

2008


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!



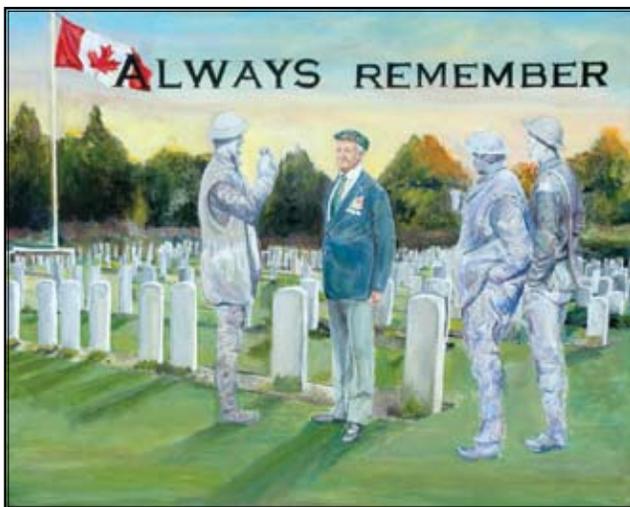
Le Souvenir...

passez le mot!





POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

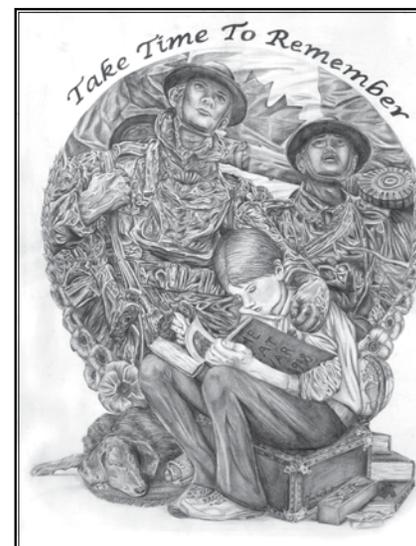


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Silvia Alvarado

Ottawa, ON St. Patrick's High School, Eastview Branch #462

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Monika Stahlstrom

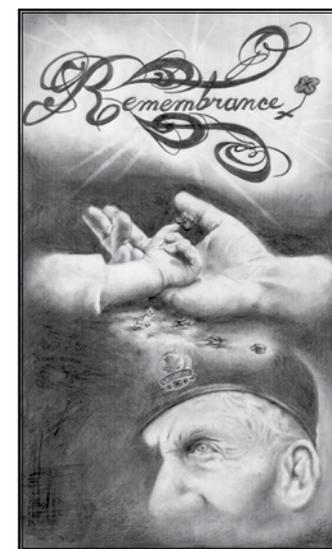
Surrey, BC Sullivan Heights Secondary School, Cloverdale Branch #006



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Jason Xue Bin Peng

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



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Viviana Astudillo

Toronto, ON Loretto College Catholic School, Earls court Branch #065



ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Some Climb a Ridge

Some climb a ridge into glory. Others are meant to slip away into the annals of history: a number; a rank; a unit; a date.

1075159 to the army and Private to the command, but to those who knew and loved you, you were John Alexander McLean.

Born on that most holy of days, December 25, in an unremarkable year, 1897, you were the first son born to Hugh and Jesse McLean of Long Point, Inverness Co., a small village located in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. You would grow up there. At the time of your attestation, you weren't much older than me and not so far away from those care-free days by the ocean: you were only 18 years 5 months old. You were living at 167 Pleasant St., Halifax, (did you leave Inverness Co. to find work or to find yourself a place in the world?), and had taken a job as a labourer for Ry Construction.

You stood just over 5'9 and weighed a slim 157 pounds. The girls must have found you exceedingly handsome, with your dark hair and blue eyes, yet it's possible you didn't leave behind someone to ache for you; Sergeant Walsh wrote 'no' beside 'married'. On the 26 of April you pledged your life in the defense of King George the Fifth and his successors; then it was the doctor's turn. He noted scars on the back of your left hand and shin (in case you had to be identified), and then quickly declared you fit for deployment.

