

Extracts from the autobiography of the late Andor Teleki (1883-1953)
(As translated by Eszter Korodi from a typed copy of the original in Hungarian with
annotations by her)

My father was born from my grandfather's second marriage. When he married my grandmother he was almost fifty years old. 18 children were born from this marriage, but only 3 reached adulthood, my father being the eldest of them. My grandfather was over 70 when he died. I hardly remember him, since I was only 3 years old at the time. My father told me, my grandfather was a sturdy man, his friendly face framed by a Kossuth-beard¹. He was a very diligent and lively person, and he amassed a good amount of properties according to the conditions at the time. Unfortunately he became bankrupt shortly before he died, so he was unable to pass anything down to my grandmother and her children, thus my father had to take care of his mother, little sister, Mariska and brother, Hermann.

My father used to tell me stories about his adventurous youth. When he was 15, for what reason I'm not sure, he escaped from home and went to Budapest and Vienna, where he went to modern and commercial schools. Since he didn't get financial support from home, he had to earn money for living. In the evenings he worked as a bookkeeper in rotation for a tailor and a shoemaker, then found a job in the 'Raten- und Rentbank' in Vienna, where due to his diligence and suitability, he soon became a 'Prokurist', firm manager, by (at?) the age of 18. Then the big 1873 bankruptcy came (also known as the 'Black Friday') and the bank went broke. My father lost his nice job at the age of 20. For a while things were going very badly for him, until he finally found a job as a traveling salesman with a wine-company in Würzburg. Then he had to join the army, where due to his intelligence he reached the rank of 'Rechnungsfeldwebel'² in a short time. He had a very good life as a soldier, and he kept his love of the army for the rest of his life. In his time off from the military, he studied languages with inexhaustible diligence, so by the time his tour of service was over, he could speak French and English. I still have a French comprehensive dictionary from which he was studying while he was in the army (1875—77). After his time of service, he was again hired by the wine-trading company to travel all over Europe, especially England and other northern countries. He made good deals and earned very well, so he was able to support his family richly. He was also able to save up a good amount of money over a period of a few years; 20.000 mark in that time was a nice sum.

He returned to Pécs at the age of 27 and for a short time was partner in a big local wine-trading company. Finally in 1882, he established his own wine-trading company under the name "Sigmund Teleki". Soon after he married Matild Spitzer, and I was born in a small

apartment in Mária Street³ on the 24th of July in 1883. We didn't stay too long in this apartment, because my father soon bought a nice house on "Landstrasse" (Rákóczi Street⁴) where he also had his wine-wholesale company. My sister Teréz (1885) and my brother Sándor (1890) were both born in this house. We sold the house in 1918, after my father had died.

In the 1880's my father got along really well, because there was great prosperity in the pécs- wine-trade. My father had expanded his clientele all over Europe, and since the Phylloxera⁵ was raging everywhere, even the French came to us to buy wine. My father shipped full train- and shiploads of red wine to France, where it was manipulated and exported by France as a Bordeaux-wine. He was travelling a lot, since he always visited his customers personally in Austria and Switzerland, where he was quite well known. In the beginning of the 1890's he was a respected and well-to-do merchant and things started to run smoothly.

My mother was sickly and had a pulmonary disease so she had to care for herself very often. She spent a lot of time at health resorts, and as a small child, I accompanied her regularly.

We always spent the summer in the vineyards of the Makár, at the edge of town (on Makárhegy⁶). I was very happy there since I could have my fling. My best friend was a hunting dog, Lord, with whom I used to play for hours. My father was a passionate hunter and later, as I turned nine, I also got my Flaubert-rifle and went hunting with our old hunter.

After the grape-harvest in autumn, we moved back into town. As I turned five, the golden childhood was over since my father considered me strong and intelligent enough to go to school. I will never forget the day I first stepped into the classroom holding my father's hand. Even though it was November and school started in September, I was able to catch up and by the end of the year, my annual school report was all ones⁷. My parents were very happy. It was very important to my father that I studied well, and once, my end-of-term report wasn't too good, and I really caught it. It hurt me so much. In my eyes, it was almost unfair strictness and stayed with me for life, so I have never beaten my children.

