

2007

 **LÉGION**

AWARDS  **PRIX**
Posters, Essays, Poems Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes



THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION
**REMEMBRANCE
CONTEST**



**CONCOURS
DU SOUVENIR**
LA LÉGION ROYALE CANADIENNE



*Remembrance...
pass it on!*



*Le Souvenir...
passez le mot!*





POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

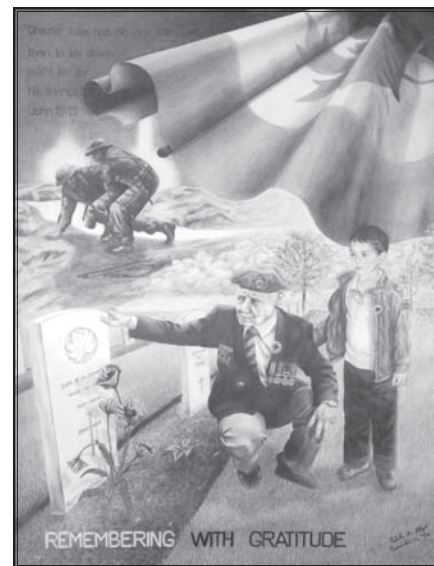


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Heera Kim

Surrey, BC Sullivan Heights Secondary, Cloverdale Branch #006

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Natalie Lloyd

Guelph, ON Koinonia Christian Academy, Waterloo Branch #530



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Brandon Olsen

Emo, ON Sturgeon Creek Alternative Program, General Lipsett Branch #099



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Adrienne Gibbs

Qualicum Beach, BC Kwalikum Secondary, Qualicum Beach Branch #076



ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

A Change of Mind

Across the entire nation, at about eleven o'clock each eleventh day of November, Canadians gather for Remembrance Day ceremonies to honour fellow citizens who have dedicated their lives, and even their deaths, for the good of this fine country. A wreath is laid, adorned with the crimson poppy, signifying military service and sacrifice of the past and of today. Students recite both poetry and essays representing personal interpretations of what Remembrance Day is meant for and why we congregate to pay our respects each year. We are continually graced with the presence of the remaining veterans, who remind us, always, to never forget our nation's proud history and what the international community has had to endure within the last century.

This representation of patriotism and thankfulness is an extremely important tradition in today's society. We are all reminded that this exceptional democratic nation, which encompasses our right to express our opinions and live out our personal values, has been bought at a very steep price. Unfortunately, this gift is often taken for granted. It is quite easy to forget how privileged we all are to be citizens of Canada, a nation built upon a history of peacekeeping and defending the rights of others – even those rights we are not obligated to defend. The reward of our unchanging constitution and land of liberty falls to us – to those who have never had a need to pick up arms to defend our ideologies. Canadians have willingly travelled to fight overseas because they felt it was the right decision. Men have died for the lives we now live, the laws we abide, the ideals that sustain and define Canada.

The magnitude of such an understated truth is inevitably diminished despite our annual services and yearly recollection. The fact that very few know of the true horrors of war is enough to belittle how important we think military servitude actually is. In the sheltered environments which our forefathers fought to save, we are ironically, and sadly naive. The majority of Canadians have never placed themselves in peril for a cause they felt was worth the risk. Credit to our esteemed armed forces and even our willing police officers simply cannot be backed up with genuine understanding, as we have none. We attempt to do them justice, but justice can never be done.

One of the most outstanding issues that causes our subtle obliviousness is how little attention our soldiers receive after November 11 and throughout the rest of the year. For example, peacekeeping missions in Afghanistan have been in effect for years now. Ask many Canadians the reasons why our soldiers fight in such a distant land and you can be sure that most will not know. A liberated media often focusses on insignificant issues, or frowns upon international violence without indicating the causes or consequences of such events. What media attention the armed forces receive is usually negative – referring to the regrettable deaths of those still fighting. Progress in Afghanistan is literally unheard of, and so support for our soldiers rises and falls with the quick judgements made from short voice clips of political leaders and popular paper's headlines. We are an uneducated, uncaring nation, tending toward the faulty summary of international situations for which the soldiers we claim to respect are shedding blood and sweat to resolve.

Canadians need to realize that gratitude should last the entire year, and is not just something to be expressed on Remembrance Day. We should pay attention to our armed forces' endeavours, offer our opinions as we debate and vote during elections and stay in tune with events occurring outside Canadian borders. They need our support, and we need to respect their decision to continually lay their lives on the line to defend Canadian values so that we don't have to. Please, remember that our forefathers died for Canada – its people and its democracy – not for November 11.