Less than a year later, you would find yourself across the ocean with the 7th Battalion at Vimy. Despite the amazing odds against you and your fellow Canadians, you were both victorious; Canada won the battle and you kept your life. It wasn't to stay that way. On a "quiet and dull" morning at Lens, as a field Sergeant noted in his journal, you were killed in action. You were declared a Common Wealth Casualty, your body never having been recovered. You were not yet 20. And that, a saddest of truths, is all I know of you, John.

You were left forever in France, never to see Canada again...never to see the results of your (and so many others') efforts. The Allies won, John. Germany signed an armistice on November 11th, 1918. It was called 'the War to End All Wars', but sadly enough only two decades later the world came together again to fight an all-too familiar enemy.

Because of your great sacrifice, John, you missed so much good, so much bad: The Great Depression and World War II; the opening night of 'Gone with the Wind', sweetheart in hand. You missed the rise of rock'n'roll and Elvis Presley; Neil Armstrong landed on the moon and you weren't watching.

More important than all of that, though, you missed out on your family. The baby brother you left behind went on to marry a beautiful woman named Helen and with her had 7 children. I'm sure Rod has regaled you with tales since he joined you in 1991, but I'm one of their many great-grandchildren and your great-great niece. I didn't know anything about you until so recently but already you have endeared yourself to my heart.

The other day, John, I received a package from The Sergeant-of-Arms at the House of Commons and in that package was your page in the 'Book of Remembrance'. Yes, every year on June 24th Canadians from across the country can see your name displayed in Parliament. Did you ever think you would receive such an honour? Or that over 32 million citizens would stand for you and your comrades on November 11th every year?

A Mr. Boivin included in that same package a message, and part of it read: "A grateful nation recognizes his sacrifice each year...In the same sense of gratitude, this page is sent to you with the sincere hope it will remain a source of pride for your family."

John, you will always remain to me and my family a great source of honour and knowing that your memory will never fade, I hope you can rest in peace with the knowledge that you contributed to the freedom of so many nations.

Katrina Elissa van Kessel
Elliot Lake, ON Elliot Lake Secondary School
Elliot Lake Branch #561

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

The Promise of The Poppy

As November 11th approaches, Canadians weave the thin metal points of crimson poppy pins into the cloth of their coats, shirts and sweaters. It is tradition to wear a poppy leading up to and during Remembrance Day, but tradition can become habit, causing the significance of this small red flower to be overlooked. A poppy pinned above the heart represents more than just the awareness that war has occurred in the past. It is important that the poppy's wearer understands the weight of a symbol that once grew over the graves of fallen loved ones in trench-crossed fields soaked in blood. It is a symbol that inspired Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae to write his famous poem *In Flanders Fields*. In the poem he speaks of those who died in war fearing that their deaths may be forgotten, and thus be in vain. To wear a poppy is to declare to those who fought and those who died that they are remembered, their sacrifices are valued, and above all, they have our deepest gratitude. For the peace we live in was achieved through war, the freedoms we enjoy carry responsibilities and there is far more to remembrance than simply not forgetting.

Where bullets and shells ripped apart the land and killed those who were fighting, they also exposed tiny seeds to the light. Poppies sprang up on the battlefields, standing as delicate glimpses of beauty in a harsh landscape of war. To the young men in uniform risking their lives daily on these fields, they were a symbol of hope for a better future and an assurance of the good in life. We now live in that future. Surrounded by the beauty of our country, safe from the threat of armed conflict and with many freedoms, the poppy's promise has been realized. But peace is too easily taken for granted. Its cost has been great, and we owe it both to the veterans and to the men and women who never returned from war to continue to remember their sacrifices, their courage, and their loyalty to Canada.

