, Craiova Region, first half of nineteenth century.
26. Dug-out hut from Castranova, district of Craiova, Craiova Region, second half of nineteenth century.
27. Crushing-mills for separating gold from Bucium—Poieni, district of Cimpeni, Cluj Region, 1926.
28. Fulling-mills, early nineteenth century, oil press and crushing-mill for seed, the year 1794; from Gura Riului, district of Sibiu, Brasov Region.
29. Fisherman's homestead (the year 1898) and curing installation, early twentieth century, from Juriloica, district of Istria, Constantza Region.
30. Windmill from the village of Sarichiol, district of Istria, Constantza Region, early nineteenth century.
31. House from the village of Naruja, district of Vrancea, Galatz Region, middle of nineteenth century.
32. Homestead from Fundal Moldovei, district of Cimpulung, Suceara Region, early twentieth century.
33. House from Audia, district of Piatra Neamt, Bacau Region, first half of the nineteenth century.
34. House from Calu, district of Piatra Neamt, Bacau Region, early twentieth century.
Cismigiu Gardens, Bucharest. Thirty-five acres of lakes, parks, gardens and restaurants.

Bucharest. The wide, tree-lined Calea Victoriei is typical of the new Rumania.
University Square, Bucharest, is the heart of university life, but in fact the various faculties are scattered throughout the city.

The Romanian Athenaeum Concert Hall, Bucharest.
35. Homestead from Mastacan, district of Buhusi, Bacau Region, first half of nineteenth century.
36. House from Nereju, district of Vrancea, Galatz Region, 1875.
37. House hut of the second half of the nineteenth century and church of 1773, Rapiuni, district of Piatra Neamț, Bacau Region.
38. House from Dumitra, district of Alba Iulia, Hunedoara Region, first half of the nineteenth century.

I have given the guide to the Village in detail since without it, much of the value of a visit would be lost and while a few copies of the layout of the site are available in English and a short pamphlet in French has been produced, these are in such short supply as to be well-nigh unobtainable.

I can imagine nothing better than a visit to this amalgam of houses, farmsteads, churches, etc, to give the visitor to Rumania a real insight into the life of the people, without having to visit the fifteen other regions.

The houses tell the story of life in the mountains, plains and marshlands. The eighteenth-century wooden churches illustrate the ancient craft of building without a single nail or metal clamp. In the house brought from Moiseni, you see the magnitude of the mountain oaks, for it takes only two to form a complete wall. The houses of the Mot people, with their deeply thatched roofs like immense straw bonnets, appear to cling tenaciously to the ground, as they must do in the Apuseni Mountains. There is prosperity in the fur-lined coats, ikons painted on glass and the fine ceramic vases from the Sibiu Mountains, and hardship in the little one-roomed log cottage brought from Central Transylvania. Characteristically, several houses and a church from Bicaz have been placed on the edge of the lake, as they would have been in their own region. The life of the Szecklers, the Saxons, the Lipovenes, the Rumanians—it is all there in a perfect natural setting.

While you are in the forest, you will want to have at least a
look at the very lovely Lake Herăstrău or take a sail in one of the small boats which float like sabots, as the Rumanians say, on the surface of the water. You may dine at the water's edge in the celebrated “Pescarus” restaurant, or nearby is the equally popular “Bordei”. On the edge of the forest, on the main Bucharest-Ploiesti highway, is the very romantic Baneasa restaurant, but I hope you will wait to dine there by moonlight, in the open, with only the bird songs at dusk to disturb the silence or the gay strains of Rumanian folk music.

In the heart of the city, in the central district, is the stretch of thirty-five wooded acres and flower gardens that make up the very beautiful Cismigiu Gardens. They are more than one hundred years old and were laid out by the Austrian landscape gardener, Mayer, during the reign of Stirbey. As you enter from the 6 Martie Bulevard, you see first of all very skilful examples of carpet bedding, then a long tree-lined vista, which stretches as far as the Magureanu Church, a majestic building of shining cupolas and richly ornamented pillars. On either side of the central alley are cool tunnels of greenness in which the people of Bucharest like to linger on their way to their offices or shops.

If you take the path to the right, you will come to the lake on which boats bob and curtsy and graceful white swans glide under the Italian poplars, the drooping willows and linden-trees. On the lawns under ancient white poplars peacocks strut, spreading their tails like emerald-studded fans and occasionally emitting nerve-shattering screams.

On the benches, people sit sunning themselves while they chew the inevitable raisins, eat lokum (a kind of sticky Turkish delight) or devour packets of halva, which closely resembles the Polish variety and is made from groundnuts and vanilla. Old men sit in trance-like absorption over interminable games of chess and you will see young lovers counting their lei anxiously, before deciding on a sail on the lake.

