



THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

REMEMBRANCE  
CONTEST

2011

LA LÉGION ROYALE CANADIENNE

CONCOURS  
DU SOUVENIR

POSTERS ~ COLOUR ♦ AFFICHES ~ COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Atalanta Shi

Burnaby, BC Burnaby North Secondary School, North Burnaby Br. #148

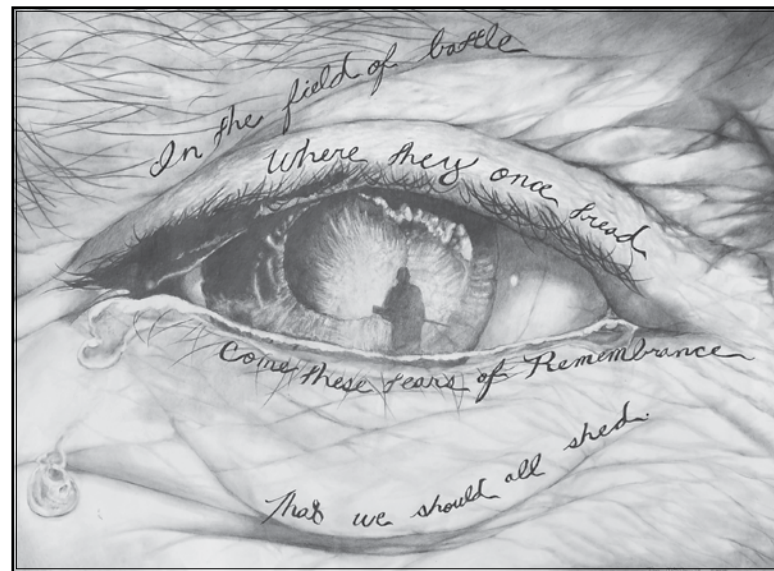


SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Hermina Paull

Summerberry, SK Grenfell High Community School, Grenfell Br. #55

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



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Tim MacDonald

Malagash, NS Pugwash District High, Pugwash Br. #60



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Sienna Cho

Surrey, BC R.E. Mountain Secondary, Langley Br. #21



## The Price of Freedom

*Yes, there's a voice that begs us listen,*

*And this message is so plain.*

*"We have paid the price of freedom,*

*Let it not have been in vain!"*

-An excerpt from the poem: "The Man We Never Knew"

What is the price of freedom? What could possibly be exchanged for the right to live? On November eleventh, every year, we honor those who have paid the price of our freedom. These people are the brave men and women who fought in the trenches, in the hospitals, and on the blood-stained battlefields. These are the people who left their homes, families, and familiarity, for the foreign, war-ravaged, and frightening places of Europe, Asia, and Africa. These people gave up their lives and their innocence, so that we could live in a world of peace.

Many of these heroic men and women are passing on after a long life of serving their country. It is their memories that keep the flame of remembrance alive. Without these memories, however, the flame is beginning to flicker. How can we let it die, this fire that bonded a world so broken and tired after years of war? How can we let it smolder, and let war happen again? We cannot.

We cannot forget. We must keep these memories alive, in all of us, in every Canadian. We must remember the sounds of bullets cutting the silent air, and the shrill ring of the bomb siren in the dark night. We must remember what it was like to face the enemy, so cold in a prejudiced hate, and what it was like to see a best friend fall. Even if we were not there, we cannot let the memories of those who were, fade like whispers in the wind.

We must also remember the shouts of joy when surrender was declared, and the millions of thanks, and tears, and praise that the soldiers received when they finally came home. We must remember the looks on war prisoners' faces when they were rescued, and the cries of exultation when whole countries were liberated.

It is on Remembrance Day that I think of my grandfather. My grandfather served as an engineer in the Second World War. And like many of the soldiers who survived, war scarred him. I do not remember the sadness or the hardships my grandfather went through after the war. Even as I was told about them, when I saw my grandfather at the Remembrance Day services, I saw no hardships in his eyes. I saw pride as he walked up the church aisle in his navy blue suit. I could hear honor with every jingling step of his medals, and in every note of the Last Post. I did not see scars.

