

THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION
**REMEMBRANCE
CONTEST
2006**
CONCOURS
DU SOUVENIR
LA LÉGION ROYALE CANADIENNE



*Remembrance...
pass it on!
~
Le Souvenir...
passez le mot!*

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Crystal Huang

Burnaby, BC Burnaby North Secondary

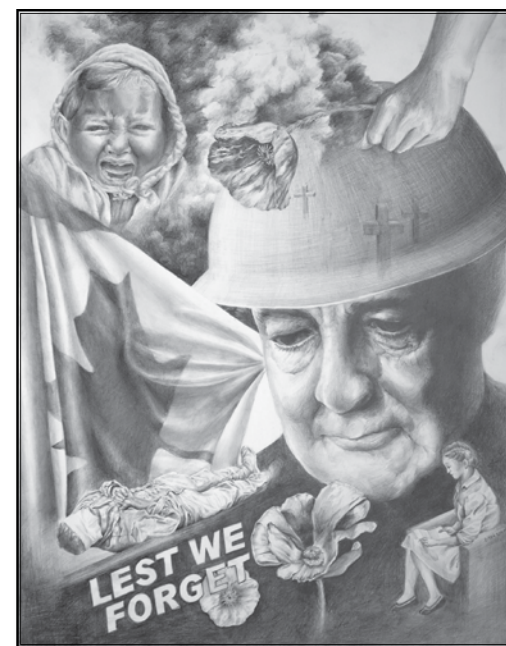


SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Taylor Sato

Canmore, AB Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Academy

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Jung-Min Shin

Parksville, BC Ballenas Secondary School



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Alison Maga

Swan River, MB Swan Valley Regional Secondary School

ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Nous sommes le 11 novembre 1918, à quatre heures du matin, heure de Compiègne. À quelques heures d'une date historique: la fin de la Grande Guerre.

- Monsieur Erzberger est prêt à entendre votre réponse, maréchal.
- Dites-lui que je me garde encore une heure de réflexion avant de rendre ma décision.

Je me nomme Ferdinand Foch, maréchal de France et tout juste désigné commandant en chef des Forces alliées sur le Front Ouest. Et c'est la tête pleine de responsabilités que je me perds dans mes souvenirs. La première chose dont je me souviens est le brouillard...

À l'aube de ce premier jour de printemps, la brume recouvre les rives de la Somme où précédemment nos compatriotes et frères sont tombés à l'été 1916. Donc, c'est le cœur lourd que je prends part à ce qui va plus tard être reconnu comme ma première grande offensive contre les armées commandées par le général Ludendorff.

Après quelques minutes, la terreur nous prend déjà à la gorge : l'ennemi, invisible à nos yeux, avance silencieusement et assassine sournoisement les soldats français et anglais postés sur le flanc gauche, impuissants que nous sommes face à cette tuerie. Les bruits que nous entendrons et les images que nous verrons durant les cinq prochaines heures resteront à jamais gravés dans nos mémoires.

Tout d'abord, il y a le silence angoissant lorsqu'on sait que nos vies vont bientôt être en jeu. Puis, c'est le son des bombes qui explosent près de nous, creusant des trous béants où il serait doux de se cacher en attendant le moment critique du Jugement dernier. Et ensuite, lorsque les hommes que nous avons appris à connaître et à aimer tombent à nos côtés, rappelés par Dieu, cet instant vient nous hanter dans nos rêves jusqu'au jour où nous allons les rejoindre à notre tour. Nous entendrons à nouveau leurs cris de souffrance et d'agonie au moment de rendre l'âme, nous reverrons leurs yeux vides et leurs visages dénués d'expression et nous envierons nos camarades qui n'ont pas à pleurer la mort de leurs confrères.

