

REMEMBER



My name is Edward Martin MacLachlan.

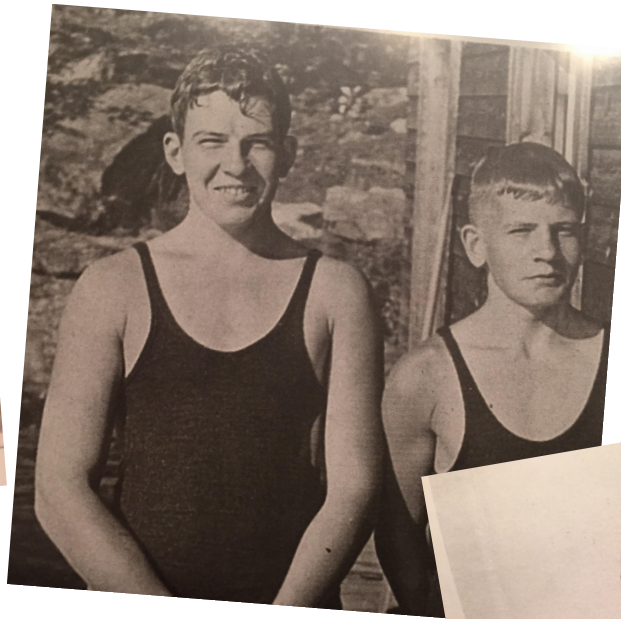
I was born in Winnipeg in 1919.



I served overseas during World War II with my brothers Graham MacLachlan, a Lieutenant Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Canada and Campbell MacLachlan, a Lieut. Commander in the Navy.

I have another younger brother, David, at home in Canada.

I wasn't always a soldier.



*I enjoyed spending summers with
my family in Muskoka.*



Like you, I attended a private school. During my time at Ridley College I was a school prefect, a member of the cricket, gym, and football teams. I even helped my hockey team win the senior championship!

HILSON. L.W. McLEAN. J.M. SOULES. W.D.W. HILTON. G.E. THORNES. J.WATH
E.M. MACLACHLAN. R.J. EDGAR.

RIDLEY COLLEGE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM 1935 - INTER-SCHOOL CHAMPIONS.
S.A.C. 8 - B.R.C. 15; T.C.S. 9 - B.R.C. 39; U.C.C. 11 - B.R.C. 20.



I was a young man with hopes and dreams. Upon leaving Ridley I had the promise of a brilliant career in the business world.

Then came the war.



*I answered the
call to fight for
my country and
joined the 48th
Highlanders, 1st
Canadian
division.*

Your Loving Son,
Ed.

I wrote to my
family as often as
I could.

“Dad, it is still hard to realize that the day is not far off. I have confidence in myself and in my men, which I suppose is something. To say I am not afraid would be folly. Fear is part of our make up.”

will come. Mum, I am
that.

My not to worry our
we will be answered. I
we are not so far
it.

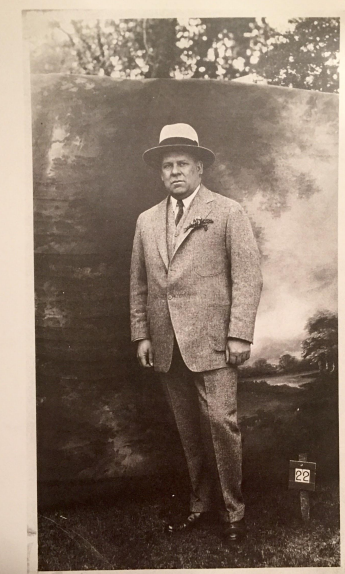
my love mother,
Edward.

same.
Your loving son,
Ed.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
CANADIAN LEGION
WAR SERVICES
49 High.
July 1943

My dearest mother,
Well, Mum to monow
night we will be well in to
it.
I have often wondered
just what I could say of a

Dearest mother,
No doubt
months you have
we have been do



David Campbell m.
1882 - 1964



Jean Agnos
1886 - 1957

48 Higgins.

July 49.

Dear David,

In a very short time Dave and I shall be up and into it. We are naturally quite excited & are looking forward to the days of action to come.