I suffered many times during meals. My father would sit at the head of the table, my mother left of him. On his right was my uncle Béni, the elder brother of my mother, whom my father took as a business partner. My uncle used always to watch how I used the knife and fork, and if I ever made a mistake with the knife, he hit me on the hand. Besides that, he always warned me to "sit straight", "don't be restless" and so on.

Usually I only saw my father at lunch or dinner. He always left for the office at eight o'clock and came home exactly at twelve, so the soup had to be on the table by then. After lunch he slept until two o'clock, then went to the office again and returned for dinner exactly at seven. We always had soup for lunch, three times a week greens and beef, and three times noodles. On Sundays we had poultry. I hated Thursdays, because that day we always had a cabbage-dish.

I remember quite well the birth of my brother Sanyi⁸, I went to 3rd grade then. My mother was very ill, and for a while it was doubtful if she would live at all. My brother Sanyi was a very weak child; he developed into a strong man only later, at the age of seventeen.

The yard of our house was very lively. At six o'clock in the morning life started with hammering, rolling of heavy barrels, wine-pumping, and I was following this animated world with keen interest. Old Károly Binder was a good friend of mine. His workshop was at the back of the yard and he had made me many toys. I was eight years old when my father first took me with him on one of his business trips to Serbia. The trip made a deep impression on me. My father taught me about Trajan's Way, which had been built so well and reliably, that it's still functioning. On the way back we traveled by ship as well, and I got a Jaffa-orange, of which my classmates were very envious.

In 1892 my father bought the vineyards of Bányatelepi út (4 kh⁹) and Kolonia (16 kh)¹⁰, which also contained a chestnut grove. The vineyards belonged to old uncle Spitzer, and were totally destroyed by the phylloxera. They had to be re-planted with grafts of American stocks. From that time on we spent the summer in the vineyard of Bányatelepi út. In the evenings my father drove his one-horse carriage home, and when I was a very good boy, he allowed me to drive the horse. The carriage was drawn by a 10-year-old tame horse, named Lina.

I started to learn the piano when I was nine. I had to practice 1-2 hours every day, after lunch. I still wonder how my father could sleep while I was strumming next door to him. Unfortunately he got used to the piano so much, that if I stopped he woke up and made a fuss about it.

When I turned eleven, my father took me with him to Karlsbad¹¹, where he spent a four weeks cure every year. I really enjoyed myself in Karlsbad, we made nice trips and almost every morning we walked up to the "Kirchensprung". After the walk we would have breakfast at the Hotel Pupp¹², and I had to bring *kifli*¹³ (crescent roll?) from a particular bakery. I enjoyed it very much. Once we made a trip to Marienbad¹⁴ by carriage, since there were no

cars yet. On our way home we stopped in Prague, where my father visited his business clients and took me up to the Hradčany¹⁵. We came home via Vienna.

When I was eleven, my father taught me horse-riding and soon I got my own horse. At the age of twelve I rode well.

I easily passed the first four grades in the modern school¹⁶ and I have nice memories of the gang of boys we were hanging around with at the time, in the winter on ice and snow and in the summer in the swimming-pool, on the fields and on the streets.

In the beginning of the 90's electric lighting had been installed in our house, which was an enormous event for us boys. Installation of the telephone was maybe an even bigger thing. My father was the first person in Pécs who had this new invention installed and utilized, and I just stood there with my mouth open as he wound the apparatus for the first time, and put the receiver to my ear, so I could hear the voices coming from far away.

In those years many new technical inventions were introduced, including the express train. My grandmother was not willing to get on this diabolical machine for years, and when she finally made up her mind, she first wrote her will and testament.

In 1896, after I finished the modern school, my father decided to send me to the *Handelsakademie*¹⁷ in Vienna. First I was very scared, it was not easy to get used to the changes for a kid who grew up in the countryside. My mother cried a lot, but eventually everything worked out. We had a great celebration on my 13th birthday in the chestnut grove, which was my father's favourite place. Both the office personnel and the employees working in the cellar and vineyards were invited to this occasion. Altogether there were 80 of us. We marched out loaded with a lot of food early in the morning, set a big fire, cooked an excellent goulash, tapped a barrel of wine and there was even a gipsy band playing for us until late night.