James Welke
Pincher Creek, AB Matthew Halton High School
Pincher Creek Branch #043

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

A New Remembrance

When one hears about human suffering it is usually in the context of a news report. It is unemotional, numerical and generally does not lead to sympathy. Though it may be balanced, it does not provide for a full understanding of an issue. What does provide sympathy is a first-hand view of the experience. When I read this Remembrance Day that only three Canadian First World War veterans remain, it astonished me. I am afraid that as the people who have experienced these events are lost, the emotions of the events are lost too. This, however, does not have to be the case. Remembering why past wars are so horrible is crucial to understanding the modern world. History books may not provide us with this emotional remembrance, but literature and the media has the potential to.

My generation is still directly affected by war. I was able to hear stories from my father's parents about their experiences in Holland during the war and my mother's father's experiences fighting in the Second World War. It frightens me to realize that not every generation will have access to these first-hand accounts. However, even before I learned about the first and second world wars in history class, I read novels based on the wars. Literature can provide a means to tell the next generation of the horrors of war. One example of a book I recently read that left an impression on me was Elie Weisel's *Night*, a memoir of the author's experiences in the Holocaust. Elie Weisel's prose is so real that it leaves even the most resilient reader emotionally drained. Weisel shies away from nothing, and the effect is a memoir that totally engulfs the horrors of the Second World War. Without the emotion involved in books like this one, the Holocaust would simply be a mention in a history book and would not be remembered as the absolute horror that it was.

While the anguish in literature and movies on the subject of the brutality of war seems unbelievable at first, so does suffering in the modern world. The genocides in Rwanda and Sudan are an illustration of this point. The AIDS crisis in Africa is another example. General Romeo Dallaire and Stephen Lewis urge the world to remember the past and apply these lessons to the present. They have tried desperately to gain the attention of the world, to ease the suffering of population. The ongoing wars in Iraq and Afghanistan also show military casualties are not something restricted to the history books. The impetus to keep memories of past wars in our collective consciousness is great.

All of the twentieth century wars are still extremely relevant to contemporary global issues. As the number of people who survived the Second World War dwindle, it becomes more urgent to keep their memories alive. "The Diary of Anne Frank" is an example of a book reaching out to millions of people and affecting their lives. I remember first reading "Anne Frank." I was shocked by her story. It gave a fuller understanding of the devastation of the Holocaust, its affect on people and the reason why its memory stayed with people for the rest of their lives. It provides a comprehension of the desperation of war; how there is nothing glorious about it.

How is it that something as huge as the Holocaust, or the First and Second World War can be forgotten? Memories are affected by time. Pain is something the brain tries to avoid. It is virtually impossible to remember physical pain, and emotional pain is similar. One way to deal with this agony and express it is through literature. Literature provides a medium for survivors of a war to let their brutally learned message survive for far longer than their bodies will allow.

Megan VandenHof
Halifax, NS Sacred Heart School
Vimy Branch #027





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Crosses

Crosses are standing row after row
A silent reminder of men we don't know
Men who have given up all of their lives
Men who left children and warm loving wives

The long fearful wait then the tender goodbyes
The burden and sorrow, the look in their eyes
The brush of a hand cross the cheek of his girl
Then boarding the plane all at once in a whirl

A strange country abroad with its sights and its smells
He thinks of his Canada and his heart nearly swells
'Cause he's brave and he's strong and his heart's full of hope
With the war all around future plans help him cope

He stands up for the good and the truth and the right
And he eats dreams and sleeps with his gun in his sight
Reads letters from home again and again
His modest attempt to wash away pain

This pain is his gut is not hunger or fear
But the loss of his innocence and all he holds dear
He looks at a photo all battered and torn
This face is the reason his heart feels forlorn

In the pit of his soul is an ache he can't mend
The news hits him hard of the death of a friend
The sickening feeling of loss only grows
As the fields keep filling with crosses in rows

He puts on his helmet and picks up his gun
This battle for peace has only begun
If tomorrow will come he does not know
But crosses are standing, row after row

Corley Farough

Taber, AB St. Mary's Roman Catholic School
Taber Branch #020

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Beckie Price ~ Delisle, SK—Delisle Comp. School
Delisle Branch #184

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

MacKenzie Buzash ~ Regina, SK—Dr. Martin LeBoldus HS
Regina Branch #001

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Sophie Demers ~ Squamish, BC—Howe Sound Secondary
Diamond Head Branch #277

