

2010

  
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!*





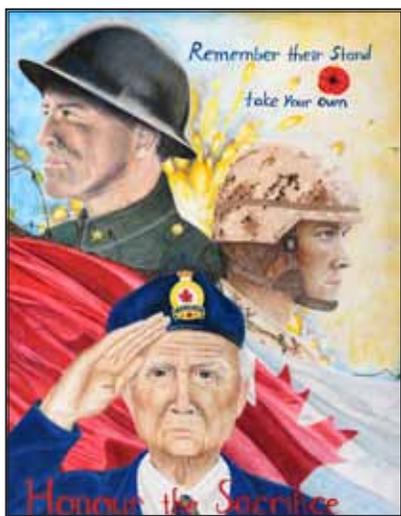
## POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Jan Sobotka**

West Vancouver, BC Sentinel Secondary School, West Vancouver Branch #60

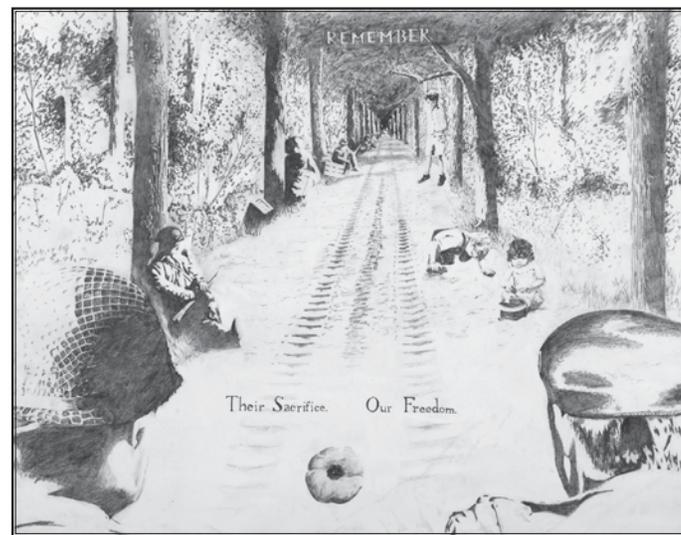


SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Caroline Bordignon**

Elmira, ON Koinonia Christian Academy, Waterloo Branch #530

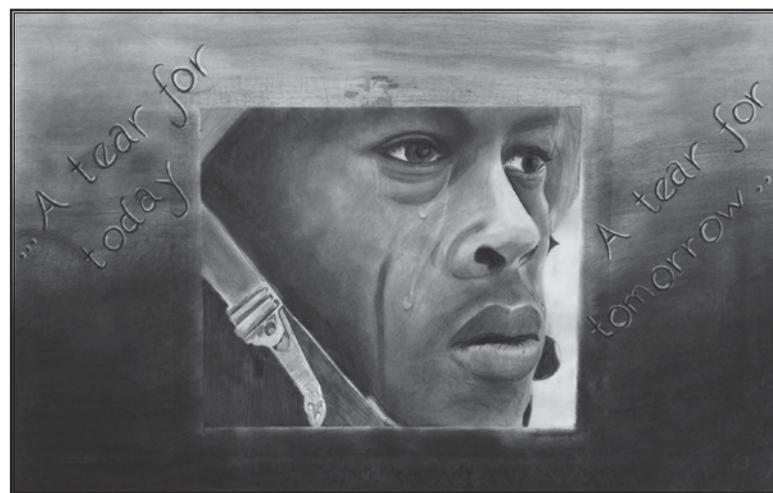
## POSTERS~BLACK &amp; WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR &amp; BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Jonathan Travis Brown**

Guelph, ON Koinonia Christian Academy, Waterloo Branch #530



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Lenaya MacKay**

Lashburn, SK Lashburn High School, Lashburn Branch #73



## ESSAY COMPOSITION

### FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

#### Two Minutes

Each November 11 the country stands still. As I stand at the War Memorial; in St. John's, there is a deafening silence for two minutes as society pauses to mentally recoil at the horrors of wars present and past and to remember the grace of the heroic men and women who embark on distant journeys to uphold the rule of law and keep peace in the world. It cannot be disputed that the soldier occupies the noblest public office for his and her destiny is irrevocably woven into the fabric of democracy and humanity. By reflecting on stories such as those of Private Tommy Ricketts and my grandfather Rolland Paquette, future generations can be inspired by the vital message they send regarding the cost of freedom and the value of service.