I have to mention that one year earlier my father became a *K.u.K. Hoflieferant*¹⁸, which was one of the most wanted honours at the time.

At the end of August my father took me to Pest to show me the millennium exhibitions, and then he took me to Vienna where I was accommodated by an acquainted family. During my stay and studying in Vienna my father visited me fairly often. He always stayed at Hotel Bristol.

After two years of untroubled studying and bright life, suddenly a change took place. Something happened in 1898 which changed my life. My father's business was running excellently till then, he was a wealthy and highly esteemed person and according to this, my path of life was clearly shaped too. After finishing the *Handelsakademie* he wanted me to go

on a study-tour for a few years abroad and afterwards he would have taken me as a partner in the business, in order to take over the management from him later.

Pécs at the time was an important wine-trading centre. There were numerous wine-merchants in town and through their businesses Pécs started to develop significantly. My father was one of the most significant wine-merchants, his business was prospering. Besides wine-trading he was also engaged in wine-producing. The first private stooling bed was also founded by him in 1890. The notorious case of „Engel”-wine-forgery took place that time. The case was investigated and judged very strictly by the Minister of Agriculture, who was on bad terms with the whole wine-trading branch anyway. There were investigations in nearly all the wine-houses of Pécs, so my father couldn't avoid them either. (Two pages are missing.)

My father was a very clever and diligent person, who loved his family first of all and spent all his life working for them. He never had any other thoughts but his business and family, never read anything but newspapers and technical literature, never went to concerts and rather barely to the theatre. His only passion was „kaláber” (a card game). However this game was played for little money. There was never a stake bigger than one or two crowns. In general he was very charitable, he supported his poor relatives richly and spent much on other people who needed help. He was very ambitious and was hoping to be raised to noble rank. The first steps regarding this had just started when the wine-catastrophe occurred, and he lost all the wealth he had worked for within a short period of time. His tragedy was that as the crisis burst out he owned significant stores of wines, which totally lost their value. On the other hand, he worked with big bank-loans, which were very problematic to pay back. These debts were partially paid off as a result of years of hard work; partly we worked them off with my brother after our father died. His biggest sorrow was, however, the loss of my sister's dowry, that had to be taken away and spent on the payback. He wasn't able to reconcile himself for years to accepting the bankruptcy of his company and his life's work. He tried to keep the business alive within a narrower scope, but he couldn't make a profit anymore and every year showed more and more of a deficit. Eventually he had to dismiss all his employees, while he himself became a sick man and had no power to establish a new company. Besides that, my mother also wanted him to give up wine-trading.

So in the following years he directed his attention and activity to vine-growing. He also attached hopes to his stooling beds and to the distribution of his selection of *Berlandieri*X *Riparia* hybrids¹⁹. In all these works he was strongly paralysed by financial and health problems (he got diabetes and never followed the doctor's orders, so the illness undermined

his health slowly, so badly that he couldn't resist a TB infection. Eventually, he died of a foudroyant²⁰ tuberculosis.)

Both my father and I have written the story of the BerlandieriX Riparia hybrids in other places, therefore I'm writing shortly about them here. The reconstruction of calcareous vine-lands in the 90's was a big problem, failing the proper rootstocks. My father had read about the success of the Berlandieri hybrids in the reconstruction of calcareous vineyards in France. At the time, the import of stocks from France was already forbidden²¹, so in 1896 my father ordered Berlandieri seeds from Resseguier in Alenya (France).