POEM POÈME

Christine Young ~ Ladysmith, BC—Ladysmith Secondary
Ladysmith Branch #171

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Remember Us

I am a soldier; I gave up my life,
So you could live in a world without tragedy and strife.
I left my home and everything I knew,
I fought in a trench alongside my crew.
Please Remember Me

I am a nurse; for the soldiers I cared,
I was young, frightened, and so unprepared.
The horrors I saw still haunt my dreams,
I can see their suffering, I can hear their screams.
Please Remember Me

I am a pilot; I fought from the sky,
Every day I took off knowing I could die.
I flew in a plane and dropped bombs from above,
All the while thinking of going home to the ones I loved.
Please Remember Me

I am a mother; my son was sent away,
To fight for our country day after day.
I had no choice I had to let him go,
What he could have become, now we'll never know.
Please Remember Me

I am a veteran; I survived the war,
But the sights, the sounds, the memories will stay with me forevermore.
I won't be around forever so hear my message now,
Let peace, honor and respect become your solemn vow.
Please Remember Me

So on this day wear your poppy with pride,
Remember those of us that came home and those of us who died.
Keep our memories alive within your heart,
We sacrificed so much, now do your part.
Please Remember Us

Erica Bennett

Doddsland, SK North West Central School
Plenty Branch #177



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Jessica Wu

Vancouver, BC Killarney High School, South Vancouver Branch #016

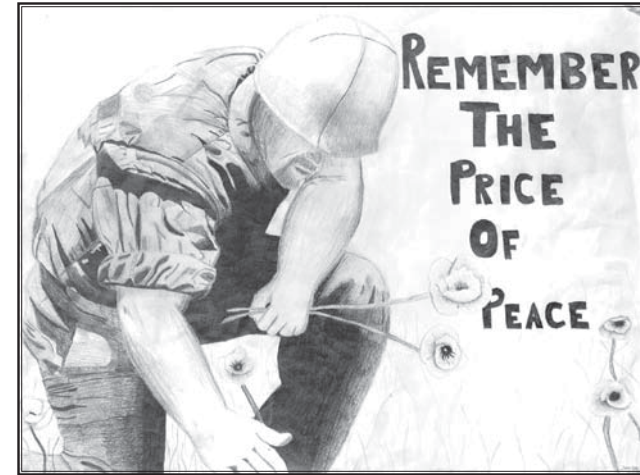


SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Ashley Watton

Barrie, ON Terry Fox Elementary, Dr. W.C. Little Branch #147

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Joelle Lieuwen

Lethbridge, AB Immanuel Christian School, General Stewart Branch #004



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Kaylyn Kwasnecha

Parksville, BC Ballenas Secondary School, Mount Arrowsmith Branch #049



ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Fallen Poppy

After school my forgotten poppy still clung to me from the Remembrance Day assembly. I slowly made my way home with my best friend Jonny.

"Come on man," I laughed. "Cut it out." Jonny was teasing me with a sharp pin he extracted from his poppy and jabbing it into my arm. "That's it, you're going down!"

"I ripped my poppy from my shirt and began to jab it back at Jonny. The mock battle escalated until I tossed my poppy at him, missing horribly. It danced over his head and onto the muddy street where a huge truck was ready to crush it.

I didn't know our farce was observed by another. Across the street stood a silver haired man clad in a full fledged military uniform. I tried not to stare as I noticed his arm was missing. I could read the wrinkles on his face telling a dreadful but hopeful story. On his face, I saw a fragile smile.

He looked at the crushed poppy laying on the wet pavement and I thought I saw a tear emerge from his deep grey eyes. I couldn't imagine what he was thinking.

Maybe he was frustrated how he lost his arm for such a forgetful generation. Maybe he was disgusted with my attitude. Maybe he had friends who now lay still below the earth for my freedom. Maybe he was too emotionally worn out to feel any more anger or sorrow.

My embarrassment might have come from more than accidentally disrespecting a veteran. The worst part of it was the tender nerve this moment had hit. The cold hard truth was deep down, if I'm totally honest, I don't care! I often beat myself up for not caring about the millions who gave their previous prosperous lives for my well being. Now, before this fragile veteran's eyes, my dark secret had been revealed.

I considered rushing up to him and thanking him repeatedly, or maybe simply tossing him a grateful salute. I almost tried to snatch the poppy from the ground and hurriedly pin it to my clean white shirt. However I just stood there in shame and wanting to turn invisible and gawking at the fallen velvet poppy. Before I knew what happened, the silver haired man turned his face slowly and trudged further down the sidewalk.

