



# LEST WE FORGET

Remembrance Day - November 11



This Remembrance Day, we invited our Erb employees to share their family's stories and memories of our heroes who served.

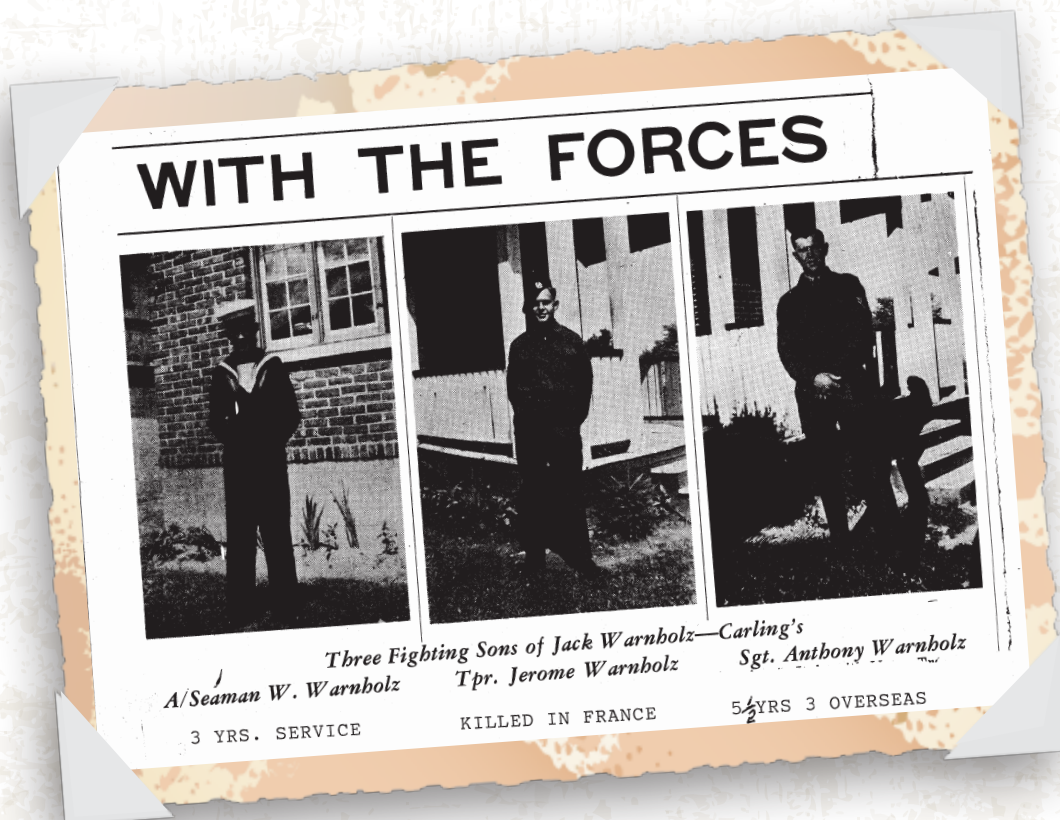
Here are a few stories of loved ones they are honouring this Remembrance Day!



# Dave. D.

Three of my mom's brothers served in WWII.

My Uncle Tony Warnholz was with the 1st Hussars as a tank mechanic and he was involved in the historic D-Day landings. My Uncle Jerome Warnholz, who I never knew, was killed in action in France. He served as a stretcher bearer with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. Lastly, my Uncle Bill Warnholz was a Seaman with the Royal Navy and lied about his age as he was too young to enlist.



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# Melody S.

My Dad used axes and cross cut saws as well as pitch forks instead of rifles and tear gas during WW2. His ammunition was his beliefs that human life was valuable and the participation in the war through the use of physical force was not helpful in solving conflicts. Still, my Dad joined the service. But not traditional service. It was called 'alternative service' or Conscientious Objection.

During this time, church leaders petitioned the Canadian government on behalf of like-minded people to be exempt from active service in the army and military. A plan was developed to build the TransCanada Highway across northern Ontario. It was located in an old lumber camp along the Montreal River. As a result, these men needed to clear trees and bush with their axes and cross cut saws. They were required to blast rocks and remove stones that were in the way. Being a Conscientious Objector entailed tedious and difficult work. It was dangerous work. It was a time when those who did not participate in active service were not seen but hidden from society. Maybe the government agreed so a necessary project that it wanted to achieve would happen. Regardless, these men were working in the trenches of a different kind than those overseas.