Reading about the events and casualties of war in a textbook makes the past seem so distant from our reality. The numbers of those killed are too large to grasp, and the mind cannot imagine what it would be like to actually experience war. Therefore the voices of our veterans are of immeasurable value. Their personal experiences and stories give life and movement to the bare skeleton of facts, animating the past so that we can relate to it in the present and begin to understand the concept of war. If we don't try to learn about war that has gone by, we have no means of preventing it in the future, and the past repeats itself with unwanted results. It is a chapter of history that must not be relived. A person never recovers from the loss of a father, son, husband, sister, mother or friend. Even those that return from war are changed, with physical or psychological damage, nightmares and difficult memories they must harbour for the remainder of their lives.

Around the world, many people still live in the midst of armed conflict. The Canadian Peacekeeping Forces are working to reduce conflict so that more people may enjoy the peace and freedom that we do. They are honoured and remembered for their work in dangerous situations, their vision of a better world and their care for humankind. They uphold the promise of the poppy, of the beauty and harmony that are possible in this world if we try for peace. Part of remembrance is continuing to implement the values for which past generations sacrificed their lives, their dreams for the future and their youths. Promoting peace, using our freedoms responsibly and reaching decisions without using violence ensures that their sacrifices are not diminished in worth by our actions today.

On Remembrance Day, we reserve two minutes of silence for deep thought about those who fought in wars gone by, those who are currently fighting, and the hope for a future free from war. But compared to the years of struggle, hardship and the long absence from loved ones endured by those who fought, two minutes is insufficient. We should be aware of past wars and conflict in our world throughout the year, not just on one day, and continue to be grateful for the freedom and safety of the country we live in.

After the two World Wars, poppies growing on the fields where soldiers were buried eventually disappeared. But the red flowers we wear, symbolizing our remembrance, will never wilt. Nor will their brilliant colour fade as we acknowledge the blood that was shed to protect our freedom. We promise.

Kayla Feragen
Banff, AB Banff Community High School
Colonel Moore Branch #026





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Wisps of Memory

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*Mud plasters my front, cold wind whips my back
Brace yourselves, lads, its another attack!
We leap from the pits, our guns ready to fire
Bravado drains steadily with the sweat we perspire.*

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*Feather light touches, a close brush with death
Another bullet sings by with a quickly drawn breath.
My aim ne'er wavered, my death-knell rang true—
But always we wondered whose brother we slew.*

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*Each new trembling step, each next furtive mile
Death marched among us and flashed her grim smile.
The lumps in the ground, the blood freshly spilled
Cry out from the ground like Cain's cursed first kill.*

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*Numbed fingers and toes, starved stomachs grew tight
And still we pressed on, to fight the good fight
My dwindling troop, once foolishly brave
Now lie snuggled together in poorly due graves.*

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*The question remained, the dark shadow of thought
Will we ever return? Will freedom be bought?
Yet the darkest of all, the bringer of fear—
How long will the terror of war linger near?*

Courage! they cried. For Country! and died.

*It came with a price, this thing we hold close
Of everything else, Peace cost us the most.
Their last solemn gift—thus protect it, we must
Lest the trials of our forefathers crumble to dust.*

Courage! they cried. For Country! they died.

Andrea Murray
Benalto, AB Center For Learning
Sylvan Lake Branch #212

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

All Heroes Go To Heaven

*An awkward teenage hand holds the shining metal at arms length,
Proudly it displays his name and age.
It is the touch of a kid, just a kid, going to war.
But he is not afraid for he knows
All heroes go to heaven.*

*A calloused thumb caresses gently over the metal inscribed name,
Indicating the identity of the neck from which it hung.
It is the hand of a mother tracing the hollow outline of her son.
But she is comforted to know
All heroes go to heaven.*

*A tear drops rolling across the metal- carved characters,
It is the name of the boy who proudly wore it.
They are the tears of a wife and her unborn son over the father he'll never know.
But she knows they will meet again because
All heroes go to heaven.*

*A tiny fist clenched tightly over the now resting piece of history,
The ghostly figures of a man long since dead.
It is the hand of a grandson, during the minute of silence.
Standing proudly for he knows
All heroes go to heaven.*