Across the road from the main entrance is an interesting open-air fruit and vegetable market, where each potato and
carrot looks as if it had been individually scrubbed and each apple lovingly polished. Much to the astonishment of the stallholders, we bought a bunch of young carrots, scraped them quickly and walked round the market, munching happily.

To visit the Botanical Gardens, you will have to go much further afield and you will probably feel that it is well worth the trouble to see the rose gardens alone, in which there are six hundred kinds of roses, ranging from the climbing roses that cover pergolas in modest private gardens to the kind used for making jam. It is claimed that the plants of five Continents are represented here, with specimens from the Sahara, Himalayas, Alps, Caucasus and Balkans growing happily together. Not to be missed are the giant water-lilies from the Argentine whose leaves can bear the weight of a two-year-old child; the *Agave americana* which blooms only once in its lifetime; the compass plant from the American prairies, whose leaves are permanently directed towards the four points of the compass and the cork oak from which, after it has reached the age of 30, cork is taken every five years. All these may be seen also in the famous Botanical Gardens at Cluj, but those at Bucharest are the more extensive.

You will probably want to see also Liberty Park, which is in the southern quarter of the city on what was once the Filaret Plain, a pleasure haunt of the populace. There the horses from the princely stables used to be put through their paces and the festival of the horse and the first day of grazing (originally a Turkish ceremony) was adopted by the Christians following the conquest of the Byzantine Empire.

Nearby is a replica of an old medieval tower, the Tirgoviste Chindia (watch-tower) and on the island in the lake is the only mosque in Bucharest. There are just over seven hundred Turks in Bucharest. Close at hand, also is a Moldavian church with the pretty name of Cutitul de Argint (The Silver Knife).

To the east is the extensive “23 August” Park, which surrounds Bucharest’s largest stadium of that name and which seats over 80,000. You will see that this is a fairly new built-
up area of workers’ houses—imposing blocks of flats each with its balcony half-hidden in greenery.

Similarly, to the north of the city, beautiful new residential areas have sprung up on the banks of the chain of lakes—Fundeni, Tei, Floreasca and as far as Herăstrău. I particularly admired the way in which the blocks were sited, so that the eye was not wearied by an unbroken line.

Just off the highroad going north is Lake Caldarusani, famous for its crayfish, and an interesting monastery endowed by Matei Basarab, and, if you have the time to go half-way to Ploesti, you will come to the well-known Lake Snagov. It is a rendezvous for holidaymakers who enjoy the beautiful beaches and for those who wish to visit the island at the end of the lake, famous for the monastery built by Vladimir the Impaler. Here the cup-bearer, Constantin Cantacuzino was put to death and here, too, Archbishop Antim from Iver in the Caucasus set up the famous printing press.

Returning twenty miles to the northern limits of Bucharest, you will find yourself at Lake Tei, the site of a prehistoric settlement and now sought out for its beach, its miniature railway which runs round the lake and for the massive edifice of the former Chika Palace, which now houses a school.

Beyond the new residential district of Floreasca is the beginning of the Park for Culture and Rest which was formerly the old amusement park of Herăstrău and which now has a giant wheel, swings and facilities for aquatic sports. In the park are libraries, exhibition halls and a large open-air theatre. All this and the heaven of the forest too!

On the northern side of the park is a wide square in which stands the impressive buildings of “Scinteia House”, the largest printing works in the country and looking like the twin of the Institute of Scientific Studies in Warsaw. When the imposing mass is reflected in the waters of the lake at its feet, it is a sight not quickly forgotten.

A pleasant morning’s drive a few miles to the west will bring you to Mogosoia, the palace of Prince Constantin Brinco-
veanu. It was built in the seventeenth century and unites all the elements of the typical Rumanian architectural style of the period. It was this prince who laid out the Mogosoaia Bridge, which is now the Calea Victoriei, a direct road northwards, which was intended to reach the Palace of Mogosoaia. This is a most pleasant building, overlooking the lake, beautifully proportioned, with intricately twisted columns and delicate brickwork, now housing many examples of feudal art of the Brincoveanu epoch. Particularly interesting are the very heavily embossed silverware pieces and some of the platters have no equal anywhere.

Beyond the Brincoveanu Palace rises Patriarchy Hill on whose crown is an edifice with a vast rotunda housing the Grand National Assembly and its Praesidium. This is the supreme body of State power in the country and its home is suitably impressive. From the foot of this age-old site, the present-day Calea Victoriei runs directly to Victoria Square and, appropriately enough, at that extremity the long white building of the Council of Ministers stands today. Along the route, set well back from the road, deep in lush orchards and well-tended gardens are some of the old boyar residences, like prosperous manor-houses.

From this square, many roads radiate and, depending on your choice, they will take you to examples of the old or the very new Bucharest. One road leads to the old Obor Market; others to new housing districts and the Bulevard 1 Mai skirts the old Phanariot church known as Mavrogheni, before continuing in a north-westerly direction. This is the area where the more important hospitals of Bucharest are situated and among them is the old Filantropia Hospital.

