(February 9, 1920.)

Madame Pantazzi*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am very deeply sensible of the honor you have done me in inviting me to come here to-day; at the same time, I must confess that I am equally alarmed at the responsibility I have undertaken. My only claim to speak to you about Roumania lies in the fact that since I went out there ten years ago, as the wife of a Roumanian Naval Officer, I have had, perhaps, unique opportunities of studying the life and character of the Roumanians from the angle of Canada and the new world.

Roumanian history has, since its dawn, been one long, bitter story of struggle and oppression. A Latin Island in a sea of Slavs, isolated and dominated by the Turks during the Middle Ages, she clung to the traditions of her Roman origin. The Roumanian language to-day, in spite of the admixture of Slav and Turkish words, is even more closely allied to Latin than modern Italian. The sympathies of the people, their mentality and physique, are absolute proof of their Latin origin. They are distinctly different in every way from the Bulgarians, Russians, and Hungarians, by whom they are surrounded.

To illustrate something of the spirit which animated them, even in the Middle Ages, I should like to tell you the legend of one of their great Kings, Stefan. King Stefan reigned about the middle of the fifteenth century. After winning many victories, he was finally defeated by the Turks. He returned to his moated castle and to his mother, who had been its guardian and defender during his absence. When he approached the drawbridge he ordered the sentinel to lower it. His mother came to an upper window and demanded to know who was there.

" 'Tis I, Stefan, your son—wounded, pursued by the enemy. Let me in."

"Impostor, how dare you claim to be my son! He is either dead or conqueror."

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* Madame Pantazzi is a Canadian by birth and a member of a well known Toronto family. Her husband is a Roumanian Naval Officer, and it was while accompanying him on a Roumanian Government Mission that she had the experiences she so graphically relates.

Stefan returned to fight the Turks once more, and this time was victorious. Later, he united Greater Roumania, the Roumania of to-day, under his beneficent sway.

It was only sixty years ago that modern institutions were introduced into Roumania by her wise and enlightened King, Carol. He was elected Prince of the newly-united provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which formed, before the war, the Kingdom of Roumania. Roumania before the war had a population equal to that of Canada, between 7,500,000 and 8,000,000 people.

In 1914, when the war broke out, King Carol and his wife were placed in a very difficult position. They were Hohenzollerns; and, therefore, were, of course, deeply convinced that Germany would win the war. The attitude of Roumania was distinctly antagonistic to Germany. King Carol died a victim of the war as truly as if he had been slain on the field of battle.

The present King, Ferdinand, his nephew, is bound up entirely in the welfare of Roumania. His wife, Queen Marie, was heart and soul with the allies from the very first. Roumania finally entered on the side of the allies. She had chafed at the delay to show her sympathy with the great cause of France and Britain. Friends would say to me:

"We love France, we admire England; and we want to go into the war on the side of the Allies—but England is far, and France is far; we will be fighting side by side with the Russians. We do not trust them."

Their fears, alas, were only too well founded. By the treachery of Russia in neglecting to forward munitions and provisions sent us by the Allies, which had to come all the way from Archangel, the richest part of Roumania was delivered into the hands of the Germans. In spite of the heroic efforts of the Roumanians to defend their country, they were mowed down like grass before the long-range guns of the Germans. When I went to the hospitals to visit the officers wounded in the first engagements, I found them extremely depressed. They told me:

"It is not for our own wounds we grieve, but for the fact that when we led our soldiers into action, they said: 'Why are not our guns like theirs?'"

In one battle, after fighting for eleven days and eleven nights, the Roumanians were able to repulse the German troops; but this was when the army had been reorganized by French generals. After this battle, when the Red Cross went

out on the field of battle to hunt for wounded, they found numbers of Roumanian soldiers standing upright—though life had fled—supported by the piles of their dead comrades lying behind them.

The story of defeat, flight, cold, hunger, epidemics; you know that all too well. It was a terrible thing to see old men falling down in the main street of Jassy (after the evacuation of Bucharest) never to rise again; to see the dead piled in carriages to be hurried away and thrown into the common pit; to hear children whimpering from hunger and be unable to stretch out a helping hand. It was the real struggle of existence in all its bitterness.

Sometimes, since I have returned to Canada, I wonder if I really did see all the scenes that I remember. It seems to me that it can not be true, that it was all a fantastic, terrible dream.

In February, 1917, my husband was sent to Odessa, to try to organize the transport of the vitally necessary provisions and munitions from Southern Russia. I accompanied him with our family. We were intensely happy at the prospect of being able to relieve some of the terrible conditions in Jassy, but we did not know what the future held in store for us.