The stories of the brave men and women who chose treacherous battlefields over the comforts of hometown and family for the sake of service never fail to resonate in my heart and mind. Personal sacrifice without promise of financial reward teaches a valuable lesson for it is the antithesis of a society based around self advancement. Such is the story of Private Tommy Ricketts of Middle Arm, Newfoundland. His journey is particularly powerful to me because when Ricketts enlisted for service, he was my age, fifteen years old. When I hear this story, my mind constantly runs over what it would be like for me to have fought in World War I, leaving my beloved family and friends behind to worry about my well-being, while living in the filthy dank trenches while at death's door. Reflecting on this makes me extremely thankful for the sacrifices made by members of the Armed forces like Private Ricketts. Another shocking aspect of this story is that Private Ricketts became one of the war's most notable heroes, winning the Victoria Cross, an award given only for the highest acts of bravery. On October 14, 1918, Ricketts and his Company found themselves pinned down under heavy German fire and out of ammunition. Private Ricketts dashed back to the Canadian stronghold and returned with a new supply, all under constant attack. As a result of this bravery, his company was able to advance and capture German machine guns and eight prisoners. Such gallantry inspires me to in turn serve my country for the cause of freedom.

Another story that resonates with me is that of my grandfather, Rolland "Rolly" Paquette. Instead of a connection through age, this bond is due to my relation with him. While I never had the chance to meet him, for he died while young, I have been told of the valour he showed in the Korean War. A member of the legendary "VanDoos" (Royal 22e Regiment), he served the cause of freedom in South Korea as an ambulance driver. He felt pulled towards service and was a peacekeeper by nature. The role of ambulance driver suited him well. On January 8, 1952, he was driving his medic and a wounded soldier to the temporary hospital. Contrary to the protocols of humanity enshrined in the Geneva Conventions, the ambulance was bombed by the communist forces, killing the medic and wounded soldier. Rolly himself managed to survive, but was badly wounded and was forced to survive in a trench by the side of the road. When he was finally rescued by Allied Forces, his injuries resulted in the placement of a permanent steel plate in his left shoulder and a piece of visible shrapnel lodged in one of his eyes for the rest of his life. This story of valour and service within my own family in contribution to freedom in the world is yet another factor that motivates me towards service and the realization that so much is taken for granted. I am proud to this day that I hold my grandfather's first name, Rolland, as my middle name and that I have a close relation to a man who exemplified service and sacrifice.

This is what I believe to be the ultimate message youth should receive on Remembrance Day: the freedom we hold dear is the result of sacrifice and service by brave men and women all over the world. Without these people, fundamental human rights would not exist in their current form. I believe in public service, whether civilian or military, as a means to shape the world and make it a better place for all of humanity. While standing in the company of my loved ones in the Newfoundland winter at the National War Memorial, I thought about this message, and concluded that I too will try to do all I can to make the world a better place, in the spirit of Tommy Ricketts and Rolly Paquette.

**Michael R. Sullivan**

St. John's NL St Bonaventure's College, Pleasantville Branch #56

### SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

#### The Call

When you think about war, you think about the horrors, the diseases, the isolation, and death. You think about what it would be like to be shot at, or bombed, or possibly even taken hostage. Being away from family and familiar things must be a daily heart-wrenching torture. So what is it that drives a soldier?

In some wars, soldiers were drafted and ordered to go. Some people would argue that in being drafted, they had no choice, but really, fear can cause you to take drastic measures, such as simply running away, and leaving all that love and fear behind. In other wars, soldiers volunteer. Others would say that it is a political belief of needing to serve ones country that makes people take on the fight, but many soldiers disagree with their own governments' policies, yet still they fight anyways.

I have my own special theory about why soldiers do what they do every day. They believe that they are going to make a difference. They are the defenders of the underdog. Where there is hunger, they try to bring relief. Where there is corruption, they try to bring diplomacy and equality. If someone says "This child is not allowed to go to school.", they will say "Yes, he is!", and they will fight for his rights.

Our Canadian soldiers are an excellent example of the type of hero who wants to make a difference. For many decades, they have been known as the peacekeepers of the world. They have never retreated from a plea for help. These men and women look at their job as a very important role in society, and they take their work very seriously. In history, we see battles such as Vimy Ridge, and Passchendaele, and we see prime examples where Canadian soldiers were victorious, against what most people would call a hopeless situation.

