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My grandfather, John Blaze Blazina, came to Roslyn in 1885, with his Father and brother Stephen. They worked in the coal mines for three years before returning to Fieume, Croatia.

A marriage was arranged with Antonia Petrivic, my grandmother. She was in love with a soldier but her family did not consider him good enough for her. My grandfathers family owned a chair factory, where she worked after he had returned to the New World. She earned money to help pay for the trip to Roslyn or to pay off the dowry, we are not certain. She was pregnant when he left to go back to earn money for her trip to Roslyn. My Uncle Anton John Blazina was born June 16, 1900. When he was 18 months old when they started the trip. Grandmother had never been further than her two feet could carry her. It must have been frightening for a young women to take such a long trip with her small child. Especially when she could not read or write, They were in steerage on the ship. She was seasick all the way and never ate anything until they landed. Fortunately the other ladies fed and cared for my uncle.

A Croatian man befriended her and helped her to get through the immigration process. He took her to a resturant to feed her befor getting on the train. He explained to her that it was cheaper to buy food when the train stopped as it was very expensive on the train. While they were on the train a Porter came by selling sandwithes and snacks. She thought he was the Devil, as she had never seen a black person. She grabbed my uncle and hid behind the seat. Her friend explained to her that her was from Africa and they all were dark colored there.

When they arrived in Roslyn, Grandfather had a place for them to live. Later years when my Mother was young they bought a larger house on Brookside where they spent the rest of their lives. Grandmother took in 14 borders that worked two different shift at the mine. She washed all of their clothes in her shanty by hand. She cooked all their meals, over an open fire at first before she had a cook stove. She always had a big garden, vegetables and flowers. She had two cows and chickens for eggs and meat. In later years she delivered milk to many people in that area. She would make marks on her calender so she knew how much they owed her. Their were six childern, Anton (TONY), John, (died at 5 with Diptheria, Phillipina (Phil), my Mother, Joseph, (Joe), Elizabeth (Liz) and Vinco (Vay).

My Grandmother was a very devout Catholic. She attended church faithfully. All the children attended church too. This was a big part of their social life.

AT one time my Grandfather worked with my Uncle Joe in the mines. They would contract an area to be responsible for in all aspects of mining. This involved planning and blasting to form 'rooms', leaving pillars to support the blocking to prevent cave-ins. Pumps were used to force outside air into the mine. Blankets, sheets of canvas were used to direct the air into the area where they were working. The coal was loaded into cars and were tagged with the workers marker and placed at the bottom of the hoist. These cars were made into 'trips' and hauled to the top. The miners were paid for as many cars as they filled.

Later my Grandfather won a saloon in a card game. It was where the Drug Store is now in Roslyn. Mother told how some of the Borders would give her a nickel to go get a mine bucket full of beer for them, She would knock on the back window of the saloon and Grandpa would take the bucket and fill it so she could take it back. We are't certain if he sold the saloon during probition or if he lost it in a card game. Grandpas last job was mine watchman at No. 9.

Grandpa was a little man with a handlebar moustache. He spent much of his time sitting at the kitchen table looking out the window into the alley to see what was going on out there, of course with his glass of homemade wine. He did read and wrote a very good English script. I still have some letters he wrote to my oldest brother. Ted started school in Roslyn as Stampede did not have a school at that time. He also spent his first two years of High School with them. He learned how to speak Croation as Grandma couldn't speak much English.

Grandma was a wonderful cook. We loved going there as she always made cornmeal mush for breakfast. We ate it with coffee and fresh cream and sugar. I still like it that way. We always had her wonderful soup for lunch. She sprinkled cayanne pepper on her first spoonful. It must have been good for her as she very seldom was ill. My hubby, Bud, tried it

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once and he was breathless for awhile. She made Poteca every week , sometimes with apples but mostly with walnuts, always a treat. She was the only person I ever knew that could make meriange with a fork and it was great. High and fluffy.

Grandpa passed away in 1947 and Grandma in 1949. I have always been sorry my children never knew them.