Lauren Lavoie
Regina, SK Dr. Martin LeBoldus HS
Regina Branch #001

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Brandon Olsen ~ Emo, ON—Sturgeon Creek Alternative Program
General Lipsett Branch #099

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Brittney Hymanyk ~ Spruce Grove, AB—John Maland High School
Devon Branch #247

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Ashley Major ~ St. Brieux, SK—St. Brieux School
Pathlow Branch #344

POEM POÈME

Joseph MacNeil ~ Antigonish, NS—Dr. John Hugh Gillis Regional High School
Arras Branch #059



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Delia Yao

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

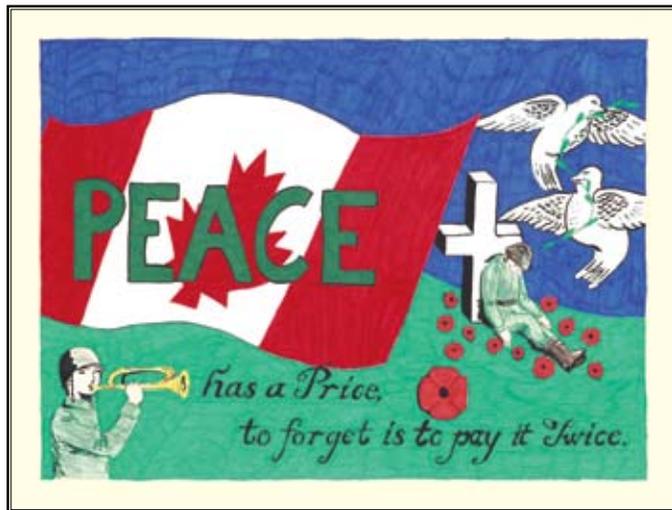
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Derek Wong

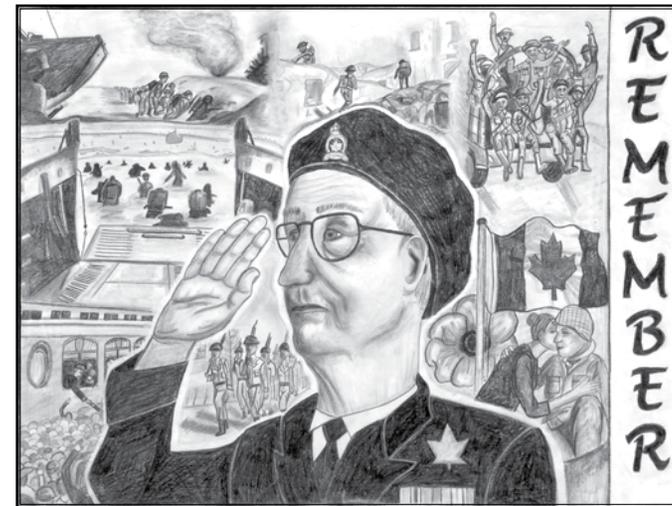
Scarborough, ON Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio, Scarborough Centennial Branch #614



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Bobbi Farion

Vegreville, AB Vegreville Composite High School, Vegreville Branch #039



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Rebecca Clark

Wolseley, SK Wolseley High School, Wolseley Branch #036



 ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

The White Gravestone

It was the same thing every year. Every November 11. I passed by the old graveyard while I took a walk, and the same old lady that was there every year stood there now. Every year, old and brittle, she stood beside a white gravestone, and silently cried as she placed a single poppy on the top of the grave. She lived in our neighborhood, and didn't leave the house much, except on November 11. Every year, on this day, she went to the graveyard and stood beside that same white gravestone. She looked as if she could barely stand. Yet, still alone, she stood there. *Why was she crying?* I wondered. *Why did she come here every year? What for?* As much as I didn't understand I yearned for the answer. I kept walking, but I couldn't forget. I couldn't stop thinking about that old lady.

