

**William R. (Bill) MOORE**

Bill was born in Montreal in 1919 to a family of twelve, counting my parents, nine girls and myself. Fortunately, by the time I was about five, four of my sisters were married."

"I received about the normal education of those times, that is, about two years of high school. However, in later years, through correspondence and night schools and Veterans' rehabilitation, I managed the equivalent of grade twelve. An interest in ham radio gave me some insight into electronics. Starting work at the old age of 14, I went to work for Canadian Pacific Telegraphs but a difference of opinion with one of the supervisors made me realize that I should go elsewhere. So before I was 16, I found myself working for Canadian National Telegraphs."

"Because of my interest in ham radio, I joined "B" Corps Signals in 1938 and then went 'active' in 1939. We went overseas in January, 1940. I then became a Wireless Operator and received the large sum, extra trades' pay of fifty cents per day. Believe it or not, this extra made the difference of having a good leave or just an ordinary one. You could buy a pound of butter, a dozen eggs and a pound of sugar and still get change for 50 cents."



"In 1942, I met an English girl ... and married in 1943. A week later the Regiment was sent to Italy where we became one of Lady Astor's 'D-Day Dodgers'" [This was Lady Astor's infamous reference to those fighting on war fronts other than north-west Europe. According to this British parliamentarian, those engaged in the Italian campaign were avoiding the really tough part of the fighting. She was, of course, ridiculed for her ignorance -- but the term stuck, and is used with some pride, and bitterness, by veterans of the Italian campaign.]

"In about March, 1945 we were sent to the Western Europe and we finished the war, as far as I was concerned, on the banks of the Ems River in Germany." One event that stands out in Bill's memory is how he bumped into two old friends right at the war's end. "I remember leaving the Regiment to come home, on or about May 5th, on the banks of the Ems River. The staging area was Nijmegen [in Holland] where we stayed overnight. On getting up the next morning I spied a 'kilty' [a soldier who wears a kilt] by the fire about a hundred yards away, who -- by the looks of his knees -- must be Alfie Lord. (In those days one didn't wear long pants until the age of 14.) Alfie, Joseph (who was wounded at Dieppe) and myself were boyhood friends. This was quite a surprise that out of the thousands of Canadians there we should meet under these circumstances. We left all our army kit at Ostend and started across the Channel. Seated on the deck with our backs to the crew's quarters, we heard Churchill's voice come over the radio the crew had playing, announcing the end of the war."



Bill arrived home on May 23rd and went back to his job with CN Telegraphs "Where I stayed until I retired at age 56 with the exalted title of Assistant Manager in the Ottawa Office." Bill then went to work for the Export Development Corporation until he reached 65. His wife Hilda and he have four children, two boys and two girls, and ten grandchildren.

Bill's interests and involvements have been varied, to say the least. He has obtained a ham radio operator's licence, operated a wood-turning lathe, cycled around Britain, built a house, and written short stories. His critiques of governments and other dimensions of society have made it to the editorial pages, including the Stittsville News. (the above was written circa 1995)

Bill passed away on April 25, 2011 and is survived by his wife of 14 years Eunice (Perry, nee Livett). He was predeceased by his wife of 52 years Hilda Moore (nee Bicknell). Bill was the loving father of Robert (Sharon), Edward (Shelia), Jennifer Sztramko (predeceased) (Les) and Diane Droogh (John); step father of Bill, Bruce, Dave and Sharon. Bill is also survived by 12 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

We will remember him.