We have a tough job ahead of us. But with God's guidance we will win them.

I am very happy about the work thing I have got the best pt. of the lot. They are a great lot of loads & will do a good job.

I suppose Dave and I will like this one has to think of not coming back. As you know I have always lived a happy carefree life. I have no regrets. However Dave don't worry I am in excellent shape and will do my job to the best of my ability come what may.

I hope you got the tin. I'll admit it is rather loud.

I wrote this letter to my younger brother David in July of 1943...

"I suppose, Dave, at a time like this one has to think of not coming back. As you know I have always lived a happy carefree life. I have no regrets."



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The Queen and I offer you our heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow.

We pray that your country's gratitude for a life so nobly given in its service may bring you some measure of consolation.

George R.I.

Then one day my younger brother Dave answered the door to receive an envelope delivered by a courier. My Dad knew what it said before he even opened it.

I had been killed in battle.

I was only 24 years old.





Lieut. E. M. MacLachlan.

48TH OFFICER KILLED OVERSEAS

Lieut. E. M. MacLachlan
Was All-Round Athlete

Lieut. Edward Martin MacLachlan, 23, with the 48th Highlanders, 1st Canadian Division, was killed

NOVEMBER 17, 1943

HEROIC ACTION 48TH OFFICER SPED VICTORY

Lt. E. M. MacLachlan Killed
by Mine In Refusing to De-
lay Attack Upon Calta-
girone

By MAJOR BERT S. WEMP, D.F.C.
Telegram War Correspondent at the
Front With the Canadians

Central Italy, Nov. 17.—Sometimes in the heat of battle the full story cannot be told, but in the war diary of Toronto's 48th Highlanders is inscribed the outstanding sacrifice and heroic action of Lieutenant Edward Martin MacLachlan, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Campbell MacLachlan, 36

“His death on July 15, was the first of the 48th and he paid the **supreme sacrifice** while leading all the Canadians.”

“...he went first into battle, **giving**, **his life** that others might live...”

“The quick decision and **brave** act of Eddie MacLachlan made it possible for the oncoming forces to advance quickly and take the city. Much of the success was due to his **great courage**.”



Dear Mrs Anne Dackham
You have have received
the news of your sons death East Thursday
afternoon. He was the first of the
48th Highlanders to go. His death was
instantaneous and it is some comfort
to know that his gay young spirit
did not suffer long.

With the help of a
small company of 48th Highlanders, I
buried him near where he was
killed. We carried his body - shrouded
in the Union Jack - on three rifles -
to its last resting place beneath
two olive trees. The order of service
was that of the 8th Prince of Wales.
The spot is easily located - inside
the stone gate of an estate one mile
west of the Siskrain village of
Brammicheli.

Write this letter under
great difficulties, nonetheless I
want to express something
of my personal sorrow and
that of us all. You will learn

in time all the details of how he
met his death. He died literally
leading the Canadian Army in its
advance.

Your son was one of those
who chose to make a personal
friend of the Padre. Only last week
he asked me for a translation from
Sanskrit "In Hinduism"
"They shall not grow old
as we that are left..."
On the boat he was in my room
many times and on the day
previous he had a premonition
of coming death.

There is so much to be
said that will have to wait.

Your son died gallantly
in the cause we believe to be
just. It was a son of whom
you may well be proud and whose
personal life was exemplary.

Sincerely

A. B. East, Capt
Chaplin, 48th Highlanders.

This letter was sent to
my mother from A.B.
East, Chaplin, 48th
Highlanders



"With the help of a small company of 48th Highlanders, I buried him near where he was killed. We carried his body - shrouded in the Union Jack - on three rifles, to its last resting place beneath two olive trees."

"On the boat he was in my room many times and on the day previous he had a premonition of coming death."

"Your son died gallantly in the cause we believe to be just. He was a son of whom you may well be proud and one whose personal life was exemplary."

THE AIR COUNCIL
CANADA

August 9, 1943.

Dear Cam,

I cannot tell you how sorry I was to hear the tragic news about Edward. There is so little one can say or do, but to have an abiding faith in the righteousness of our cause is a result of such sacrifice. Sicily will always remain hallowed ground for you & Jean.

