

Connaught Ranges, Ottawa. Bill left school and worked in Lindsay, first at Crayola and then with the Canadian Arsenal. The sort of time he spent at Crayola was to prove to be one of the most important times of his life.

He tried to join up in early 1943, and almost made it. A complete set of equipment had been drqwn, and Bill was on his way to sign the final papers when he heard his name being called: ***“Mosley, where’s Mosley?” “Here.” “Get that stuff back and drag your ass out of here and come back when your diapers are dry!!!”***

They had figured out that he was six months underage, so, not being deterred in the slightest, Bill joined the Navy in Kingston. He was told to drag his ass out of there too, but Bill knew he was in the right service as the Navy had singed him up first and then sent him home until July.

Basic training, completed at HMCS Cataraqui, Ontario was followed by a trip in October to another “stone frigate”: HMCS Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, to learn basic seamanship and gunnery. He requested submarine duty, but it was not available. Instead he was posted to anti-submarine school, spending submarine time honing his skills as an ASDIC operator in the Bay of Fundy.

Finally a posting arrived, sending Bill to Halifax and to Flower Class corvette HMCS Dundas (K229). An early task for the Dundas was, with three like corvettes, to meet the great liner the Queen Mary out at sea and escort her into port. The anticipation turned to excitement when the bulk of this incredible liner was spotted on the horizon and the group began to turn about. Of course the glory of entering Halifax harbour escorting this icon, was soon forgotten, as by the time the group had turned around, the Queen ‘zooming by like a dart out of hell’, had disappeared over the other horizon. By this time of the war she was decked out as a hospital ship with red crosses and was bringing wounded servicemen home.