Undoubtedly, the Calea Victoriei of all the boulevards provides the greatest variety for the sight-seer. Palaces and modest one-storeyed houses are cheek by jowl. Churches and ministerial offices make strange neighbours. The white mass of the Academy of the R.P.R. presents a solemn front, giving no indication of the seething activity within. Behind it rises the great
glass edifice of the Library and Reading Room. Only a stone’s throw away is the dignified Mihail Sadoveanu Writers’ House. It is an attractive building with lacy ironwork balconies cupping each long, graceful window and dense, green creepers veiling the white walls.

If you branch off at this spot and proceed along the Calea Grivitei, you will reach the North Railway Station, which is not only the biggest terminus in the country, but is also the biggest junction in south-east Europe. It was heavily bombed during the war and much of the housing flattened, but today it is flanked by towering blocks of modern flats, ten storeys high. Here the Orient Express comes thundering in and all the principal trains to the Soviet Union begin their journey at this station.

Close to the Athenée Palace Hotel is an impressive circular building with a dignified columned portico. This is the Athenaeum, the great concert hall of Bucharest. It looks very like the old type of concert hall all over the world—rather dated, heavy, approached by an intimidating flight of broad, shallow steps, but curiously appropriate for its purpose. It is the home of the George Enescu State Philharmonic Orchestra and the entrance is overlooked by the stone bust of the composer, who was at one time very active in the Athenaeum as conductor and virtuoso. During the season, it is thronged, for Bucharest has long been the hub of a rich cultural life in which music and art have been regarded as part of the life of the ordinary person. It is probably true to say that there is less intellectual snobbery in Bucharest than in any other capital in Europe.

As you make your way towards Republic Square, you may wish to branch off for a short time and inspect a small house, built in 1860, and which now houses the T. Aman Museum. This was the former home and studio of the famous Rumanian painter and contains an interesting collection of his works.

Theodor Aman (1831-1891) was the outstanding figure in mid-nineteenth-century Rumanian painting before Nicolae
Grigorescu made his startling début. He was only twenty-three when his self-portrait was accepted at the Paris Salon and it is still regarded very highly by art critics. He is regarded as the founder of the Rumanian school of painting and was responsible not only for encouraging young artists, but for inaugurating picture galleries at Jassy and Bucharest and a salon in the capital. The influence of his years abroad is clearly seen in much of his work, particularly in the very fine, beautifully balanced and executed “Feast with Gipsy Musicians”, on show in the Art Museum of the R.P.R.

When you return to Calea Victoriei, you will soon reach the Central University Library and, on the other side of the road, is the Palace of the Republic, which houses the Institute for the History of Art and the Art Museum of the R.P.R. A visit here is unalloyed joy. Apart from the blessed relief of stepping out of the heat onto the coolness of the marble floors, the perspective of each room is utterly satisfying. Gratefully the eye takes in the long vistas of grey and white marble expanse, the enormous windows stretching from floor to ceiling and veiled in drifts of white nylon, the varied and interesting ceiling treatments. I have rarely visited a museum which pleased me more.

Fortunately, the exhibits are worthy of their setting. The pride of the collection are the great classical paintings of Rembrandt and El Greco. It is a wonderful experience to stand quietly before Rembrandt’s “Saul and David”, to study the rich perfection of El Greco’s “Betrothal of the Virgin Mary”, and to absorb the serenity and fascination of Jan Van Eyck’s “The Man With the Blue Cap”.

Probably, for most people, the attraction of this museum will be that it is possible to see under excellent conditions some of the best examples of Rumanian feudal art and modern art. There are delicate altar veils, silver book-covers of a gospel, silver platters of the Brincoveanu period, icons on glass from Transylvania, fourteenth-century murals, and an excellent collection of the works of nineteenth-century Rumanian painters.
Nicolae Grigorescu and Ion Andreescu are regarded as the greatest of these.

Grigorescu (1838-1907) shows the influence of the French school in almost all his work. His study “In the Studio” is charming and establishes his right to be ranked as one of the great colourists of the period. The museum has many examples of his seascapes in Brittany, of old women (also in Brittany) and of lively views of Rumanian fairs and market places.

His work inspired that of Andreescu (1850-1882). Though his three hundred paintings and drawings were far short of Grigorescu’s output (over three thousand), the quality of his work is excellent. His “Portrait” shows a very elegant lady of fashion, beautifully gowned in white, and Andreescu’s treatment of his subject is a lesson in portrait painting.