At the time I was thirteen years old and I remember very well as my father showed me the small cabinet arriving from France. The seeds were to be planted in a forcing-bed, and the sprouting seedlings he planted out in the Bányatelepi-út vineyards in Pécs, into a highly calcareous ground. This material was an incredible chaos of various species and forms, so it took us long years to make an order out of the disorder and to separate the BerlandieriX Riparia rootstocks from the others. I also participated in this work later. In the first few years my father was laughed at, the official circles ignored the Berlandierix Riparia and its excellent characteristics. Only after it stood the test in the Austrian Kober-Portale, would the Hungarian viticulturists take notice of this new sort of rootstock. As I finished the Handelsakademie in 1900, the seedlings had mostly been put in order, and I helped my father in the selecti.

[István Gombóc helped my grandfather in this work. He was a plain young peasant when entered my grandfather's service, where he worked for over 40 years as a bailiff at the Teleki vineyards, and he was my husband's wedding witness.]²²

According to my father's original plans, after finishing the Handelsakademie I would have gone to a French wine-company for practice, in order to be able to take the management of my father's company over. But my mother, because of the last years' bad experiences, didn't want me to be engaged in wine-trading and eventually she enforced her will. Through significant connections and patronage, finally I ended up working for the Parisian office of the k.u.k. Länderbank as a trainee. My father insisted that I start to work in France, because the Parisian World Exhibition was taking place at the time, which actually did make a deep impression on me. I studied French the whole summer diligently, so by the autumn when I travelled there, I had no language difficulties. Staying in Paris was very interesting, however unfortunately my financial difficulties made it rather bitter. I celebrated the New Year's Eve of 1900 with my friend, who was living in probably even more reduced circumstances than I was. However, we bought a bottle of champagne (it cost 3 Franks), but we were only able to heat the room with newspapers we'd been collecting and saving for months, especially for this

night. Then we put our coats on and had fun all night long on the streets. I was seventeen. Unfortunately I got very ill in Paris, I was so miserable I could hardly drag myself around for months. I was homesick too, so I wrote one letter after the other home, complaining that I'd like to come home. My father didn't like it at all, but eventually he agreed with my returning home, which was finally carried out in April. In response to his wishes, I travelled home via Würzburg, where I was invited by Frau Beer, the owner of the wine-trading company where he'd been employed as he travelled around all of Europe.

Unfortunately, arriving home I found a very unpleasant situation. My father, as a result of the happenings of the recent years, had turned into a bitter man. My mother was walking up and down in the house with tearstained eyes. She didn't consider my returning home as a good thing at all. She was particularly of the opinion, that I should go abroad as soon as possible after I got healthy again. It was very difficult for me to get accustomed to the home circumstances. In spite of the fact that I was only 17, I had got used to independence in Vienna and Paris so it was very unpleasant for me that I wasn't even allowed to go to a café. My father was very strict with me, I had to get up at six o'clock every morning and had no freedom at all. That's why I was glad when my father's old business partner, Mr. Frischmann visited us in August and hired me for his inspector journey in southern Italy with a salary of 100 liras a month. I arrived to Barletta (Apulia) on the 15th of September, 1901, where I spent one year in the wine-trading business. [He gives a very interesting description of the conditions of that time.]

Returning home I realized that not too many things had changed. The circumstances and the atmosphere had rather got worse. I helped my father as much as I could and I wrote my first brochure that summer in the Hungarian and German languages, with the title "The Correct Selection of the American Rootstocks". In 1903 I joined the 38th K.u.K. artillery regiment in Eszék²³.

Despite his bad financial condition, my father took care about my full equipment and 200 crowns of monthly provision. He did his best, so that during my voluntary year I didn't have to be ashamed about financial shortages. My father's younger brother, Herman died that year under tragic circumstances. Herman had always been an uncontrollable man, which really impressed me as a young person, but eventually his unbalanced life drove him to suicide.

After my time of military service I arrived home for my father's 50th birthday on the 25th of September, 1904. By then he had already got very ill, his diabetes, since he didn't keep the diet, undermined his health and ruined his nerves, so it was hard to get on well with him.

His wish was that I would stay at home, but that I should move to my grandmother in Villány and control the works over there. I have to note that my grandmother, however much she was a well-meaning and cheerful lady, she was as well a totally uneducated village person, who could hardly read and write and went to bed at seven in the evening and got up at four in the morning.