Letters of condolences
were sent to my
parents.



IDENT

HOWARD SMITH PAPER MILLS LIMITED
FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVEN M^CGILL STREET
MONTREAL

August 11, 1943.

Campbell McLachlan, Esq.,
36 Hillholme Road,
Toronto.

Dear Mr. McLachlan,

I have learned with much sorrow of the death in action of your son, Ed, and I desire to express to you and Mrs. McLachlan my heartfelt sympathy at the great loss you have sustained.

The information that I have is that he was killed in Action in Sicily. Ed was in our employ from September 1937 until he enlisted in December 1940. He had endeared himself to the members of the staff by his fine personality and you may rest assured that wherever he was that this fine characteristic was always in evidence. He gave his life for King and Country and in this he played a part for the common good in defence of those principles of life for which we are now fighting. A man cannot do more.

Yours sincerely,

1016 COMMERCE & TRANSPORTATION BLDG.
TORONTO, CANADA.

August
Ninth
1943.

Dear Mr. MacLachlan,

It was tragic news that greeted us this morning, and we in the office wish to express to you, Mrs. MacLachlan and your family our sincere sympathy.

Ed had made for himself a place of real affection in our hearts by his cheerful, unsophisticated personality, his keenness about his job and his general loveliness.

We were looking forward to the return of these grand lads of ours to their jobs, and I can assure you that in no case would this return have occasioned more pleasure than Ed's. This was not to be, however, and it remains only for us to be very proud of having known and worked with him, in sure confidence that he has done his job over there full out.

Friends and acquaintances of Ed's around the Trade have been telephoning expressions of their sympathy, and I take this opportunity of passing them along to you.

On behalf of all his friends in the office our most sincere sympathy is extended.

Yours respectfully,

Mr. D. C. MacLachlan,
36 Hillholme Road,
Toronto, Ont.

“I can't explain to you how I am feeling at this moment. All I can say is, that I have lost a great friend in Ed - **a finer one no man could wish to have**. Remember, your loss is the loss of many others. This news has hit me first as hard as if it was my own brother. I wish to God that I had been there.”

“A noble young life and a noble end. His life and death were alike, and I am sure you who lavished upon him your pride and affection for so many years, find much comfort when you think of his splendid young life and his unselfish sacrifice of it, though on the very threshold of his early promise.”



“If ever a boy lived joyously and died gallantly in defense of all that he held most dear, that boy was Edward.”

“I do want you to know, though, how deeply I feel for you all in your great sorrow and I also want you to feel that your loss is deeply shared by us all at Ridley, where Edward’s name will be forever honoured and loved by all who knew him. His thoughtfulness for others, his love of fair play and sportsmanship and above all his loyalty to all. All these and his many other fine qualities made him one of the finest and truest boys that we ever had in Ridley.”

“He gave his life for King and Country and in this he played a part for the common good in defence of those principles of life for which we are now fighting. A man cannot do more.”



Obituary

Edward MacLachlan (O.R. '33-'37)

*They shall not grow old
As we that are left . . .*

IN a garden not far from the small village of Grammiceli on the island of Sicily stand two olive trees. Beneath them rests the body of Eddie MacLachlan. Eddie has gone, but to us at Ridley his memory is very green.

Eddie lost his life on the fifteenth of last July. He lost it when he, as a lieutenant of the 48th Highlanders, was, quite literally, at the head of the Canadian advance. Shortly before he died he asked the padre of his regiment for a certain quotation from Binyon's poem "For the Fallen." That quotation stands above.

A few weeks ago we received a letter from Ed—a letter that he had written last June. In it he said, in part, when speaking of whatever lay before him, "the time is yet too far off to be able to tell you how I feel. I am quite sure I will be scared to death at first, that is natural. It is rather hard to believe that at last it is coming." The letter concluded: "My best to my friends at Ridley. Here's to the Old Boys' week end 1944!"

That is Ed speaking as if he were here to-day. There was nothing that was not "natural" about him—natural and genuine and honest of feeling. His spirit was one that disdained false sentiment, and his heart lay among his friends.