Le feu et le sang. C'est tout ce que je me rappelle de ces 16 jours. Dû à la volonté quasi malade du maréchal Pétain de protéger Paris, les renforts n'arrivèrent que deux semaines après le début de la deuxième bataille de la Somme. Et c'est la tête pleine de responsabilités et de souvenirs que je me présente, le 11 novembre 1918, à cinq heures du matin, heure locale, dans la cabine de Matthias Erzberger, représentant des généraux Ludendorff et Hindenburg, pour signer l'Armistice qui mit un terme à la guerre qui ravagea l'Europe pendant quatre ans, coûtant la vie à 8 millions d'hommes et marquant la mémoire de millions d'autres.

Maxime Turgeon
Magog, QC École Secondaire La Ruche

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Never Forget

Dear Emily, my beloved wife,

Life at war wasn't what I thought it would be. I've almost forgotten why I have come in the first place. The glory of war is only the glory of death. I realize now, as I watch these men around me, some only young boys, reach their untimely deaths. Yet we press ever onward.

We live in trenches that have been dug in order to protect ourselves from guns and artillery. But we pay a price for living. I would not wish the horror of trench warfare upon my worst enemy. The trenches are infested with fleas, lice, and rats. The smell of this, along with the smell of soldiers, filthy form being in this trench for days, weeks even, and the smell of decaying dead bodies – oh and there are so many – make me want to vomit. But I have nothing left to throw up, for I finally know what hunger is. We sleep sitting up...sometimes even standing, whenever our defeated, exhausted bodies and minds allow us to.

Outside the trenches, there is only a dead, grey, and barren world. My fingernails are caked with dirt...the dirt that is everywhere, that swallows us up in the hell that we have created. That I once had the blessing of a normal world - a world where my eyes had the simple pleasure of looking upon a blue sky scattered with magnificent soaring creatures, where my hand had the simple pleasure of stroking the tips of green grass, where my soul had the pleasure of simply celebrating life- seems like a faint dream.

The only thing that keeps me going is you. The thought of you is the only thing that keeps the passion and will to live, burning like a fire in my veins. The thought of you is what keeps my adrenaline running...what keeps my heart beating. I dream of the day I will see you once again, on this earth or in heaven. If I never hold you in my arms once more, remember that I will always hold you in my dreams. Always remember that I have kept all the moments we've shared together, all your smiles, locked tightly in my heart....and remember that I will always love you.

Love,
Noah

A mother, a father, a sister, a brother, a wife...so many had received a letter like this. So many trembling hands held a tear-stained piece of paper like this one, as fresh tears once more smudged the written words of a loved one so far from home. Let us not forget the courageous men...the valiant soldiers. Let us not forget the tormented families, who never again saw their beloved. Valour had been an unending characteristic in every young man that fought for us. We must not forget all that they sacrificed...all that they achieved. We must not forget that young eighteen-year-old student who had dreams of one day becoming a doctor...that young 22-year-old, who's darling little girl waited day by day for her daddy to return. We must not forget the anguished tears that were shed...the lives that were lost. How much we owe them, some of us will never know. Honour them, admire them, and never forget them, for it is because of these men that we are here today.

Adeline Krasniqi
Sarnia, ON Northern Collegiate Institute and Vocational School





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Only sixteen

A soldier too young	It wasn't the adventure
He shouldn't have seen	He thought it would be
All the things that he saw	He wasn't so brave
He was only sixteen	He just wanted to leave
He wasn't prepared	But he fought with the rest
For the horror or stench	Day after day
That came from the bodies	Watched his friends die
Piled high in the trench	Watched them fade away
Or the fright and despair	Then one day he watched
That hung in the air	Yet another bomb fall
He couldn't escape it	This time close to him
This real life nightmare	He heard someone call
He never imagined	It's the last thing he heard
There could be this much pain	The last thing he'd seen
Why had he done it?	He shouldn't have died
What did he gain?	He was only sixteen

Rachel Bueckert
Eyebrow, SK Eyebrow School

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

-Here we stand-

We remember the days of old
The story my father's father told
Of Filthy, Muddy, Bloody, cold
Grounds where men would fight so bold

He told of why they went to fight
To help the nations with their plight
How they'd pray every night
To see the next day's morning light

He told of the words they said
Over the bodies of the dead
And such fears so full of dread
Beaches with their shores stained red