Finally I started for home, and I got closer to the graveyard. She was still there. I slowly approached the graveyard, and the weathered iron gate creaked as I pushed it open. I could see the tears roll down her wrinkled face. I stood beside her awkwardly, not knowing what to say. Suddenly

I heard a soft voice speak, "He was my husband," she said. "We were only married for a year. Then he went to war." She struggled to continue, choking back tears. "He promised that he would come back, and I waited, but he never returned. He died fighting for freedom, fighting for us. Every year I come here on Remembrance Day to honor and remember him, and I'll never forget." Though I didn't know him, I cried with her, and as I remembered, I realized the many sacrifices Canadian soldiers had made to keep me free, and what Remembrance Day is all about.

The next year on Remembrance Day, the woman wasn't there anymore. I asked some of her neighbors why she wasn't there, and what had happened to her. They told me she had died. Now every year on Remembrance Day I visit that same white gravestone, and I lay a single poppy on it, remembering the woman, her husband, and the many other Canadian soldiers who died for me.

Chelsea Kuik

Winnipeg, MB Immanuel Christian School
Transcona Branch #007

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Memories Are Sometimes Terrible

In a small town that only a few people know about in Saskatchewan, sat an old man recalling the terrible things that happened in the years from 1939 to 1945.

In a flash, he was once again a young man of eighteen fighting by his friends' and comrades' side. A stray bullet coming towards one of his friends, the scream rose from his lips. A tear trickled down his face and was lost in beard. How he had tried to forget that terrible day but it was lodged in his mind. *April 18, 1940, Sergeant John McHalden was killed.*

He moved to a little happier memory, the parade somewhere in England. People were cheering, lobbing streamers, and children were running around. They all were trying to hide that they were scared about what was going to happen to their loved ones.

His memory flashed to a week later, the grave day his brother was killed in Italy. He had received a telegram saying his brother had been killed on April 28, 1940.

He remembered one day during training when he saw a notice about the need for bombers. Later that day, he found himself being pushed into a

Lancaster to see if he was fit to be a bomber. It wasn't pretty. He grimaced, suddenly back in the real world. He had vowed that he would never fly again.

His mind moved onto another memory of when he was captured by the Nazis and sent to a camp in Germany. He had helped carry the people that were killed by the Nazis to where they would be burned to ashes. As gross as that was, it had helped him stay alive because helping the Nazis do this gave the people that helped doubled rations and best of all he got a cup of milk.

At this camp there were weekly inspections, the Nazis made the prisoners walk naked as they inspected them. If they were not fit they would be shot on the spot. People would prick their finger's and rub the blood into their cheek's to make themselves look healthy. He spent three years dreading each inspection.

A cry of a child pulled him out of his memory. Slowly and stiffly, he walked to the window where he saw five children playing war. Then even more slowly, he walked to the front door, put on a light coat and his slippers and went out the door. As he walked toward then he said, "I want to tell you something about war." He sat down on a bench and told his story for the first time.

Silken Handford

Tisdale, SK Tisdale Middle School
Tisdale Branch #050



POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

R is For Remembrance

R is for Remembrance
 E is for End of conflict
 M is for Mothers who gave up their sons so they could fight for their country
 E is for the End of destruction
 M is for Memory
 B is for the Book of Remembrance
 R is for the Royal Canadian Legion
 A is for the Armistice Agreement
 N is for November the month to remember
 C is for the cease fire
 E is for the End of killing

F is for Flanders Field
 O is for O Canada
 R is for Reflecting on the past

C is for the Canadians
 A is for the Air Force
 N is for National memorial
 A is for Allies
 D is for the Dead
 I is for your Innermost thoughts
 A is for their Assistance
 N is for Names of the missing dead

S is for the Silver cross
 O is for Old traditions
 L is for Loyalty
 D is for their Dedication
 I is for the Identity discs
 E is for the Eleventh hour, of the Eleventh day and of the Eleventh month
 R is for the "Reveille"
 S is for Self sacrifice

