


Military Certificate Of Peter Reisz's Grandfather Kalman Breiner

Budapest székesfőváros III. kerületi előjárósa:
(Parancsnokság, hatóság).....nyilvántartó hivatala.....

Igazolványi lap.

Név: <i>Breiner Kalman</i>		
Állományviszony és rendfokozat: <i>otúzer</i>	Csatatett: <i>7. H. tüz.</i>	
Születési év: <i>1876.</i> és születési hely: <i>Germay</i>	Illetőségi község, <i>Bp. pest.</i> megye, ország:	
Apja neve: <i>Breiner Adolf.</i>	Beszédmagy és ír: <i>nemzet</i>	Polg. fogl.: <i>keresk.</i>
Anyja neve: <i>Fuchs Karolin</i>	<i>IX. 4.</i>	
Személyleírás:		
Haja: <i>szürke</i>	Álla: <i>gyermek.</i>	
Szemöldöke: <i>szürke</i>		
Testalkata: <i>magas.</i>		
Orra: <i>gyermek.</i>	Különös ismertetőjelek: <i>fog hiány</i>	
Szája: <i>gyermek.</i>	Esetleges fogyatkozása: <i>X</i>	
A tényleges katonai szolgálatból mikor, mily címen lépett ki: <i>Lezavalt 1919. 10. 10.</i>	Tartozkodási helye (község, járás, megye): <i>II. ker. József u. 22. 5. 12.</i>	Nyilvántartó hatósága: <i>IX. 4.</i>
Kelt: <i>Bp. pest.</i> 19. év <i>juni</i> hó <i>1.</i> n.		
 <i>III. ker. nyilv. hiv. vezetője</i> <i>76. 12. 18.</i>		

(1919. évi 20952. eln. 35. sz. hadügyministeri rendelet, 3. sz. minta.)
(1921. évi 10. sz. rend.)

This is my grandfather's military certificate which contains data on his activities and rank in the army. It was issued in Budapest and is dated 1920. My grandparents owned and operated a food shop before the First World War. But my maternal grandfather, Kalman Breiner, was a prisoner of war for a long time during World War I, and my grandmother had to stay at home with the three kids, so the business went under. After the war my grandfather worked as an agent for the Szent

Istvan Feed Plant, and traveled around the villages near Budapest selling their goods. He died in 1938. After my grandfather's death the children were cared for by my grandmother, who from then on, always lived with her children. My grandparents were religious people. I know that, because I had a place in the great temple here in Obuda, and not just on holidays, but on Friday evenings, too. What I learned of religious customs, and of reading Hebrew, I learned from my grandmother. My grandfather lies in a place of honor in the cemetery, because I believe he was some sort of representative of the congregation. There weren't really any kosher shops in Obuda, but my grandparents pretty well kept the faith. There was a kosher slaughterhouse, but later it closed. At first my grandmother went to a little market on the corner of Lehel road and Robert Karoly Ring-Road for kosher meat. Later, she went to Lipotvaros. My grandmother was completely kosher; she kept dairy and meat products separate. Up until the day she died, she never ate pork.