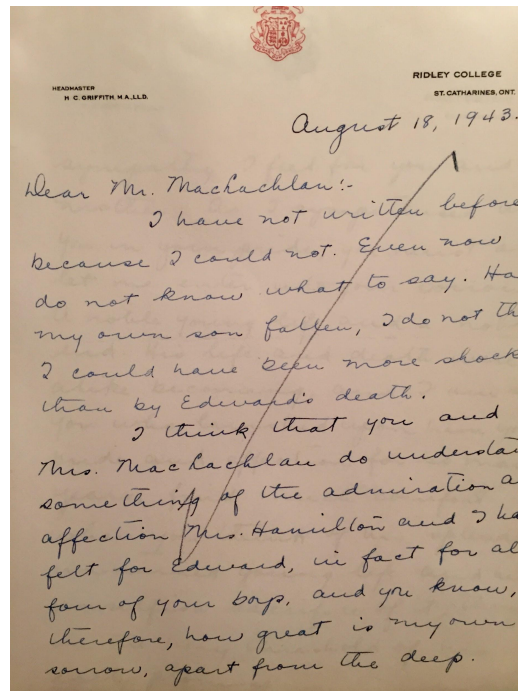
In his last year at Ridley Ed was a School Prefect. For three years he was a member of the cricket, gym and football teams, of the last of which he was captain for one year. He played on the hockey team one year and won the senior championship on Sports Day. During his



Lieut. Edward Martin MacLachlan

four years at school, Ed played his games, and led his daily life, in a manner that makes Ridley proud to claim him among her Old Boys—yes, even more than proud: satisfied deeply that her traditions have been moulded by such as he.

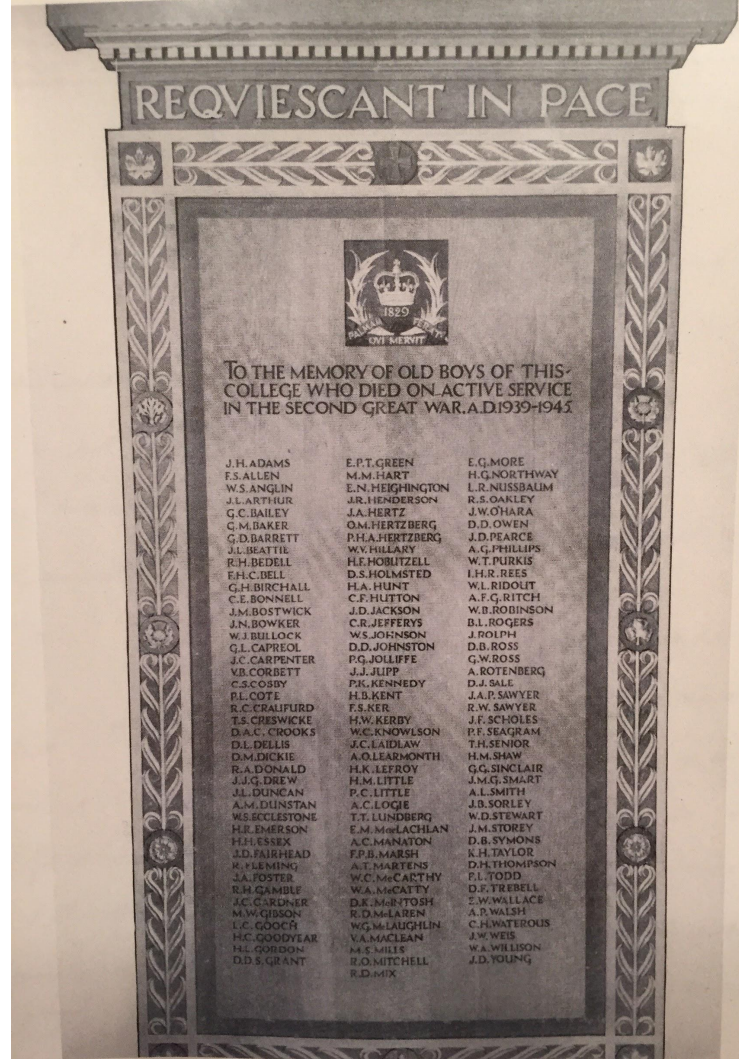
To his mother and father, to his three brothers, Rideleians all, we offer our heartfelt sympathy. We feel that they will share our thoughts with regard to him—deep sorrow at his passing, but an overwhelming gladness that he lived.