They heard the bombs that screeched the sky
Then burned the ground below
They heard the shots as they flew by
They felt time that ticked too slow

Horror no one should feel
And never again be made real
If not for a mad mans appeal
This war would never've been

Granddad says "and now you see
My generation's legacy.
We fought so your life would be free
My comrade's paid the fee"

So here we stand, as wreaths are lain
Stone faced in the pouring rain
And every year we will remain
So lives lost were not in vain

Jake Shepherd
Ladysmith, BC Chemainus Secondary

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Josh Steven ~ Shortdale, MB Grandview School

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Daniel Shen ~ Toronto, ON R.H. King Academy

ESSAY COMPOSITION

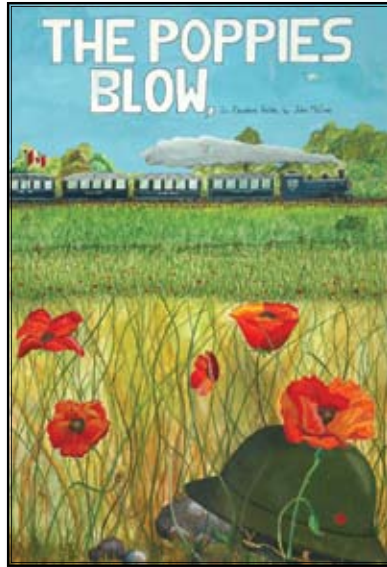
Jacques Gallant ~ Summerside, PE École Évangéline
Carolyn Mouland ~ Deerlake, NL Elwood Regional HS

POEM POÈME

Reegan Anstey ~ Twillingate, NL J.M. Olds Collegiate



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE
Leah Prier
Nanoose Bay, BC Ballenas Secondary School



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE
Rebecca Clark
Wolseley, SK Wolseley High School

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE
MacKenzie Buzash
Regina, SK Dr. Martin Leboldus HS



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE
Sofia Hou
Nepean, ON Lisgar Collegiate Institute



ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

She sat in her rocking chair and looked at me, knitting complacently, pushing her half-moon spectacles up the bridge of her nose.

I pressed the play button on my tape recorder, and listened once again to her story, quietly so that I wouldn't disturb her knitting.

It seemed as though fear was closing in, suffocating like the poisonous gases the Nazis used to murder Jews. Only the week before, my friend, a bride of three days had lost her husband

I was interested enough to stop the tape.

"How did she lose him?...The young bride...." I didn't mean to stutter, it was just that I wanted to know the end of the story.

"He didn't come home from work one day. A few days later she found his clothes in the marketplace, full of bullet holes. She never saw him again." She spoke with only a shadow of an accent.

Not for the first time during this interview, I looked at her with admiration. After what she had experienced, I could never sit, knitting, living a normal life.

But she had seen the war, and she remembered so many things. Yes, she remembered everything about her childhood in Poland. Beginning with the times when her pet squirrel sat on her shoulder, to the time when her best friend's brother drowned in the Baltic, and then, the time of War. The Nazi's marched through Poland, occupying the country, and three times she was forced to abandon her home, without money or possessions. But it wasn't until

the Warsaw Uprising that she was sent to the concentration camps as a political prisoner, along with more than half the Polish residents of Warsaw.

In Ravensbrück, she suffered terribly, became a Displaced Person in Germany after the war, and finally after four long years set foot on a steamboat bound for Canada, with the hope of starting a new life.

Every Remembrance Day since, she visits the cemetery and looks at the Canadians fallen in War, thanking them in silent prayers.

I packed up the recorder, and looked about myself, seeing a fancy living room filled with antiques. A Persian rug bought on a cruise to Turkey adorned one wall, while a clock from the court of King Louis decorated another. There were copious amounts of crystal and even a grand piano in one corner of the room.

A young woman, barely twenty-five years old, and penniless had arrived in Vancouver a long time ago, determined to start a new life. Five years later, that same woman had bought a house, married and started a family.

And now, here she was, almost 60 years later, collecting antiques and living a happy life. It had taken more than determination, I reasoned, it had taken the memories of her experiences and the thankfulness of being alive.

