

## THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER FROM CRAIOVA PARTICIPATING IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR\*

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**Abstract:** The manuscript of the young officer named George Orman presents a firsthand account of the Romanian army, following their involvement in the campaign of 1916 to 1918.

“The Campaign Notes” is a record of everything he saw, heard, and lived through during the war. Being the commander of the Ambulance of the XI-th Division, he had accompanied troops in Transylvania, Oltenia, Muntenia and Moldova, as well as in Bessarabia.

A patriot and a fearless serviceman, he had done his duty towards his country, having been promoted and decorated for his bravery.

**Keywords:** Manuscript, officer, the First World War, Orman, Craiova.

Kept in a Private Collection in Craiova, Officer George Orman’s *Diary* represents a unique testimony regarding the participation of the Romanian army in the campaign of the First World War, between the years 1916–1918.

Extremely voluminous, grouped in no less than 26 notebooks, the notes cover the period August 12, 1916 – June 4, 1918, and were written by Reserve Lieutenant G. Orman right in the middle of the events he was participating in, thus not letting time fade the memories. Furthermore, they are accompanied by reproductions of official documents or communiqués, extracts from the newspapers of the time, as well as photographs and sketches made by the author.

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In the approximately 1,000 pages of the manuscript, entitled Campaign Notes, George Orman recounts, in a lively and engaging rhythm, the unusual and terrible experience of the war that he lived for two years. Life on the front is described with interesting details, with the hardships and difficulties encountered, the state of mind of the soldiers and officers, the changing fortunes of the war where victories were intertwined with defeats.

The manuscript also surprises by revealing the cruelest face of war. Death is present at every step and in every place. Battlefields are littered with dead, cities are bombarded, typhus is raging.

There is no lack of information about Craiova, his hometown that sheltered his family, and whose fate always concerned him, nor about the families from Oltenia (Ioanid, Potârcă, Tătărescu, Neamțu, Carianopol, Gigurtu, Chintescu, Secșoreanu, Valimărescu etc.) caught in the vortex of war.

With a remarkable talent as a storyteller, Orman records everything he experienced, saw and heard during the war.

#### *Who was George Orman?*

The author of the notes comes from an old Aromanian family established in Craiova probably during the 18<sup>th</sup>–19<sup>th</sup> centuries. His father, a high magistrate<sup>1</sup>, was part of the elite of Craiova society in the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Born on January 8, 1885, George Orman benefited from a solid education and in 1910 he graduated from the Faculty of Law in Bucharest. After the war, he enrolled as a lawyer in the Dolj Bar where he practiced, with interruptions (between 1926–1935), until 1945 when he retired upon request. In 1946, the Communist government cut off his pension, and despite repeated appeals to be re-enrolled among the pensioners, a decade later, in 1956, he was told that his claim had not been resolved<sup>2</sup>.

On a personal level, after an unsuccessful first marriage, George Orman founded a new family by marrying (September 22, 1921) Dora Javet, the daughter of Professor Jules Javet, head of the Boys' Institute with the same name in Craiova.

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<sup>1</sup> Senior George Orman was born on October 19, 1847 in Craiova. Graduated in Law in Paris (1872), Jude Instructor (1874), Prosecutor (1875), President and First President of the Dolj Court (1876–1878), Counselor at the Craiova Court of Appeal (from 1888), Lawyer in the Dolj Bar (P. Ghiăcioiu, Anuarul Baroului pe anul 1905, Craiova, Samitca Publishing, 1905, p. 49, note d). He died on February 9, 1915.

<sup>2</sup> Archive of the Dolj Bar, file 7/1920: Avocatul George Orman.



**Fig. 1.** George Orman photographed in Chişinău in 1918.

**Source:** *The Campaign Notes* (handwritten).

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In the summer of 1916, the last days of peace found him in Urzicuța, in Dolj county, where together with his mother – his father had died – he was managing the estate. He liked life in the country and the grain trade provided him with a sufficient income.