Natasha Hofer
 Gladstone, MB Forest Home School
 Gladstone Branch #110

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

DON'T CRY FOR ME

*Don't cry for me
 For I am not dead
 Though I lie here alone
 In a muddy bed.*

*I fought for freedom
 And for what I believe
 So smile and be happy
 I don't want you to grieve.*

*I am your brother
 Your daughter, your son
 I am the price paid
 For the freedom you've won.*

*I fought the great fight
 I've done my best
 And now it's my turn
 To lie down and rest.*

*But don't cry for me
 Though my body is gone
 Through the peace you enjoy
 My spirit lives on.*

Cali Hicks
 Sackville, NB Marshview Middle School
 Sackville Branch #026

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Katlyn Gregory ~ Bridgetown, NS—Bridgetown Regional High School
 Bridgetown Branch #033

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Jocelyn Hendricks ~ Nanoose Bay, BC—Ballenas Secondary School
 Mt Arrowsmith Branch #049

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Bernadette Weaver ~ South River, ON—Land of Lakes Senior Public School
 South River Memorial Branch #390

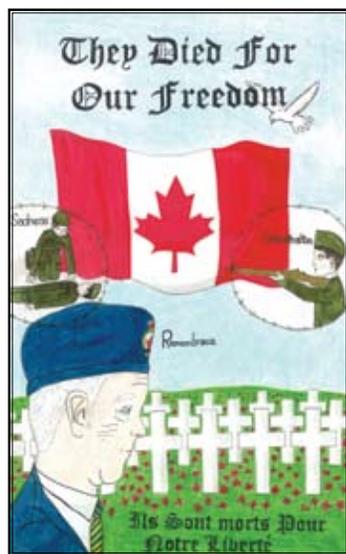
POEM POÈME

Meg Irving ~ Sunde, AB—River Valley School
 Sunde Branch #223





POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

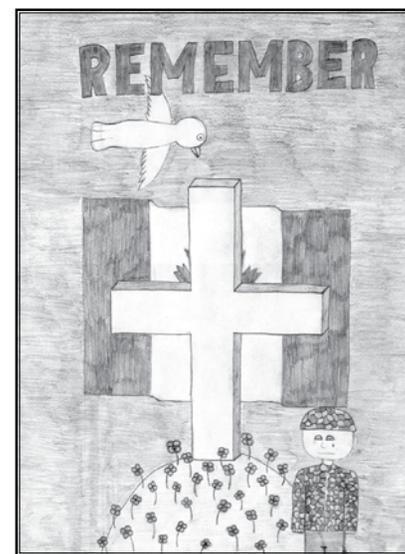


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Anna Gummer

Comox, BC Brooklyn Elementary School, Comox Branch #160

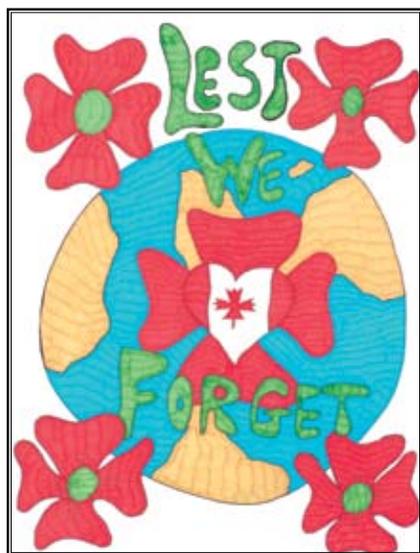
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Mallory Lindsay

Arborfield, SK Arborfield School, Arborfield Branch #203



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Taylor Wheeler

Estevan, SK St. Mary's School, Estevan Branch #060



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Colby Shell

Debolt, AB Ridgevalley School, Valleyview Branch #140



ESSAY COMPOSITION

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Children of Freedom

Many children think that November eleventh is just another day off of school. You spend a couple of minutes listening to the veterans, having one minute of silence and singing In Flanders Fields. Sure you wear a poppy to your shirt but do you know what really makes Remembrance Day so special?

