



A N O T H E R
ERBAN
REPORT
C O O L M O V E

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ERB GROUP OF COMPANIES

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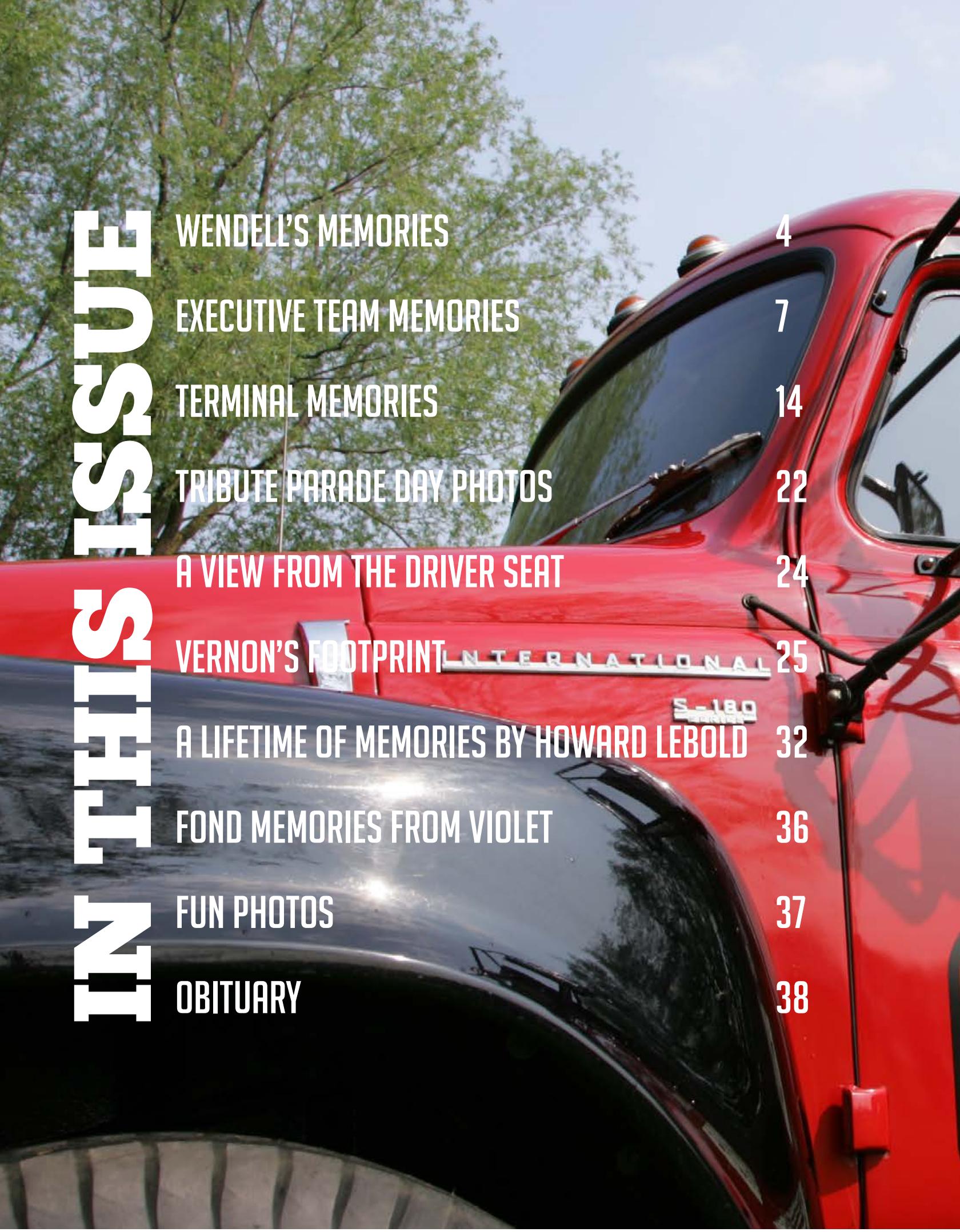
A TRIBUTE TO OUR FOUNDER, MR. VERNON ERB

Vernon Erb 1935 - 2020



IN THIS ISSUE

WENDELL'S MEMORIES	4
EXECUTIVE TEAM MEMORIES	7
TERMINAL MEMORIES	14
TRIBUTE PARADE DAY PHOTOS	22
A VIEW FROM THE DRIVER SEAT	24
VERNON'S FOOTPRINT	25
A LIFETIME OF MEMORIES BY HOWARD LEBOLD	32
FOND MEMORIES FROM VIOLET	36
FUN PHOTOS	37
OBITUARY	38

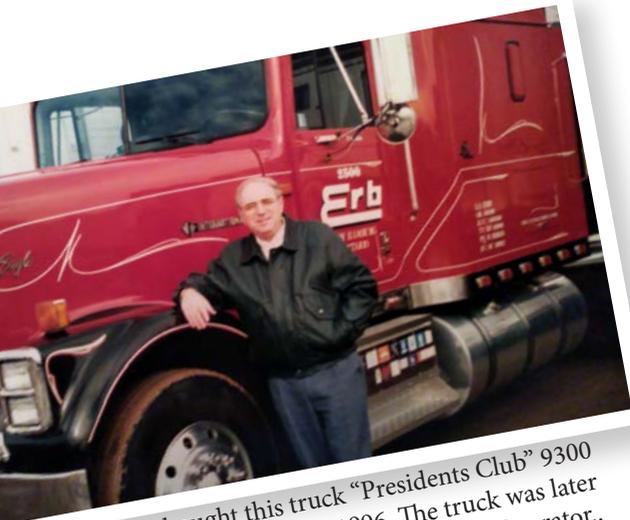




Werner D.
ERB
WELLESLEY

WENDELL'S MEM

Dad Stories



We bought this truck "Presidents Club" 9300 International in about 1996. The truck was later sold to Renie Weetering as an Owner Operator..

I spent a lot of time riding with dad in the truck. Most of the trips were spur of the moment as in, there is no one left to take this run so off dad would go at 9:00-10:00 PM at night. After working all day, dad would drive all night to get to Montreal or wherever. I recall one trip to Montreal in Delt Erb's single axle GMC tractor. We drove all night, dad would open his window for fresh air, which never hit him, and it just rifled around the cab and froze me.

I also used to wonder how he could drive with his eyes closed. That trip unloaded and we came back to Cornwall and got a motel room at the 5th Wheel. The room had a TV, and NASA astronauts were walking on the moon or some other important

event. Dad slept through it all. The next morning when I told him about it, he was disappointed that he did not see it. I was just glad he was sleeping in a bed and not behind the wheel.

Another trip was on Hwy 17 north of Sault Ste Marie and we had an old R-200 tractor and probably 35,000 pounds payload. We were literally crawling up the hills at 5 mph. We were the slowest truck on the road and were passed by every other truck. When I asked why we were so slow dad replied, "Those guys are just hauling toilet paper." Dad always wanted the heavy loads and I guess if we were being paid by the pound, it was not so bad.

Looking back, dad did a lot of trucking in the nineties. We had one 9800 Flat Floor Cabover in our fleet and when it was new, dad ran it for a couple months. We were hauling Campbell Soup to Omaha, Nebraska and dad really enjoyed trucking through the mid-west farmland. Eventually, we bought him his own truck, a 1997 9300 International which we named the "President's Club." When dad was not driving it, the honour went to Howard Lebold. Back to Omaha, on one load, dad arrived for delivery on Friday afternoon and was told he had no appointment and come back Monday. I'm not quite sure of the rest of the sequence of events but at some point, Campbell's contacted the receiver in Omaha and told them it was Vernon Erb they were not unloading. Well when that happened, they quickly backed dad in the dock and started unloading. Dad then proceeded to the men's room. Before you knew it, the receiver was in the men's room delivering the signed bill of lading to dad. I know dad's message was, you should treat all drivers with respect and do not treat me any better just because I am the President.

Many years ago, the Ag Canada meat inspectors would come out in the evenings to meet drivers importing meat into Canada at the Peace Bridge. The office was a little shack right under the bridge. By the time the inspector arrived, there might be two or three drivers waiting. One time, dad was waiting, and another driver arrived and started a conversation. His question was, "Is Vern Erb still there?" Well dad answered yes, and then the driver told dad how well he knew Vern and I guess at that point, the driver was in too deep for dad to correct him, so he let him carry on. I guess the lesson here is listen before you speak.