Since I was raised in a big city, knew Paris and Italy and was very ambitious, I couldn't adapt myself to this lonely village life by any means. Of course I was longing back for the shining big city. Many times I sat by candle-light with my books till late night, I studied a lot, but yet I couldn't keep up this lifestyle for too much longer. I told my father straight that I want to leave. It made him very sad and he submitted directly that if I leave I shouldn't count on his support anymore. I accepted that, but trusting my strength I packed my things and travelled to Vienna with 100 crowns in my pocket.

It was hard to find a decent job in Vienna at the time, especially without patronage. According to my financial possibilities, I looked into the future with anxiety. However, I got an answer to my job advertisement within three days. It was due to my undertaking of correspondence, typewriting and stenography in four languages, which was not usual those days. The "Schiff und Stern" Machine Works hired me as international correspondent with a salary of 180 Crowns – this was a highly estimable income for a 21 years old young man. The office was a dark (hole/den/cavern ?) and the working time lasted from 8 to 12am and from 2 to 7 pm, but we rarely finished before 8. Free Saturday afternoons didn't exist yet, but Sundays were always free. I undertook Italian, French and Hungarian mailing, where my lack of knowledge about the machine-parts caused me a hard time. But one learns fast, if it's necessary.

I used to send reports to the Pécsi Napló²⁴ regularly during my residence in Vienna. Unfortunately, the company was forced to reduce personnel and since I was a single bachelor, of course I had to go. There is nothing more terrible for an ambitious young man than being unemployed. My pride didn't allow me to ask for help from home, so I really had to tighten my belt until – after six weeks of running around – I found a job as a book-keeper of a German coal-mining company. I didn't like this job at all, because it was routine work and I couldn't learn anything new there.

News coming from home informed me about my father's sinking and that my returning home would be very necessary. This way I gave up my disliked job easily and travelled home in the December of 1907. During the winter I was helping my father in the rootstock-business

and wrote my first book, called “Die Rekonstruktion der Weingärten”, for which I received a honorarium of 400 Crowns from the publisher, Hartleber. It was a nice sum in those days.

In the winter of 1907 there was a lot of work in the rootstock-business. We had an extra-large exportation towards Austria. My father was already chained to the room because of his illness, so I had to travel everywhere to obtain goods and convey them over to Austria. The business made a lot of profit and I was happy to help my father arranging it. But I didn't want to stay at home for ever, so I was inquiring about different possibilities.

The change in my life was eventually caused by luck. In March I was travelling from Tapolca to Pest, where I received a bigger amount of grafts. On the train I became acquainted with director Székely of Magyar Kereskedelmi Bank Rt.²⁵ As he got to know that I perfectly spoke German, French, Italian and English, he offered me to join the bank's exportation-department. My mother was very happy. My father would have liked me to stay at home and help him, but I was pushed by ambition and by the wishing to learn, and longing for the big city and independence. According to this, on the 1st of May 1907 I entered my duties in the Kereskedelmi Bank with a wage of 200 Crowns a month.

After one year of hard work I got hold of an independent apartment, but as a consequence of overworking I unfortunately had a fresh attack of my stomach-problem caught in Paris. I didn't get better, so following my doctor's advice I took a six-month holiday in order to recover. It was very convenient for my father, since the wine-harvest of the year 1908 promised to be very rich and he needed help urgently. My brother Sándor gained his school leaving certification that year and he joined the army as a volunteer to spend a year with the same regiment I also served .with.

The vintage [of 1908] was the richest from time immemorial both in terms of quantity and quality. Hungary's whole vintage was 8 Million hectolitre²⁶. The sugar concentration of the must in Villány was so high that the grade of alcoholic strength I measured myself was 16 in a red wine, which was still totally sweet. We harvested 1300 hectolitres on the 16 cadastral acres of the Kolonia vineyards.