But he was looking forward to Romania's entry into the war for the unity of the nation. On August 12, he wrote in his diary: "The two years of demoralizing and suffocating *neutrality* filled the glass of patience of Romanian souls. The whole country insistently demands the wholeness of the nation. Now or never... And I, who realize how happy and peaceful I am, still think like them! My soul vibrates today with those who want Transylvania, and there are moments when I ignore everything, and I want it at the cost of my life... Only from the sacrifice of a generation will the nation's justice be able to emerge, and why shouldn't we be the chosen ones, who will realize the secular dream and hopes of 14 million souls!"<sup>3</sup>.

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<sup>3</sup> *The Campaign Notes* (handwritten); George Orman's diary from which we will reproduce in our article, without referring to the source each time.

The rumor of the imminent mobilization follows and obsesses him: “Is the day dreamed of by an entire nation, the great day, so close?” Eager to find out the latest news, Orman goes to Craiova: “On the train, at the train station, in the city, everyone is confused. Mobilization is in the air, it’s everywhere and the city is going crazy. The newspapers – in special editions – announce the Crown Council tomorrow, Sunday, August 15”. After the declaration of war “the commotion in the city and the hundreds of people running like mad in the street, tearing the special editions, I wake up as if from a bad dream and go to bed crushed, after – at midnight – I hear the bells from the churches and the trumpets from the sprouts that announce the mobilization”.

The news of Romania entering the war arouses different reactions among the population. A big landowner, like Niță Drăgulescu, lays out a large table where he “gets drunk on champagne” while the peasants who come after the news “go back dejected as soon as they hear the decisive news”. The mobilized men make their wills, the wives and mothers cry and “the girls are ruined: each one has her concern”. Orman himself, who had wanted the war so much, is worried: “I think, I am moved, I feel sad and want to cry. I think of the children, of their fate, of my mother, of my lost and yet so dear Dora, of my whole household barely put back on the wheels. All the horrors of war, the orphans and the thousands of lives sacrificed on the battlefield appear sinisterly before my eyes. It’s something great!”. He was right: he saw his friends and comrades die, Craiova occupied by German troops and the disaster left behind by the war throughout the country.

George Orman was the commander of the 11<sup>th</sup> Division Ambulance troop which consisted of two medical sections and one stretcher section, totaling 444 men and 40 carriages “some large and heavy junk, without springs and overloaded with sanitary material”. Among the Ambulance doctors were the residents of Craiova: Major Charles Laugier and Colonel August Vasilescu, as well as others, who will save countless lives.

This is how he describes on August 27, 1916, his first contact with the horrors of war: “Overnight the rooms of the station in Bumbești were filled with wounded. There are many poor people and the doctors can hardly change the bleeding bandages. From 7 o’clock I am also there, because I want to train my nerves and I stubbornly resist the horrible show. From the graceful, light trucks, the paramedics gently unload the wounded on stretchers, white as paper, streaks of black-red blood trailing behind them. They are the victims of a recent aerial bombardment, and in front of them the older wounded from the valleys of Transylvania, with unchanged and bloody bandages, shyly step aside. A final transport brings a series of maimed and dying, scantily bandaged, rolling, howling and splattering the walls with blood from their severed limbs. The stretcher-bearers hold them by force, and before the strange mixture of bones and blood, black, ugly and congealed, I run, for I feel the ground slipping from under my feet. The horror of shrapnel tearing flesh and arteries is not for me”.

The news about the loss of Turtucaia “painful blow and irreparable disaster” creeps into his soul “the pain of the first defeat” but does not discourage him: “Our troops, overwhelmed by the number of the German-Bulgarian Divisions under the command of Marshal Mackensen, resisted strongly, bravely, as only God knows, for three days and three nights dealing terrible blows to the enemy. Neither the bestiality of the Bulgarian population, which splashed them with boiling water from behind, nor the murderous fire of the machine guns that hit them in the ribs, failed to shake them. They fought like lions – and died godly on their holy land”.

The order to leave for the front arrived on the same day (August, 27) “affects me a little – confesses Orman – because it makes it difficult for me to correspond with my family and then we don’t go to the wedding”.

With the 11<sup>th</sup> Division Ambulance, Orman accompanied the Romanian army to the battles in Transylvania, Oltenia, Muntenia and Moldova, as well as to the entry into Bessarabia and the occupation of Chisinau.

The crossing into Transylvania, on the way to Petroșani, causes a general enthusiasm among the Romanian army, which begins to sing:

“To Turda where the Voivode  
Michael the Brave was killed.  
To Turda today the time has arrived  
Let’s make our proud dream come true...  
To Turda! To Turda!”.