MEMORIES

The recent heat wave reminded me of a couple more dad stories. Back in the seventies, dad had pioneered start/stop reefers (back then reefers ran continuously and idled when the box was at the right temperature). Every Saturday night, about 9:00 PM, dad would walk over to the New Hamburg yard and turn all the reefers off. Sunday morning, at 7:00 AM, he would start them all up again and smile about all the reefer fuel he saved over night. One time during his reefer check, he found a load of Rich's whip topping cans with the reefer turned off. He started it and it would not freeze the load. He brought this to my attention and said he opened the back doors and it said right on the cans "keep frozen". Dad was a little sheepish when I told him the cans were empty and on the way to the Fort Erie plant for production.

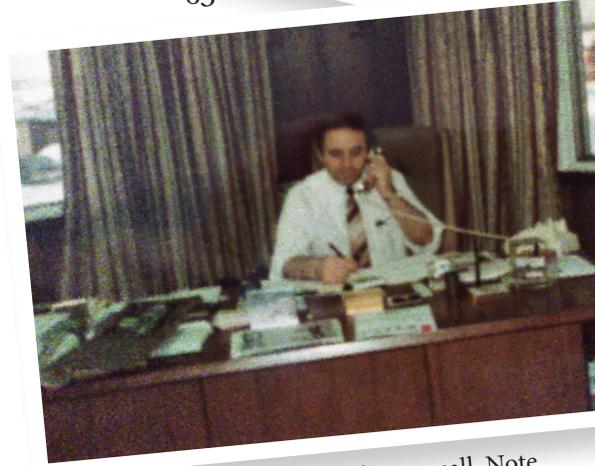
Lastly, perhaps you have noticed that many of our terminals have about a 5-foot space between each dock door. Dad planned that so that you could back up to about 10-feet from the door, before you swing the barn doors and not let all the cold air escape your trailer before you hit the dock. In this hot weather, please do everything possible to maintain the cold chain. Minimize your door open time and watch your reefer temperature settings including continuous run options.

Until next time, drive safe, work safe and stay safe.

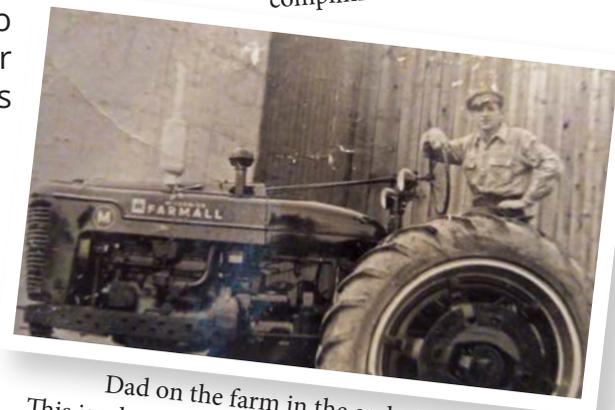
Wendell Erb



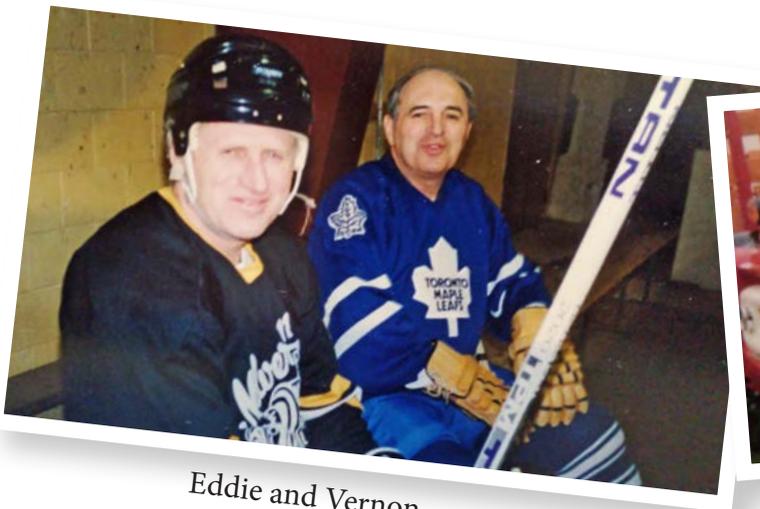
Mom & Dad in 1983



Dad always returned every call. Note the gold telephone receiver cover compliments of Mack Trucks.



Dad on the farm in the early 1950's. This is what started all the International's for Dad.



Eddie and Vernon



Joe Weber and Vernon. Joe was first fleet M&R in 1973, responsible for restoring the antique trucks.



Wendell, Vernon & Katie at the 2016 employee appreciation barbecue



The grand opening of the Thunder Bay terminal in 1980
 Left to Right: Ken Gerber, Robert Litchti, Elmer Leis, Vernon Erb, Murray Scott, Richard Roth, Joe Weber and John Jutzi



Wendell Erb, Vernon Erb & Wayne Baechler serving up lunch at the BBQ's



Vera, Vernon, Edmund & Erma circa 1946

DAVE'S MEMORIES

My Memories of Vernon Erb



I have had the honour of working with Erb Transport and specifically Vernon Erb for over twenty-seven years now. Mr. Erb was truly a great, charismatic man and leader. He was a real “people person” and one of his greatest strengths was his concern for our employees. I sincerely believe that is what created the unique culture we still have today at Erb Transport.

Mr. Erb loved to walk through our terminals and meet as many of the employees as possible. Even with 1,500 employees, he knew many of the employees by name and he would ask them about their families and how they were doing. He was always very appreciative of the work that everyone did for the company, and he would express his thanks when he spoke with people. I credit

Mr. Erb with inventing the concept of “management by wandering around”!

My first memory of Mr. Erb was in January 1993, when I attended the Erb New Hamburg Head Office for a job interview. I came in the front reception area and the building was deserted, as it was an after-hours interview. Not long after I entered, I was greeted by a friendly man, dressed casually. He asked me my name and when I told him my last name was Dietrich, he asked me if I knew or was related to this person and that person. He immediately created a very comfortable and welcoming environment for me. And yes, you guessed it, that person was none other than Vernon Erb, the President and Founder of Erb Transport! When we eventually got to my interview, he sat in as well. Needless to say, I got the job and the rest, as they say, is history!

Mr. Erb was also a great story-teller and I mean that in the most sincere and positive way. Often when we would have Terminal Manager, Operations or Sales meetings, Mr. Erb would provide the welcoming comments to the group and he would usually share a story. It was normally an inspirational narrative about a special occurrence from the history of the company. It could have been about how he and Mrs. Erb founded the company or perhaps about the challenges they endured in the early years or maybe about how the company grew, in spite of him never having any real plans of getting as big as it did. It didn't matter if I had heard the story before; I always reveled in hearing Mr. Erb share the details again. I am convinced that these stories helped perpetuate our unique, people-oriented culture throughout the organization, even as we grew, both in numbers and geographically.

Mr. Erb left an indelible mark on Erb Transport, the trucking industry and our community and he will be dearly missed and always remembered.

Respectfully submitted by,

David Dietrich

Vice President of People & Culture



Vernon plowing snow



Vernon waving during the tribute parade in 2020



Vernon and his great grandson



Kyle, Katie, Wendell and Vernon

IRENE'S MEMORIES

Mr. Erb the storyteller

What does it mean to be a storyteller? To be someone who has a story to tell and finds a way to share it. Someone who keenly observes the world around them and turns what they see into entertainment or insight that can spread.

Mr. Erb was a storyteller. His tales of adventure on the open road and his experiences on the farm that shaped him became a memorable way to share his message with everyone. Whether it was a story of a truck delivery of donated furniture to Newfoundland that was all uphill and winding roads, or a lament about the weather not co-operating when trying to combine his crops; Mr. Erb always had a story. From Erb Transport's humble beginnings, to the company it is today, Mr. Erb was proud of every moment and made sure every employee knew the hard work and dedication it required to make it what it is today. And he never forgot those who helped him get there.

I remember one particular board meeting, when Mr. Erb was sharing a story of how his dispatches lined up perfectly and that he did not have to wait long for the next load. After listening to this comment, Wendell replied, "Do you think perhaps it was because you were Vernon Erb that it happened that way?" It brought a smile to everyone's face including Mr. Erb's. Further proof that Mr. Erb brought out the best not only in our dispatchers but everyone! Mr. Erb was also very proud of our drivers and the service they provided.