Not to be missed are Petrascu’s “Corner of a Studio”, Baba’s “Resting in the Field”, Tonitza’s “Nude” and Szonyi’s “Ecatentina Varga”. You will probably be impressed, as I was, by Brancusi’s sculptured figure, “Prayer (for a funerary monument)”, though my first irreverent thought was that it was like a praying mantis! A piece greatly loved by Rumanians is the bronze by Boris Caragea (born 1906), called “Encounter”, though my own preference was for the “Head of a Shepherd” by Ion Jalea (born 1887). It would take too long to tell of all the beautiful, satisfying works of art this museum holds. Go and see for yourself and it will be strange if you are disappointed.

Close at hand is the eighteenth-century Kretulescu Church, small, and rosily perfect in mellow brick which has been very skilfully restored.

Further along the Calea Victoriei is the new I.L. Caragale National Theatre, built on the site of the old one, which stood there for almost a century before being destroyed by Nazi bombs. There the works of Caragiale, Delavrancea and Davilla were staged for the first time and fresh impetus given to the intense theatrical life of Bucharest. At Oravita, a theatre was built as far back as 1817 and this marks the foundation of the
first building of the kind in the history of the Rumanian theatre. Today the lyric theatre, as well as classic operas and ballets, is an important part of the cultural life of Bucharest and the dramatic craft of Rumania is assuming greater and greater importance abroad.

If you continue downhill, passing between the monumental buildings of the General Post Office and the Savings and Deposit Bank, you will be in the heart of old Bucharest where the long vanished princely residence once stood. Not far off is the Operetta Theatre and beyond that, in a side street, the Sfintii Apostolic Church which was once a monastery standing in the midst of the Cantacuzino palaces. On the south wall, painted in exquisite colours that time has not faded, are the portraits of Stefan, the last of the Cantacuzinos, and his wife, Pauna.

You will want to visit the picturesque quarter once known as the Beggars' Bridge, and now the Calea Rahovei, for in this district is the solidly beautiful Patriarchal Cathedral and the Antim Church which was endowed by the Metropolitan bishop of that name. The spirit of old Bucharest is all around. The Sf. Anton Church is the oldest in the city and between it and the hill of the Patriarchate once lived the princes, the wealthy boyars and later the well-to-do craftsmen and merchants. Here stood the long vanished Curtea Arsa, the Phanarriot princes' palace on the Dealu Spirei and, next to the Sf. Anton Church, the former Curtea Veche. From here, the oldest districts in Bucharest stretch towards Radu Voda and Bucur's little church.

It is like entering another world to go to Sf. Gheorghe Square with its rattling tram cars and hurrying crowds and to make your way back to Victoria Square from which you will reach University Square and the C.I. Parhon University at the very heart of the capital. Visitors from Britain are sometimes confused to learn that the various faculties are scattered all over the city and that there are a growing number of annexes and laboratories for, as in our own universities, there is an increasing demand for higher education.
In the vicinity is the Comedia Hall, which does some of the work of the National Theatre, and a very impressive Palace for Young Pioneers. It is at the end of the 6 Martie Bulevard on the site of the old Cotroceni Monastery, an endowment of Serban Cantacuzino, which later became a palace. Now it echoes to the excited cries of children of all ages, who pursue their hobbies there, enjoy various types of entertainment in its many rooms, or go to receive instruction of an educational or quasi-political nature.

Much of what has been described has belonged to Rumania’s past, but as you wander around Bucharest you are bound to be impressed, too, by the emphasis on the present, not only represented by the truly magnificent modern blocks of flats, but underlined by isolated buildings. Visiting architects gaze in admiration at the new State Circus building, which can bear comparison with the most up-to-date designs in any part of Europe. It is just off the Bulevard dul Lacul Tei and is a new concept in theatre architecture. It is a circular building with a fluted concrete roof, like an enormous half-opened umbrella. The building looks like an immense glass bubble, imprisoned between stark white pillars and the protective fluting of its roof. It is gay, graceful, twentieth-century architecture, that sits against its forest background with the insouciance of a giant mushroom in a Hans Anderson tale.

Equally impressive is the circular building of the Pavilion of Rumanian National Economy—a ponderous title for an edifice of glittering, iridescent glass and brilliantly conceived interior lighting. There are no steps, but sloping ramps climb gently up towards the wide, folding glass doors. When the sun silvers the overturned disc that is the aluminium roof, you will have the impression that an outsize Martian flying saucer has come to rest in a convenient field.