“Almost hoarse and rejuvenated by 15 years – reports Orman – I step over the double-headed eagle – a sinister scythe thrown on the ground – on the land of Greater Romania. I am mad with joy, and feel so great when I think with disgust and pity, of the wretches lying in ambush and sedentary, who have not felt, and never will feel, *the thrill of this moment*. The soldiers, with pricked ears because the cannon started to be heard, sing with enough heart for the nature of the Romanian, who does not really get out of his own temper”.

Soon the joy disappears and the young officer’s enthusiasm dies down in front of the attitude of some Romanians from the border area. Confused and saddened, Orman noted: “As we pass beyond, my heart tightens painfully because the Romanian people in their picturesque costumes receive us with coldness and indifference. *The brothers* – they look at us curiously and ... they are not up to it. For them we are the disturbers of the peace, the uninvited guest who changes their whole purpose. From the good to the bad, they had also learned from the bad and ... the unknown scares them. At least that’s my first impression”.

The settlements in Transylvania arouse his admiration: “The villages of Surduc and Livezeni, through which we pass, have beautiful homes, the most beautiful of the country houses I have seen, beautifully and homely laid out. It is only known that we crossed the border because such buildings cannot be seen in our counties”.

The city of Petroșani, where the army sets up its camp for a few days, makes a strong impression with its paved streets, exemplary cleanliness, luxurious buildings, iron fences and modern parks. “After crossing the vast railway network near the station, which I see beautiful, large and fine, we begin to climb, and only now do I realize the value and importance of this great industrial center. Behind, the city unfolds in the valley, presenting the most unusual and beautiful mixture of colors. The houses, an architectural chaos, separated by winding white streets that appear and disappear between them, are interspersed with innumerable chimneys of factories and plants, blackened by smoke, and just at the edge, where distance, smoke and fog stop the eye, the endless constructions of coal mines become clear, because Petroșani is a priceless treasure”.

In the middle of the battles on the front in Transylvania, the superiors, like Colonel Cocorăscu, the commander of the Brigade, encourage his troops: “Distinguished, very simple and affable, the former prefect of Gorj makes a sympathetic impression on us and immediately wins us over, and when he speaks warmly and powerfully, as a true Romanian – only spirit and love of the country – moves us deeply and electrifies us. I look at him fondly, with admiration, with enthusiasm because he is the dream and desired boss and my whole soul is filled with confidence, hope and Romanian pride...”.

Here, in Transylvania, the young officer G. Orman receives the baptism of fire and from here begins the odyssey of the war that will take him to Bessarabia. Everywhere and under all circumstances he did his duty with great courage and was noticed by his commanders. In 1917, he was promoted to captain and in 1918 he was proposed for promotion to the rank of major and decorated with the Order of the Crown of Romania, 5th Class of War with Swords and the Ribbon of Military Virtue, for bravery.

The qualification sheet signed by General Ernest Broșteanu, Commander of the XI Division, describes his activity (from August 16, 1916 to March 11, 1918) in laudatory terms:

“The reserve captain of the cavalry, Orman G. George, has from the beginning of the campaign to the present been in command of the No. 11 Divisional Ambulance Troop.

Enthusiastic and brave officer, he led the service with great zeal, devotion and selflessness.

He accompanied the stretcher bearers on his own initiative and with a lot of spirit, courage and love of country to the front in the battles of Merișor, Crivadia, Petroșani, Pasul Vulcani, Buliga, Turcinești, Târgu Jiu and Scoarța (September – October 1916).

On the occasion of surprising the enemy at Cătunul (Dâmbovița) on November 23, 1916, he saved the entire convoy of heavy carriages (37 out of 40) of the ambulance Division evacuated by doctors, remaining the last one in front of the approaching enemy, thus proving military bravery and tenacity, then for a

month and closely followed by the enemy, he succeeded through all kinds of dangers with the help of Priest Cunesco D. and Sub-Lieutenant Administrator Demetrescu G. Petre, to lead the column intact to Roman.

The Divisional Ambulance being transformed into a hospital for exanthematics (February and March 1917) with residence in Schitul Ducăi (from Vaslui), he supported the doctors all the time in the care of sick soldiers and comrades, with great devotion, living right in the Hospital.