Mr. Erb was also a very simple, down-to-earth man. At the end of a meeting, a date was to be set for next time. All of us in attendance pulled out our Blackberrys and Mr. Erb pulled out a little red notebook from his breast pocket. This little red notebook would forever be known as his "Redberry"—never needs charging and always there when you need it.

Mr. Erb also had a genuine interest in everyone's opinion. He was famous for "MBWA" or Managing by Walking Around. He would go from office to office or on the dock chatting and interacting with everyone normally addressing them by their first name—a feat to be proud of for sure. Many a time he thanked me personally for doing a good job, it was genuine and appreciated. He took the time to communicate and to listen; something we all should do more of. He had a very approachable manner. He was never judgemental. He treated every employee with respect and always had time for them—unless he was going to combine his crops while the sun was shining in between rain days, then the conversations were just shorter.

Mr. Erb also believed in sharing his wealth with the community and those around him. Keeping the local community employed was paramount when it came to a decision on where to build the new terminal which became Baden.

If there was a moral to his story, it would be this: treat people fairly and honestly and good things will come to you. This, I believe, is the real story behind Erb and its success. I will miss his visits and stories dearly.

Irene Holdbrook

Vice President of Finance

JIM'S MEMORIES

Honouring Mr. Erb

This is a great honour to share a memory and acknowledge a special person. It has been my pleasure to work for, and with Vernon Erb here at the Erb Group of Companies, a company he founded over 60 years ago. Starting from humble beginnings, Vernon, his family and loyal employees built an amazing success story while maintaining a very high level of humility and dedication to family and friends. To get the true family culture and honest open feeling of faith, a person can speak with any long-term employee or read back copies of the Erban Report. Finding long-term employees is an easy task as there are many employees with over 20 years seniority and many that have returned after trying the job market elsewhere. Many will complete their careers here at the Erb Group because they too recognized the special qualities that Vernon brought to our lives.

As a technician by trade, I would meet with Vernon in the shop and we would talk specifications, maintenance, and performance of equipment. I soon became aware that when Vernon asked you a question about equipment, it was to gauge your understanding, and help you improve, as with his experience and sharp mind, Vernon already knew the answer. However, one day we were talking about a recent trip Vernon had taken up to Labrador to support a charity out of Belleville, Ontario. He was delivering items that had been donated for a group that would see these donations distributed to members of their community in need of support.

On the way back, Vernon who was truly opposed to running empty miles and was dispatched to pick up a load of peat moss in eastern-Quebec. When he arrived for the pickup, the yard staff there directed Vernon where to drop his trailer. They cranked the trailer dollies, pulled the fifth wheel latch and disconnected the air and electrical connections and then directed Vernon to the loaded trailer he was picking up. Once he was latched to the trailer, they cranked the dollies up, connected the air and electrical connections and checked that all the lights were working. During this process Vernon did not have to exit the cab of his truck, they handed him his paperwork and Vernon was quickly on the road again. As was Vernon's humble and honest nature, he asked me at the end of the story if I thought that the yard staff knew who was driving that truck, that it was the founder of the Erb Group? Vernon laughed heartily when I voice my opinion that "If Jim Pinder showed up there, he would be cranking his own dollies and making his own connections and going into the office to get his own paperwork".

Vernon was always humble and never expected to be treated special even after all the industry awards, company success and accomplishments. Vernon just wanted to be sure his fellow drivers, his staff and all individuals were just treated well. Vernon's faith that that would happen carried him through.

On behalf of ALL the Maintenance Staff we miss those quick visits, guidance and your awesome support Vernon, GOD BLESS!

Jim Pinder

Corporate Fleet Director



DALE'S MEMORIES

Servant Leadership

Vernon was not one to preach with words, but he spoke volumes with his actions. Vernon modeled Servant Leadership. In his younger days, it was said that we all knew who the boss was; but there he was, helping to load trucks and move freight on the dock and asking the foreman, "Where do you need me?".

When his employees made mistakes big or small he would go the route of forgiveness (some thought to a fault). He once caught his dispatcher lying to a customer on why we were late for the pick-up. Vernon quietly told him we do not lie in this company.

When churches and charities reached out for help to move freight he would say yes, and then get it worked into the LTL network and shipped for less than cost, and in many cases for free. Many community and church events needed refrigerated trucks on site, and they would call Vernon and the answer was yes.

Many times I have heard him give the history of Erb Transport; he did not tell the story without phrases like "God made it possible", "Without God's help" or "It was a miracle the way the door opened." Vernon and Viola were a team and built the company together. They always supported the church week-in and week-out.

Vernon was known as an honest man, a man with integrity, a man of his word. Vernon knew Jesus and it showed in his everyday life. He lived out his life to the best of his ability, following the teaching in God's word. Indeed, I would use Galatians 5:22 (The Fruit of The Spirit) to describe his way, his actions. The apostle Paul said, "Come follow me, as I follow Christ." Indeed, that is what Vernon acted out and hoped people would do with him. He would not want the praise and accolades he would want those reserved for Jesus Christ.

Dale Bauman

Sales - Special Projects





Vernon, Viola
& Karen



Vernon at his open house



Vernon at the 2016 Toronto employee
appreciation barbecue



Vernon and Viola with Gail Musselman

VIC'S MEMORIES

Kind Words

In February 1990, while driving me to work in New Hamburg, my family and I were involved in a serious car accident. Our only vehicle was demolished. This event was extremely disruptive for me and my family because my wife needed to be hospitalized for one week. The afternoon after the accident, Vernon gave me the use of his personal car, allowing me the time to both deal with the family disruption and the purchase of another car. Though a car rental was an option, Vernon gave generously from his own resources out of his concern for me and my family. This response from Vernon, tangible generosity with a heartfelt concern for the individual, was his default response. And I have been but one of many people, who over the years have received and experienced this type of kindness from Vernon. I am so grateful to have both worked for and received from Vernon.

Vic Thiessen

Vice President of I.T.



There are so many things I could write about Mr. Erb, but there are very few things I tell you that you don't already know. Vernon was one of the kindest, humblest men most have ever met. I cannot remember the first time I met Vernon, but I know I had an instant respect for him. Before I came to work for Erb Transport, a friend of mine (who previously worked here) told me that Erb Transport was a family-oriented company, and he was right. Vernon welcomed me and made me feel like part of the family. He trusted me to help represent his company and I feel truly honoured to do so, like so many of us are.

There are so many things I will miss about this wonderful man. I will miss seeing his smiling face and hearing stories of the past and present. I will miss sending him an email about the due date for his Erban Report article and the phone call we would get when it was ready for review. Vernon was one of the few who still wrote in cursive, so he always wanted to make sure I had the names right when I typed it up. I will miss calling him and asking him to be interviewed for a magazine or star in our next video, which he was always willing to help with. I will miss driving him and the "antique crew" to drop off antiques anywhere and everywhere to support local community truck shows and organizations. Vernon was a strong supporter of many local organizations. He entrusted me to manage the sponsorships and donations on behalf of the company for a few years and he very rarely said no when people reached out. It shows you the kind of man he was. He was kind and cared about his community and those who needed help.

We will miss seeing him at potlucks, stopping work in the farm fields to make sure he came to say hello and have lunch with everyone in New Hamburg. I would always call him to tell him the potluck date, but someone always beat me to it and made sure they saved him a spot to eat in his old office. We will miss seeing him with Santa at the kid's skating party. The company barbecues will not be the same without him. He always made the effort to visit as many terminals as he could to say hello and thank our Erb employees, and this was all during his second career in farming. He would drop everything to drive a charity load to ensure those who needed it got it on time.

When reviewing video clips employees sent in for Mr. Erb earlier this year, it was very heartwarming. You can see the love and respect we all had for him. This love and support was demonstrated again when the convoy for Vernon was arranged and 526 friends, family members, employees, suppliers, farmers and customers drove their vehicles by his house with signs of thanks and shouted words of admiration for this amazing man. If you were part of this convoy like I was, you could feel the overwhelming level of respect this man was given that day. I was truly grateful and honoured to have been apart of it.

This is the first Erban Report since this newsletter debuted in 1987 that does not include an article from Vernon. It is heartbreaking, but I know we will remember his stories and the lessons he taught us.