We have to honor these men and women, and the most profound way to do that is to never forget what they did for us. Remember their sacrifice or risk losing a major part of our history, and national pride. Remembering is not just reading about the battles in history books. It is wearing the poppy on your heart, and bowing your head in a moment of silence. Remembering is visiting the war memorials scattered around the world. Remembering is never letting young men and women give their lives for such a cause ever again.

Remembrance Day is not only about remembering those who paid the ultimate price; it is about fighting for what they gave their lives for, fighting for their cause. To forget this, to forget the reason but to remember the fight, to forget the casualties but to remember the glory, is to forget them. Let us not forget those who paid the price of our freedom.

**FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE**

**Katelyn Major**

St. Brieux, SK St. Brieux School, Pathlow Br. #344

## Remembering a brave man

Marcel DeVilliers was a man I've never met, but I will always remember. My family painted me a picture of a gentle man involved in a war he could never understand.

June 26 1942 at the age of 25 Marcel left home, situated in Penetanguishene Ontario, to enlist in the Second World War. He was sent to Alberta for training, where he was located until October 12 1944 when he left Canadian soil for action in Europe. Upon his arrival in Italy he was transferred into the 48 Highlanders regiment. Throughout his time in Europe he saw action in Italy, Holland and Germany. The Canadian soldiers were responsible for the liberation of Holland, which Marcel was able to have a role in this important historic moment. The war ended in September 1945 and Marcel returned home in the middle of October.

The chronologies of Marcel's implication in the war may fade away, but it's the stories I've been told that will be passed on to the generations to come.

My whole life I've been raised in a home where food has always been welcomed and enjoyed, yet there's one rule I hadn't realized till recently. During the war the daily menu consisted of "Lamb, Ram or Mutton". The pieces of meats the soldiers had no desire to eat were given to the starving European children. Marcel described that the children would be so famished they would shove the meat in their mouths forgetting to chew and breathe leading them to start choking on the massive chunk of meat in their mouths. Marcel would always put a particular attention on the children, never the battles, in his few stories. Once returned home, soon married and children to follow, the house hold never once had "Lamb, Ram or Mutton" touch any of the plates. My mother never learnt how to cook sheep meat, and therefore the rule followed into the next generation.

The thousands of men and women that died in this war make me realize the determination and willpower of all the others whose only goal was to simply survive. Marcel possessed a powerful capability, the ability to fall asleep. Surrounded by the chaos of the war he was able to fade away and receive the required sleep needed to be attentive during his time in action. He wasn't a smoker either; therefore he was capable to trade his daily rations of cigarettes for extra food which kept him nourished. The death that surrounded him on a daily basis would have surely made any man go mad, but with sleep, food, faith and good luck he survived.

Marcel only shared one particular moment of action on the field in the war. His regiment was travelling all night preparing to invade a German camp. To not be spotted by any German soldiers, they spent the entire night crawling on their stomachs. Once they arrived at dawn to the camp they were only met by shock that the German soldiers had already moved camps and were no longer in sight.

On November 11 every year following the end of the war, was always a sad day for Marcel. It was the only day he took off work without pay, to take part of the ceremony in the town. All sorts of stories were traded over glasses of beers between veterans at the local Legion following the ceremony. Marcel was never a heavy drinker, but the day that he was reminded of a horrific moment in his life, he drank to make his memories fade away.

A story passed through the word of mouth, is always subject too alterations therefore the following may or may not be an accurate moment in the war. A local veteran had shared a story to Marcel's son about his father's time in Europe. The story went as followed: one night Marcel had left the base with his regiment of many men, to be the only one to return alive. The story will never be proven, since the topic of the matter would've never crossed Marcel's lips and following his passing in 1990 there are no methods to retrieve the truth.