The winter of 1908-1909 was very cold. Villány was covered by snow a meter high, and spring would hardly come. It was a sad winter, my mother couldn't get accustomed to the isolation in the village after she had got used to life in town. She also missed my sister Trucsi²⁷, who got married in Nagyvárad²⁸, and my brother Sanyi, who still served as a volunteer in Eszék. My father was sick all the time and, as a result, he was out of temper. I was very glad when the winter was over and I was able to get back to Budapest.

[Description of the job in the Commercial Bank in Budapest and about the social life.]²⁹

After his voluntary year my brother went to Vienna to finish the “Abiturienkurs der Wiener Handelsakademie”. My father was yet again on his own with his constantly sinking health condition. He didn’t keep the diet ordered by the doctor and despite the strict prohibitions he smoked 8-10 strong cigars a day, which almost caused him blindness. When he went to cure himself in Frankfurt at Prof. Noorden³⁰, his illness was so advanced that he was past recovery. In the summer of 1910 he couldn’t get up from the bed anymore. I visited him in July, when his state was already hopeless. I got a telegram at the bank on the 20th of August, 1910, saying that my father had suddenly passed away. My brother was having rifle-exercises right then. Even though we knew that our father’s condition was hopeless, we still couldn’t believe that the end would come so fast and it hit us like a thunderbolt.

The value of a person and his importance to his family usually can only be estimated when he has already departed from life. My father was a very intelligent, diligent and good person. It was only bad luck and his illness that made him difficult to get on with in the last 10 years. It was marvellous, how he was able to read the future and realize the value of those root-stocks, which brought our name to repute later.

My mother totally broke down after my father’s death, she could hardly pull herself together. The funeral was on the 21st of August in Villány, many relatives and local people participating. Later, after my sister died, my mother had his mortal remains transported over to Pécs and she joined them in the common tomb 21 years later.

I faced a big problem after my father’s death as a 27 year old young man. I would have been glad to stay in Budapest, but on the other hand I was the only one who could continue my father’s work.

My mother was a weak and sickly woman, who had no idea about business, and could have got harmed by the smallest excitement. My brother, just turned 19 and left the school desk, had no business experience at all. So I decided to say goodbye to my bank-career and took the lead of the company. The deal was to be or not to be, the future of our family’s name, so I had no choice. The firm was strongly indebted and had relatively few assets. In case of a bankruptcy there wouldn’t be anything left to my mother, and my brother would have lost his existence too. On the 10th of September, 1910 I moved to Villány. Director Fleissig didn’t want to accept my decision, so he gave me six months of holiday. But I knew that I would never return.

There is no task more beautiful to a young and ambitious man than being the head of a company. At this age a man is full of energy and ambition, and wants to show the world what he's able to do. The only danger is inexperience that can make success go to one's head.

I already had ten years of hard work behind my back, full of hardships and disappointments, but also with relative wealth and successes. Despite my age of 27 I was a mature, experienced and cautious man. I considered as my first task to work off the 100.000 Crowns debt burdening the firm, since an indebted business cannot make profit. I knew that ours was a good company, it just needed a lot of work and travelling, and to hold a strong hand on the works from morning to night. My father was ill in his last years, so he couldn't keep an eye on the works. When my brother came home, both of us worked from five in the morning till late night very hard in the office and on horseback. In the first year we already had 40.000 Crowns revenue, the greatest part of which we assigned to the payback of the debts. In this way with three years of strenuous work we freed the company of all encumbrances.

We settled comfortably in Villány with our mother, living on a low budget. We visited our customers personally, which caused a significant increase in our commerce. In 1911 we set up new plantations in Villány [...] ³¹, we modernized the viticulture and the cellar equipment. 1911-1912 was a great time of my life. Nevertheless we saw the results of our work soon, the city attracted me again. My brother became a mature man and I felt that our rootstock-multiplier and wine-works were too limited for both of us. At that time I met my future wife, Magda Lukács, whose father was terminally ill. After the wedding I moved to Pest and participated in the lead of their company.