He taught us all so much, but the one that stands out the most to me is to always be grateful. Here are some excerpts from Vernon's article in the Spring/Summer 2017 edition of the Erban Report:

"To all the employees and companies, we owe a tremendous amount of respect and thanks for the time and effort you have displayed in the years you have come alongside our company and helped to grow and maintain our reputation in this wonderful world of trucking since 1959. We feel truly blessed and thankful to the Lord that he has allowed you wonderful people to cross our path and be a part of a company that I never dreamed of 58 years ago. I must close with this thought: I would not know where to begin or end or have the time to convey my and my family's thanks to all of our own employees who over the years have contributed so much to the welfare and reputation of Erb Transport. Thank you for your loyalty, accomplishments, and dedication to us."

This world needs more people like Vernon Erb in it. I will miss him tremendously, but like many here at Erb, I feel honoured to have known him and be part of this great organization he built. Thank you for allowing me to be part of the Erb family.

A local author, Nancy Silcox shared her book with me, Roads of the Heart, Fifty people who followed their passion. She interviewed Vernon 15 years ago and as a listener hearing his story, she said, "It's easy to imagine a small boy standing by a dusty gravel road, endlessly watching the big trucks go by."

Thank you to that small boy for following his dream. Vernon, we are all truly proud of you. We will miss you but know your legacy will continue to live on in the countless lives you have impacted and you will be remembered for years to come.

Julie Mudry



Vernon and Patty Hobbs



I personally remember about six or seven years ago, we were doing our Erb appreciation BBQ here in North Bay. Vernon had come up two or three times over those years to help with the BBQ set-up, with the tents, and merchandizing table, and clothing. Two years in a row it down poured during set-up and we were drowned rats. Vernon was a trooper and stood out there to help wherever there was a need. At one point he turned to me and said, "I think I'm bad luck. Seems like every time I come to these BBQ's it rains."

The first time I saw Vernon was over 30 years ago, I came in to do my Timmins run and there was this gentleman out on the dock loading trucks. I was not told that this was the owner of Erb Transport, I just thought he was a dock worker which we had many of back in that time. This new dock worker had told me to have a wonderful day and hope I had safe travels. I thought that was nice to hear when you are heading out on a 16-plus hour peddle run back then. The next evening, we were going to be having a dock and driver meeting at meeting hall just around the corner from Erb. As I was sitting there waiting for the meeting to start, I noticed this same man and a woman sitting up in the front row. This is where I quickly learned that this man who was working very hard to get my load out the night before and wishing me well, was Vernon Erb with Viola sitting by his side.

Another memory was about 13 years ago when my son was about one, I was down for a terminal manager's meeting in Baden. I remember it was in the afternoon when we were taking a break and I went up to driver services. I ran into one of the girls and they said, "Oh I saw your son, he was with Vernon." At that point I thought she must have been mistaken because Vernon would not be carrying my son around. Then I ran into Lois Broda and she had said the same to me. My first thought was, oh no! What has my wife done?

Apparently, Karen Erb had told her dad that she was going to take my wife, Brigitte, to town with her and gave my son, Kyle, to Vernon with the diaper bag for the afternoon. By the end of the day it sounded like my son had made his rounds to all the departments in Baden as well as in New Hamburg. I was so embarrassed that this had happened, I thought how you could do this to me? I felt I owed Mr. Erb an apology for what had happened the day before. Before I could say anything, Mr. Erb had thanked me for the time that he could share with our son, he said that it was so relaxing to spend an afternoon with the little guy!

Randy Cameron

I met Vernon in 1982 when I had just started dating his nephew, Doug Beam. As way of explanation, Doug's mom, Violet, is a twin sister to Vernon's wife, Viola. Doug and I got married in August 1983 and shortly after that, Vernon asked Doug and I to start a US division of Erb in Elverson PA, called Erb Transport Inc. It meant a lot to both Doug and I that Vernon saw something in us to give us this responsibility. From the moment I met him, I realized what a kind, caring person he was to everyone he encountered.

Over the years, Vernon would call and check in, just to see how we were doing, how our girls were, what the weather was like, etc. Usually the questions about how Erb Inc. was doing came at the end of the conversation, so I always felt that he sincerely cared about us as family, not just employees. After Doug passed away from leukemia in 2013, Vernon's calls came a little more frequently to check in on me. He knew without my partner here at the office, that things were probably overwhelming at times. It was a comfort to me that he cared enough to try and understand what I was going through and was not afraid to talk to me about it. I got remarried in 2017 and Vernon and Viola traveled to PA for my wedding to Kevin. They welcomed him with open arms to the extended Erb family. It's hard to believe Vernon is no longer with us, but memories will keep him alive in our hearts forever.

Bonnie Beam O'Hare



Board meeting in Elverson

First time I met Mr. Erb.

It was probably the summer of 1988. I was a driver for another carrier. I was dropping a piggyback trailer from CP Rail at Fearman's in Kitchener. All their docks were full of Erb trailers. A very friendly Erb driver who was sorting through paperwork in the shipping office, offered to drop his trailer and pull another one out of a door so I could drop mine.

Once I was dropped, I thanked the Erb driver, chatted for a few minutes and then reported into the shipping office to advise them what door I had dropped in. The shipper asked me, "Do you know who that driver is?"

I said, "No but we sure could use good guys like that where I work."

The shipper said something to the effect, "I don't think he's looking for another job. That's Vernon Erb, the owner."

It wasn't a big, earth shattering, life changing thing that Mr. Erb did that day. A day that would otherwise be lost in obscurity has stuck with me over the years because of a small, courteous, helpful favour from one driver to another.

We never know how much the little things we do might affect someone else. How it might turn a so-so-day into a good day.

Tim Brubacher



Vernon would come to the Mississauga Terminal all the time for a meeting, company BBQ or to pick up a load. The first time I met Vernon, was five years ago as he was picking up a load going to Montreal. I remember walking up the stairs and seeing a gentleman standing at the dispatch window. We started talking about where he was going and how he enjoyed the drive. I wished him a safe travel, I asked his name and if this was his normal run. He said, "I'm Vernon, and you are?" I stumbled to get my name out as I felt privileged to have such personal conversation with the owner of the company.

There was another time Vernon was in Mississauga for a meeting and I was asked to make a sign for the boardroom. The sign said, "Reserved for Mr. Erb." When Vernon came in, he looked at me and said, "You can call me Vernon next time." I told him I would remember that for next time. We started talking about farming and how his crop was doing this year, as it was a very rainy year. Vernon said "Being a farmer is hard work because I have to rely on Mother Nature. Being a truck driver, I can drive in any weather and still get the job done." Vernon was a simple man, hardworking and put his heart in every conversation he had with his employees. I found this poem and after reading it I thought it would be good to share:

Remember Me
(author/source unknown)

Fill not your hearts with pain and sorrow,
But remember me in every tomorrow.
Remember the joy, the laughter, the smiles,
I've only gone to rest a little while.

Although my leaving causes pain and grief,
my going has eased my hurt,
and given me relief.

So dry your eyes and remember me,
not as I am now,
but as I used to be.
Because, I will remember you all,
and look on with a smile.
Understand in your hearts,
I've only gone to rest a little while.

As long as I have the love of each of you,
I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.



Barb Lis

LEW HAMBURG, ON

MONTREAL TERMINAL

Bonjour de Montreal

I am honored to report from Montreal memories and photos of Mr. Vernon Erb. If there are some things, we can take from him, it would be his family values, to always remain humble and stay true to one's self.

The province of Quebec to Mr. Erb meant he could visit as well as enjoy his trips to Bonduelle in Bedford and Hersey in Granby, then furtherance with a full load into the United States afterwards.

The stops into Montreal would always include the larger than life smile and wave to say hello.

On the right, we see Mr. Eric Desjardins with Mr. Erb presenting him with a Harvester license plate that he personally bought for him. All because Eric made a comment of how sharp it looked on Vernon's truck. Eric very proudly drove his International 2120 a 2006 9900i series with his "IH" plate as Mr. Erb called it for many years after.

The second picture featured was taken around 1995, at our Dorval Terminal BBQ of many employees past and present. Mr. Erb stopped by this particular day and the funny story that goes with it is; a dock employee eager to ensure our health and safety procedures were followed, ran after Mr. Erb to advise him that it was imperative to have a safety vest on while walking on the dock. With a smile Mr. Erb said, "I'm sorry I will go get it right away."

The dock employee immediately upon the gentlemen's departure came into office in a panic saying there was an older gentleman walking through the dock and asked if anyone knew who he was. Upon finding out it was our President and Founder; he was embarrassed and yet Mr. Erb felt very proud that our procedures were being followed and advised the employee of his respect for him protecting the terminal. That lovely gentleman is featured in the picture on the far right.