Marcel only spoke about the war on the rarest occasions and he repeated only a few specific stories. He never spoke about the carnage and never using his gun. The reasons may vary, maybe he never wanted to share the horrific images of the war with his family or he simply preferred to forget that chapter in his life. He may have not wanted to remember the war, but I will always remember my grandfather who made a brave sacrifice to ensure the safety of this country. I will always love my grandfather and be proud of this involvement in the Second World War.

I will *always* remember.

**SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE**

**Céline Dubeau**

Penetanguishene, ON École secondaire LeCaron, Penetanguishene Br. #68

**Poppy**

Poppy always smiles with jet black eyes,  
Through sealed red lips he filters careful thought,  
He's forced into the present from the pain  
Of drifting back to days when young men fought.

He will not soil clean sleeves with his own heart,  
But I saw his shirt one day the staunch wall fell  
It's stained with ruby handprints-his best friend  
Who clung to him while slipping out of hell.

My mother's life replaced his friend's that day  
But Poppy did not hear her firstborn cries,  
The gunshots were too loud, the smoke too thick  
And joy is hard to see through bloodstained eyes.

But Poppy's walls are strong and rarely fall  
(Perhaps his weakness is his lock and key)  
No words he speaks can make us understand  
The tragedy of what he had to be.

I go to Poppy's house, I see his room-  
Lone tribute to his dark and taboo past-  
Where centered 'midst the medals and the pride  
Beloved flag is hanging at half mast.

Now standing on a cold November morn  
I watch him march- a shadow of the days  
Where men were men and brandished willing hearts  
To hold a nation in their jet black gaze.

**FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE****Laura Rhiannon Howells**

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

**Through a Child's Eyes**

Through a child's eyes, they saw the glory;

The medals and stars, shining like beacons in the night.

Through a child's eyes, they saw the power;

The tanks chewing up ground, cold metal monsters.

Through a child's eyes, they saw heroes;

The few, the strong, the proud.

Through a child's eyes, they saw the world;

The blues, the greens, so clean and pure.

But when they arrived, they no longer saw through the eyes of a child.

Through a man's eyes, they saw the destruction;

The death of men and futile dreams.

Through a man's eyes, they saw the pain;

Pleading men, begging for death, sobbing women, praying for mercy.

Through a man's eyes, they saw the villains;

Colors blurring, world spinning, the mud pulling them forever down.

Through a man's eyes, they saw their lives;

So close to ending, living only for the next moment, living only by the breath they drew.

Through a man's eyes, they saw the truth:

We were not there, and now fall only empty tears.

Through blood and hell, through pain and war, they went.

For our freedom.

For our lives.

**SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE****Kelsey Lee Adler**

Lacombe, AB Ecole Secondaire Lacombe Composite High School, Lacombe Br. #79

**HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE****POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS**

**Brett Halland** ~ Ponoka, AB—Ponoka Composite High School  
Ponoka Br. #66

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

**Laurie Desmarais** ~ Varennes, QC—École secondaire de Mortagne  
Pierre Boucher Br. #266

**ESSAY COMPOSITION**

**Philippe Desjardins** ~ Varennes, QC —École secondaire De Mortagne  
Pierre Boucher Br. #266

**POEM POÈME**

**Serena Ambler** ~ Clinton, BC—David Stoddard School  
Clinton Br. #194



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Mu Qing Kuang**

Surrey, BC Elgin Park Secondary School, Crescent Br. #240



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Iris Shen**

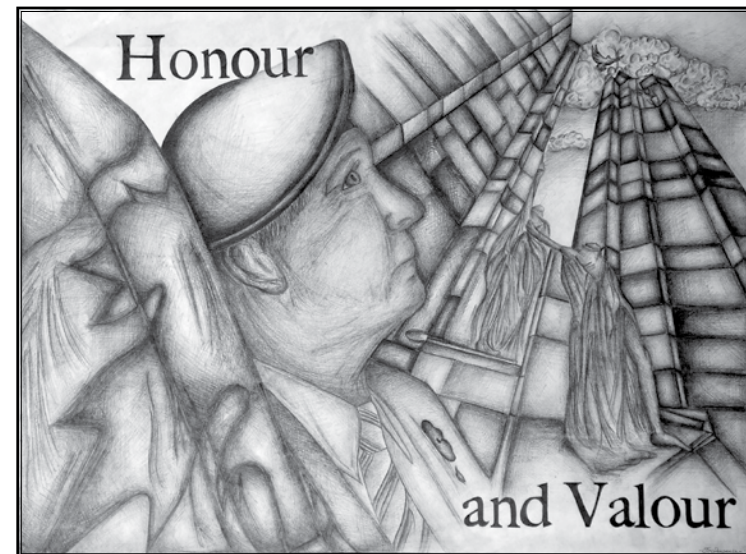
Markham, ON Ivy Yim Yuk Leung Art Studio, Scarborough Centennial Br. #614



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Lauren McCracken**

Kingsville, ON Kingsville District High School, Kingsville Br. #188



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Joy Penpenia**

Surrey, BC Sullivan Heights Secondary, Cloverdale Br. #6

**Remembrance**

*From a distance, two silhouettes could be seen in the horizon,  
side by side, as still and motionless as the ocean before  
them...*

I am the small silhouette. I stare out into the deep, vast ocean; my mind replaying, trying to imagine what my Grandpa had just told me. Grandpa was only 19 when he was called overseas. As the Canadians were getting closer to Juno Beach, he went to take a drink of water. He found it difficult because he couldn't stop thinking that in a short time he might breathe his last breath, see his last sight. As they approached the beach, loud explosive sounds crackled amongst swirls of angry, black smoke. In the secret place of his mind, he wished he was back home, smelling his mother's homemade buns fresh on the counter. With a sudden splash of the ocean salt water, he started praying that this would be over soon, that everyone could go home back to their families.

Grandpa was at the beach, the Germans were trying to stop the Canadians from coming any farther but they just kept on rolling in. They could sense the loathing by the stench of death looming in the air.

His best friend got hit; he fell to the ground. Grandpa knelt down beside him, and started to cry, for he had been his friend since they had joined the army. One last smile, then his eyes slowly closed. Grandpa's sergeant yelled at him to keep on going, and to take cover. As tears were streaming down his face, he was hit too. He slowly fell to the ground; the Germans thought they had hit him for good, they had thought wrong. He slowly fell in to a heavy, deep sleep. When he awakened, he found out several friends had perished during the battle of Juno Beach.

My Grandpa was very brave and after learning about the cost of my freedom, I am very glad we are here. I look up to my Grandpa's face and he will never stop remembering.

"Thank you for risking your life for my freedom," I say to my Grandfather who is staring out in to the deep vast ocean.

"You're welcome," he says, tears streaming down his face.

"I can never truly know what you have been through Grandpa, but I always will be thankful," I say.

*From a distance, the two silhouettes became one, two  
generations of gratitude, pride and peace bonded together in  
an eternal embrace.*

**FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE**

**Katrina Marie Beaman Laing**

Unity, SK Unity Composite High School, Unity Br. #90

**To My Grandpa**

Dear Grandpa,

Grandpa, you were called home to continue your journey in heaven on July 10, 2010 but my life on earth has continued on and now another Remembrance Day is here. We are all wishing that you would be heading off to the Legion service in Crystal City today to pay your respects to your fellow troop members and remember the days you served in the war. However, I know you wouldn't want us to just sit here wishing that you were going there instead you would want us all to go to our services in our towns, pay our respects, remember your days of service, and think about the Canadian soldiers that are serving overseas today.