When the war was over, Conscientious Objectors were required to carry out more extensive work on farms. It was a program called Selective Farm Service. Their pay went to the Canadian Red Cross. Here they laboured with pitch forks and other farm equipment to carry out the varied tasks and chores. Its purpose held broader purposes. Food was produced from the grain that was harvested for others who were hungry in Canada and those starving in Europe. Thus, these men made sacrifices of a different kind than those overseas.

The decisions of these men also had other costs and expenses. Some were mocked and scorned for their choices and were called 'yellow bellies'. They were considered cowards.

Despite the opposition from others, my Dad saw his time of service as a positive opportunity to support his country in a nonviolent way. It was a viable chance to remain true to his convictions around the sanctity of life. It was also an avenue to explore another part of the world than the farm in Wilmot Township where he grew up. *His decisions to serve his country as Conscientious Objector and farmer and to channel his energies and actions towards practical causes that were constructive, instead of destructive, in support of freedom earned him hero status in my mind.*

I hope that these experiences provide fresh perspectives and new lenses on ways others served our country when it was in chaos and distress. I believe that it is indeed a privilege to live in a country that respects the consciousness and convictions of its people. Something we must not take for granted.



# Jamie S.

I have 2 pictures and ranks of family serving/that served.  
Nephew currently serving & Grandfather



Grandfather, Edward Sullivan  
Pouch Cove, Newfoundland  
Drafted into the British Navy  
Server on HMS Buxton "His Majesty's Ship"  
1940 to 1944  
Town Class Destroyer ship protecting supply  
line ships between Eastern Canada and  
England.

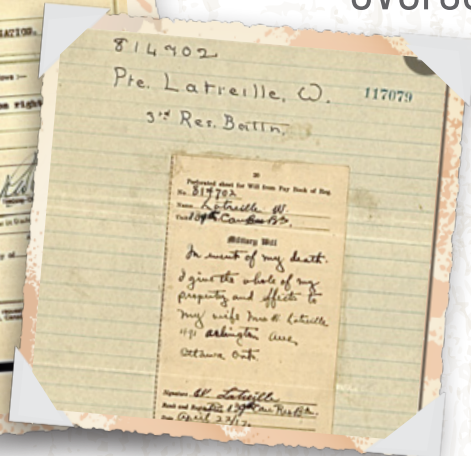
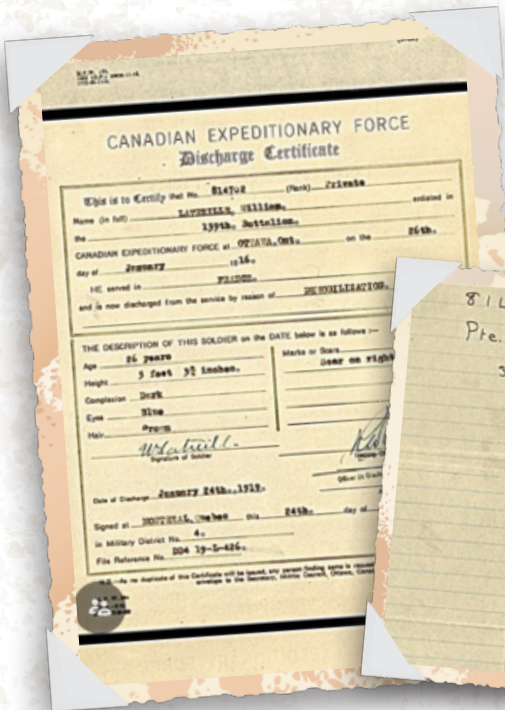


Nephew, Officer Cadet Koss  
RMC Kingston 2021



# Fred L.

My father's father William Latreille served in France WW1. I have uncles who went overseas in WW2 in Normandy and Dieppe. My mother was an airplane riveter fastening the wings to planes in Ottawa during WW2.



My mother's father Frederick Shearman who was a POW from April 24 1915 to December 26 1918. Served in France and Belgium WW1.