I crossed the room and hugged her good bye.

"See you tomorrow, Grandma."

Alexandra Roston

West Vancouver, BC Collingwood School

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

A Remembrance Day Visit

Golden leaves crunch underfoot as I walk down the uneven footpath on a special November morning.

I breathe in the crisp autumn air and exhale, my breath forming clouds that dissipate in seconds.

I observe the rows and rows of gravestones around me, marking those who have died so we could live.

My eye catches sight of one in particular, a stone cross, its surface gouged and weatherbeaten, similar to those surrounding it, yet unique.

I turn myself toward it, feet treading across the same trail every time.

I reach the grave and I lower myself until my eyes are level with the near illegible script.

I run my fingers over it, like a blind person reading braille.

I have memorized the sorrow-filled text many visits ago.

As my eyes scan the writing, a scene flashes across my sight, a vision filled with tanks and army planes, fields filled with ditches, soldiers with rifles and the wounded strewn over the ground.

I close my eyes, shutting out the horrible sight.

A single forlorn tear slides down my face, grieving the death of the man who lies beneath where I sit, a common Canadian soldier who gave up so much that I could be here today.

I tighten my grip on the freshly picked wildflowers, though I am careful not to crush them.

Sucking in a short breath, I gently lay the red poppies down in front of the cross.

A sadness tugs at my heart as I realize that they will be withered in a few day's time.

Taking one last long look at the stone cross, which is so special to me, I walk away, the droning hum of planes ringing through my head, mingling with gunshots and yells.

I shake my head, trying to clear my mind, free myself of the desperate cries.

As the noises fade, I look upwards into the clear blue autumn sky.

I smile, blinking back tears, and I remember, remember those who have fought for Canada's freedom.

Those who have died and those who have lived with these stories to share.

On my walk home, I spot a single maple leaf on the sidewalk in front of me, red and without a single imperfection.

I pick it up and gaze at its symbolic beauty, already looking forward to my next visit to one of the many who have fought for Canada and won by sacrificing their lives for freedom.

As I enter my house, I murmur a quiet "Thank you."

Adrienne Teitsma

Winnipeg, MB Immanuel Christian School



POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Lost In Thought

The rocking chair creaks as he rocks to and fro
 Recalling the battles of war long ago.
 His wrinkles are deep, his hair does recede;
 He's lost in his memories of heroic deed.

He recalls the day he left his home
 Gun at his side; feeling alone.
 His thoughts racing wildly, the question did burn;
 Would he serve Canada proudly, and by God's will, return?

Many times he felt tears well up in his eyes
 As he battled with fear and the will to survive.
 He remembers the emotions that robbed him of sleep;
 Private despair in his heart hidden deep.

Before each morning's dawning the day would begin,
 The soldiers' anxiety churning within.
 Regardless of color, or status, or size,
 They developed a bond, so they'd not demoralize.

They held fast to their friendships and fought side by side;
 Some returned home, while they mourned those who died.
 Secrets kept hidden and never revealed,
 Prayers for the fallen that rest in Flander's Field.

Honorable Mention and the Victoria Cross
 Could not possibly pay him for all that he lost.
 As he thinks in his chair, as he rocks to and fro
 Recalling the battles of war long ago.

Janelle Kuhn
 Reward, SK St. Peters School

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Far

*My hands are numb, my face is bleak,
 My fingers write but I can not speak,
 My heart is low but my head is high
 As I write to you I start to cry*

*So much death, how could this be?
 I thought this would help us to be free
 I'm in a ditch, blood on my face
 I hear the tune of Amazing Grace
 Once again I hear them scream
 Was that real life or just a dream?*

*My life is turning inside out
 I can not shoot and hear them shout!
 When will the pain and sorrow end?
 Another funeral I must attend*

*What makes us want to die so young?
 I want to scream but I bite my tongue
 I want to return to you my love
 I pray everyday to the heavens above*

*To see your face just one more time
 To kiss your lips, is it a crime
 To want to live to see the morn
 To hear just one more bugle horn
 To feel the dew upon my nose
 To dance under the mistletoe
 To smile, sing, and laugh all day
 But that joy seems so far away!*