Even today, our soldiers in Kandahar are fighting for democracy under difficult circumstances. In unbearable heat, half a world away from their home, they face roadside bombs, missile attacks, and the very real possibility that they may not make it home. They are fighting a war that many do not understand, or care about, as they are content in their own comforts. The reality is, we have these comforts because these men and women aren't afraid to fight for them.

To be a soldier is to answer a call. The call that they answer does not come from a general or a political leader; it has to come from the heart. There is something in the soldiers' heart that craves freedom for all. A true soldier does not rest easy knowing that there is undue suffering and inequality.

This Remembrance Day, as I participate in the ceremonies for the veterans and soldiers, I will remember not only them but also what I have because of them. I will remember the hardships they faced in battle, and I will answer my own call. My call will be to shake the hand of a veteran or soldier and say "Thank You".

**Roberta Farion**

Vegreville, AB Vegreville Composite High School, Vegreville Branch #39





## POEM POÈME

## FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**I Wasn't There**

I wasn't there to watch the soldiers leave their homes.  
 I wasn't there to see their families all alone.  
 I wasn't there in the barracks eating meals in silence.  
 I wasn't there on the field helping the defiance.  
 I wasn't there in the hills holding my bloody friend.  
 I wasn't there holding him as his life came to an end.  
 I wasn't there to see the man in uniform knock on his family's door.  
 I wasn't there to watch the letter they received fall to the floor.  
 I wasn't there to walk slowly down the rows of red.  
 I wasn't there to observe them bury all the dead.  
 I wasn't there to see the homes torn apart.  
 I wasn't there to watch them live with broken hearts.  
 I wasn't there to pick up the broken bodies and bullet shells.  
 I wasn't there to see every person go through hell.  
 I wasn't in the war but that doesn't mean I don't care.  
 I remember their sacrifice, what they paid and thank God I wasn't there.

**Shea Goreham**

Bridgetown, NS Bridgetown Regional High School  
 Bridgetown Branch #33

## SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Hope and Honour**

Canadians with hope and honour Marched to foreign lands Carrying honour in their hearts And hope in their hands	Canadians with hope and honour Fought alongside one another Made new friends, lost old friends Every man was a brother
Canadians with hope and honour Left loving families behind To travel to distant lands To bring peace to all mankind	Canadians with hope and honour A thank-you seems so small You never asked for recognition Just to be remembered by us all
Canadians with hope and honour Fought for all of us Fought for what they believed in Fought for love, honour and trust	Canadians with hope and honour, your sacrifice Is something we will always remember Because of you we are free You are in our thoughts on the 11 <sup>th</sup> of November