One week after our journey, the great Russian Revolution broke out. The first news was received in Odessa with incredulity. We were uncertain for about a week as to what had transpired. Finally, General Marx, who was extremely influential and head of the troops in Southern Russia, decided to throw in his lot with the revolutionaries; and I witnessed the first procession celebrating the new order of things. It was quite an orderly procession, such as might have been organized to welcome the Czar. Every soldier had a little bit of red somewhere about his person, either on his arm or on his breast or on the band of his hat. Thus they marched to the central square, where Marx made a speech and they cheered lustily for the revolution. All along the streets the crowds lined up. Odessa was decked with flags; the University students marched with the troops, singing patriotic songs. The first display of joy was really touching to witness. The citizens were like a lot of boys let out from school for a holiday.

Gradually, however, the mild spirit which prevailed, gave way to more violent change. The German spies, in their work among the Russian soldiers, were extremely skilful. They would say to those ignorant fellows:

"If you don't go home to your village, you will not get your share of the land when the re-division takes place."

The soldiers left their trenches by the hundreds by night, and tried to go on foot to their native villages, some of which were in the depths of Siberia. It would be as if a man started to walk from Toronto to Winnipeg. On the way, they were overtaken by hunger, and began to loot; thus the terrors of Revolution were upon us.

The Roumanian troops who were in closest contact with the Russians, especially those from the former Bulgarian provinces, began in their turn to be infected with Bolshevik doctrines. They deserted the Roumanian army, and came crowding into Odessa. Well supplied with money, they began a campaign among their wounded brethren in the hospitals, formed themselves into a Roumanian Legion of Death, and paraded the streets with the Russians. The processions took place about twice a week, with music and banners bearing blood and thunder and lightning devices. The Roumanians were conspicuous with their banner of red and yellow.

It was about this time that Kerensky visited Odessa. I saw him as he left the Opera House after addressing the soldiers. He was dressed in uniform. He was not a man with very conspicuous charm, except for his wonderful hypnotic eyes, absolutely shining with life—one might say almost abnormal. He was enthusiastically received. His speech was the first one in which the principle was laid down that, as all men were equal, the soldiers had no necessity to salute their officers or to treat them with any more respect than their comrades in the ranks. It was the first dyke down, and the beginning of the reign of terror.

Southern Russia was formerly known by the name of Ukrainia. The Ukrainians, or Little Russians, formed themselves into a party and tried to oppose the Bolsheviki. "Bolshevik" means big or great. We must differentiate between the Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki. The latter are willing to do things more slowly and in a more organized way. One could distinguish the Ukrainian soldiers by the color of the band worn on their left arms. They chose green, and therefore they had green bands; while the Bolsheviki wore red bands. I deeply suspect that the greater number of the soldiers had two badges, one in their pockets and the other on their arms.

In February, 1917, those two parties came to blows and fought desperately for three days for the possession of

Odessa. Our home at that time was in the principal street, so we had a front box for the opera. One heard desultory firing during the night, but at first we paid absolutely no attention to it. One morning, however, seeing a barricade of benches in front of our house and two business-like cannon planted in front of our door, we were convinced that a serious affair was afoot. A little reconnoitring showed us that the Reds were in possession in our neighborhood. Soon firing began, which lasted some hours. We saw a tank rushing about, Red Cross nurses came out of the hospitals and carried away the dead, and our house was scarred by hundreds of bullets.

The Ukrainians seemed to be getting the best of it, when the Reds had a brilliant inspiration. The sailors on board ship in the port pointed their heavy guns up the principal streets of Odessa and began firing. The first shot smashed our windows. They fell in with a terrible crash. Then we received visits from bands of sailors. These men came to see if we were concealing fire-arms. Of course, they failed to find any; but during the search they found numerous little souvenirs and pocketed them on leaving. We were too tactful, of course, to notice it.

From then on, it was a reign of terror in Odessa. Five thousand Russian officers were in hiding at that time, while five thousand extremists worked on the population. One of their first acts was to tie up the statue of Catherine the Great and to requisition the wine cellars. On account of the activities of the different military commissions, there were great quantities of material in deposits all along the railway line; and every night bands of Bolsheviki rode up to them and requisitioned everything that took their fancy.