Tireless during the battles of July, August and September 1917, he was constantly present at the most advanced aid posts of the Division (Fiționești, Ciolănești, Holbănești, Mănăstioara, Valea Zăbrăuți, Cota 545 and Poenele Popei).

Sick of jaundice, he continued to work for two weeks, until contracting a typhoid complication, he was then evacuated to Curtea de Argeș Hospital No. 49 in Bârlad, where he stayed for two months.

He was part of the first echelons that entered Bessarabia and occupied Chișinău, and he was as tireless there as anywhere.

With a pleasant, intelligent physique, excellent military skills, although with a rather weak physical constitution, he easily endured the most difficult marches (Pitești-Roman and Adjud-Chișinău) and all the hardships inherent in the winter campaign.

A good comrade, with distinguished manners, much loved by the troop, he always showed good will and commendable discipline<sup>4</sup>.

Of all the misfortunes experienced in the war, from defeats to retreats and diseases, none affected him like the occupation of Craiova by the Germans. In the fall of 1916, the young officer eagerly read the official communiques and wanted to take part in the battles in Oltenia. On November 6, 1916, following Official Communication No. 83, Orman wrote in his diary: "I know the hard and fierce fights, they give me new hopes but I miss that I can't be there too. The Germans at Gilort! It's great and yet it is. But what is Craiova doing? What does the Cerna Division do? And what do our elders say? Do they want to leave the richest corner of the country, Romania's granary and our dear land in the hands of Falkenheim, before burying us in it, all those born there? Let Oltenia fall without resistance? It would be stupid, it would be humiliating, it would be awful!" But, the next day, his fears are confirmed by his friend and comrade Emanoil (Nolică) Tătărescu: "Oltenia will be sacrificed, and the troops will retreat fighting. Yesterday they were on Amaradia and Jiu, there were fights in Coțofeni... However, Craiova, evacuated, will surrender without resistance to spare the city from bombardment...".

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<sup>4</sup> Qualification sheet no. 4 attached to the manuscript appendices.