*How can I be happy when so many die?
 I ask this question but there is no reply*

*So think of me as you drift to sleep
 In warm regard and satin sheets
 So if, my love, I don't return
 I hope at least you're love I've earned*

Michelle Parent
 Antigonish, NS Dr. John Hugh Gillis School

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Miranda Barringer ~ Winnipeg, MB John Pritchard School

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Kenzie Jones ~ Dorion, ON Dorion Public School

ESSAY COMPOSITION

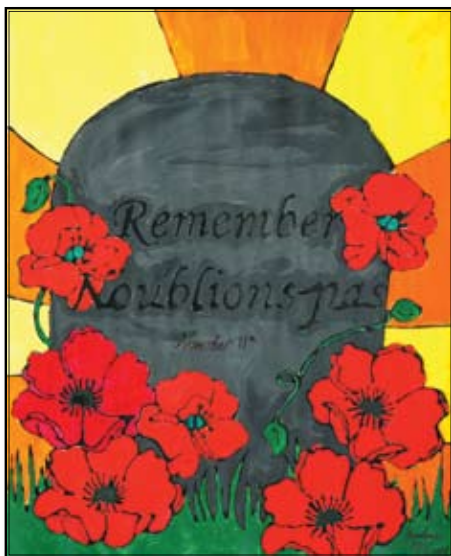
Wes Dunham ~ Bethany, ON Rolling Hills Public School

POEM POÈME

Hannah Dyckerhoff ~ Beaumont, AB New Horizons School



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Karolane McGrail

Notre-Dame-de-l'Île-Perrot, QC Kuper Academy



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Monica Mazur

Kitchener, ON St. Dominic Savio

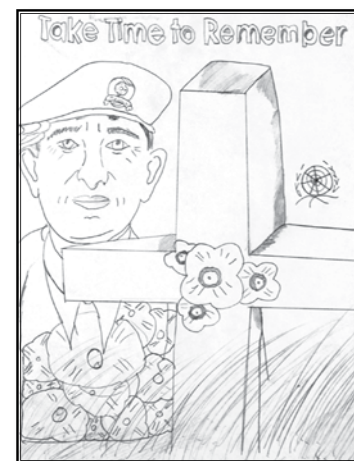
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Levi Hayworth

Youngstown, AB Youngstown School



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Michaela Shea

O'Leary, PE O'Leary Elementary School

ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Do You Listen to the song of the trumpet?

I always thought our teacher Mr. Bans was crazy. One day he even asked us if we listened to the song of the trumpet on Remembrance Day? Of course, we all snickered and laughed and said, "Of course we do every Remembrance Day!"

He smiled, shook his head and said, "Do you listen to the song of the trumpet?"

We laughed again and looked at him in a way that showed we thought he was crazy.

Then he said, "what comes out of the trumpet?"

We laughed again and said, "Well, sound, of course."

He shook his head and said, "Sound does come out of the trumpet, but what also comes out of it is something you cannot hear. It is love, happiness, freedom, sadness, hope and sympathy. Love is for all the love that was shared through letters. Happiness is for how happy everyone was when the war was over. Freedom is for the freedom we have today. Sadness is for the sadness wives and children had because their dads, husbands, or brothers died. Hope is for peace in the future. Sympathy is the sympathy we have for the soldiers who died."

I finally understand some of Mr. Bans' crazy ways. Now I will ask you...

Do you listen to the song of the trumpet?

Rachelle Block
LeRoy, SK LeRoy School

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Life: A Precious Gift

As a young boy time seems to stand still but here I am once again reflecting and watching our soldiers of war both from the past and present day, because of the on going war over in Iraq. It is almost impossible for me to imagine fighting taking place between countries dating back as far as 1914 to present day, 2005. This ongoing war over in Iraq makes me realize that time doesn't stand still, it enables me to see that time is very important especially to the men and women who are fighting for our peace and freedom.