"I have not written before because I could not. Even now I do not know what to say. Had my own son fallen, I do not think I could have been more shocked than by Edward's death." —Headmaster, Ridley—H.C. Griffith

“They shall not grow old
As we that are left...”

TO THE MEMORY OF OLD BOYS OF THIS
COLLEGE WHO DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN
THE SECOND GREAT WAR A.D. 1939-1945.



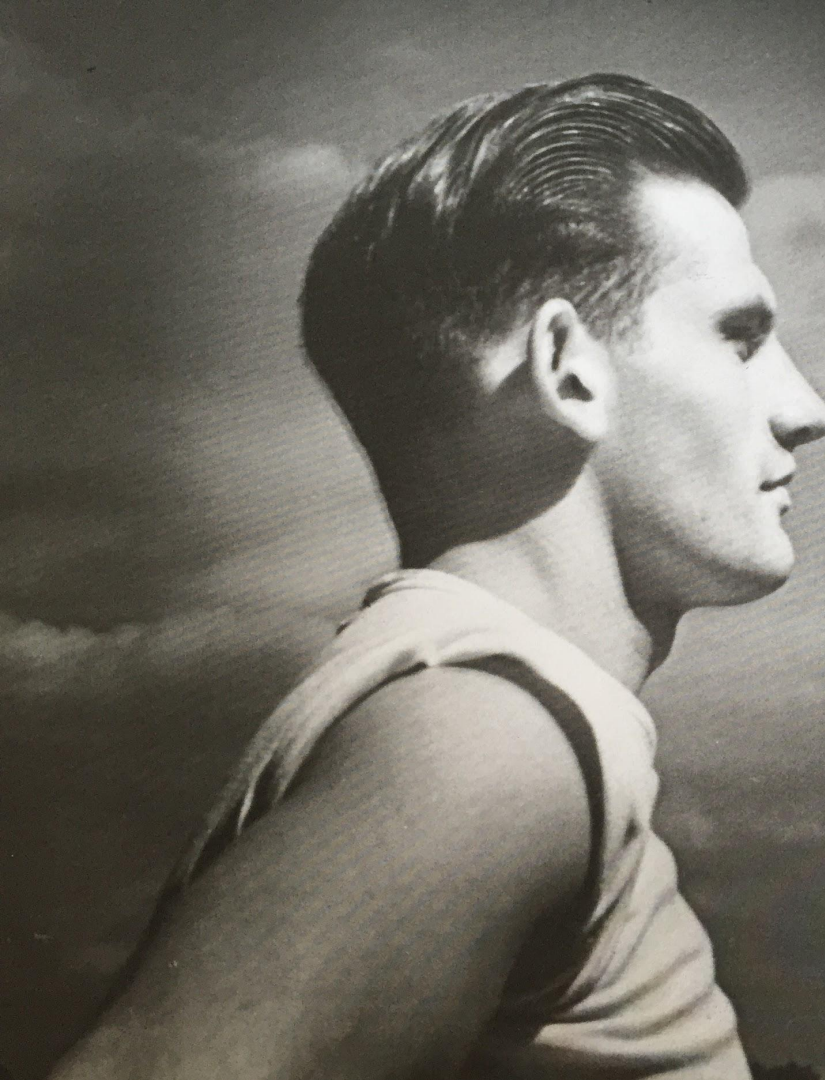
Edward's short, but useful and eventful, life may be summed up in the words of the poet, Lowell:



*“The wisest man could ask no more of fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
But inwardly, in secret, to be great.”*



Simple, modest, manly, true - such was Eddie MacLachlan.



*My name is Lieut.
Edward Martin
MacLachlan and I made
the ultimate sacrifice for
my country.*

*On November 11th please
take a moment to
remember me, and the
thousands of others like
me, who never made it
home to our loved ones.*



Wear a poppy

Never forget