How many times have I replayed that moment in my mind? Even now years later the memory is painful. If only I hadn't tossed that poppy the poor man would have never seen that shameful sight. If only I had slowly mouthed a "thank you" to him when he saw me. If only I could someday see him again and say, "I'm sorry for treating your sacrifice with such ignorance."

I can still picture his eyes in my mind. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I remember his eyes as being neither bitter, disgusted nor angry. I remember his eyes containing a sincere and selfless "you're welcome."

Daniel Witten

Kimberley, BC Selkirk Secondary School
Kimberley Branch #067

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Lessons Worth Learning

Emma Core looked up at her grandfather in admiration. Like at all Remembrance Day celebrations, he was dressed in his World War I veteran uniform lined with medals for bravery. Every year at this time, he seemed to somehow change. His eyes lost their sense of playfulness and became dark sombre portholes to another place, another time, a time of sorrow and darkness, a time of war.

After the celebration, Emma and her family would attend a dinner served at her grandparents' house to once again honour those who had fallen due to the consequence of war. Throughout the dinner, Mr. Core, Emma's grandfather, would be silent, and for that matter, so would everyone else. Normally, once the dessert plates had been cleared from the table, Mr. Core would simply look up and life would return to his eyes. This year was different; this year after the meal ended, Mr. Core took Emma aside.

Her grandfather's eyes were still the dark portholes haunted by the past. He looked at her and asked her the strangest question. He asked her if she knew what a poppy meant. Emma looked at her grandfather with confusion and answered the best she could. She told him that a poppy was a small red flower that symbolized the remembrance of the fallen soldiers. At this, he simply looked at her and smiled. Mr. Core sighed and asked again, "Yes, but what does it mean?"

Emma gave him the same puzzled look and shrugged. Looking her straight in the eye, her grandfather recounted his story.

He told her that he had been a sergeant in charge of many men, of them, 49 had died. The men who died had friends and families back in Canada and had sacrificed all of that for their country. These men had not committed any crimes, nor had they done anything wrong; they had simply been in the wrong place at the wrong time. Mr. Cole told her that she enjoyed a life of peace today because of these men who had died in the war. The chalk soils of the battlefields had become lime rich from the rubble of bombs and used ammunition allowing the poppy to flourish creating a sea of red, a natural symbol of the bloodshed by these courageous men.

Years later, Emma found herself standing during the minute of silence at the Remembrance Day celebration, wearing her own uniform, without her beloved grandfather by her side. The silence was broken by the sound of Taps, Emma looked up to see two young soldiers in uniforms similar to her own with poppies over their hearts raising a flag bearing the same colour as these symbolic flowers. She realized for the first time the importance and the symbolism of awful dreaded wars. She understood why they were fought and why they are remembered. She was proud of her grandfather and she knew that wherever he was, he was proud of her, too.

Janelle Malo

Lac La Biche, AB École Beauséjour
McGrane Branch #028



POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Even Though I Have Never

The sounds of gun shots echo in my head
 Even though I have never heard one
 The screams from soldiers falling to the ground makes me wince
 Even though I have never seen someone die
 The sleepiness of staying awake for many hours on end makes me
 tired
 Even though I have never stayed up all night
 The pain of missing my family and friends makes me cringe
 Even though I have never been away from home
 The smell of blood fills my nose
 Even though I have never saw blood running down someone's
 body
 The feeling of not eating for days makes me hungry
 Even though I have just finished breakfast
 All these and many more things run through my head during the 2
 minutes of silence
 I see tears welling up in the eyes of people around me
 As hard as I try I cannot bring those same tears to my eyes
 For I have never witnessed what so many people have
 Some are not here to tell their stories
 Many of these people have seen things I cannot imagine
 These people have memories of things I couldn't handle
 For all these people are people who fought for me, my friends and
 family
 To these people we owe our freedom
 Suddenly the trumpet begins again to say the minutes of silence are
 over
 I'm sure I will not think of these things again until next year
 Yet in the back of my head I know the people standing next to me
 can never leave those memories behind