I know you didn't talk much about your war life until one of your grandsons thanked you for fighting for our country. Even then you didn't exactly open up. However, I do remember the time last June, the day before your 95th birthday party, when you told me the story of having to trade cigarettes just so you could eat a supper of lobster that night while you were serving in the war. Another wartime story came to light just before you passed away when you told me that I got my musical ability from you. I listened to you tell me the story of you having to choose to play either the trumpet or the drums in order to get a leave. You decided to play drums because you were not the best trumpeter. Your wartime stories were few but the ones you told helped me understand your past life experiences and what wartime was like.

From your time in war, I know you wished that people would have learned from the first two World Wars so there never would have been events like 911 and so our Canadian troops didn't have to fight in Afghanistan and Iraq today. I can just imagine how you felt when you heard on the news that another Canadian soldier was killed fighting for our country. These events must have reminded you of the days you sat in the trenches watching battles take place and how unnecessary they were.

Grandpa, today as I go to sing in our school's Remembrance Day choir and march and play in the community band, I will sing and play a little louder, prouder and more confident than ever before because I know that you fought for my freedom. I am very proud and honoured to be your great-granddaughter and to have called you Great-Grandpa.

Love always,

Your Great-Granddaughter

**SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE**

**Jayna Butler**

Gilbert Plains, MB Gilbert Plains Elementary School, Gilbert Plains Br. #98



## Toy Soldiers

An old, tired man with deep thoughtful eyes rested on a park bench.  
He missed his family and friends who had since passed before him.  
He was the only survivor of a long line of patriotic soldiers.  
His worn and pale face was wrinkled with worry.

Across the vast park, he watched two young boys playing joyfully.  
Innocently, they whooped and hollered with screams of delight,  
As they patriotically marched their tiny green toy soldiers.  
His heart ached, and he whispered "If they only knew."

One boy took cover behind a tree, and shouted "You'll never get me!"  
The other child dove across the grass, crouched down, and pretended to shoot his enemy.  
They laughed, and giggled; their carefree attitude was enviable.  
One flicked over the lined up soldiers, sentencing them to their deaths.

He was eighteen the day he left, unsure of himself and what to expect.  
One cold, rainy day in the trenches, he met two soldiers.  
They became the best of friends, fighting bravely side by side.  
But one day, he watched them both topple one by one, like toy soldiers.

The veteran remembered the suffering and horrors.  
He prayed for the freedom of Canadians, especially for the boys he watched.  
They reminded him of himself, though he hoped they would never experience what he did.  
On that cool, crisp afternoon, he was the only soldier left standing.

## FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Madison Boon**

Maryfield, SK Maryfield School, Wawota Br. #113

## Only Two Minutes

For two minutes,  
On the eleventh day, of the eleventh month, we take a moment,  
To remember the sacrifices,  
Each soldier has made; two minutes, so silent.  
But only for two minutes.

For two minutes,  
We try to imagine the pain and misery, each soldier has been through,  
Each bomb and gun fire that echoed in their ear,  
With eyes that filled with a terrible view.  
But only for two minutes.

For two minutes,  
Our mind fills with blood and gore,  
We picture all the men and women,  
Who've battled and fought for our freedom, in war.  
But only for two minutes.

For two minutes,  
We think about all the soldiers who've gone missing,  
Who were shot and killed; who were held hostage,  
All the broken hearts, internally bleeding.  
But only for two minutes.

For two minutes,  
We grieve for families that were ripped apart by war,  
Children – fatherless; wives – husbandless,  
Families with permanent scars, that can't restore.  
But only for two minutes.

For two minutes,  
We respect all they have done,  
We acknowledge their sacrifices,  
So that today we have freedom and fun.  
But only for two minutes.

They gave up their entire lives,  
While we give up only two minutes.

## SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Lin Han**

Toronto, ON Gordon A. Brown Middle School, Brigadier OM Martin Br. #345

## HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

### POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

**Aadyn Oleksyn** ~ Prince Albert, SK—Wild Rose School  
Prince Albert Br. #2

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

**Erika Stonehouse** ~ Baddeck, NS—Baddeck Academy  
Baddeck Br. #53

### ESSAY COMPOSITION

**Shanna Réhel** ~ St. Georges de Malbay, QC—Gaspé Polyvalent  
Jubilée Br. #59

### POEM POÈME

**Ryan Michael O'Connor** ~ Gaspé, QC—Gaspé Polyvalent  
Jubilée Br. #59

## POSTERS ~ COLOUR ♦ AFFICHES ~ COULEURS

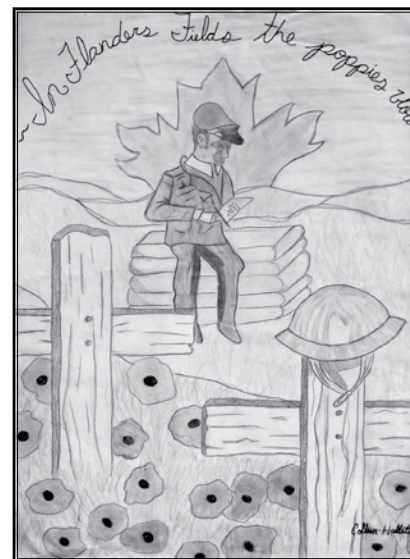


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Kelaiah Quinn Guiel

Bailieboro, ON South Monaghan Public School, Millbrook Br. #402

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



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Colleen Hallett

Boissevain, MB Boissevain School, Boissevain Br. #10



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Torri Jamel Person

Marwayne, AB Marwayne Jubilee School, Marwayne Br. #116



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Melody Chen

Richmond, BC John T. Errington Elementary School, Richmond Br. # 291



### “Two Minutes”

For the eleven years of my life, I have gone with my family to the Remembrance Day service and stood in silence for two minutes. Along the way, I started to wonder why men, woman and children across Canada stand in silence every November eleventh. What I have learned is that this time of reflection and prayer encourages people to remember the brave soldiers who died on our behalf, the civilians and other people who have suffered during war and the peacekeepers and soldiers who are at war today.

Taking time to honour the soldiers who have fought and died in battle is something we can do to make sure their sacrifices are never forgotten. When we go to school and the sound of the bagpipes drifts away, we all take two minutes to imagine how it would feel to lose a son, brother or parent to war.

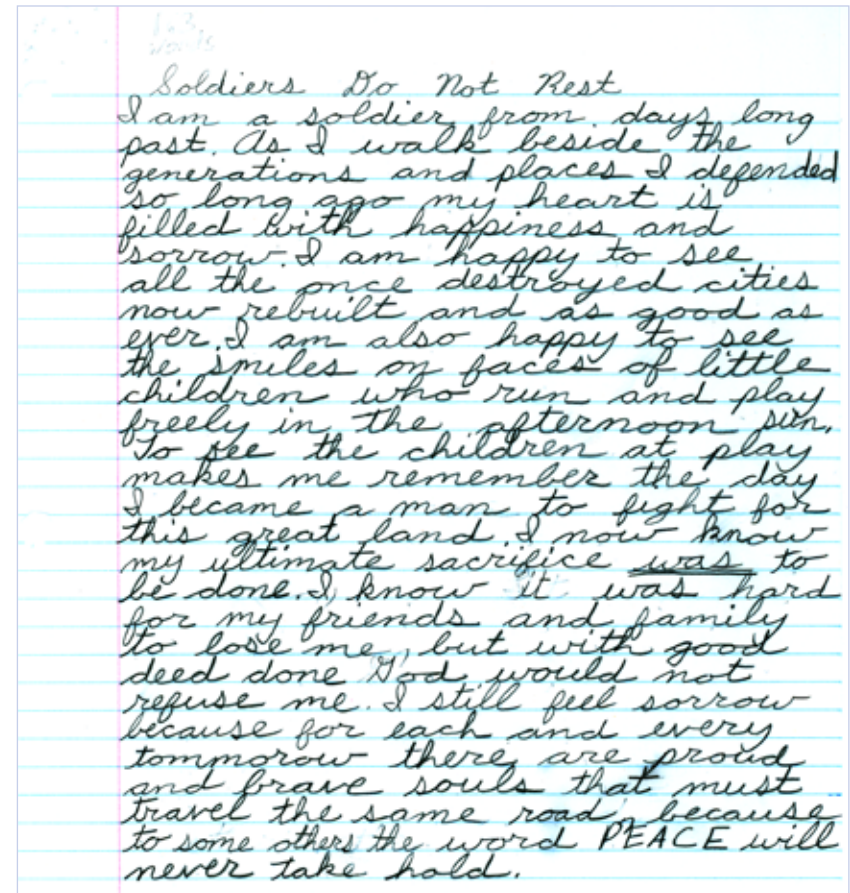
This Remembrance Day, I thought about the many other people affected by war including: civilians, prisoners of war and children like me. Two minutes of silence can feel like an eternity when you imagine how frightening it must be, being trapped in a war. The feeling of terror and confusion would fill every minute, of every day, in a war torn country.

