

Although, unfortunately, we lived very far apart and I did not get to see him as often as I would have liked, I felt close to Uncle Bill and will miss him terribly.... In his quiet way, he made me feel valued and loved as a niece. Our family is small, so the connections among us are all the more important and I certainly felt that with Uncle Bill. From the time he helped my Dad put together the toy fire engine I got for my second Christmas to the time of our telephone conversations when I was an adult, I got to experience his wisdom, his support, and his quick sense of humor. I admired him, I respected him, and most of all, I loved him...

Mary Cannon, Niece

One of my life regrets is that I didn't know my uncle as well as I would have liked to. Physical difference was a barrier...as was our mutual phone phobia. But when I was with Uncle Bill, I always felt a special connection to him. He was like my Dad...but quieter...and funnier. He always made me feel loved.

My best memory of him is the day he took Jay, my husband, and me to an historical religious villa near where he lived. I don't remember its name...I am just eternally grateful to Aunt Claudia, whose idea I know it was, and who insisted the three of us go alone. We bonded over our mutual appreciation of the beauty of the place and its history. I enjoyed watching Jay...who rarely talks...and Uncle Bill...who rarely talks...find so much to talk about.

Last Christmas Jay gave me a Great Course on CD to listen to during my commute to work. When I asked him what made him think of it, he said that he remembered that my uncle had given him a couple of the courses he had listened to on his long commutes to work. He knew I, like my uncle, would enjoy learning in this format.

On our refrigerator, we have a picture of the two of us that Uncle Bill took that day we went to the historical villa. When I look at it, I see the joy on our faces from that day, and I think about the man who took the picture and feel connected to him. Uncle Bill will always be in my heart and I will always connect with him through that picture and that day.

Liz Cannon, Niece

Bill was not a man of many words, at least he wasn't to most that knew him.

However, I recall a few times when we were to fly out of LAX and Bill worked not too far from there.

He offered—or maybe it was Claudia, who suggested he might drop us off on his way to the office.

Once we got settled in the car, Jack in the front seat and me in the back, Bill and Jack became deep in conversation. The dialogue didn't interest me as it wasn't about shoes; that pretty new blouse that was advertised or a new restaurant to check out.

As the guys were talking and my mind was wandering, I couldn't help but think, who was this guy talking to Jack? Should I jump out the door when he slowed down, and make a hasty retreat and let Jack fend for himself or sit quietly to see if we ever made it to the airport? Because by now I'm thinking that perhaps the wrong person had picked us up at the house. This just wasn't the Bill I had remembered.

Of course it couldn't be a result of the subject matter that finally interested both of the guys. No, no, tell me it wasn't true even though it sure seemed to be the case.

Bill and I would exchange e-mails on occasion. The content didn't seem to interest him like it did when he and Jack spent together, but it was enjoyable nonetheless as I discovered his dry sense of humor as it's something that I gravitate to.

Bill's biggest interest though was his family. He was always concerned about Michael and his future as well as the joy he exhibited when Tommy came along.

When he worked in the desert for many years, he so looked forward to returning on the weekends to his Claudia and his boys.

He was a hard working man who gave the impression that he'd rather be alone, but I don't think that was the case. If the person didn't interest him, he didn't bother, when other's did, he was comfortable.

Bill was a very bright man with a love of his family—and lamb.

Yes, lamb—because we never went out to a meal when he didn't order it if it was on the menu.

Rest in Peace, dear Bill—you will be very missed.

Your friends,
Barb and Jack

I'm deeply saddened that I am unable to be here in person, but I'd like to thank you all for coming today to celebrate my Father's life. My Dad was a brilliant man that left me with a lot of unforgettable memories I'd like to share with you.

Not only was he brilliant, he was also creative. When I was a child, I used to love to stick things into electrical sockets every chance I could. To divert my attention and save me from getting electrocuted, Dad made me a wood panel loaded with wall plugs and light switches. Talk about clever.