**Ted Brinkman**

Craigmyle, AB Delia School  
 Drumheller Branch #22

## HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

**POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS**

**Ben Cottrill** ~ Wallace, NS—Pugwash District High School  
 Pugwash Branch #60

**POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC**

**Milan Mantle** ~ Surrey, BC—Sullivan Heights Secondary School  
 Cloverdale Branch #6

**ESSAY COMPOSITION**

**Jessica Heise** ~ Isabella, MB—Hamiota Collegiate  
 Kenton Branch #118

**POEM POÈME**

**Laura Sandre** ~ Metcalfe, ON—St. Mark Catholic High School  
 South Carleton Branch #314



POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

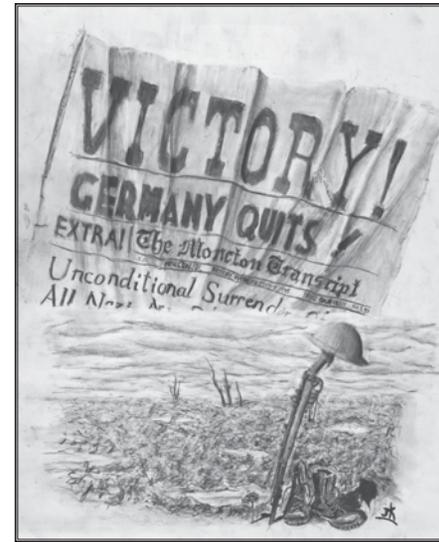


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Jessica Blackwell**

Kitchener, ON Resurrection Catholic School, Polish Veterans' Branch #412

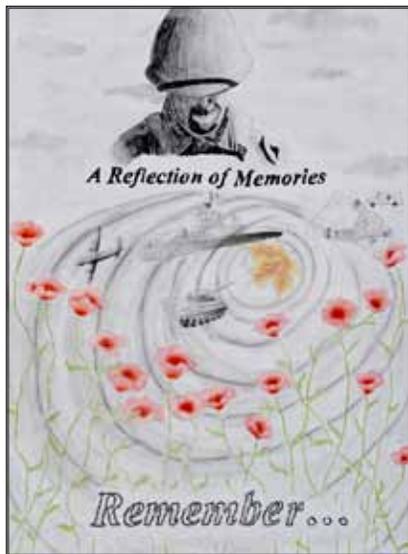
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Jack Kinnie**

Moncton, NB Bernice MacNaughton High School, Moncton Branch #6



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Hermina Paull**

Summerberry, SK Wolseley High School, Wolseley Branch #36



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Katrina Umbenhower**

Windsor, ON Holy Names High School, Prince Edward Branch #94



## ESSAY COMPOSITION

### FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

#### I Will Remember

I push myself out of the dank tunnel. German bombing destroyed the communication lines again. I've finally finished repairing them, but it won't be long before I have to do it again. Long wires hang everywhere. Not my neatest job. The explosions are distant and easy to ignore. But the stench of disease and death is all too obvious. The taste of grit and mud is everlasting, and enormous rats are always among our provisions. But the hardest thing to adjust to is the constant dampness.

I try to settle comfortably. I can't help thinking of my mother's beautiful cooking as I munch a stale biscuit. I remember too, cleanliness and dryness instead of slimy duckboards. Cheerful people no longer exist among us terrified soldiers. The duckboards go on, like our toil...rats squeaking, bombs exploding...all I want among this despair is to be home in Canada again. For this all to be over.

The bombs are suddenly closer. There's no more ignoring the explosions. Fear grips me, icy claws around my heart. Men shout as they scramble to hide. Smelly dirt flies everywhere and shrapnel pierces everything. But I can't take shelter yet. One man is trapped, extending his hand in a silent plea for help. I have to save him. I crouch and crawl toward him. The mud tastes even worse than it looks.

An explosion sounds terrifyingly close. But it's not as alarming as the agony suddenly exploding throughout my body. My own inhuman scream of pain rips the air. I let the tears leak out because I know with terrible certainty that I am going to die. I can feel myself growing weaker and now I struggle for breath. The soldier I'm dying for has perished. I'm dying for nothing. Such a waste...my family's faces swim in my mind as I fall to darkness.

Suddenly, I regain consciousness. Soft voices and movements are in the next room. Am I still alive? I must be, because I ache too much to open my eyes. The voices grow louder and I listen.

"But mum! They said he'd wake again soon!" That voice is familiar, but my head is too fuzzy for me to recognize it.

"Quiet, child! You're not going to help him like this, being so loud." That voice I definitely know! But whose is it? I become aware of the smell of bread baking. My curiosity is too much, and I force my eyelids upwards. Wait-this is my own room! Why am I here? I try to struggle to my feet, but I fall back on the pillows with a loud grunt.

"He's awake! He's awake!" My sister runs into the room squealing with joy and throws herself upon me. My brother and mother dash after her, laughing and crying. I am crying now, too. We laugh and talk and the war fades away, but I will always remember those not as lucky as I. I will always remember them.

Forever.

**Amy Leanne Cox**  
Victoria, BC Pacific Christian School  
Trafalgar/Pro Patria Branch #292



### SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

#### Remembrance Day

My teacher asked our class to write an essay about Remembrance Day. I went home that day and tried to think of some ideas that I could use for my essay and I kept coming up with nothing! "How", I thought, "Can I write a really good essay about something that I don't really remember?" I knew about Remembrance Day what it means and why we observe it but I don't "remember".

I've heard many stories about Canadian soldiers fighting in World War 1 and II. I've read stories about how brave all of them were. I've seen documentaries on television about famous battles like Vimy Ridge where so many Canadian soldiers died. I knew that I had a great great uncle who lied about his age so that he could sign up and go to Europe and fight in WWII only to die and be buried there never seeing Canada again. I have even played a video game about the Second World War in which the Canadian soldiers are heroes.....but I don't remember. "How can I?" I thought, "I am only 11 years old, those wars happened before I was born".