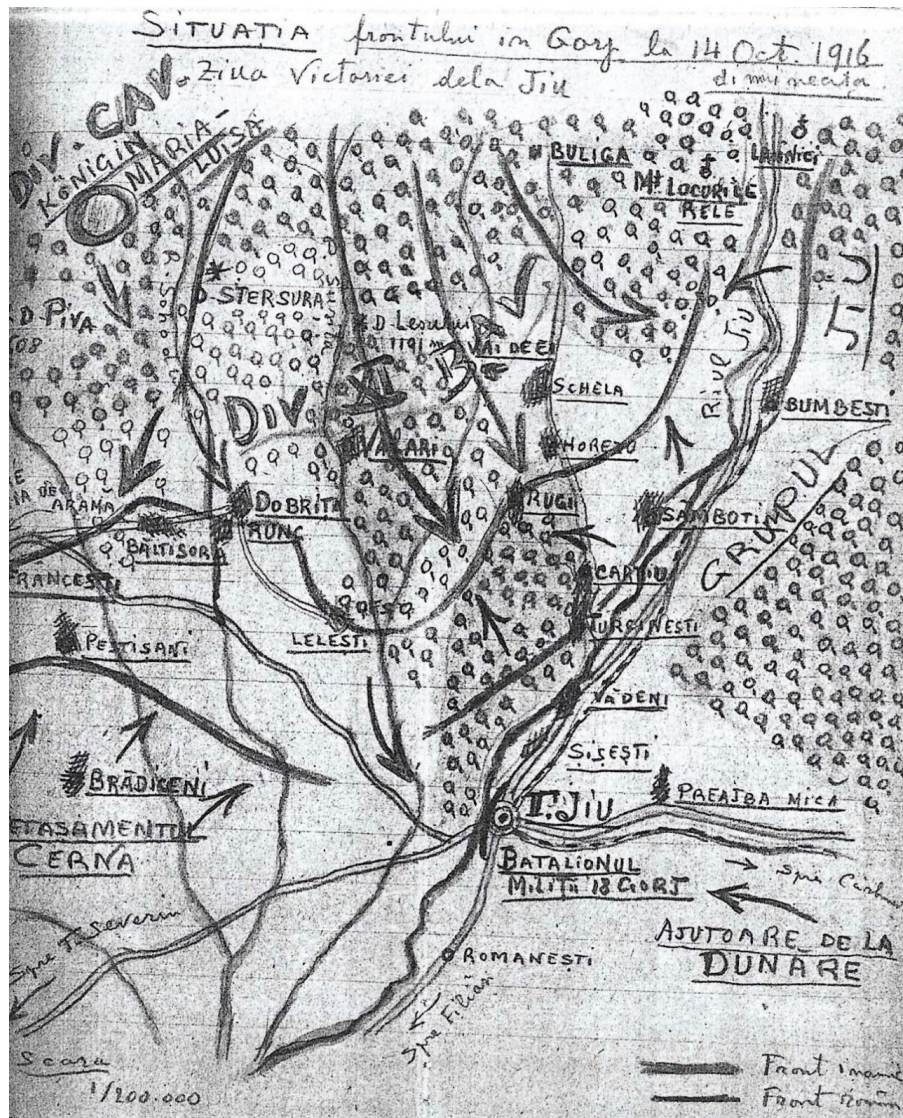


Fig. 2. The map with the situation of the front in Gorj on October 14, 1916 drawn up by G. Orman.

Source: *The Campaign Notes* (handwritten).

Filled with pain, he expresses his revolt: "Oltenia sacrificed! My lost Craiova! The defiled hordes will stain Jiul and Oltul, but Cozia will not collapse on them, no matter how much the holy tomb of that Mircea, who once buried at Rovine, in the swamps of Craiova, all the pride of Baiazid, would tremble with pain! And Mihai the Ban of Craiova will die a second time and Lord Tudor, and all



our dear dead, when they will feel the shame of the brutal heel of the Bavarian brewers with Teutonic helmets! What about Craiova? All the pride and blood of past generations rises before my face and chills my eyes. The Bulgarians and the Germans in Craiova? Craiova enslaved? And maybe I will never see this city again, which for me is more different, because it does not resemble any of the others, whose aspects and corners bind me to so many precious memories and whose sky I miss so many days... When I told Jilcu<sup>5</sup> the news, we both cried like children". Orman nu a fost doar un brav militar, ci și un atent observator. Aproape că nu este așezare, fie ea cătun, sat sau oraș, prin care trece, fără să nu lase o descriere cât se poate de veridică.

Towns of Small Romania like Târgu Jiu, Slatina, Pitești, Târgoviște and others, with their provincial air, come to life in his notes. For example, Slatina, the place of refuge for families from Oltenia, leaves a bad impression: "Through an ugly, dirty boulevard, a veritable ocean of mud, I arrive in cold Slatina through the rain. With all the goddamn animation, this little town is pretty ugly. Outside the center, where there is a small kindergarten drowned in mud, Banca Slatina, the Prefecture, a clean Hotel and Doctor Pohl's home, the streets – even the shopping center – are ugly, with vacant lots and ruined houses. And it's surprising how, when all the cities flourished and became civilized, Slatina remained so needy, archaic and dirty".

Instead, the city of Pitești delights him: "Situated between hills, beautifully decorated, Pitești - of course, and where it is so animated by the presence of so many bands - makes the most beautiful impression on me. The public garden in the center, right in front of my Hotel<sup>6</sup>, boulevard Elisabeta Doamna that runs through it – with beautiful and elegant houses – the movement, vivacity and cleanliness of the shopping district completely win me over. I also see a pretty court of justice and a beautiful prefecture, the gymnasium and numerous simple and cheerful schools. A spacious and clean hospital and everywhere order and good housekeeping".

In a short time, Pitești was subjected to repeated air attacks resulting in casualties, and Orman remarked, deeply impressed, the courage of Dr. Cugler's child<sup>7</sup>, who was scouting with his father: "It was announced that the planes had left and the boy ran to collect and dress the wounded who had fallen in the street. But the enemy planes are coming back again. A bomb falls close to the child. It kills a wounded peasant and a high school student from Calafat. Wounded in the abdomen and legs, young Cugler is brought to his father. After dressing his legs, the Doctor undresses him and finds his abdomen punctured to the peritoneum, a pool of blood. – *What is it, father, why didn't you tell me that you were so badly injured in the abdomen? – So that you don't get too scared and have time to first bind up*

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<sup>5</sup> Rafailă (Radu) Jilcu was G. Orman's military orderly.