Jenna Tyler

Moncton, NB Hillcrest School
 Moncton Branch #006

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Eyes

Remembrance Day is here once more.
 I sit at a ceremony, lonely and bored.
 There are seniors galore in dresses and ties,
 I don't understand 'till I look in their eyes.
 A mother's eyes glow with the ghost of her son
 Who lost his life that had barely begun.
 Just a few rows over eyes look to her love
 Who's now watching her from heaven above.
 A daughter's eyes shine with love for her dad.
 She never knew him, what fun would they've had?
 A brother's eyes fill with tears because
 He never told his sister just how proud he was.
 The eyes the most haunting are in the front row,
 A blue so bright they cut into my soul.
 A single tear forms in the corner and rolls
 Down his face through the creases and fold.
 He thinks of that day that he left on that ship
 Not knowing what would come on that horrible trip.
 The tears, the violence, the pain and the fright.
 He thinks of the visions that still haunt his nights.
 He thinks of the battle he barely escaped.
 Why was he the one who was given this fate?
 To this day he can hear the air raid alarms
 As he thinks of his best friend who died in his arms.
 A tear falls down for each memory he sees.
 Suddenly it clicks, it makes sense to me.
 We must honor our heroes with love and respect,
 That's why we're all here today:
Lest we forget.

Nicole Stewart

Lethbridge, AB Father Leonard Van Tighem School
 General Stewart Branch #004

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Chelsea Trudeau ~ Wymark, SK—Wymark School
 Swift Current Branch #056

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Nancy Xu ~ Kanata, ON—W. Erskin Johnson
 Kanata Branch #638

ESSAY COMPOSITION

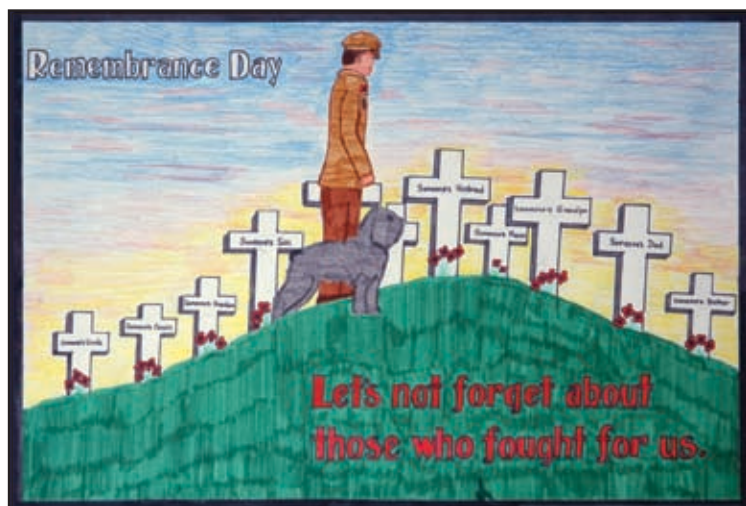
Marley Kotylak ~ Montmartre, SK—Montmartre School
 Montmartre Branch #279

POEM POÈME

Lisa Vanderwyk ~ Scotland, ON—Oakland Scotland School
 South Brant Branch #463



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Nicole Tytgat

Essex, ON Holy Name Elementary, Captain Brien Branch #201



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Ashley James

Senneville, QC Kuper Academy, Pointe Claire Branch #057

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Calvin Chan

Markham, ON Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio, Centennial Branch #614



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Blayne Stam

Rosedale, BC Timothy Christian School, Chilliwack Branch #004

ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

I Will Never Forget

"Thank You," is too small a word to say to the men and women who fought for our freedom. Who also fought for our life and Canada's existence? Who risked their life for us, our school's, and our homes? Who fought for our freedom? I'm proud to say that Canada's courageous soldiers did. I look around me, and I see freedom, smiles and hear laughter. Knowing that tonight I can sleep without hearing bombs, smelling the stench of deceased bodies and seeing guns that are loaded and ready to fight off an enemy, makes me feel so thankful and blessed. I can run freely, I can laugh, talk and be happy.

There is one thing I can't do; Forget. I cannot forget that these men and women fought for years in the freezing cold of the snow, and in the blazing heat of the sun, just so I could be here today. They never forgot the importance of what they were fighting for and what ended up being given to us. For this I will not forget the soldiers courage, and the heart that willed them to be strong, just for Canada.