That greatly alarmed the French General who had reorganized the Roumanian army. Those supplies were vital to the Roumanians and Allies. He counselled the Roumanians to send over sufficient armed forces to protect their deposits. The Russian Reds were greatly displeased at the efforts to protect the supplies; and soon fighting began at many points, the result of which was to arouse bitter feeling against our large, wealthy colony in Odessa. Several arrests were made in the hopes of terrorizing the Roumanian Government into abandoning the value of millions of roubles. The Roumanians arrested were glad to pay the ransom demanded, only to be re-arrested within twenty-four hours. No fortune, however great, would hold out long against that system. Finally, our

colony was completely isolated from the mother country; and we had no news from Roumania for two months.

Odessa being now entirely in the hands of the Reds, Lenine and Trotsky sent a man who is now in the Supreme Council of the Soviet, to take charge of the situation. This man, Racovski by name, in his youth had been very active in Socialistic enterprises, and on that account had been invited to quit Roumania. The Roumanians had lost sight of him during the years preceding the war, but he had been exceedingly active in the socialistic circles. Therefore, when we heard of his taking charge, we were extremely discouraged, fearing that personal spite might influence his orders.

The morning after his arrival, a soldier came to tell us that a number of our friends, including the vice-president of the Roumanian Senate and the president of the Chamber of Commerce, had been arrested in the night. The favorite time for arresting was between twelve and three a.m. Fifteen or twenty Bolsheviki, headed in many cases by women, armed with several hundred cartridges and one or two revolvers each, dragged from their houses the unfortunate victims and forced them to hurry off without, in some cases, making any proper toilet. They were put on board a ship of sinister reputation, "The Almas," where a great many Russian officers had been led to torture and death during the preceding months.

I insistently urged my husband to go to the house of a neutral friend, because he was suffering at the time from the effects of a slight operation and needed hospital attention each day. For three days afterwards our house was unmolested, although I was hourly expecting the inevitable visit. I was not disappointed. On the third day I heard a rapping on the door of the house with the butt of a gun. This was the signal for the approach of the Bolsheviki. Resistance, of course, was useless. I told the servant to open the door, and a dozen Bolsheviki entered. The leader told me he was delegated by the Soviet to search the house. They took all the papers they could lay their hands on. They were all dressed in British uniforms, the buttons of which had "Georgius Rex" on them; bandoliers around their waists containing at least two hundred and fifty cartridges—and, besides two revolvers, each of them had a large sized gun with bayonet fixed.

They finally departed, taking with them my husband's soldier servant. He had been with us for five years and I did not doubt the affection that he bore my husband, but I greatly feared he would be bribed or terrorized into revealing the hiding place. After a few hours he returned. They had not tried to bribe him. He had protested his entire ignorance; and so earnestly professed adherence to Bolshevist ideals and doctrines, that they accepted his statements; and, thinking him a useful man, ordered him to go back and watch and let them know if he found out anything. He said he would. On the way out from being questioned, he was obliged to step over the dead body of a comrade who had been shot.

Our house was now entirely surrounded by sentries. We could not leave it for fear of being followed. My husband had been trying to get news for our flight to Jassy; but alas! we were like rats caught in a trap—before us was the Black Sea sown with thousands of unchartered mines; behind, on one side, the Germans were approaching; and on the other, the Russians and Roumanians fighting desperately.

Thinking patriotism could demand no more of him, my husband decided to offer himself as a volunteer hostage to Racovski. This action won for him the consideration of his enemies even; and had, for the moment, a beneficial effect on the general situation of the colony. Several women friends of mine, whose husbands were absent, were arrested.

Of course, such small details as giving prisoners anything to eat never occurred to their captors; and, therefore, there were efforts on the part of friends to carry them food. Any man who assisted in that way was immediately arrested and hurried away to prison, we knew not where. One friend never combed her hair for five days, because her jewels were hidden in its coils. Our efforts to conceal jewels and money taxed our ingenuity to the utmost. We sewed bank notes in the trimmings of our hats, buried rings in flower pots, and so forth. One friend had her jewels secreted in a ball of wool, a plaything for the kitten, while she calmly knitted; but $4,000 she had hidden in the wood-pile disappeared. She had a big retinue of servants, and we often wondered which one saw the hiding place.

The contrast between the sublime and the ridiculous was often striking. One lady, whose automobile was requisitioned, protested that she was not a Russian.

"What does it matter? Was not Marie Antoinette's automobile requisitioned in the French Revolution?" was the ready answer.