Not only was he creative, he was also a lifeguard. I use to love riding my bike pulling a wagon with my dog, Army strapped into the back. Back then Army went everywhere with me. In the middle of winter, shortly after we had the pool built in our old backyard, I decided to take a ride around it with Army strapped once again in the wagon. As we went around the shallow end, the back of the wagon fell in and so did I. Dad heard the splash, yelled my name and jumped into the pool to save us. Needless to say, I never did attempt that again.

For a quiet man, he had quite the sense of humor. One of his favorite things to do was tell me that the lilies at the back steps leading out to the pool could bite. He'd say, "Don't get too close, Michael, remember, they'll bite you". I think I was a teenager by the time I realized they could do no harm. To this day, if I see lilies I start smiling. Amazing still, we have no lilies in our yard today.

He was a humble man. I had the opportunity when I was very young, to go with my Dad to work. We were stopped by one of his coworkers in the hallway. He said to me, "Do you know how smart your Dad is"? My Dad's reply was, "Don't believe him, he's pulling your leg".

My Dad was my teacher. At the age of 12, Dad and I spent a portion of summer rebuilding the engine in his 1968 Plymouth Fury. I liked cars and he knew that. Those skills he handed down to me that summer long ago, I still use to this day. He took me from liking cars to loving them.

In April of 2008, on what would be our final father/son voyage together, we took a five-day train ride to Minnesota. First stop, Chicago. Dad grew up in Indiana and visited Chicago many times when he was younger. He still remembered his way around the windy city, so we rented a car and he played tour guide for me. We saw quite a few sites including Wrigley Field. On a whim, we decided to drive to his hometown, Michigan City, Indiana.

As we traveled through his old stomping grounds, we passed his high school and stopped at the lake he used to hang out at. He lit up like a kid in a candy store. He made a point of showing me where his first job was at a body shop, which is still there today. We stopped by his childhood home and although I tried to get him to knock on the door, he refused. He did decide to find his Mother and Father's burial site. When he found it he said, "I

cannot believe it! My mother lied about her age on her tombstone!" and started laughing hysterically.

These are just some of the things I'll always remember about my Dad, he was an exceptionally hard worker, dedicated to his family. He provided Mom, Tommy and I with a very nice life. He never criticized me or made me feel inferior. My Dad apologized to me a few years back as he felt bad that he thought he hadn't spent enough time with me growing up. I reassured him he always did; he never neglected any of us.

I write this final line in tears. I miss him greatly. I miss hearing his laugh. He was a gentle soul. He will always be my hero.

Take care of yourself, Dad. I love you.
Michael

By now all of you know how wonderful my father was. You've heard about his intelligence, humor, calm demeanor, and even his sweet side. For those of you that knew him well, Bill personified humility and candor. For those that met him just in passing, his smile and laughter were unavoidable. He walked through this life with poise and focus, but he was much more complicated than a few carefully selected adjectives could describe. There were many sides to him, all unique, yet all him.

There was my father the genius. The man worked on nuclear submarines and spaceships the way Beverly Hills housewives work on their tans. Tirelessly yet effortlessly. Of course having the intellect to do things also means having the intellect to know when not to do things.

My father was a great procrastinator. Where one man might last days holding out on a chore my father could manage months, if not years. At our house in Encino, my father infamously had a list. Anytime I heard my mother mention another broken drawer or a leaky ceiling, it would go on "the list." "What's that, the screen door is loose? Put it on the list. The car is leaking oil? Put it on the list. The house is on fire? Put it, on, the list."

His ability to postpone certain inevitabilities was, however, in no way a reflection of his capabilities. He was what I'd call a strong man. I'd witness him venture off into the 100 plus degree temperatures of the San Fernando Valley, like a cowboy in the Wild West, to battle what must have been an endless number of trees and bushes. He'd cut and he'd chop. All the while taking no break. At first I thought this man must be mad, but as I grew so did my understanding. His will and his way were that of a "Strong Man."

Bill's strength didn't come without perseverance. He was a chronic worrier. Honestly, that's how he would often describe himself. He'd say "Ever since I turned 11 I've managed to worry about everything." I could never figure out what it was he worried about. To me it was always clear that he had the answers, but perhaps he just forgot to ask. I honestly think he had me to simply remind him of that fact.