On Remembrance Day we reflect as a community on our great people, our heroes, who were so brave and full of courage to leave everything that they know and love, so that they could go to a foreign land and fight for what they believe in. During our community ceremonial while we place our poppies on a cross or laying wreaths in front of our memorial you can see that sadness on peoples' faces and even tears in the eyes of some of our seniors, I then realize how sad the families of our soldiers must have been to see their loved ones leave, not knowing whether they will return again.

Life is such a precious gift, a gift that many people take for granted. Now that I think about the many lives that we've lost, the many men and woman, husband or wife, son or daughter, how those wonderful people gave up their lives so that I can live my life and enjoy it as I know today. Those brave soldiers respected life to it's fullest, this was made obvious by those people leaving home and fighting for something that they truly respected - their life, their freedom.

I hope that on Remembrance Day people will stand proud and salute our heroes of the past and present, and let's not forget that we are able to celebrate and enjoy our beautiful country, Canada because of our brave soldiers.

Jordan Walsh
Shalloway Cove, NL St. Gabriel's All Grade





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

I will Never Know...

*I will never know how much it hurt,
For you to say goodbye.*

*I will never know how you felt,
As you watched your family cry.*

*I will never know what you thought,
When you sent letters home.*

*I will never know your silent prayers,
On the darkness, so alone.*

*I will never know the fear you felt
Each day you fought for peace.*

*I will never know how hard you hoped,
For this endless war to cease.*

*I will never know the pain you felt,
As you looked death in the eye.*

*I will never know how hard it was,
For you to say good-bye.*

*I will never know what you went through
To set our country free.*

*But this I know, I won't forget,
That your death was for me.*

Sarah-Anne Jozsa
Wrentham, AB St. Mary's School

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

If You Were There

If you were there, you could have heard...
The many explosions that occurred,
The desperate cries of dying men,
Who never could go home again.

If you were there, you would be able to see...
Just how brave these men could be,
Grey earth stained with tears and gore,
And all this pain to end a war.

If you were there, then you would feel...
The devastation was very real,
So much sorrow, so much strife,
And to protect us all, gave their life.

If you were there, you would know...
There was nowhere to hide and nowhere to go,
Fighting this battle until the end,
The death of a soldier was the loss of a friend.

If you were there, the haunting images you did see...
Made freedom possible for you and me.

If you were there, I thank you!

Victoria Vienneau
Beaverbrook, NB Harkins Middle School

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Sterling Smith ~ Champion, AB Champion Community School

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Dustin Valikoski ~ Cowichan Bay, BC Bench Elementary

ESSAY COMPOSITION

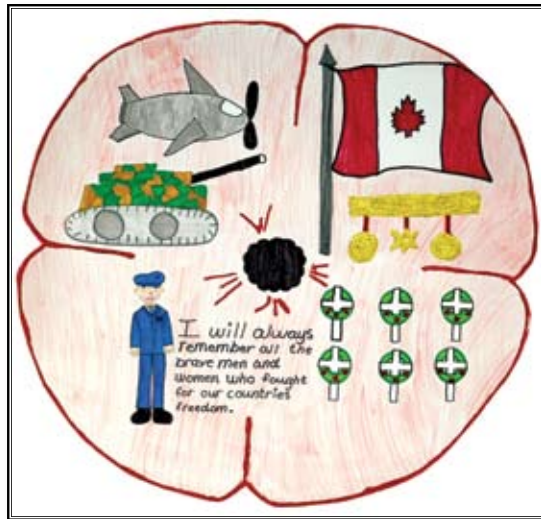
Amanda Lorbetzki ~ Barry's Bay, ON George Vanier School

POEM POÈME

Anna Ratuski ~ Clearwater Bay, ON St. Louis School



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Kayla Niro

Cold Lake, AB Cold Lake Elementary



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Abigail Nanquil

Scarborough, ON Iroquois Junior Public School

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Jessie Benson

Hazlet, SK Hazlet School



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Caylib Micklich

Vegreville, AB A.L. Horton

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Jordan Reid ~ Pugwash, NS Cyrus Eaton Elementary

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Freya Kellet ~ Kelowna, BC Anne McClymont Elementary

THE CONTESTS

For many, many years, The Royal Canadian Legion has sponsored annual Poster, Essay and Literary Contests that are open to all Canadian school children. The youths that participate in the contests assist the Legion in one of our primary goals – fostering the tradition of Remembrance amongst Canadians.