If I can only say one more thing, Mr. Erb has joined our angels where he will watch over his family, friends, and this great enterprise that he has built. Thank you for all that you have done to make this world a better place.



Natalie Taillon

Bonjour de Montréal,

J'ai l'honneur de vous offrir des souvenirs et photos montréalais de M. Vernon Erb. S'il y a quelque chose qu'il nous a appris, ce sont ses valeurs familiales, rester humble en tout temps et demeurer fidèle à soi-même.

Pour M. Erb, la province de Québec signifiait visiter et tirer plaisir de ses voyages à Bonduelle, Bedford et à Hersey, Granby, et ensuite, d'un plein chargement vers les États-Unis.

Les arrêts à Montréal comprenaient toujours son large sourire et un salut de la main. À droite, on aperçoit M. Eric Desjardins et M. Erb qui lui remet une plaque d'immatriculation International Harvester qu'il a achetée lui-même pour Eric. Tout ça en raison d'un commentaire d'Eric sur l'aspect d'une telle plaque sur le tracteur de Vernon. Eric a conduit fièrement son International 2120, un série 9900i 2006 avec sa plaque "IH", ainsi que l'appelait M. Erb, pendant encore de nombreuses années.

La deuxième photo a été prise vers 1995, au BBQ du terminal de Dorval organisé par plusieurs employés d'hier et actuels. M. Erb s'y est présenté ce jour-là et l'anecdote suivante l'accompagne; un employé du quai de chargement, qui voulait assurer le respect de l'ensemble des procédures de santé et sécurité, lui courut après pour l'aviser de l'importance du port d'une veste de sécurité lorsque sur le quai. En souriant, M. Erb a répondu, « Désolé je vais m'en procurer une immédiatement. »

Dès le départ du monsieur, l'employé de quai accourut tout agité au bureau en disant qu'un homme d'un certain âge se déplaçait dans la zone des quais et demanda si quelqu'un le connaissait. En découvrant qu'il s'agissait de notre président et fondateur, il était gêné, mais M. Erb était très fier de constater que nos procédures étaient suivies et lui signifia son respect entier concernant sa protection du terminal. Ledit monsieur figure dans la photo à l'extrême droite.

Si je peux me permettre un seul commentaire supplémentaire, M. Erb est parti rejoindre les anges d'où il veillera sur sa famille, ses amis et la grande société qu'il a bâtie.

Merci pour tous les efforts que vous avez consentis pour améliorer l'univers où nous vivons.



TRIBUTE PARADE

On May 1st, 2020, hundreds of people gathered together in a Truck Convoy to pay tribute to Mr. Erb who had recently been diagnosed with leukemia. Employees, friends, and industry partners, from all around, joined in a three-hour convoy to honour the life of this great man. It was with heavy hearts but upmost respect, love, and gratitude that participants made signs, wrapped trucks and drove by the Erb residence to celebrate the life and accomplishments of Mr. Erb. The lives he touched with his integrity and care are countless and he will never be forgotten.





Photos taken by Julia Maier

A View from the Driver's Seat

The story of a person's life is encapsulated by a little dash between two dates: the date of one's birth and the date of one's death. The dash between Vernon Erb's birth and his death contains a very large story.

I have been privileged to be a part of that story, as most of you have been as well. Vernon has had a big impact on countless lives—yours and mine included. His selfless attitude, kind demeanour, and his ability to see the good in others are but a few of the virtues we would all do well to emulate. The dash in his life includes accomplishments too numerous to mention. To me, Vernon Erb was a mentor par excellence. Honesty and integrity were two hallmarks of his life that none of us would refute. His devotion to Jesus Christ, his Saviour, was evident and permeated every facet of his life.

Vernon's transition into eternity brought to mind a poem called "The Dash" that I came across a number of years ago and stuck with me. I felt it would be a fitting tribute to Vernon, as well as a challenge to you and I.

THE DASH

the poem by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral
of a friend. He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke
of the following date with tears, but he said what
mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent
alive on earth and now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars...
the house...the cash. What matters is how we
live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard; are there things
you'd like to change? For you never know how much
time is left that still can be rearranged.

To be less quick to anger and show appreciation
more and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear
a smile...remembering that this special dash might
only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's
actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things
they say about how you lived your dash?

By Linda Ellis, Copyright © 2020 Inspire Kindness, thedashpoem.com

- Roger Zehr

Vernon's Footprint...

Patti DiVita

I have been with KDAC/Erb for only about a year and a half.

I was so very fortunate to have met Vernon and Viola at the BBQ last fall. He was so wonderful. Everything I thought he'd be, I'd read about him and heard great stories.

He had such an impact in an instant. Incredible human being.



Dominique Canty

I do have a story on how I first met M. Erb many years ago I would like to share. When I started working for Erb in April 2005, the Montreal terminal had just opened and had their official opening BBQ that summer. It was held on a Saturday and had inflatables castles and slides for the kids, it was wonderful. I brought my mother and father, along with my aunt and her son to see where I was working.

My father had mentioned the yard, how big it looked and nice since it had all new asphalt (was almost MTY from trucks and trailers back then). I told him it was actually bigger than that, but we'd have to take a walk to see the rest since the terminal building was hiding the rest.

So, my family and I started walking towards the back and stopped at our wash bay, as you can see the rest of the yard once you pass that point. We saw this older gentleman come out from wash bay wiping his hands, he was wearing a not so clean white t-shirt and jeans. He came up to us and started talking with my mother.

He asked which one of us worked here so my mother told him, "My son, he just started a couple months ago."

Mr. Erb and my mother shook hands as she asked him if he also worked for Erb. He answered, "Yes this is my company."

My mother asked, "This is your building?"

Mr. Erb replied with a smile, "This is my company, I am the founder and owner" Still holding his hand, my mom put her other hand on top, and started shaking his hand faster as she said, "I've never shaken a millionaire's hand before." He just laughed it off, while I turned beet red.

This was the first time I met him. I obviously saw him many more times since that time, but I will always remember how my mom over-reacted to meeting him.

Vernon's Footprint ...



Katherine Franz Swinger

Vernon Erb and Willard Martin left New Hamburg, Ontario in October of 2003, with a load of frozen M and M Meat Shops food products bound for Calgary, Alberta. The frozen food products were delivered, and the next stop was the family farm of Dennis and Katherine Swinger near Lind, WA USA. The purpose for this trip was to obtain a retired Safeway Grocery Stores K-11 IHC truck to be restored and added to Vernon's collection. A 1957 Ford pick-up truck, to be restored by Willard, was also picked up at the Swingers.

The pair then traveled to La Grande, Oregon where they loaded an IHC model A tractor and an IHC pick-up truck. The trip back to New Hamburg was uneventful.

Vernon later stated that while at Swingers, he drove the oldest truck and the largest farm tractor he had ever driven, all in the same day. It is fitting that both of these units were IHC.



Beth Bender

Top right: Vernon, Joe and Bruce Boucher at Bouchers ski resort in Beaver Valley for week-end. Top left: Joe and Mary Boucher, Vernon and Bill Wells at Beaver Valley. Bottom photo: Vern, Bill Wells, Joe and Doug Wells at Whistler BC. Great times with great buddies.



Jim Nachtman - *Product Marketing Director for On Highway Trucks - Navistar, Inc.*

My deepest condolences for the passing of Vernon. Each time you came to Lisle you brought your company magazine, which I enjoyed reading. While I had never met Vernon, it was clear how wonderful the man was. He built a wonderful company and inspired many.

Vernon's Footprint...

Katerina Simonovski

Mr. Erb was so caring, I will never forget one day in particular. On December 24th, 2019, Mr. Erb was going from office to office to wish managers and employees a Merry Christmas. He said hello and asked how I was doing. I told him it had been very busy, but everything was great. He looked at me and said, "Well, that's good because it will never feel like work if you love what you do." He stayed for a brief chat about my plans for the holidays and then was off, as he explained he had many more employees to see.

I will never forget that conversation and that selfless gesture to say hello the day before Christmas! In my three years with Erb, I discovered that he knew so many employee's names, and he always made time for others. He was a very humble man and will be missed dearly, he was respected by many because he truly cared.

Pat Kelly - *Stratford Police Service*

My deepest sympathy to the ERB family. In 1974, I was a young man heading down the wrong path of life. Randy Paulter gave Vernon Erb a good word for me and I was hired. I drove at Erb Transport until 1986. I was driver # 007. At the 60th Anniversary a lot of very enjoyable memories came back. In the picture on the right, I am standing in between Gerald Erb and Wayne Baechler.