Then there was my father, the romantic. Just yesterday, as we rifled through the thousands of pictures from his past, we came across a Valentine's card, hand written, no hand designed by my father for my mother, 50 years ago to the date. The contents were simple. "I love you dear. Bill Mouse". The sentiment was deep and sweet.

Now, there was a side to bill that I think very few knew about. I'm referring to of course "Wild Bill." Short of his brother and a few friends from his twenty something days are there any living witnesses to this side of Bill. I know of it only through tale and myth. Whether it was blackouts in Mexico, flipping cars in the countryside, or showing up half drunk from the night before to work on nuclear reactors, "Wild Bill" knew no limits. It was through these tales that I learned to accept my own self, and my own shortcomings. My father lead by example, be it wild or well mannered.

I could go on and on about his different sides. The wonderer, the explorer, even the crosswords puzzle master. But in the end it was Bill, "The Man", which perhaps defines him the best. All his perseverance, his many travels, his countless years of hard work were for one thing and one thing only, his family. His legacy as a man lives on in each of us and I for one am proud to be a part of it. Nothing can change the fact that you're gone, but nothing will take you from me.

To my father, may you live an eternity in peace.
Tommy

I met Bill in 1962 while dating his friend from Purdue Arthur. Arthur thought Bill was the smartest man alive. The three of us went to the races at Hollywood Park and had a really nice time together. I thought Bill was sweet and very well mannered. Several months later Arthur asked if I could fix Bill up with a date, which I did. We all went out to the races, again, and he and his date seemed to have a nice enough time. However, nothing came of it. I thought the girl was nuts! I mean, how many nice guys were there? Well, Arthur and I didn't work out either, but we remained friends. Shortly after I transferred to the Valley. Arthur suggested that I call Bill since we were now working in the same division. Reluctantly, I did.

Surprisingly Bill and I worked at the same facility in Van Nuys. He asked me to dinner when I called, which he later admitted was in an effort to quickly fulfill any obligation. We met at a local coffee shop and had a great time talking. He then asked me if I'd consider going out on a date, that Friday nonetheless. I said yes! We saw each other everyday thereafter. We were engaged only a few months later and married on April 1964.

Bill was the sweetest, kindest, most thoughtful person. He worked hard and was without a doubt the smartest man I ever knew. I thought my father, the accountant and VP at North American Aviation was brilliant, but Bill had him beat and Dad agreed. My parents both respected and loved him.

One of the conditions of our marriage was children. I wanted a lot of them! Bill agreed to this without reservation. Bill made the supreme sacrifice for his family. He sold his dream house in the hills of Encino so we could move to the flatlands, where it was safer to raise children. Unfortunately, we had a bit of difficulty conceiving. After a few years of trying, we decided to adopt. That's when we found our Michael. Bill was a wonderful father. He would even change diapers and get up in the middle of the night. I couldn't have asked for a better Dad for my boys.

It was seventeen years after we married though that our surprise came. Tommy would be his name. When Bill found out his first words were "I'm too old" and the next "Does this mean we have to go to those Back to School Nights?" God love him! He hated those just like all of us.

Having Tommy seemed to lift years off of Bill and I. He really participated in everything. His work often took him to far places, and even when he was home he worked hrs away. He made every effort to be present though. I can still remember this one weeknight while watching Tommy play football at the park. This figure from out in the distance was approaching the field. I thought, I'll be damn! Bill had driven over 2 hrs in the middle of the week to see him play. It's one of the fondest memories I have of my sweet sweet husband.

Bill was a worrier, and he worried about his boys most of all, of course he tried hard not to let them know. I believe the proudest times he had as a father were when they would ask him for advice, which they did, regularly. Once they figured out their dad was once

smart cookie there was no question too big for him. There is no doubt in my heart that he and his boys shared as strong a love as a father and sons can.

I'm going to miss that smart witty man. I'm going to miss having someone like him to talk to, someone level headed with a great sense of humor. I know in my heart Bill is in a better place. He's without pain. He's with his dad, his mom, Kay, Arthur, Phyllis, Nona, and all his buddies from Michigan City to NASA.

Bill, you go and play chess, listen to music and enjoy! God bless.

Claudia