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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1990/6/1

buy the memories in these walls. I'd nev? er, never part with it. As long as I've got the strength to maintain it adequate? ly, I'm going to live here. Even if my husband died--God forbid--but if he was to go before me, I'd still try to keep this house up. Because I love it. It's my home, it's my castle--it's all we own. I mean, everything we own is under this roof. It's ours. And like I said, every nail, every NOTICE to Cape Breton Employees and Employers Effective March 5th, claims adjudication and claims processing services be? came available through the Sydney office of Workers' Compensation. Employees and Employers should forward all injury claims to the Sydney office for quick efficient service. Client services now offered through the Sydney office include claims processing, medical, vocational rehabili? tation, counselling and assessment. This means that 95% of claims from Cape Breton workers will be processecf in Sydney. Now more than ever, it pays to belong! 5668 South Street, Post Office Box 1150, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2Y2 Telephone: (902) 424-8440 Sydney Medical Arts Building, 336KingsRoad, Suite 117. Sydney, NovaScotia BIS 1A9 Telephone: (902) 563-2444 board, every splinter and cobweb--we did it ourselves. Everything. Now, when I was putting in the basement, helping build the basement, I was preg? nant. I didn't know it at the time, but I was. I was wanting a baby so bad in Eng? land. And Henry said, "No. The rationing here and everything...." Still on starva? tion rations. So we put it off until I I came to Canada. But I wouldn't put it off any longer. And I was only here about a month. I knew--well, I missed a period--in those days you had to go three months before they were reasonably sure that you were pregnant. Today, well, five minutes after they tell you you're okay--urine tests or whatever. Anyway, I wasn't sure that I was pregnant, but I was. And I worked hard with the men, shov? elling- -you know, getting the wheel? barrows, and running around on our little platform we got made there, and tipping the cement in. We didn't have these great big cement mixers. We could have had them, but it was the money, see. We were working on a shoestring. And I was working hard with the men, tip? ping the cement in with the wheelbarrow and everything. And then I miscar? ried the baby--which I didn't know I was carrying at the time. But that's what happened then. So I mean, it was, you know, pretty tough.... The other thing--I wanted a bungalow. And Henry stuck out for me. He said. No, I want a house where you go to sleep upstairs." But I still wish we had a bungalow, espe- WORKIRS' cmnNSAjm BOARD OF NO?? Scorn