Valerie Elkeer - *Pfenning's Organic Vegetables inc.*

Please accept my condolences; so sorry to hear about Vernon. Please know that we are all thinking of the Erb family and extended work family. We have all been blessed to have Vernon as part of our community. He was such a shining example of community commitment, love, and spirit. Sending you all love and support during this especially difficult time.

Martin McLaren

Most of my submissions come with a proper backstory as you well know. This one is self-explanatory. I had the good fortune to meet Vernon just once, deep in the winter, at the Baden terminal. He introduced himself as "the guy who plows the snow." After a brief conversation, his final words to me were, "Nice to meet you, and keep up the good work you're doing." Climbing the tank steps each day into the truck bearing his name, and hearing those words in my head, has been a different experience since May.

Ian and Janet Shackleton - *Navistar, Inc.*

I cannot imagine the sadness around Erb Transport and in Baden and New Hamburg area, as one of the greatest men I have known is gone. He has left the world a better place and set the standards of what a husband, father, businessman, community leader and all-around good person should be.

Vernon set the standard of how to run a trucking company and how to take care of the employees.

Vernon had a big influence on me, I met him on the shop floor at Kirby's along with Joe Weber. I was PDI'ing some 9670 cab overs with Cummins big can 4 engines, 9 speeds and rubber block Hendrickson suspensions. The reason they were there, was to explain to me how they wanted their PDIs done and why. Vernon watched everything I did over the three hours to prep the truck. When he was done, he said to me, "I know you are trying to do your best and I can see that. Would you come out to our shop and we will show you what we do to the truck after it is delivered?"

I said, "Of course." Later that day I drove out and Vernon and Joe met me, and I worked with Steve to go through the whole truck.

When I was done, Vernon came to me and said, "Is it possible for you to prep our truck this way and get it ready?" I said yes. His closing remarks were, "We at Erb Transport appreciate you helping us be better."

I never forgot that and how he handled the situation. I always felt that I was part of Erb, just because of the way I was treated, and I know that comes down from Vernon and now Wendell.

From the Shackleton family to the Erb family and all the Erb employees, you have our deepest sympathies. Vernon will be missed!

John Matesic - *Weston Foods (Canada) inc.*

My condolences to the whole Erb family and the employees at Erb Transport. Vern was a legend. I had the opportunity to meet him about four years ago and I learned about the relationship that Weston and Erb had. Erb Transport hauled the first load for "Ready Bake Foods" out of our Weston Bakeries facilities in Kitchener. Vern will be missed by many. May he rest in peace.

Vernon's Footprint...

Val Sanderson

I am recently retired from the IT department at Erb and had the good fortune to work at the Head Office, in New Hamburg, since 1993.

I met Mr. Erb on my first day at Erb, as he was in the habit of making daily trips around the office to greet each employee in person. I was immediately struck by his humble and friendly demeanor and his sincerity in making each employee feel a valued part of the company.

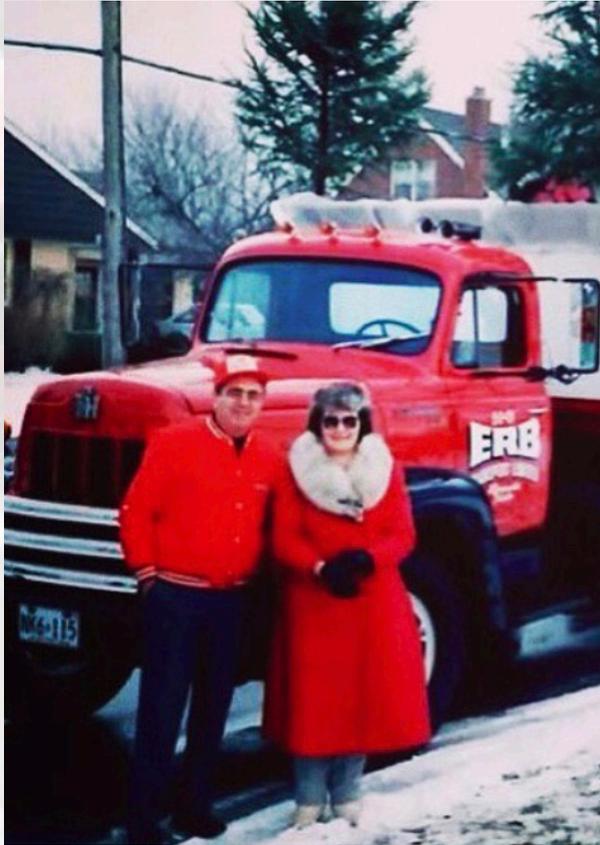
His humility was further highlighted to me when one morning before 8 AM, I came into the office to see Mr. Erb on hands and knees, scrubbing the new carpet on the stairs to the Payroll department. When I said good morning to him, he admitted to having tracked grease in from the shop! I am not sure, but I can possibly see Viola's hand in shaping this aspect of Vernon's personality!

Other memories of Mr. Erb include his fondness for the frequent treats that were provided when anyone celebrated a birthday, even after semi-retirement from the office, he had an uncanny knack for dropping in for a visit at just the right time! And also, occasional sightings of him driving one of his antique farm tractors around the New Hamburg office parking lot, after it had received some maintenance in the shop.

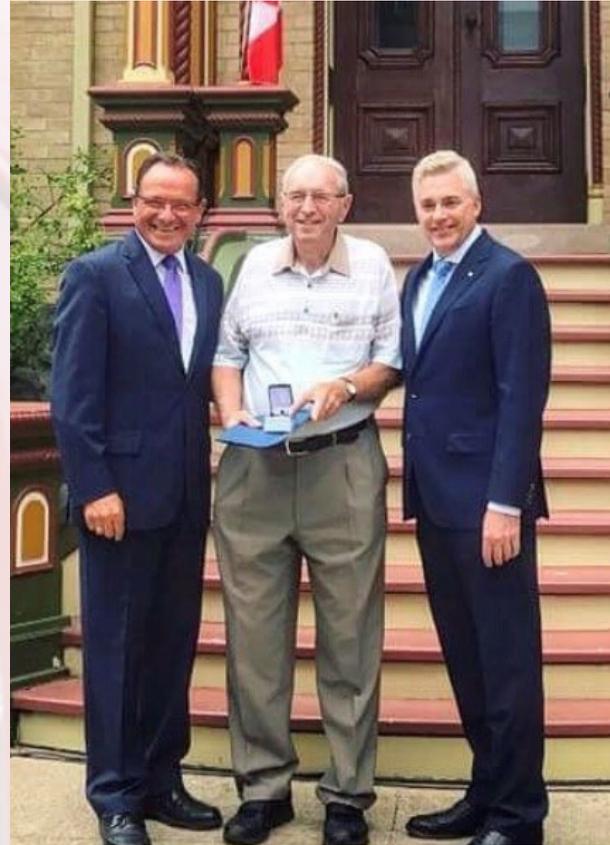
I feel so very fortunate to have worked for Erb Transport for so many years, and especially for the opportunity to get to know such a wonderful human being. Vernon's kindness and generosity will never be forgotten in the community, and especially by his employees.

Kevin Zehr - *Employed by Erb from 1998 to 2006*

Today I am thankful to work and have worked for the best employers a person could think of. One of these is Vernon Erb, the founder of the Erb Group of Companies. His servant leadership style was amazing to work under. One incident that stands out to me took place on a cold blustery stormy Saturday, nearly 20 years ago. After dropping the trailer, parking the truck, and finishing my paperwork, I went to my car which was in the employee parking lot. I was surprised to find the snow had been shovelled from all around my car and Vernon waiting with his grandson, Kyle, in his car nearby. He made sure I was able to start my car, then told me that he had seen my truck at the fuel island, so he wanted to make sure I had no troubles getting my car moving. What a life changing message that man could give without preaching a sermon. He has lived his faith out in a very powerful way. I'm incredibly sad to hear of his passing but proud to have known this man!



Vernon & Viola at the Santa Claus Parade



Vernon receiving his Entrepreneurial Hall of Fame Award



The opening of the Toronto terminal



A LIFETIME OF FRIENDSHIP

As told by Howard Lebold

From birth until death 1935 - 2020

As I recall it being told by my mother; herself and Vernon's mother were sitting side-by-side in the pew at Mapleview Mennonite Church with their two young boys. One of those boys was me and the other was Vernon. I was 15-months older than him and was going through my terrible twos and was creating a problem for Vernon's mother and him. Vernon lay sleeping in his mother's arms, like one of the dolls my sisters had that eyes would close when they were laying down. Every time she would look away, I would reach over with my beady fingers and try to open Vernon's eyes as if he were a doll. Vernon's mother eventually had to move to another bench because I was causing such a problem teasing Vernon.