Rumanian architecture has moved a very long way from the seventeenth-century elaboration (as seen in the Trei Ierarhi Church at Jassy) which was like embroidery in stone; from the monumental architecture of the early nineteenth century, typi-
fied in the Ghica Palace in the capital, Rumanian architects are, quite obviously, evolving their own styles, which owe nothing to the past influence of Russia, Poland and Turkey. Probably, the least interesting buildings in Bucharest, from an architectural point of view, are the Palace of Justice, the Athenaeum, the Ministry of Agriculture, the General Post Office, the Palace of the Grand National Assembly, the Central Army Club, the Faculty of Medicine and the old wing of the University. All are heavily conceived, solid edifices, showing the classical trend, with a tendency towards baroque. They owe their form to the influence of architects from Western Europe, but the style has had its day. Much more interesting is the architecture linked to the traditions of the old Rumanian folk style, shown in the Girls' School No. 10 and the "Buffet" on the Kiseleff Chausée by Ion Minucu. However, the strong trend towards modern architecture which sprang up during the inter-war period will have to be canalized along the lines best suited to meet the huge volume of building destined for the masses. Just as the way of life of the Rumanians has changed radically, so are the towns and houses likely to change their appearance in the very near future.

It is said that every town bears the stamp of its inhabitants. That is certainly true of Bucharest and equally true of Rumania as a whole. This gentle, courteous people with the patience of the East and the adaptability of the West seem to show in their surroundings their capacity to get the best out of several worlds. Under the spell of their hospitality, you will tend to see Rumania through rose-coloured spectacles and perhaps that is the truest vision of all. Perhaps the last word on this fascinating country might well be left to a Rumanian writer:

A rose-coloured haze comes up out of the distance; it appears with the sound of the sheep-bells as the sheep hurry towards the fold; it falls on the sleep of the partridges in the endless stubble and over the gently waving reeds in the marshes; it falls on the distant calls sounding from the past, while the Danube flows on its age-old course, in the silence of a wise old man.
Useful Information

Taxi Ranks
Bucharest, Ploesti Motor Road—Telephone: 27.05.72
Central Taxicab Station—Telephone: 11.57.05.
Clabucet—Telephone: 27.74.98.
University—Telephone: 14.30.34.
Obor Market—Telephone: 27.01.09.
Elefterie Bridge—Telephone: 27.27.85.
Law Courts—Telephone: 16.09.43.
Piata Republicii—Telephone: 16.16.98.
Gara de Nord (North Station)—Telephone: 17.74.38.
Piata M. Eminescu—Telephone: 12.73.11.

Useful Telephone Numbers and Addresses
City Information Bureau—Telephone: 14.70.45.
Baneasa Airport—Telephone: 17.21.00.
TAROM (Rumanian Airways) Central Agency—Piata Universitatii—Telephone: 15.12.54. 16.33.46. 15.39.09.
Gara de Nord (North Railway Station)—Telephone: 17.20.30.
General Post Office, 12 Calea Victoriei.

Principal Hotels
“Athenée Palace”, 1 Strada Episcopiei—Telephone: 15.66.42.
“Lido”, 5-7 Bd. Magheru—Telephone: 14.44.30 and 16.00.00.
“6 Martie”, 18 Bd. 6 Martie—Telephone: 13.87.56.
“7 Noembrie”, 15 Calea Victoriei—Telephone: 16.41.00.
Luxury Restaurants

“Ambasador”, 10 Bulevard Magheru.
“Athenée Palace”, 1 Strada Episcopiei.
“Bucuresti” (with confectionery), 1 Strada F. Joliot—Curie.
“Cina” (with brasserie), Piata Republicii.
“Lido”, 5-7 Bulevard Magheru.
“Parcul Trandafirilor”, 3 Calea Dorobanti.
“Pescarus”, Culture and Rest Park.
“Terasa Colonadelor”, Piata Universitatii.

First Class Restaurants

“Baneasa—Pod”, Baneasa.
“Batiste”, 10 Strada Batiste.
“Berliu”, 2 Strada C. Mille.
“Carul cu Bere”, 5 Strada Stavropoleos.
“Continental”, 56 Calea Victoriei.
“Dunarea”, 3 Bulevard N. Balcescu.
“Gambrinus”, 18 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Kiseleff”, 1 Strada Arhitect Mincu.
“1 Mai”, Soseaua Kiseleff.
“Pescarul”, 11 Bulevard N. Balcescu.
Pensiunea “Bulevard”, 23 Bulevard N. Balcescu.
“Postavarul”, 15 Calea Victoriei.
Restaurantul No. 1, Culture and Rest Park.