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*the wounds on my legs and hands.* They operated on him, they also cut off two fingers on his left hand and it seems that he will escape alive”.

Also in Pitești, Orman witnesses a “horrible spectacle”, the execution of shepherds accused of spying for the Austro-Hungarians:

“It’s about three shepherds – three spies caught in the Petroșani region and whom the Court Martial of the Division sentenced to death. Mitică the priest, forced to assist, tells me that they confessed to him yesterday and gives me details about the crime they are accused of. Two confessed: one made signals indicating the position of our artillery, the other cut the telephone line, *prompted by the fear of the Hungarians*, he says. The third, more suspected of having cut the telephone wire near which he was found, stubbornly denies it and in the face of God and death, told the priest the same thing yesterday: he is not guilty of anything. However, destiny will be fulfilled, the court-martial has been pronounced and nothing can escape him.

Have you ever seen the slums of Craiova overflowing towards the Bibescu park, decorated for some popular celebration? The same well-dressed, motley, stupid and ridiculous public rushes from one [o’clock], like an exuberant stream, on the unclogged roads leading to the famous *Trivale*.

When they arrive with Nolică Tătărescu and Doctor Turturică – the sinister convoy – three mocans in sheepskin coats, tied to each other and flanked by foot gendarmes – they enter the gate of the St. George cemetery. Two – those who confessed – are older. One with dirty, sticky, big semolina hair, falling in rich locks over his shoulders, with a round, black port hat and a shepherd’s cap. Age between 50–60 years. The other one is a bit younger, around 35–40. Brown, unshaven, with vigorous features and an aquiline nose, he wears the same round hat and a short patched frock coat. The third is a strong and well-built kid, a little taller and fairer. He’s bareheaded and in a fur coat.

After we all cross the cemetery, the authorities at the head and the public at the sides, the convoy stops at the back of the cemetery, near a large pit dug almost under the fence. It’s their pit.

However, a short discussion begins, provoked by Captain Boerescu, who does not like the chosen place, and immediately out of order, a gendarme breaks 4 planks from the fence, the gate through which the convoy moves forward.

This time the powers completely left the three wretches who saw their pit. More dragged and pushed, they arrive at the place chosen by the Captain, who prolongs their torment, a grove decorated with some laurels.

The dismal operation seen in Horez begins again, repeating itself exactly, with the only difference that today’s victims are only miserable human ruins. I don’t have the courage to watch the horrible spectacle anymore, I turn my head as soon as I see the tree branches flying in all directions. It’s the first salvo. After the third, the bodies are untied. Horrible bundles, they are dragged by the end of the string through the black and sticky mud, towards the waiting open pit, while the

madams – the little ones from Pitesti, unconscious and colored like parrots, resume – satisfied – the way of their bewildered households.

I remain all the rest of the day under the impression of the great show, indisposed and bored, especially since I started work at 12 and will sleep in the barracks”.

Comrades in arms, doctors, military chiefs and even some politicians – do not escape the observation of Orman who is quick to give them small moral and physical characterizations. General David Praporgescu is “a man and a half”, while Captain Pârnu Boerescu is “an ambitious and smoky mediocrity, who has the air to take me from above”. About the chief doctors of the two medical departments of the Ambulance, he says: “None of them seem too warm or close. Popișteanu is kind, but he has something false and somewhat Mephistophelian in his figure, and Rădulescu seems a bit cold in nature”.

More sympathetic to him are “the other junior officers and especially the priest and the chief apothecary.” In February 1918, in Chisinau, he had the opportunity to meet Ion Inculeț, who had come to talk with General Ernest Broșteanu, the commander of the XI<sup>th</sup> Division: “Today I saw Ion Inculeț, the President of the Republic of Moldova again. After a telephone conversation with Broșteanu, he announced his arrival. He came at half past nine and I met him downstairs at the entrance. A tall, broad man, jovial and plump figure. A round head that would lend itself to caricature, having the shape of an egg, bald and shaved, with a slightly crooked nose, cheerful and affable. Broșteanu waited for him at the top of the stairs and stayed for an hour or so. When leaving, I led him to the car. He asked me if I had seen my family in Iași (I had traveled with him), with a delicate attention. I learned that Inculeț lived for a long time in Petrograd, where he was a member of the Academy”.