Fast forward in our lives a little further to ages seven and eight; I remember the Erb car coming into the church driveway. If I recall correctly it was a 34 Durrant car, the church was on the left and the cars parked to the right. I recall Vernon always sitting in the back with his head turned to the right, to see who was there and to see if anyone had gotten a new car since last Sunday. Those were the days when car hoods were in two pieces, hinged together in the middle by the radiator and would fold back to the middle of the windshield. Each side had vents which would be opened

or closed depending on the season to keep the engine at a proper temperature. Vernon would always be looking out at the cars in the summer to see what colour engine he could see through the vents.

Fast forward a head a little more to our teens, we attended the same youth meetings; however, Vernon started dating a girl from Western Canada and I started dating a girl from Southern Ontario. We did not see each other as often.

After Audrey and I were married, we moved to Stratford, Ontario, where I had worked in construction operating heavy equipment for some 20 years. I did enjoy that kind of work; however, I could never enjoy a holiday or take vacation in the summertime. So, I decided to quit and take a trip through western U.S., stopping at Denver, Colorado and then on to Oregon to visit some of my wife's relatives. On our way home we took a journey through Western Canada to visit the Calgary Stampede. We arrived back at home in early August of 1977 and to this day, I am still not really sure what made me go see Vernon in New Hamburg. As it was, I saw Vernon standing in the doorway of the mechanic shop. After discussing what I had been up to these last couple months, Vernon asked me what I was planning to do for work. I said I wasn't too sure. Little did I know, Vernon was short a driver and asked if I would like to help him out for the rest of the summer. Sure enough I said yes, and 42 years, it was long summer.

For my first three years at Erb I did local work, mostly loads from Campbell's soup in Listowel to a grocery warehouse in Toronto. Those were the days when the product was all on the floor and 3000 cases needed to be put onto skids, by hand, when we arrived at the warehouse. It would take us from about 7:00 am until noon to get unloaded. Then dispatch would get us to pick up an LTL load to be brought back to the New Hamburg dock. It was usually around 4:00 pm when we had completed our pick-up and were ready to head back to New Hamburg. Richard Roth was in dispatch then and when we would get back, he would ask some of us if we were interested in taking a load to the Ottawa Terminal. At that point we were already at a 12-hour day, but being young and full of vim and vigor, I would say, "why not!" By midnight we would arrive in Ottawa and would go to bed for 8-hours of sleep. The next morning, we would start up again, make a pick-up and head home. Hershey had a plant in Smith Falls where we got quite a lot of freight back to the Toronto Terminal to be distributed the next day. This was the type of work that we did from 1977 until around 1980.

In 1980, Vernon got the rights to start delivering freight into the U.S., I truly enjoyed this venture. I got to spend almost 38-years running into the U.S and got to visit almost every state.

Excerpt from Cool Moves

"Following the McDonald's business out of Pittsburg, the U.S. East Coast opened up for Erb as well. Loblaws was buying fresh chicken on ice from chicken-slaughtering plants in Delaware and Maryland and Erb received the contract for a couple loads a week from there and back to Toronto. In 1982, Vernon decided to buy a tractor and two trailers and register them in the U.S. primarily for hauling chicken out of Maryland to Loblaws in Toronto. His consideration was that having an empty trailer sitting at the U.S plant would save Erb a significant amount of time, because that way the trailers destined for Toronto could be loaded before the driver even got there. Long time Driver Howard Lebold, who was one of the first Erb drivers to haul in the U.S., was asked by Vernon to look after the registration of those early trailers in Delaware. He remembers: "Vernon asked me to go to the license office and transfer those trailers into our name. Vernon said: 'keep in touch with me, if anything happens I will know how to help you out.' So I went to the registration office and after they had done all the necessary checks, they asked me to sign my name and write

my title on the dotted line on the actual document. So I signed my name and I wrote down 'Driver' as my title. To my surprise I was told I would have to be secretary treasurer, vice president or president to be able to sign. Things went speeding through my mind. Everything had gone well so far and I didn't want to goof it up now. Determined to get the registration completed, I wrote down "Vice President" instead and the lady at the registration office said that was fine. I couldn't wait to get on the phone and talk to Vernon. When I finally got to make the call, I said 'Everything went well; there is only one thing that has to be changed - I am now the V.P.! When I come back, I expect there to be a chair in your office beside you.' Needless to say, I never did get the chair and any time I went into Vernon's office, I had to sit in front of the desk instead of behind it just like everyone else."

Before this, I had done some LTL to New York City and Chicago. This had its challenges since as drivers we had to go see about five or six brokers each Monday. This would often take us until noon on Monday, then we would leave to go to our first drops on Tuesday morning. Big thank you to the dispatch because now this is all done for us and we get clearance much quicker.

I am grateful that Vernon and I actually got to do some trucking together each in our own tractor. I was at an anniversary open house for Steinmann Mennonite Church for my cousin and while I was waiting in line to speak to them, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Vernon. Everyone knew I was working for him at the time and they made jokes about how I was in trouble. Vernon politely asked me to come see him before I left as he didn't want to interrupt my visit. When I spoke with him later, he shared with me that a mission group in Belleville, Ontario had asked him, if he could take a load of dry goods to Goose Bay Labrador. He asked me if I could go along with him, the trip would take about 4 days and he called it a "Charity Run". I told Vernon I was interested but dispatch already had me lined up to take a load to Seattle, Washington. Vernon was pretty up front and said he would talk to dispatch to check it out. Sure enough, I called dispatch on Monday morning and explained what Vernon had requested of me to Kevin Mortin, who was the dispatcher at the time, and he said to me that the plans for me had already changed. Vernon had gone in early and talked to Kevin and the switch was made with no problems. The "Charity Run" was set to happen the following Saturday. We had our Annual Barbecues on the Thursday and Friday and Vernon wanted to be home for those. So, we left Saturday morning and took a load to our Trenton Terminal; the Belleville mission group had dropped the loads at our Trenton Terminal, so we unhooked our loads and hooked onto the mission group's load. The route we took was to Montreal on to Quebec City and then going along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. We met many west-bound Erb trucks along the way and I asked Vernon, "What goes through your mind when you see this equipment going down the road with your name on it?"

He very modestly said, "I never thought it would get this big." He had never imagined the company he started in 1959 would turn into such a large and successful company. He was humble and proud.

At one point in our journey, we had to get on a ferry. Once the trucks were loaded on the ferry, we were able to get out and walk around. The trailer we were taking the mission load in was a promotional trailer, that had a large photo of Vernon on either side. I could see the other people on the ferry looking from Vernon to the trailer and then question him if he was the owner. He would answer them modestly that he was but that he was driving a load. We got to Goose Bay on Tuesday morning and had to back up to a large shipping container that was bound for Inuit Labrador. After we unloaded, they gave us a tour and pointed out a large airport. That was the airport that they had all the planes emergency land on during the 9-11 attack. After our tour, we headed back to Quebec with a full load of agricultural products that were bound for the states.

Vernon knew a Chaplin at a chapel on the way home, so, we stopped there for a visit on the way back too. We dropped our loads in Montreal and then did the usual run from Hershey's back to a warehouse in Mississauga, followed by a stop at our other terminal for a load back to Baden.

About a week after our "Charity Run," the Mission Group asked Vernon if he would be willing to take a second load, which he agreed to. I was very impressed with Vernon's concerns about my feelings. He didn't need me to come along this time and phoned me to make sure I wouldn't be offended. I think this speaks greatly about how carefully he treated people; I'm grateful for the trip.

Over the years, Vernon was very good to me. He would always joke that his truck was "our truck," as he trusted me to drive his personal truck. When he would go to banquets and Viola was unable to attend, he would invite me along as his plus one. In the winter, we would both go to Florida and we would often spend 25 of the 28 days there together.



Howard Lebold and Vernon Erb in 2020. Three days after the Tribute Parade, Vernon requested a visit with his friend Howard

We are all very fortunate to have had Vernon, he paved the way for all of us at Erb Transport. Let's take a moment to remember the hard times and countless hours Vernon put in to give us the company we have and love today. I encourage you to open up your "Cool Moves" history book to keep his story in your heart.