Theatres

Army Theatre, 20 Bulevard Magheru.
Army Theatre, 2 Bulevard 6 Martie.
I.L. Caragiale National Theatre:
    Comedia Hall, Pasajul Comedia.
    Studio Hall, Piata Amzei.
Central Trade Union Council Theatre, 53 Strada Lipsan.
Central Army Club Ensemble Theatre, 6 Strada Uranus.
Jewish State Theatre, 15 Strada Iuliu Barasch.
Municipal Theatre:
  Matei Millo Hall, 1 Bulevard Schitu Magureanu.
  Filinon Sirbu Hall, 76 Strada Alexandru Sahia.
  C. Nottara Theatre, 16 Strada C. Mille and 2 Strada.
  Dobrogeanu—Gherea.
Opera and Ballet Theatre, 70 Bulevard 6 Martie.
Operetta Theatre, 1 Splaiul Independentei.
Railway Workers’ Theatre, 8 Soseaua Giulesti.
C. Tanase Musical-Satirical Theatre:
  Savoy Hall, 33-35 Calea Victoriei.
  Victoria Hall, 174 Calea Victoriei.
Tandarica Puppet Theatre, 20 Strada Academiei and 42 Calea Victoriei (Pasajul Comedia).
Youth Theatre, 2 Strada N. Balaceanu.
23 August Open-Air Theatre, 43 Bulevard Muncii.
N. Bălcescu Open-Air Theatre, 174 Bulevard Bucurestii Noi.
Boema Open-Air Theatre, 6 Strada C.A. Rosetti.
Jewish State Theatre (open-air), 5 Strada Mircea Voda.
Open-Air Theatre, Culture and Rest Park.
State Circus, 2 Bulevard N. Balcescu.

Cinemas
“Bucuresti”, 4 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Central”, 2 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“13 Septembrie”, 9 Strada Doamnei.
“Elena Pavel”, 14 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“I.C. Frimu”, 16 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Infratirea intre Popoare”, 68 Bulevard Bucurestii Noi.
“Lumina”, 12 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Magheru”, 29 Bulevard Magheru.
“Maxim Gorki”, 48 Calea Victoriei.
“Patria” (Cinemascope), 12-14 Bulevard Magheru.
“Republica” (Cinemascope), 2 Bulevard Magheru.
“Timpuri Noi”, 18 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Vasile Alecsandri”, 24 Strada Eremia Grigorescu.
“Victoria”, 5 Bulevard 6 Martie.
Concert Halls
Athenaeum of the Rumanian People's Republic, Piata Republicii.
“Dalles” Hall, 18 Bulevard Nicolae Balcescu.

Swimming Pools and Beaches
“Baneasa”, Baneasa Lake.
“C.F.R.” Railway, Baneasa Lake.
“Floreasca”, Soseaua Nordului—Herăstrău Bridge (Floreasca Lake).
“Progresul”, 44 Strada Dr. Staicovici.
“Libertatii”, 3 Splaiul Independentei.
“Lido”, 172 Bulevard Dimitrov.
“Snagov”, on the Bucharest-Ploesti motor-road (Snagov Lake).
“Tei”, Bulevard Lacul Tei (Tei Lake).

Sports Grounds
23 August Sports Park, 43 Bulevard Muncii.
Dante Gherman Swimming Pool, 28 Bulevard Marasti.
Dynamo Sports Park, Soseaua Stefan cel Mare.
Floreasca Indoor Sports Complex, 2 Strada Aviator Beller.
Giulesti Stadium, 10 Soseaua Giulesti.
Progresul—Finante—Banci Sports Park, 42 Strada Dr. Staicovici.
State Republican Hippodrome, 65-67 Bulevard Marasti.
Republic Stadium, 135 Strada Izvor.
Tunari Shooting Range, 12 Alea Micsunele.

Libraries
Arlus Library, 5 Strada Ion Ghica.
Central State Library of the R.P.R., 4 Strada Bursei.
Central Trade Union Council Library, 15 Bulevard 6 Martie.
Central University Library, 1 Strada Kirov.
Library of the Academy of the R.P.R., 125 Calea Victoriei.
Art Collections and Exhibition Rooms
Artists' Union Galleries, 20 Bulevard Magheru.
Barbu Slatineanu Collection, 3 Strada Dr. Obedenaru.
Elena and Dr. Dona Collection, 12 Strada General Dona.
Dalles Exhibition Rooms, 14 Bulevard N. Balcescu.

Parks
23 August Park, 43 Bulevard Muncii.
Baneasa Forest, on the Bucharest-Ploesti motor-road.
Botanical Gardens, Soseaua Cotroceni.
Cismigiu Gardens, Bulevard 6 Martie.
Parcul Libertatii, Piata Libertatii.
Culture and Rest Park (libraries, exhibition pavilions, open-air theatres, house of culture, amusement park, lake with facilities for aquatic sports and motor-boat trips, sports grounds, restaurants and refreshment rooms, Bulevard J.V. Stalin.
Young Pioneers’ Palace, 2 Bulevard Prof. Dr. G. Marinescu.