Remembrance Day is about acknowledging the sacrifices and the bravery of the Canadian soldiers who willingly went to war and gave their lives so that all Canadian Citizens can have the freedom and the rights that we have today. If those many courageous men and women hadn't gone to war and fought for the peace and freedom, think about how entirely that would affect our lives!

If you think that the veterans are just another type of guest speaker, then you are very wrong. Veterans were the soldiers that went to war and fought for us. Think of all the death of family and friends and the destruction they witnessed because they were trying to make our country free. They deserve our respect.

Every year like most people you buy a poppy and pin it to your shirt. What does a poppy have to do with Remembrance Day? Of course a poppy is a flower but what does it symbolize? In France at Flanders Fields hundreds of poppies grow around the crosses of all of the men and women who fought and died. The red represents the blood that was spilled and the black is for the many deaths. By wearing a poppy you are showing that you care.

All of this is what really makes Remembrance Day special. So on November eleventh wear your poppy, have a minute of silence, sing In Flanders Fields and listen to the veterans, but most importantly show that you care, because we are the children of freedom and we have all of the soldiers to thank.

Lauren Phillips

Leslieville, AB Condor Elementary School
Eckville Branch #156

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

This Was My Great Grandfather

He fought in World War II. He survived the war but he died about 30 years after the war of a heart attack. I only wish that he would have lived because not only was he my great grand father, he was also my hero. He was one of the many soldiers who fought for our country, Canada so we could be free to do whatever we wanted to do and say. Because he and many others like him gave their lives for us to live free and respectful lives.

That on this day I remember those who fought in the war and gave their lives so we could have a safe and free country to live in. On this day I respect the soldiers that fought in World War- II for us. Because of you I can play and learn in a free country and I will remember you faithfully as the days go by. I will remember you because you gave me a safe place to play.

This essay is from me to you with lots of love and happiness. With hope, joy and a grateful heart I will love you forever even though I have never met you before in my life or dreams. I do imagine you in my head sometimes but I know you are watching over me from above.

My Grandma still has your medals framed and placed in her living room. She has had them there in that same spot ever since you left us on that very day (even though I never saw you) and you never saw me. There is still a spot in my heart for you and only you. And That is way he is my hero. And I am very proud that he is my Great Grandfather.

Amanda Burling

Emerson, MB Emerson Elementary School
Emerson Branch #077

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Kelsey Henry ~ South Tetagouche, NB—Terry Fox Elementary School
Herman J. Good Branch #018

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Johnathon Butler ~ Stirling, ON Stirling Senior Public School
Stirling Branch #228

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Selma Kusturica ~ Kelowna, BC Casorso Elementary School
Kelowna Branch #026

POEM POÈME

Jessica McCarthy ~ Spaniards Bay, NL Woodland Elementary
Sgt Levi Hollett Branch #039





POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Dear Canada

Rustling leaves blow around you and crunch below my feet,
 Red poppies pinned on everyone walking down your streets.
 I ask myself, "What is so special about the November 11th day?"
 And you reply, "It's for remembering in your own special way."

What am I remembering on this little day in time?
 Should I draw a poster, write an essay, or make a poem that rhymes?
 So much to think about for a little girl of nine,
 How do I make this day special, how do I make it mine?

First I'll start by counting my blessings one by one,
 Family, friends, faith, love and everything under the sun.
 Second, I'll be thankful for those who served you far and wide,
 Thanking them for their courage and service done with pride.

But wait, something still does not seem quite right,
 Why do we only do this on November 11th morning till night?
 Why not be thankful for all we have every single day?
 Remembering to love and care as we journey along our way.

Think how the world would be if we had silence every day,
 Time to stop and be thankful each in our own way.
 So my commitment to make this day special for me,
 Is to carry it all year long in my heart, dear Canada, proud and free.

Kylie MacNeil
 Enfield, NS Enfield Elementary District
 Montgomery Branch #133

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Do Not Take For Granted...