My Grand Uncle Harold Leigh Shearman who was killed in action in Flanders Fields April 29 1915.



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# Dan M.

I am a Canadian Forces veteran (I was called to go to Iraq but the US moved so quickly that we didn't need to go) and my son has served with Cadets for 5 years, recently just joining the army, so November 11th has always been very important to us.



# Julia D.

This is a little story of my maternal grandfather Melle T. Haan.

From Collectie '40-'45 History Museum:

Last week we received an email from Canada. A lady asked if there would be interest in three vases from Apeldoorn.

Her father, Mr. Melle Haan, worked during the war at the PTT, post office Apeldoorn and he often asked for 'the evening shift'. This gave him access to the administration of the occupying forces. He passed on important information to the resistance, such as when Jewish citizens would be picked up for deportation on a particular day. At one point there is no time to inform the resistance and he himself decides to warn a Jewish couple. The most important things have to be packed and he helps them with this, they have to leave as quickly as possible. As a thank you, he receives three small vases. The couple is housed elsewhere and what happened to them is unfortunately unknown.



The vases have a permanent place in our collection. A very special gift from Canada from Apeldoorn, a special asset to our local historical museum. As the lady from Canada wrote to us: 'I am very happy that the vases that have always meant a lot to me are now 'home' in Beekbergen/Apeldoorn'.

# Rémi R.

Dans ma famille nous sommes 3 générations ayant servi dans les forces armées Canadiennes. Mon grand-père, Livain Roy, en 1944 et 1945 a été déployé en Hollande pour la Deuxième Guerre mondiale. Mon père, Roger Roy, de 1976 à 1997 a été déployé à plusieurs reprises dont 2 à Chypre, 2 en Croatie et une fois à Qatar. J'ai, Rémi Roy, de 2008 à 2018 été déployé au Philippines avec « Disaster Assistance Response TEAM » et une fois au Kuwait.

Ironiquement depuis le 11 novembre 2019 que je suis chauffeur pour Erb au terminal de Québec.





# Ken S.

My nephew Tyler Todd killed in Afghanistan in 2010 by an IED  
(Improvised Explosive Device).



From CBC News Article:

Pte. Tyler William Todd, 26, was killed around 7:30 a.m. local time near the town of Belanday, eight kilometres outside the provincial capital, said Brig.-Gen. Daniel Menard, Canada's top commander in Afghanistan. Todd was on a routine patrol, speaking to villagers to learn more about the area's needs, Menard said.

The soldier was born in Bright, Ont., southwest of Kitchener, and served with the 1st Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, based at CFB Edmonton.

Menard described him as someone who was dedicated and likeable with a good sense of humour. "Tyler was a practical joker. He would often hide rocks and candies in the other soldiers' beds," the general said.

"His enthusiasm and strong will were inspirational to his platoon. He was doing what he loved to do, being a soldier operating alongside his friends," he added.



# Sam M.

My grandmother was the youngest of 12 siblings, growing up through the depression. She had 4 brothers (Peter, Paul, Tony, and Nick) who all enlisted in World War II to see front-line action and active duty. Youngest brother Peter was not old enough to enlist, and had stolen his brother Paul's ID in order to join. Against all odds, and not without injuries, all returned home! Grandma's family had 5 silver stars in the window to represent the 4 brothers and a brother-in-law, Doug, currently serving.



One Christmas during the war, grandma's mamma received a Black-Lined Letter in the mail, the sign of bad news. The letter stated that one son, Paul, was Missing in Action and presumed dead. Mamma cried from Christmas to New Years. In the new year, 2 soldiers arrived to inform the family that Paul had been located! He had been injured by a grenade and was picked up by a different infantry group for treatment at their hospital.

One of our favourite family stories surrounds a huge family heirloom that hangs in my grandma's living room. During the war, mamma would send care packages to her children and include enough extra goodies for the boys to share with their friends. Brother Nick made good friends with an artist, who as a 'thank you' gift at Christmas, made mamma a picture. Taking some artillery paper, he spent a few nights around a campfire drawing a picture of Napoleon using charcoal from the fire to send home in the mail.



As well, my grandfather's father served 1940-1945. He came home too, and my family keeps a framed shadowbox on display showcasing his medals.