Then I remembered, I had my own memory of war. I remembered standing by the highway this spring on a March evening waiting. Waiting for a motorcade to drive past my village, a motorcade that included a hearse which was carrying the coffin of a young man. That young man was only a few years older than I am. His name was Jack and he was only 20 years old when he died in Afghanistan earlier this year. I remembered how the people who were waiting for Jack to come by on his way home for the last time were talking and moving around until the motorcade appeared in the distance. At that moment everyone stood silently still as the cars went by. I remembered the hearse with the coffin in it. I remembered the car with Jack's family and seeing his mother crying. I remembered soldiers in the cars saluting as they went by. I remembered the vehicle with Jack's friends in it and how sad they all looked. I remembered, I will never forget that day.

I thought a lot about Jack and all our Canadian soldiers in the next few days in a way I never had before. I thought about how brave a person must be to go war. A person might not agree with war but you can never say that our soldiers are not courageous, honourable people. Whether they went to fight for our freedom years ago or have gone to defend others now, we must remember them.

We must never forget the sacrifices that they have made are making now and will make in the years ahead. Many have gone to war for us and have come back in flag draped coffins to rest forever. For them we must observe Remembrance Day, for them, lest we forget.

**Arnold Davitsky**  
Kapuskasing, ON Diamond Jubilee Public School  
Kapuskasing Branch #85

POEM POÈME

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**The Ballad of Pvt. Miller**

As the steel grey ships make their way to the desolate beach,  
The frontline's soldiers knew the craggy walls could not be breached.

When the heavy hatches opened and the wild bullets flew,  
The second line finally made it's way through.

Some made it to the shore,  
The others live no more.

"The enemy has a great defence" said the shaken soldier,  
"But no match for our offence" said Miller as the frigid water got colder.

When the allied forces pushed closer,  
The sniper proved he wasn't a poser.

Some prayed fervently for more days,  
As Pvt. Miller saw his allies leaving this earth in a crimson haze.

When the axis enemies were finally defeated,  
Great spiritual morale was sorely needed.

The soldiers hollered in glorious victory,  
And when the fierce battle for Juno beach was finally over...

...Pvt. Miller kissed his lucky 4-leaf clover.

**Damiano Ficca**

Terrebonne, QC Rosemere High School,  
Ste. Thérèse Branch #208

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

**Nanako Emori** ~ Banff, AB—Banff Community High School  
Colonel Moore Branch #26

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

**Monica Facchin** ~ St. Albert, AB—V.J. Maloney Jr. High School  
St. Albert Branch #271

ESSAY COMPOSITION

**Emily Cann** ~ Charlottetown, PE—Queen Charlotte Intermediate  
Charlottetown Branch #1

POEM POÈME

**Fiona Weaver** ~ South River, ON—Land of Lakes  
South River Memorial Branch #390

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**In the Silence**

The trumpet calls a minute of silence.  
Not a sound.  
Quiet surrounds us.

But why, I wonder,  
can I ever truly, really remember?

I wasn't there, many years ago;  
never slept in the dirt.  
never heard the guns blow.

I haven't cringed at the sound  
Of boots stamping on the streets below.

I can't say I've found myself bandaging wounds,  
the sick, the dying, around me strewn.

I've never waited in fear for news from afar.  
Worrying  
He was gone forever.

I will never have to feel that metal in my fingers,  
Pull the trigger,  
Smell the smoke that lingers.

Can I ever really remember?

As the minute draws to an end,  
I see now there is so much more to the story of those,  
Who've fallen in a battle that's never come to a close.

We still keep on fighting.  
An endless battle we rage.  
For peace, we wait, hope, pray.

So what, I wonder  
Could I ever do?  
As the trumpets play their final adieu,

There's only one thing, and I'll do my best,  
To honour their plight and never forget.