¹ Kossuth-beard (fashion after Lajos Kossuth, the revolutionist of 1848-49):



² Rechnungsfeldwebel: Rechnung = booking, Feldwebel = sergeant

³ Link to Pécs (pronounce 'pache'), Mária utca (=street):

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=M%C3%A1ria+utca,+P%C3%A9cs,+Hungary&sll=46.082757,18.233185&sspn=0.212892,0.6427&ie=UTF8&ll=46.076416,18.232884&spn=0.013307,0.040169&z=15>

⁴ Link to Pécs, Rákóczi út (=way):

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=R%C3%A1k%C3%B3czi+%C3%BAt,+P%C3%A9cs,+Hungary&sll=46.076416,18.232884&sspn=0.013307,0.040169&ie=UTF8&ll=46.074154,18.229473&spn=0.006654,0.020084&z=16&iwloc=addr>

⁵ Link to Phylloxera:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phylloxera>

⁶ Panorama pictures from the Makár hill, Pécs:

<http://www.panoramio.com/photos/original/386696.jpg>

<http://www.panoramio.com/photos/original/386767.jpg>

⁷ At the time, during the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the school-grades in Hungary were as in Austria: 1-5, and 1 was the best note.

⁸ Sanyi: a nickname for Sándor (= Alexander), pronounce: shanyee ('ny' like 'n' in 'new');

⁹ Kh = **kataszteri hold**, cadastral acre, which counts 1,42 acres

¹⁰ Links to map:

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=kolonia,+P%C3%A9cs,+Hungary&sll=46.094454,18.235888&sspn=0.013303,0.040169&ie=UTF8&ll=46.117871,18.270135&spn=0.013297,0.040169&z=15>

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=B%C3%A1nyatelep,+Somogy,+Hungary&sll=46.126259,18.304467&sspn=0.013295,0.040169&ie=UTF8&ll=46.127315,18.301377&spn=0.006648,0.020084&z=16&iwloc=addr>

¹¹ Karlsbad today belongs to the Czech Republic and it's called Karlovy Vary.

¹² Link to Hotel Pupp:

<http://www.panoramio.com/photo/4615824>

¹³



¹⁴ Marienbad today: Mariánské Lázně

¹⁵ The royal castle in Prague.

¹⁶ **Modern school:** in Hungarian he wrote "reáliskola", which was a type of secondary school that time, for sciences and modern languages.

¹⁷ **Handelsakademie:** I guess it's the same school which is still working as Vienna Business School in its old building on Karlsplatz, and celebrated the 150th anniversary in 2007. Lorenz told me that his mother, Marina also went to that school (later, of course). Here is a link to the school:

http://www.akademiestrasse.vbs.ac.at/index.php?ID=7&ID_vm=9&vm_mod=0

¹⁸ **K(aiser)u(nd)K(önig) Hoflieferant:** official supplier of the Royal Court.

¹⁹ This site explains a bit more about Zsigmond's hybrid:

<http://ucce.ucdavis.edu/datastore/datastoreview/showpage.cfm?usernumber=176&surveynumber=351>

²⁰ or rapid

²¹ The import of grape-stocks was forbidden that time by the government, because of a disease called “black-rot”.

²² Comment of the person who typed the scanned text (this must be Juti).

²³ Eszék (Osijek) today belongs to Croatia.

²⁴ *Pécsi Napló* (= ‘Pécs-er Diary’) was the most important daily newspaper of the late 19th century Pécs, besides the catholic-conservative *Fünfkirchner Zeitung* of german language. It had been issued between 1892 and 1944.

²⁵ Magyar Kereskedelmi Bank Rt. = Hungarian Commercial Bank PLC.

²⁶ 1 hectoliter = 22 gallons

²⁷ Pronounce: ‘Trootchy’

²⁸ Nagyvárad today belongs to Rumania (Oradea).

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=hu&q=Oradea,+Rom%C3%A1nia&sl=37.0625,-95.677068&sspn=33.160552,76.992187&ie=UTF8&cd=2&geocode=0,47.025276,21.902500&ll=47.02895,21.902618&spn=0.445572,1.203003&t=h&z=10&iwloc=addr>

²⁹ Comment of the person who typed the text.

³⁰ I’m not sure about the name, it was not easy to read the scanned text.

³¹ I couldn’t read this word.