*Do not take for granted the freedom we know,
 It was bought with the lives of the soldiers who go.
 Do not take for granted both young and old,
 The difference they made is more precious than gold.*

*Do not take for granted the rights you possess,
 To speak from your heart and strive for success.
 Do not take for granted the soldiers who fought
 All day and all night, our freedom they bought.*

*Do not take for granted each day that you live,
 Love family and friends and always forgive.
 Do not take for granted the price that was paid
 We may never know the difference it made*

*Do not take for granted the wars of today,
 They continue to rage, everyday, while we play.
 Do not take for granted the brave who still go
 To protect our peace - despite dangers - they know.*

*Do not take for granted the peace we enjoy,
 It's precious and priceless, so easy to destroy.
 Do not take for granted the loved ones we lost,
 Make sure that you honor the lives that it cost.*

*Do not take for granted the thanks that we owe,
 For the freedom and peace in our country we know.
 Do not take for granted the time to remember,
 Take a moment or two each year in November.*

Macaulay Scott
 Calgary, AB Millarville Community School
 Turner Valley Branch #078

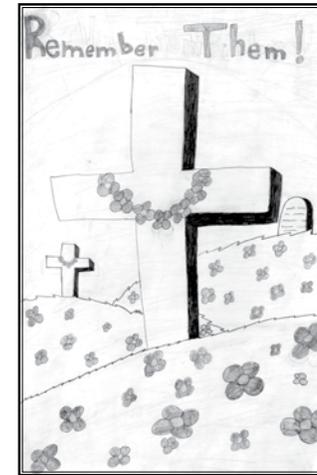


POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

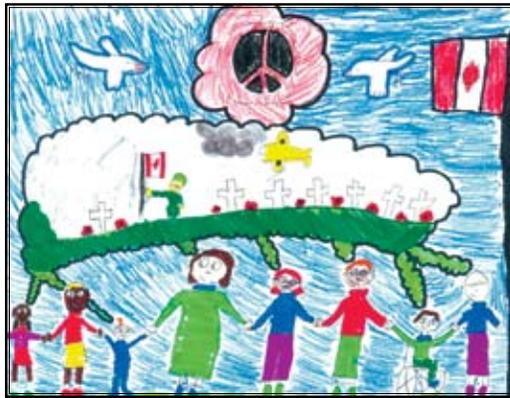


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE
Ashton Magotiaux
 Carlyle, SK Carlyle Elementary School, Carlyle Branch #248

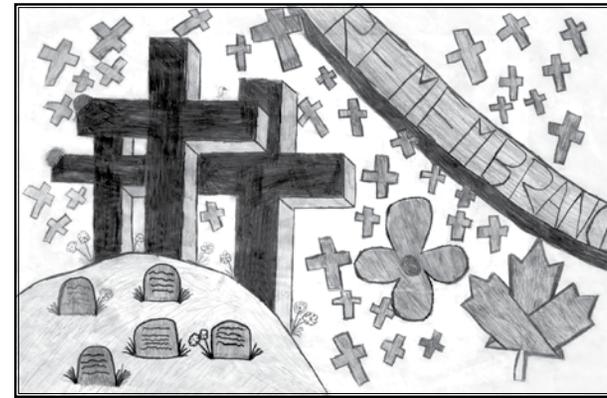
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE
Jennifer Harper
 Birch Hills, SK Birch Hills School, Birch Hills Branch #122



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE
Ellen Shore
 Halifax, NS Sir Charles Tupper School, Vimy Branch #027



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE
Noah Fortnum
 Chilliwack, BC M.E.I. Chilliwack, Chilliwack Branch #004

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS
Marco Ramirez ~ Surrey, BC Cloverdale Catholic School
 Surrey Branch #006

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC
Alexia Russell ~ Whitby, ON St. Theresa Catholic School
 Whitby Branch #112

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 – Kindergarten, 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.



Lest We Forget

Nous nous souviendrons

LES CONOURS

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 – jardin d'enfants, 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 1er juillet au 1er 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.