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After we all cross the cemetery, the authorities at the head and the public at the sides, the convoy stops at the back of the cemetery, near a large pit dug almost under the fence. It's their pit.

However, a short discussion begins, provoked by Captain Boerescu, who does not like the chosen place, and immediately out of order, a gendarme breaks 4 planks from the fence, the gate through which the convoy moves forward.

This time the powers completely left the three wretches who saw their pit. More dragged and pushed, they arrive at the place chosen by the Captain, who prolongs their torment, a grove decorated with some laurels.

The dismal operation seen in Horez begins again, repeating itself exactly, with the only difference that today's victims are only miserable human ruins. I don't have the courage to watch the horrible spectacle anymore, I turn my head as soon as I see the tree branches flying in all directions. It's the first salvo. After the third, the bodies are untied. Horrible bundles, they are dragged by the end of the string through the black and sticky mud, towards the waiting open pit, while the madams - the little ones from Pitesti, unconscious and colored like parrots, resume – satisfied – the way of their bewildered households.

I remain all the rest of the day under the impression of the great show, indisposed and bored, especially since I started work at 12 and will sleep in the barracks”.

Comrades in arms, doctors, military chiefs and even some politicians – do not escape the observation of Orman who is quick to give them small moral and physical characterizations. General David Praporgescu is “a man and a half”, while

Captain Pârnu Boerescu is “an ambitious and smoky mediocrity, who has the air to take me from above”. About the chief doctors of the two medical departments of the Ambulance, he says: “None of them seem too warm or close. Popișteanu is kind, but he has something false and somewhat Mephistophelian in his figure, and Rădulescu seems a bit cold in nature”.

More sympathetic to him are “the other junior officers and especially the priest and the chief apothecary.” In February 1918, in Chisinau, he had the opportunity to meet Ion Inculeț, who had come to talk with General Ernest Broșteanu, the commander of the XI<sup>th</sup> Division: “Today I saw Ion Inculeț, the President of the Republic of Moldova again. After a telephone conversation with Broșteanu, he announced his arrival. He came at half past nine and I met him downstairs at the entrance. A tall, broad man, jovial and plump figure. A round head that would lend itself to caricature, having the shape of an egg, bald and shaved, with a slightly crooked nose, cheerful and affable. Broșteanu waited for him at the top of the stairs and stayed for an hour or so. When leaving, I led him to the car. He asked me if I had seen my family in Iași (I had traveled with him), with a delicate attention. I learned that Inculeț lived for a long time in Petrograd, where he was a member of the Academy”.



**Fig. 3.** Comrades in arms (from left to right): Petrișor Demetrescu, G. Păcală, Colonelul Popișteanu, G. Orman, Dr. N. Nicolaescu.

**Source:** *The Campaign Notes* (handwritten).

We have presented in our article only a few of the countless events and happenings that abound in George Orman's manuscript. Without a doubt, *The Campaign Notes* is an engaging and interesting read and a useful historical document.

We do not know why he did not publish his memoirs during his lifetime, but he wasn't the only one. And the First World War memoirs of other Craiova residents, such as Ciocazan<sup>11</sup> or Năvârlie<sup>12</sup>, have been recovered and published relatively recently. An exception was made by N. Defleury<sup>13</sup> whose volume of memories appeared in 1940. We hope, of course, that in the near future George Orman's notes will also see the light of day and enter the scientific circuit of specialized literature.

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<sup>11</sup> C. M. Ciocazan, *Amintiri din războiul întregirii neamului*, edition cared for and introductory study by Ioan Anastasia and Nicolae Marinescu, Craiova, Aius Publishing, 2007.

<sup>12</sup> Constantin I. Năvârlie, *Cronica celor 100 de zile de război în Munții Cernei*, vol. I, cared for by L. Deaconu, Otilia Gherghe, Tudorița Deaconu, Craiova, Sitech Publishing, 2009.

<sup>13</sup> N. Defleury, *Divizia de la Cerna. De pe front în captivitate 1916–1918*, Craiova, Ramuri Publishing, 1940.