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on you didn't have time to be frightened. It happened so sudden. You were only glad to get a few hours rest between each bombing raid. If you could only have a little bit of rest, that's all you asked for. And then you'd sleep, it's kind of a desperate sleep; you'd go, sort of almost drugged sleep. And then you'd wake up to face another day, and another bombing. And hopefully you'd see the end of that day. Some of my friends didn't. Like I said, I must have had a charmed life. God was interceding for other things. But of course, I know now--I'm here, aren't I? But God was good to me. As I said, I'm not as religious as I should be. In fact, I don't attend church regularly. But God knows I believe in him and I love him, and I thank him every day of my life, for being right here, now, talking to you. It's only for his grace, I wouldn't be doing that, I know. If you own ecologically valuable land and would like it to stay that way, The Nature Conservancy of Canada can help. • Purchases • Gifts • Bequests • Easements • Stewardships THE NATURE CONSERVANCY OF CANADA 794A Broadview Avenue Toronto, Ontario M4K 2P7 (416)469-1701 I'm telling you, there's so many miracles that I've seen in that war, you'd never believe. I wouldn't even try and tell you. (Well, try and tell me.) There's no words-- you just can't.... (What do you mean by miracle?) Well now, I'll tell you, for instance.... This is just New From Nimbus Publishing Available at Your Nearest Bookstore Memories of a Cape Breton Childhood Earle Peach Earle Peach, a retired teacher, grew up in Black Brook, Cape Breton, where most of his neighbours were relatives. He writes about the characters of his youth • an eclectic bunch by anyone's standards. As Peach so charmingly portrays, the 1920s was a time of simple pleasures, hard work, and years governed by the seasons. 12.95, paperback Johnny Miles Nova Scotia's Marathon King Floyd Williston Preface by Bruce Kidd Introduction by Will Cloney Bom in Sydney Mines in the early 1900s, Johnny Miles became one of the finest runners the province has ever seen. In 1926, at age 20, he made his debut in the United States, coming first in the Boston Marathon in record time. Little did Boston know that it had not seen the last of "the unknown kid" from the coal-mining town. 12.95, paperback KowSp-tta'i Marathon Kin' MI Nimbus Publishing Limited a little thing. I was coming home from a show, and sirens went. And you could see the ack-ack guns started up--blue sparks flying down as the shells kept hitting the sidewalk. And you could see the searchlights trying to catch the bombers. And you could see the bombers --waves of bombers. And of course they'd fire at the bombers and try and bring them down. But it's harder to fire up at something than down. So we used to get the worst of it. They just dropped their bombs on us, clobbered the poor guys with their guns and silenced them, and that was it. Well, I was on a piece of ground that had been once a housing development, and it had been bombed. And they'd razed it to the ground, they'd made it flat again, because it was no use, it was only rubble. And there was no protection for me at all. It's in the summer, and I had a thin summer dress on, and sandals--no tin hat. Just carrying my gas mask with me, which you always did--you had to do that--it was



regulations. And I didn't know where I could run. Because when the sirens went-- especially when you saw it was action, you saw the planes coming over--you were al? ways told to dive under something, get un? der shelter, under cover. There was no air-raid shelter there. There were plenty of them around, but not there, 'cause they'd just razed it all around. So I didn't know what to do. So I saw this one brick wall--a retaining wall that had been left standing--maybe about 3 or 4 feet high--from a building. They hadn't knocked it down for some rea? son. So what did I do but I rolled right close up to that wall. And I was on my knees, and my chin like that. And I was scraping the dirt like this, trying to make a sort of a shallow trench so I could dig myself in. Because the planes were coming closer, and I could hear the shrap? nel, like rain, coming down....

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