The contests are divided into categories: the Poster Contests have four (Primary – grades 1, 2 and 3; Junior – grades 4, 5 and 6; Intermediate – grades 7, 8 and 9; and Senior – grades 10, 11 and 12) and the Literary Contests have three (Junior – grades 4, 5 and 6; Intermediate – grades 7, 8 and 9; and Senior – grades 10, 11 and 12). Grade 13 where applicable is included in Senior Categories. Initial judging takes place at the community level by volunteers at local Legion branches and the winning entries progress to judging at the Provincial level. The winning entries at this level are forwarded to Ottawa where they are judged and the National winners declared. The names and work of all the National winners are published in this booklet.

The Poster Contest has two divisions – Colour and Black and White. The winning entries for the four categories (school grades) are displayed at the Canadian War Museum from 1 July – 1 May of the following year. The second place winners and any receiving an Honourable Mention are displayed in the foyer of the House of Commons during the annual Remembrance period in November.

The senior winning entries in the Essay and Poetry contests are also displayed at the Canadian War Museum during the same period.

The Legion also sponsors a trip to Ottawa for the Senior Winners in the four contests (two poster, essay and poetry) to attend the National Remembrance Day Service where they place a wreath on behalf of the youth of Canada. They also have an opportunity to meet and visit with the Governor General.

Students may enter as many contests as they wish and congratulations to all of this year's winners.

Should you wish further information on the contests please contact the Royal Canadian Legion Branch nearest your residence.

LES CONCOURS

Pendant plusieurs années, la Légion royale canadienne a parrainé des concours littéraires, d'affiches et de composition dans lesquels tous les élèves canadiens peuvent participer. De cette façon les jeunes participants et participantes aident la Légion à réaliser l'un de ses buts principaux – promouvoir la tradition du Souvenir au sein de la population canadienne.

Les concours sont divisés en catégories: les Concours d'affiches en ont quatre (primaire – 1, 2 et 3^{ème} années; junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et senior – 10, 11, 12^{ème} années) et les Concours littéraires en ont trois (junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et senior – 10, 11, 12^{ème} années). La 13^{ème} année, si applicable, est incluse dans les Catégories senior. Les concours sont jugés en premier lieu au niveau de la communauté par des bénévoles des filiales locales de la Légion, et les gagnants et gagnantes avancent alors au niveau provincial. Le travail des gagnants et gagnantes à ce niveau est soumis à Ottawa où il est jugé, et les gagnants nationaux choisis. Les noms et les projets de tous les gagnants et gagnantes au niveau national sont publiés dans ce livret.

Le concours d'affiches a deux divisions – couleurs, et noir et blanc. Les travaux des gagnants dans les quatre catégories (grades scolaires) sont affichés au Musée canadien de la Guerre du 1^{er} juillet au 1^{er} mai de l'année suivante. Les noms des gagnants et gagnantes en deuxième place ainsi que ceux des individus qui reçoivent une mention honorable sont exhibés dans le foyer de la Chambre des Communes durant la période annuelle du Souvenir, soit en novembre.

Les soumissions gagnantes au niveau senior dans les concours de composition et de poésie sont aussi montrées au Musée canadien de la Guerre durant la même période.

La Légion parraine aussi un voyage à Ottawa pour les gagnants et gagnantes au niveau senior dans les quatre concours (deux pour affiches et un chaque pour composition et poésie) pour assister au service du jour du Souvenir où ils déposent une couronne au nom de la jeunesse du Canada et ont l'occasion de rencontrer le Gouverneur général.

Les étudiants et étudiantes peuvent participer dans autant de concours qu'ils désirent. Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.

Si vous désirez plus d'information au sujet des concours, veuillez communiquer avec la filiale de la Légion royale canadienne la plus près de chez-vous.