Scientific Institutions
The Academy of R.P.R., 125 Calea Victoriei.
Dr. V. Babes Institute, 99 Splaiul Independentei.
Dr. Cantacuzino Institute of Serums and Vaccines, 103 Splaiul Independentei.
Cancer Research Institute, 11 Bulevard 1 Mai.
Central Trade Union Institute for Scientific Research into Health and Welfare at Work, 15 Strada General Budisteanu.
Institute of Balneology and Physiotherapy, 14 Bulevard Cosbuc.
Institute of Gerontology, 9 Strada Manastirea Caldarusani.
Institute of Hygiene, 13 Strada Dr. Leonte.
Institute of Physiology, 90 Soseaua Vulor.
Pasteur Institute, 141 Soseaua Giulesti.
Pharmaceutical Research Institute, 3 Strada Dr. Leonte.
Higher Educational Institutes

C.I. Parhon University, 13 Bd. Republicii with 8 Faculties:
Chemistry (89 Splaiul Independentei), Geography and Geology, History, Jurisprudence, Philology, Philosophy, Physics and Mathematics, (64 Bd. 6 Martie), Natural Sciences (91 Splaiul Independentei).

N. Bălcescu Agronomic Institute, 69 Bulevard Marasti.
Building Institute, 72 Bulevard Tolbukin.
Ciprian Porumbescu Conservatoire of Music, 33 Strada Stirbey Voda.

Gh. Gheorghiu-Dej Railway Institute, 3-5 Strada Mihail Moxa.

N. Grigorescu Fine Arts Institute, 19 Strada General Budisteanu.

Institute of Medicine and Pharmacy, 8 Bulevard Ardealului.
Ion Mincu Institute of Architecture, 3 Strada Biserica Enei.
V.I. Lenin Institute of Economic Sciences, 6 Piata Mihail Eminescu.

Maxim Gorki Institute, 13 Strada Pitar Mos.

Oil, Gas and Geological Institute, 6 Strada Traian Vuria.

Physical Culture Institute, 12 Strada Maior Ene.

Polytechnic Institute, 132 Calea Grivitei.

Theatre and Cinema Institute, 1 Bd. Schitu Magureanu.

Museums

Art Museum of the R.P.R., 53 Calea Victoriei.

Central Army Museum, 137 Strada Izvor.

Cecilia and F. Storck Museum, 16 Strada V. Alexsandri.

Corneliu Medrea Museum, 16 Strada General Budisteanu.

Dr. Minovici Folk Art Museum, 1 Strada Dr. Minovici.

Folk Art Museum of the R.P.R., 107 Calea Victoriei.

George Enescu Museum, 141 Calea Victoriei.

Grigore Antipa Natural History Museum, 1 Soseaua Kiseleff.

Gheorghe Tattarescu Museum, 7 Strada Domnita Anastasia.


Lenin-Stalin Museum, 3 Soseaua Kiseleff.
Ing. Minovici Feudal Art Museum, 3 Strada Dr. Minovici.
Museum of Experimental Sciences, 21 Bulevard Ana Ipatescu.
Museum of Rumanian Literature, 10 Soseaua Kiseleff.
Rumanian-Russian Museum, 4 Strada Fundatiei.
Simu Museum, 9 Bulevard Magheru.
T. Aman Museum, 8 Strada C.A. Rosetti.
Village Museum, 20 Soseaua Kiseleff.
Cambaccian Museum, 21 Strada Muzel Zambaccian.

Places of Interest
Antim Church, 29 Strada Antim.
Athenaeum of the R.P.R., Piata Republicii.
Brincoveanu Palace, Mogosoia.
Bucur Church, 33 Strada Radu Voda.
Coltea Church, 1 Bulevard 1848.
Cotroceni Monastery, 2 Bulevard Prof. Dr. G. Marinescu.
Curtea Veche Church, 31 Strada 30 Decembrie.
Comnita Balasa Church, 1 Calea Rahovei.
Fundenii Doamnei Church, Soseaua Fundeni.
Ghica Palace, Bulevard Lacul Tei.
Grand National Assembly, 21 Strada Patriarhiei.
Grottos with statues by Paciurea, F. Storck and Filip Marin; Parcul Libertatii.
Kretulescu Church, 47 Calea Victoriei.
Mihai Voda Church and State Archives Building, 2 Strada Arhivelor.
Monument to Railway Heroes, by C. Medrea and I. Jalea; North Station Square.
Monument to the Rumanian Heroes of the anti-Hitlerite War; Piata Eroilor.
Old Sf. Elefterie Church, 15 B. Strada Sf. Elefterie.
Patriarchal Church, 21 Strada Patriarhiei.
Patriarchal Palace, 21 Strada Patriarhiei.
Plumbuita Monastery, 58 Strada Matei Basarab.
Radu Voda Monastery, 18 Strada Radu Voda.
Russian Church, 9 Strada Ion Ghica.
Savings and Deposit Bank, 13 Calea Victoriei.
Sf. Apostolic Church, 35 Strada Sf. Apostoli.
Stavropoleos Church, Strada Stavropoleos.
St. Joseph’s Cathedral, 19 Strada Popov.
Sutu Palace, now Museum of the City of Bucharest, 2 Bulevard 1848.
Triumphal Arch, Soseaua Kiseleff.