**Janine Deys**

Lethbridge, AB Gilbert Peterson Middle School  
General Stewart Branch #4





## POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Riley Hogg

Duncan, BC Bench Elementary School, Cobble Hill Branch #226

## POSTERS~BLACK &amp; WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR &amp; BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Natalie Grossi

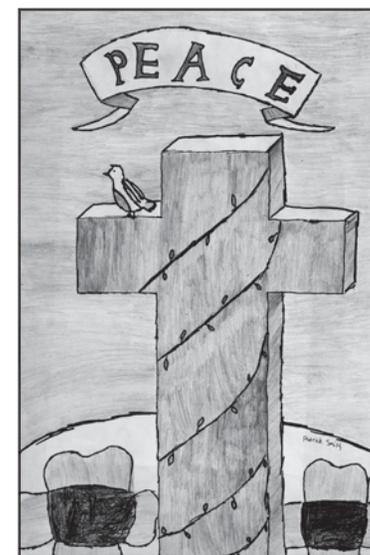
Woodbridge, ON St Gabriel The Archangel, Mackenzie Branch #414



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Brandon Cann

Montague PE Southern Kings Consolidated, Montague Branch #8



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Patrick Smith

Cowansville, QC Heroes' Memorial, Cowansville Branch #99



## ESSAY COMPOSITION

### FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

#### I AM NOT A NUMBER

I REMEMBER THE DAY I CAME HOME AND FOUND MY MOTHER CRYING. SHE HANDED ME A LETTER THAT SAID I HAD TO LEAVE TO WAR, TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY. I WAS ONLY 18. I FELT MY EYES TEAR UP BUT IT WAS HARD TO TELL IF I WAS HAPPY OR SAD TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY. IT SEEMED AN HONOUR. . .AT FIRST. WHEN I ARRIVED FOR DUTY ON MY FIRST DAY, THE OFFICER HANDED ME MY UNIFORM. WEAPONS, MY BEDDING AND FINALLY, MY NUMBER. I AM A MAN, NOT A NUMBER.

IT HAS BEEN MANY WEEKS OF HARD WORK. RECEIVING MAIL FROM HOME IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO ME RIGHT NOW. WE ONLY GET TO CHECK THE MAIL ONCE A WEEK BECAUSE OF ALL THE TRAINING WE HAVE TO DO. THERE ARE MANY THINGS I MISS. THE SIMPLE THINGS, LIKE A WARM SUMMER BREEZE IN MY FACE, THE SMELL OF FRESHLY CUT GRASS, AND A REAL HOME COOKED MEAL. WHAT I MISS THE MOST IS PLAYING THE ROLE OF A SON AND A BROTHER, NOW I AM A SOLDIER WITH A NUMBER. I AM A MAN NOT A NUMBER.

WEEKS PASS, WHILE I SIT IN DEEP DARK TRENCHES, I AM COLD CONFUSED AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS. WE WAIT IN LINES OF HUNDREDS, WHEN THE OFFICER BLOWS THE WHISTLE AND CALLS MY NUMBER. IT IS MY TURN TO FACE THE ENEMY, AND FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING BUT ALL I KNOW IS THAT I HAVE TO RUN AND SHOOT. I'M FACING A MAN JUST LIKE ME, HE TOO HAS BEEN TRAINED TO HUNT ME DOWN FOR HIS COUNTRY. HE MAY HAVE A BROTHER OR SISTER COUNTING ON HIM TO COME HOME SAFELY. MY ENEMY HAS A NUMBER TOO. I AM A MAN NOT A NUMBER.

I AM FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH MY PARTNER, HE HAS A NUMBER TOO. BUT WHEN I HEAR A GUN FIRE, MY PARTNER FALLS TO THE GROUND. I WANT TO CRY BUT I HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS. I KNEW HIS TIME HAD COME. WILL I BE NEXT? WILL THEY REMEMBER ME AS A MAN OR AS A NUMBER?

**Mackenzie Wynne**

Surrey, BC St. Catherine's Elementary School, Langley Branch #21

### SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

#### I Have Never Known

I can't imagine what being in a war could be like; it is an unknown world for me. I have never known their fear. I have never known what it is like to be hundreds of thousands of miles away from my family. I have never known that sickly feeling of taking a life. I have never known their life in the war. I have never had a day when I have felt like I couldn't go on. I have never known what it's like to be in a battle. I have never known the struggles they faced, the chances they took. I have never known what it feels like to say good bye to a friend, forever. I have never known what it's like to toss and turn at night, and to wonder if I would ever see my family again. I have never known what it feels like to write to my family, and wish I could see them again. I have never known what it's like to see my best friend die, right before my eyes. I have never known the terror of war, and I never will, because of what you did.