One man with a little more backbone than the others, decided to resist. He told his wife that if anybody should try to steal from him he would be ready for him. He put a

revolver in his pocket. As he walked down the street one night a man brushed by him. Feeling in his pocket, he found that his watch had gone. He went after the passer-by, and pulling out his weapon, demanded his watch. The stranger gave it to him. He returned home to recount his story to his wife, who met him saying:

"My dear, you are late, but I am not surprised, because it is the first time I have ever known you to leave the house without your watch."

How can I describe to you the agony of the long month that passed after my husband's arrest? Banks were raided, merchants closed their shops with heavy iron shutters; and opened them as rarely as possible in order to get a little money to continue buying food in the market. Even with money it was difficult to get food, because the peasants no longer came in with supplies. In the evenings, all the families in our apartment-house huddled into the one room; where, with a candle for illumination, we discussed the situation far into the night, wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

One morning I was surprised by a visit from the American Consul.

"Do you know," he said, "there is a Canadian here?"

"What!" I exclaimed. "A Canadian here? Impossible! How did he get here?"

He said, "Oh! he dropped from the sky; he came in an aeroplane."

Of course I was filled with curiosity. He said, "If you want your questions answered, go and see him for yourself."

I hastened to where the Consul had said I would find him, and within a few minutes, found myself face to face with Colonel Boyle of Woodstock. I had never heard of Colonel Boyle before that day, but his appearance inspired me with the very greatest confidence. He had been in Jassy after remarkable and extraordinary adventures in Russia, when he heard of the plight of the Roumanian colony in Odessa and volunteered to try to assist us. The only way he could get to Odessa was in an aeroplane, because there was fighting going on along the line between the two cities. Colonel Boyle, though well over fifty, had never been in an aeroplane in his life; but of course a trifle like that would never bother a man like him.

He had flown across two lines of battle. The Roumanians and Russians both thought him an enemy and both had fired on him; but, luckily, did not touch him. He had been before

the Russian Soviet and made a treaty by which seventy-one hostages held in Odessa were to be exchanged for four hundred Bolsheviki prisoners, whom the Roumanians had seized in Bessarabia. When I met him, he was completing the agreement.

He was, of course, intensely surprised to find a Canadian in Odessa; and when I told him of my situation he said:

"Go home and pack your things, and I will take you in the train."

I never received such a charming invitation in my life. I returned home and spent the entire night in preparations. The next morning my husband telephoned me from prison—you may think it curious, but that was one of the anomalies of the situation. As I said before, there are some very powerful arguments in Bolsheviki Russia, and my husband had a number of those arguments secreted in the sole of his boot and was, therefore, able to telephone. He told me that the Roumanian "Battalion of Death," accompanied by an army of Russians, had come to the prison at four o'clock and had told the prisoners Colonel Boyle had come and was going to exchange them; but before doing this, they said:

"We want you to come with us. We want to restore your money and papers that you had when arrested."

Now, my husband has a very suspicious nature. He thought this unprecedented generosity of the Bolsheviki at such an early hour in the morning, had something very odd about it. He said he was prepared to stay where he was until Colonel Boyle came. He told me, of course, that his resistance would not be very long continued; and begged me to go and find Colonel Boyle.

Presently I saw a large automobile truck passing my windows. In it were a number of prisoners, and this truck was speeding in the opposite direction to the station; in fact, towards the port where a number of rebel ships lay ready to steam away should the Germans approach. On leaving the house I encountered at the door the Ukrainian Prison Commissioner. He said to me:

"The Bolsheviki have absolutely no intention of keeping their word with Colonel Boyle. They are trying to get the prisoners away."

Begging him to accompany me, we made rapidly to Colonel Boyle's residence; were fortunate enough to meet him in front of the Russian Soviet's meeting place. When he entered the building, he found it empty. Then we jumped into one of

the little Russian carriages. Colonel Boyle and myself, both being somewhat large, solid people, found it difficult travelling. He remarked, I remember: "Cabs in Toronto are more comfortable than this." I thought they were.

When we arrived at the port, we were not able to approach the ship because a strong Bolsheviki guard were protecting the entrance to the quay; but over their heads I saw on the deck a number of prisoners making despairing signs to me. Then Colonel Boyle realized they were the very prisoners he came to rescue. Colonel Boyle speaks no language but English. He now said to me:

"I have never worked with a woman before. Before we go on, I just want to tell you one thing—say what I say and don't add anything of your own. Don't tell the Bolsheviki what you think of them." And he went on to tell me that his experience in the Yukon had taught him much in regard to the type of men he had now to deal with; and he added grimly: "They have never got the best of me yet."