FOND MEMORIES

As told by Violet and Titus

Our memories of Vernon date back to 1957 when he was trucking to Florida and wanted to bring Viola down to visit me in PA. He had to hurry home with his load to make it in time. Since he was a Canadian, we thought he'd enjoy a hockey game, so we got some tickets for the Hershey Bears game. We didn't ask if he enjoyed the game because he slept the whole time! Truckers Fatigue. We went on many vacations together: Jamaica, Hawaii, Alaska, California, Oregon and many more.

He would always go out of his way to stop and visit when passing through PA.

Titus and Vernon talked on the phone every week, catching up on the farming and trucking news. He even called us to give his goodbyes just a day or two before passing away. He had amazing mental alertness even when he was battling with cancer. Titus really misses those calls.



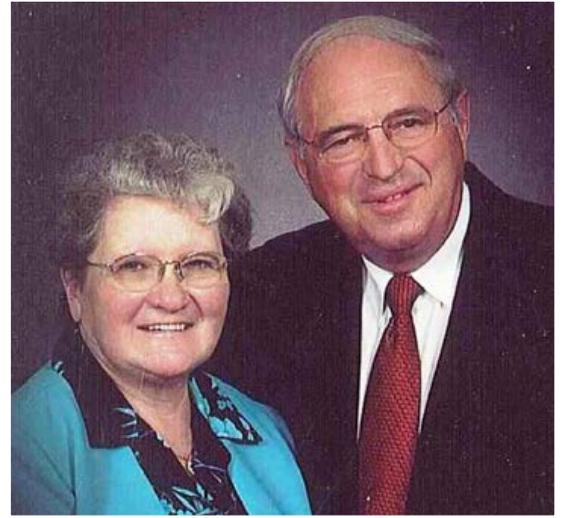
Viola & Violet



Violet & Viola



Vernon and Viola meeting Queen Elizabeth



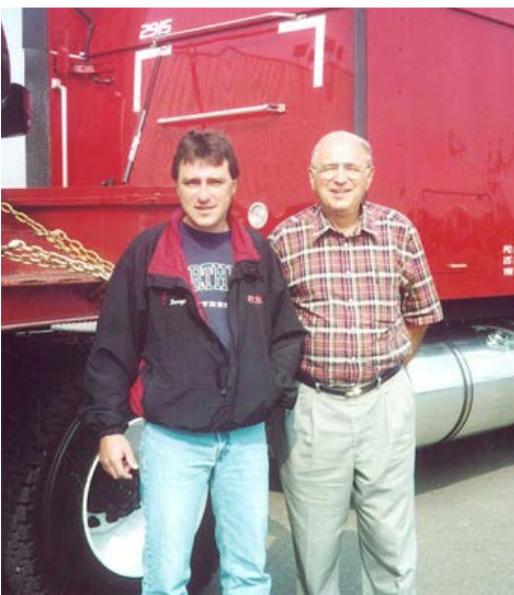
Portrait of Viola & Vernon



Kyle and Vernon with Santa at the Erb skating party



Vernon driving the Christmas parade float



Darryl & Vernon



Viola & Vernon by Julia Maier



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Vernon Erb 1935 - 2020

Vernon David Erb Vernon David Erb, born October 24, 1935 passed on to his maker in the early morning of May 20, 2020. Vernon was home with family as he lived out his last days in a short battle with Leukemia. Vernon was born on a farm on the Third line of Wellesley Township. Growing up Vernon and his brother and sisters walked to school each day to the one room schoolhouse SS-8 where Mrs. Hay gave him his only formal education. He did not enjoy his time in the classroom and spent a lot of his time staring out the window looking at the dump trucks driving by from the local gravel pit. Despite Vernon's distaste for school, he completed his grade 8 education in 7 years so he could join his father on the farm. The family farm was primarily dairy including a prized apple orchard. Vernon would see the trucks coming to pick up milk and yearn to see the world behind the wheel of a truck. At 18 Vernon's father let him leave the farm to "get the trucking thing out of his system".

Vernon's first job outside of the farm was for Don M Sindall of New Hamburg where he trucked to New York City, Pennsylvania and Florida as well as locally in Ontario. Vernon met his wife Viola in 1957 and shortly thereafter were married and the first of three children were on the way. It was time to stay closer to home and raise a family so Vernon bought his first truck in 1959. Some early disappointments and breakdowns required prodding from Viola to keep the faith and dream of trucking alive in the early days. Ontario trucking was highly regulated back then and Vernon sought out Ontario PCV Authority until he finally secured a significant license in 1971. That was the turning point of trucking refrigerated foods, which is still the mainstay of Erb Transport today that employs over 1500 people. Vernon's management style was one of honesty and loyalty to suppliers, customers and employees. After 61 years in business, many of the same supplier and customer relationships are still intact. Vernon generated a loyalty from the people that helped build the business that is something to be proud of. The success of the company over the years was shared with many charities and food banks across the province.

Over the years, in addition to founder and President of the Erb Group of Companies, Vernon served on the boards of the Ontario Trucking Association, Transport for Christ and the Greater European Missions. While ever humble and unassuming Vernon was recognized for many awards including; OTA-Trailmobile Service to Industry award, Governor General 125 Commemorative medal, Colonel Robert Hardie Lifetime achievement award from the OTA, Waterloo County Hall of Fame, Waterloo Region Junior Achievement Entrepreneur of the year award, Kitchener Westmount Rotary club Paul Harris Fellow award, Wilmot Township Citizen of the year award and most recently the Canada 150 award for Kitchener-Conestoga.

After 43 years getting “the trucking out of his system” Vernon semi-retired and went back to his farming roots with the purchase of a farm. Farming and driving truck was Vernon’s retirement with the exception of an annual trip to their winter home in Sarasota Florida. It was always a surprise when Vernon and Viola would leave to drive south and usually into a snowstorm. For a time Vernon and Viola shared a place with Brother-in-law Titus Beam and Violet in the Bahia Vista Estates. Besides fellowship at Bahia Vista Mennonite church, Vernon looked forward to competing on the shuffleboard court. Towards spring, Vernon would be on the phone getting Dave Weber and Kevin Shantz working on preparing his equipment ready for planting and other bulldozing jobs which he had volunteered. When the crops were in the field, Vernon would hit the road in his big International 9900. His favorite trips were to Bedford Quebec and Greenville Mississippi, but he did travel as far as Edmonton Alberta and Goose Bay Labrador. His grandsons were frequent passengers and many a trip was made with Howard Lebold and Murray Stewart.

Vernon’s faith in the Lord was how he led his life. Vernon was a member of Steinman’s Mennonite Church and previously Crosshill Mennonite church and Mapleview Mennonite church. Many a life was touched by Vernon who always had the time to listen and nurture friends, family and co-workers. Vernon served as a father figure for many with his big heart and understanding.

Vernon will be forever missed by his beloved wife Viola (Lauver) Erb. Cherished and loving father of Karen Erb (Donald Davidson), Wendell Erb (Cheryl) and Darryl Erb (Rhonda). Vernon was a devoted and proud grandfather to Erick Buhr (Tanya Drouillard), Justin Buhr (Jamie Mackay), Lindsey Ng (Gabriel). Kyle Erb (Anne), Katie Harris (Ted), Tyler Erb (Sophia), Emma Erb, Cameron Kiecman and Nicole Kiecman. Great-grandfather of Annycka, Beau, Sophia, Ben, Cameron, Claire and Ailies. Vernon will be dearly missed by his sister Erma Bisset and by his sisters and brothers-in-law Marjorie Erb (Stanley Herrfort), Grace Torkleson, Mabel Paetkau (Walter) Violet Beam (Titus). Vernon is now reunited with his father and mother Samuel and Lydia (Wagler) Erb, sister Vera Koehler (Fred), brother Edmund Erb, sisters and brothers-in-law Craig Bisset, Gladys Martin (Harvey) and Ken Torkleson.





**“I FEEL TRULY BLESSED FOR HAVING BEEN ABLE TO LIVE OUT MY
PASSION FOR TRUCKING AND FOR TURNING MY CHILDHOOD DREAM
OF OWNING A TRUCKING COMPANY INTO REALITY”**

- Vernon Erb, Founder of the Erb Group of Companies

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290 Hamilton Road - New Hamburg, ON N3A 1A2
Toll Free: 1-800-665-COLD(2653) www.erbgroup.com marketing@erbgroup.com