I have never known what you felt, but I don't have to know, to be thankful, and to show respect.

But I don't have to know

to remember.

**Leah Auch**

Carmangay, AB Champion Community School, Champion Branch #262

### HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

#### POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

**Hunter Jean-Baptiste** ~ Toronto, ON—Diefenbaker Elementary School  
Woodbine Heights Branch #22

#### POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

**Holly Abrahamson** ~ Meadow Lake, SK—Gateway Elementary School  
Meadow Lake Branch #76

#### ESSAY COMPOSITION

**Brock Thomson** ~ Biggar, SK—Biggar Central School  
Biggar Branch #138

#### POEM POÈME

**Courtney Langmead** ~ Pouch Cove, NL—Cape St. Francis  
Portugal Cove Branch #10





## POEM POÈME

## FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Honour**

As we honour those who served this land,  
Wearing poppies; we salute and stand.  
I wonder as the bugle sounds;  
How many are buried beneath the mounds?

Duty and death are a part of war,  
Yet we ask young soldiers to sacrifice more.  
Families and friends worry and wait.  
Pondering, their loved ones fate.

Does bravery fade as war goes on?  
False courage here, then simply gone.  
Boys to men; then back to boys.  
Craving silence among the noise.

As more time passes, memories fade.  
Deals with the devil can't be made.  
As many veterans pass away  
We must never forget what they gave today.

As we honour those who served this land,  
Wearing poppies; we salute and stand.  
Our freedom's not worth the bet.  
Honour our veterans; Lest we forget.

**Andrea Bell**

Chaplin Island Road, NB Harkins Middle School  
Miramichi Branch #10

## SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Never Forget**

Never Forget, all the people who lost their lives.  
Fighting wars where children sometimes lost a mom or dad.  
Memories lost for the price of freedom.

Never Forget, what the nurses had to see, while they held the hands of soldiers as they took their last breath. Memories relived and memories suppressed, we must help them remember, to honour what they might forget.

Never Forget, the long hours the brave men and women spent wondering what will happen next? Sitting in the trenches, often muddy and cold.  
Holding onto memories from the past, while looking forward to creating new memories that will last.

Never Forget, what the poppies mean.  
To me, they represent the heroes, who fought for our freedom,  
Allowing Canadians a vote in how our country is run.

Never Forget, the time it took to finish a war, years, months, days and hours.  
Walking, talking and sleeping each day, living for the next day  
to see their families again.

Never Forget, that our Canadian Soldiers are peace keepers.  
The efforts they made to re-build war torn communities, schools, churches and farms.  
Everything that a community needs to stay together.

Never Forget, the days that ended the war.  
Celebrate a special day to remember the soldiers, nurses and volunteers  
who allowed Canada to remain free.  
Say a prayer for all those involved in war, thank them for who they are.

**Emily Baxter-Driscoll**

CFB Borden, ON Prince of Peace  
Edward McDonald Branch #499



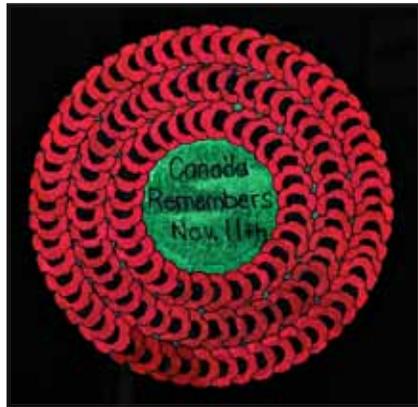
POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Delaney Saunders