I knew on which ship had been the headquarters of the Roumanian "Battalion of Death." We went on board. We asked for Racovski. He had fled, taking with him all the millions requisitioned from the Roumanian Government. We asked to see the next in command, and a man was pushed forward. Colonel Boyle asked him why he had taken the prisoners, contrary to the treaty. He replied that he knew nothing about the treaty, and anyway, the circumstances had changed. The Germans were approaching; therefore, they were taking the prisoners away for their own good. Colonel Boyle retorted that the prisoners were his, and he was quite able to look after them himself. After a few further remarks, Colonel Boyle simply cut short all further conversation, by asking: "Are you a man of honor?" Monsieur Dichesco said that all the Bolsheviki were honorable men, and he was the most honorable of them all. Colonel Boyle said:

"That is just exactly what I thought; I know you will keep your word. Racovski has gone, and of course you don't know what to do. If I go to the Soviet and get a paper within two hours, saying they are still of the same mind as yesterday, will you give me the prisoners? You can expect the British and Americans to give no sympathy, if you do not keep your word."

Dichesco promised he would. Colonel Boyle said: "You wait for me."

We then left the ship. Of course, Dichesco knew full well

that the news of the approach of the Germans had scattered the Soviet to the four corners of the town. Well, we borrowed an automobile and looked up two or three of the most important members, particularly the man with the official seal. It was the most extraordinary thing to see the calm determination of Boyle, as contrasted to the excitement of the Russians, when he demanded his prisoners. Finally he persuaded them to give him the necessary papers and to put the seal upon them, after which, he buttoned them in his breast pocket.

We were returning exultantly towards the centre of the city, when we had a collision. The automobile was considerably damaged and the wind shield was broken. One of the pieces of glass hit me on the head. With the blood running down into my eyes, I had a moment of weakness and discouragement. He said:

"Nothing very serious is the matter with you. Anyway, I am a doctor—I know how to fix you up."

Taking me to my home, he proved himself indeed a skilful doctor; for when a physician finally arrived he found he had done exactly the right thing.

My house was filled with weeping women, anxious as to the fate of their husbands. Colonel Boyle reassured them; and, taking his leave of me, said he would go on to the house of his friends and ask them to find another interpreter.

Half an hour had not passed when the Secretary of the Roumanian Consulate rushed in, and said:

"Where is Colonel Boyle?"

I asked: "Has he not gone to the dock?"

"No, and if he is not there in ten minutes, it will be too late. The ship the prisoners are on is making ready to steam away.

Fortunately he had a car. I wrapped a motor veil about my head, and set out with him for Colonel Boyle's house. He went up asking the Colonel to come to speak to me. Some instinct made Boyle snatch up his cap and run down three flights of stairs; he immediately stepped into the automobile without even looking back, although afterwards I learned by accident that Colonel Boyle had left all his belongings in that house.

There were active preparations for immediate departure on the dock. We could see the Bolsheviki soldiers with sacks on their backs boarding the ship. Colonel Boyle forced his way through the throng, and I followed him as closely as I could. He directed:

"Call out for your friend of this morning." Presently

Dichesco came forward, and something of the following conversation took place:

Colonel Boyle: "I thought you promised to wait for me."

Dichesco: "Well, I am here."

Colonel Boyle: "Yes, but had I not come now it would have been too late."

Dichesco: "Well, what is the use of waiting, anyhow? I know the Russian Soviet wont give up these prisoners."

Colonel Boyle produced his papers. The Bolshevik's face turned absolutely yellow and green. There were his comrades, witnesses of the conversation of the morning, when he claimed that of all honorable men he was the most honorable.

Colonel Boyle: "Before we talk any further, I want to see all those prisoners put on the dock."

Dichesco gave the necessary order and we saw all the prisoners taken on from the ship, still surrounded by guards. A very curious assemblage they were, many of them in the carpet slippers they wore when they were taken from their homes. When Boyle saw the last prisoner was on the dock he addressed Dichesco, saying:

"A cause upheld by men of honor like yourself cannot fail to come to great things. I wish you good luck and good-bye!"

During the fifteen or twenty minutes those arrangements had taken, Dichesco's brain had been working rapidly. It no longer suited the Roumanian "Battalion of Death" to give up the prisoners. That Germans had possession of almost the entire coast of the Black Sea, and the Bolsheviki were putting up no obstacle to their advance. Therefore, they wished to keep those seventy-one hostages in order to make a bargain with the Roumanian Government to reinstate and pardon them.