Principal Shops
Academy Bookshop, 27 Calea Victoriei.
“Bijuteria” (Jewellery), 22 Calea Victoriei.
Bucuresti Department Store, 2 Strada Baratiei.
“Cadouri” (Gifts), 5 Bulevard Magheru.
Cartea Rusa Bookshop, 42 Calea Victoriei.
“Cei trei ursuleti” (Children’s Shop), 9 Strada Doamnei.
Central Bookshop, 5 Bulevard Republicii.
Central Department Store, 5 Strada C.A. Rosetti.
Children’s Bookshop, 27 Bulevard Magheru.
Children’s Shop, 4 Bd. Republicii.
Comaliment No. 1 (Food), 30 Bulevard Magheru.
Comaliment No. 2 (Food), Piata Amzei.
Comaliment No. 6 (Food), 23 Strada 30 Decembrie.
Comaliment No. 8 (Food), 1 Soseaua Mihai Bravu.
Comaliment No. 9 (Food), 4 Piata Dorobanti.
Comaliment No. 10 (Food), 115 Calea Grivitei.
“Confectia” (Clothing Shop), 28 Calea Victoriei.
Cosmetica Shop, 5 Bulevard 6 Martie.
Delta Dunarii Food Shop, 2 Bulevard Republicii.
“Dulciuri” (Confectionery), 33 Calea Victoriei.
Folk Art Shop, 116 Calea Victoriei.
Grivita Department Store, 396 Calea Grivitei.
Libraria Noastra Bookshop No. 1, 45 Calea Victoriei.
Libraria Noastra Bookshop No. 2, 26 Strada Lipscani.
Libraria Noastra Bookshop No. 4, 2 Bulevard Nicolae Balcescu.
Libraria Noastra Bookshop No. 17, 6 Bulevard Magheru.
“Podgoria” (Wines and Liqueurs), 114 Calea Victoriei.
“Romarta” Shops:
   Footwear, 50 Calea Victoriei.
   Fabrics, 60 Calea Victoriei.
   Haberdashery, Hosiery, Knitwear, Hats, etc., 62 Calea Victoriei and 14 Bulevard Republicii.
   Electrical Good and Radio-sets, 14 Bulevard Republicii.
   Perfumery, 14 Bulevard Republicii.
   China and Glass, 14 Bulevard Republicii.
“Spicul” (Bakery and Patisserie), 24 Bulevard 6 Martie.
“Tutunul” (Tobacconist’s), 94 Calea Victoriei.
Victoria Department Store, 17 Calea Victoriei.
Youth Bookshop, 4 Bulevard Schitu Magureanu.
### APPENDIX A

#### Carpati Offices in Rumania

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<td>Branch Predeal</td>
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<td>68 Str. Gh. Gheorghiu-Dej</td>
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<td>Galatz agency</td>
<td>Bloc L. Str. Republicii</td>
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<td>Branch Braila</td>
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<td>Jassy agency</td>
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<td>Oradea agency</td>
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<td>&quot; Cimpina</td>
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<td>&quot; Targoviste</td>
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<td>Suceava agency</td>
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<td>Timisoara agency</td>
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<td>Branch Arad</td>
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<td>&quot; Lugoj</td>
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<td>&quot; Curtici</td>
<td>Customs Office</td>
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<td>&quot; Resita</td>
<td>3 Str. 7 Noiembrie</td>
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### APPENDIX B

**Carpati Offices in Hotels**

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<th>Town</th>
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<td>Bucharest</td>
<td>“Athenée Palace”, 1-3 Str. Episcopiei</td>
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<td>Poiana Brasov</td>
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APPENDIX C

Principal Health Resorts

Herculane  Altitude: 160 metres. Recommended for rheumatism and affections of the digestive tract.


Calimanesti  Altitude: 280 metres. Recommended for diseases of the digestive tract, particularly of the kidneys and urinary tract.

Govora  Altitude: 478 metres. Recommended for rheumatism and dyspepsia.

Slanic  Altitude: 530 metres. Recommended for affections of the digestive and respiratory tract.

Sovata  Altitude: 490 metres. Recommended for rheumatism, women's diseases, hormonal disturbances.

Tusnad  Altitude: 650 metres. Recommended for affections of the digestive tract, cardiovascular disturbances, rheumatic pains.

Borsec  Altitude: 750 metres. Recommended for affections of the digestive tract, anaemia.

RUMANIA

9 Mai
Altitude: 140 metres. Recommended for diseases of the locomotor apparatus and of the peripheral nervous system, poliomyelitis sequelae and uro-logic affections.

1 Mai
Altitude: 140 metres. Recommended for complaints of the locomotor apparatus, skin diseases and chronic gastritis.

Eforie
Altitude: 20 metres. Recommended for rheumatic complaints, extrapulmonary tuberculosis, gynecological and dermatological affections.
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