Cassidy Kerr

Wolseley, SK Dr. Isman Elementary
Wolseley Branch #036

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Cassidy Reich ~ Estevan, SK—St. Mary's School
Estevan Branch #060

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Chelsey MacKinnon ~ St. Peters Bay, PE St. Peter's Consolidated
Morell Branch #026

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Rachael Wadlow ~ Winnipeg, MB Chapman School
Charleswood Branch #100

POEM POÈME

Alysha Viner ~ Canning, NS Glooscap Elementary
Habitant Branch #073

Chris Francheville ~ Moncton, NB Hillcrest School
Moncton Branch #006

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

The Diary of Remembrance Day

There once was a young girl named Annalisa who kept a diary of the Great War. Before the war she lived with her Papa, Mama, baby sister Elizabeth and big brother Paul. Papa enlisted in 1939 to fight for Canada in the war and died rescuing 2 soldiers. Paul joined the army the very next day. Annalisa's grief for Papa turned to terror the day Paul set sail. Would he return maimed, or worse, like Papa, never come home? Annalisa stayed strong in front of Mama and Lizzie. But she poured out her heart in a secret diary. Annalisa's granddaughter and I found these entries in the old diary in her attic 66 years later.

Wednesday April 16, 1940

Dear Diary, I'm scared. Paul is in the war and I wonder if he will ever come back. Baby Elizabeth can't even remember Paul's face. Our family received a letter from Paul today. He wrote that he was shot in the leg during an ambush 4 weeks ago. The rest of his platoon was killed. Mama cried all night. Thank God the doctors say Paul will recover.

Monday November 18, 1944

Dear Diary, I am happy and scared at the same time. Today at school we learned that the war is almost over and the soldiers will be coming back home. But we haven't heard from Paul in 4 months. He hasn't answered Mama's letters! Dear God, I hope Paul comes home to us.

Monday May 8, 1945

Dear Diary, when I got home Mama was making potatoes for dinner. It seemed that almost every night since the war started our family has been having potatoes. But I didn't complain. There sitting at the table was Paul! Both Paul and I were grinning from ear to ear. As we hugged I noticed that he had lost all his fingers on his left hand. I was about to say something but as if he was reading my mind he said, "It's okay, I still have 5 more fingers." I had my brother back!

Sabrina Grand

St. Catharines, ON St. Peter Catholic Elementary
H.T. Church Branch #024





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

A Veteran's Poem

When the November sky turns grey,
And the Winter winds are near,
He takes his medals from the drawer,
And gently wipes a tear.

He is very old now,
The days of youth are gone.
His hands shake, his eyes are sad,
But the memories remain strong.

The memories come at night,
When he is all alone.
The dreams of dying soldiers,
Still chill him to the bone.

As he gets ready for the service,
And wears his medals with pride.
He knows that he is marching,
For all his friends that died.

He finds the strength every year,
To march in the Veteran's Parade.
To walk with pride and head held high,
For the sacrifice that he made.

Laura MacEwen

St. Peter's, PE St. Peter's Consolidated
Morell Branch #026

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

WHAT CAN I KNOW OF THIS

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow,"
What can I know of this.
Of men who died so long ago,
And soldiers whom we miss.

For I'm 11 and do not know
Of wars long in the past.
But, know of "crosses row on row,"
And freedom that will last.

I've heard the stories of the men
Who fought and died for me.
I imagine how it was back then,
How frightening it must be.

Of guns and bombs, both day and night,
So much you cannot sleep.
The horrors seen at morning light,
And tears of men who weep.

For me they are but pictures
In books and films of old.
Of those who fought and endured,
And the stories that they told.

But each year in November
I wear a poppy on my chest.
A symbol to remember
Those who fought their best.

I may not know their name or face,
But owe them a great debt.
In my heart they have a place,
For I will not forget.

Abbigale Spencer

Grimsby, ON Nelles Public School
West Lincoln Branch #127



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Sharon Tam

Richmond Hill, ON Richmond Rose Public, Richmond Hill Branch #375



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Aiden Lattanzi

Cowichan Bay, BC Bench Elementary School, Cobble Hill Branch #226

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Emerson Smith

Chilliwack, BC M.E.I. Chilliwack School, Chilliwack Branch #004



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Kristian Thornton

Newport, NS Brooklyn District School, Hants County Branch #009

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Elainna Noble ~ Didsbury, AB Cremona School

Cremona Branch #172

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Cassandra Velsink ~ Fort Saskatchewan, AB James Mowat Elementary

Fort Saskatchewan Branch #027

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.



Birth of a Nation

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^{ième} années; junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ième} années; intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ième} années; et senior – 10, 11, 12^{ième} années) et les Concours littéraires en ont trois (junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ième} années; intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ième} années; et senior – 10, 11, 12^{ième} années). La 13^{ième} 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 la Gouverneure générale.

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.

Naissance d'une Nation