Monsieur Dichesco laid a detaining hand on Colonel Boyle's arm, saying:

"Oh, we know how the British do these things, and we want to do the right thing, too. You don't know the Roumanians. Every one of these prisoners' names must be on a list, and you must sign it and hold yourself responsible."

Colonel Boyle was one; they were a thousand. He therefore thought that diplomacy would be wise; and consented to go into the cabin, where we began to make out lists of the prisoners, identifying each one. When everything was ready and only the two signatures were to be put on this document, Dichesco arose and excused himself, saying his signature alone would be of no use—all the Soviet must sign. Colonel Boyle pulled out his watch:

"Please be quick—I will give you five minutes. The Germans are approaching, and they do not like this uniform."

Hardly had Dichesco left when a sliding panel in the wall was thrown back, and a head thrust in:

"Is that you, Madam Pantazzi?"

"Yes."

"Don't you remember me? I used to be a machinist on your husband's battle ship. Get off the ship at once with that Englishman! We are casting off."

Colonel Boyle understood not a word; but when I explained to him, he hastily gathered up the papers and we made our way on deck. It was so crowded we could hardly force our way to the gang-plank. We saw the prisoners crowded together and surrounded by guards. Their wives and children had come down to the dock and were waiting with them at the foot of the gang-plank.

Colonel Boyle said to me: "Tell your friends that no one is going on this ship."

We waited—it seemed a long time, but I expect it was not more than five minutes. Then we saw Dichesco coming along the dock, and thus he came face to face with Colonel Boyle.

Colonel Boyle held out the paper he still grasped in his hand.

"Sign!" he said.

"I *will* sign," was his energetic reply.

He must have made a signal with his hand, for the Bolsheviki on the ship began firing down on the unarmed, helpless crowd on the dock. The excitement and confusion was terrible. The prisoners tried to escape. Their wives were shrieking and the children knocked down and trampled by horses. My first thought was for my husband.

I could see the prisoners being forced up the steep gang-plank like sheep. Two sentries came rushing towards us, and my husband in his turn was obliged to mount the gang-plank. My thoughts turned again to Colonel Boyle. I looked to see where he was. Where I left him, there I found him—forced by the weight of numbers to one side of the gang-plank, he was standing quite as calm and collected as before. In my despair, I said to him: "What are you going to do now?" He looked at me, and then our eyes turned to the deck. At that moment we saw two Bolsheviki beating an unfortunate old man on the back. Colonel Boyle said:

"I cannot stand for this! I am going with them."

We grasped hands; I can see him now mount the steep in-

cline that led to that ship of horror and seize the two wretches who were beating one of "his" prisoners, as he called them, by the scruff of the neck. The hawsers were cut. A band of music on the ship drowned further sounds. I was left on the dock alone.

From then on, for six weeks we had no further news of Colonel Boyle or the rebel ship. On my return home, I found everyone confused and terribly anxious, but was enabled through the aviator who had brought Colonel Boyle, to send news back to Jassy. That evening my servants told me: "The Germans are here." I could not believe it, but on looking out, I saw the house surrounded by the glittering helmets of the German soldiers. I may say their coming undoubtedly saved the lives of the greater part of the civil population of Odessa; for soon after I saw in the market place the bodies of the Bolsheviki who had planned our massacre, hanging as a warning to all who might wish to follow their examples.

It would take me too long to tell of all the hair-breadth adventures Colonel Boyle went through with the prisoners. You never would believe me. It was a series of miracles that they ever came back! They were finally able to get news back to us. The Germans were now masters in Southern Russia, as they were in Roumania. Through the intercession of Queen Marie, Mackensen permitted Colonel Boyle to return with the prisoners. On his arrival in Jassy he was received with the greatest enthusiasm; and immediately invited to the palace, where he had conferred on him the splendid decoration, the "Star of Roumania." He is a great hero there, and any other Canadians who go to Roumania will have to live up to the reputation that he has made for them.

I have told you what one Canadian has done for Roumania. However, he is not the only one who has been of help to her. At the Armistice time, the Canadian Red Cross gave seventy tons of material to Roumania, thus saving thousands of lives. Later, Mr. Lloyd Harris was able to arrange a loan of twenty-five millions for Roumania, which was a tremendous help. My hope is, that your sympathies and understanding will be Roumania's. The Roumanians are still fighting on three sides against the Bolsheviki in the interest of civilization in Eastern Europe; and they need all your sympathy and all your help.