Marwayne, AB Marwayne Jubilee School, Marwayne Branch #116

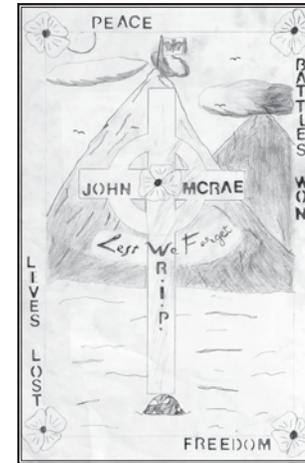


SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Genevieve Fournier

St. Brendan's NL St. Gabriel's All-Grade School, Eastport Branch #41

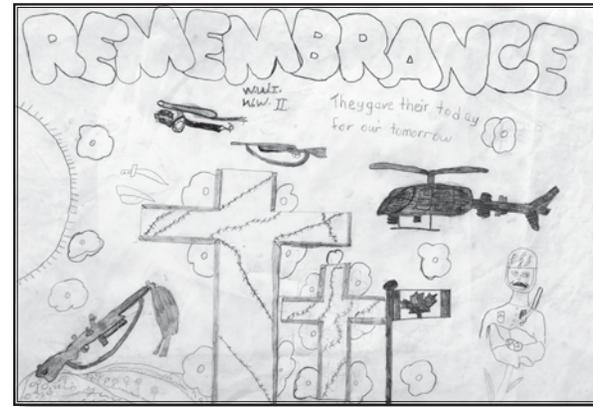
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Declan Sharkey

Cambridge, ON Woodland Park, Hespeler Legion Branch #272



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Joel Tschetter

Irma, AB Holt Colony School, Worthington Branch #29

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

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POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

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## THE CONTEST

For over 50 years, The Royal Canadian Legion has sponsored an annual Poster and Literary Contest that is open to all Canadian school children. The youths that participate in the contest assist the Legion in one of our primary goals—fostering the tradition of Remembrance amongst Canadians.

The contest is divided into Categories: the Poster Contest has 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 Contest has three (Junior – grades 4, 5 and 6; Intermediate – grades 7, 8 and 9; and Senior – grades 10, 11 and 12). 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 & White. The First Place entries for the four Categories from each Division are displayed at the Canadian War Museum from June to May of the following year. The entries winning Second Place and those receiving an Honourable Mention are displayed in the foyer of the Parliament Buildings during the annual Remembrance period in November.

The Literary Contest also has two Divisions—Essays and Poems. The Senior First Place entries in each Division are also displayed at the Canadian War Museum from June to May of the following year.

The Legion also sponsors a trip to Ottawa for the Senior winners in all four Divisions (Colour Poster, Black & White Poster, Essay and Poem) to attend the National Remembrance Day Ceremony 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 Divisions as they wish and congratulations to all of this year's winners.

Should you wish further information on the Poster and Literary Contest please contact The Royal Canadian Legion branch nearest you.

## LE CONCOURS

Depuis plus de 50 années, la Légion royale canadienne parraine un concours littéraire et d'affiche dans lequel tous les élèves canadiens peuvent participer. Les jeunes participants et participantes aident la Légion à réaliser l'un de ses buts principaux – la promotion de la Tradition du Souvenir au sein de la population canadienne.

Le concours est divisé en catégories: le concours d'affiche en quatre (Primaire – jardin d'enfants, 1, 2 et 3<sup>ième</sup> années; Junior - 4, 5 et 6<sup>ième</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9<sup>ième</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ième</sup> années). Le concours littéraire en trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6<sup>ième</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9<sup>ième</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ième</sup> années). Le concours est jugé en premier lieu au niveau de la communauté par des bénévoles des filiales locales de la Légion; 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 sélectionnés. Les noms et projets de tous les gagnants et gagnantes au niveau national sont publiés dans ce livret.

Le concours d'affiche a deux divisions – couleurs et noir et blanc. Les travaux des gagnants dans les quatre catégories de chaque division sont affichés au Musée canadien de la Guerre de juin à mai de l'année suivante. Les soumissions gagnantes de 2<sup>ième</sup> place ainsi que celles qui reçoivent une mention honorable sont exhibées dans le foyer des Édifices du Parlement durant la période annuelle du Souvenir, soit en novembre.

Le concours littéraire a aussi deux divisions – compositions et poèmes. Les soumissions gagnantes au niveau senior dans chaque division sont aussi exhibées au Musée canadien de la Guerre de juin à mai de l'année suivante.

La Légion parraine aussi un voyage à Ottawa pour gagnants et gagnantes au niveau senior dans les quatre divisions (affiche en couleur & affiche noir et blanc, composition et poème) pour assister à la Cérémonie nationale du jour du Souvenir, où ils déposent une couronne au nom de la jeunesse du Canada et ont l'occasion de rencontrer et visiter la Gouverneure générale.

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

Si vous désirez plus d'information sur le Concours littéraire et d'affiche, veuillez communiquer avec la filiale de la Légion royale canadienne la plus près.

*Lest We Forget*



*Nous nous souviendrons*