Since the Remembrance Day ceremony it has been difficult to stop thinking about the tears I saw in the Veteran's eyes. Maybe their minds were over seas with the soldiers who are trying to bring peace to the world today. Sometimes it doesn't make sense to a person my age why we continue to fight after so many lives have been destroyed. It is my hope that peace will be achieved for all countries during my life, and taking time to respect our war veterans is a small step in this direction. When I am in a room beside veterans who have risked everything to make this world a better place, the meaning of two minutes of silence every eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month becomes very clear.

#### FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Bruce Gifford David Marpole**

Banff, AB Banff Elementary School, Colonel Moore Br. #26



*Soldiers Do Not Rest*  
 I am a soldier, from days long past. As I walk beside the generations and places I defended so long ago my heart is filled with happiness and sorrow. I am happy to see all the once destroyed cities now rebuilt and as good as ever. I am also happy to see the smiles on faces of little children who run and play freely in the afternoon sun. To see the children at play makes me remember the day I became a man to fight for this great land. I now know my ultimate sacrifice was to be done. I know it was hard for my friends and family to lose me, but with good deed done God would not refuse me. I still feel sorrow because for each and every tomorrow there are proud and brave souls that must travel the same road, because to some others the word PEACE will never take hold.

#### SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**David “Bailey” Clark**

Indian River, PE Queen Elizabeth Elementary School, Lt. Col. EW Johnstone Br. #9

#### HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

##### POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

**Katya Winters** ~Oak Lake, MB—Oak Lake Community School  
 Oak Lake Br. #79

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

**Cassandra Stubbington** ~ Nine Mile River, NS—Riverside Education Centre  
 Elmsdale Br. #48

##### ESSAY COMPOSITION

**Chloe Mailloux** ~ Sturgeon Falls, ON—École catholique Saint-Joseph  
 Sturgeon Falls Br. #225

##### POEM POÈME

**Marissa Hope Mueller** ~ Petrolia, ON—Lambton Central Centennial Public School  
 Petrolia Br. #216

*A War Veteran's Reflection*

They saw the yellow clouds of chlorine gas.  
The heavy tanks at the Battle of Somme.  
The corpses covered in a shroud of mud,  
The Afghanistan road side bomb.

I see the clear blue skies and beaming sun,  
The golden green valleys and farms.  
I see children running happy and free,  
Without any worries, without any harm.

Because of their sacrifice, the reflection I see  
Is a free country called Canada, right before me.

They heard the deafening roar of heavy guns,  
At the Battle of Vimy Ridge.  
The constant bombing and barrage of bullets,  
While crossing every trench and bridge.

I hear the laughter and music across the land,  
The freedom of expression and speech.  
I hear the peaceful sound of a cricket at night,  
The calm, soothing waves at the beach.

Because of their sacrifice, the reflection I hear  
Is the sound of harmony in a land we hold dear.

They felt the mud swallowing their tired bodies,  
Waist deep in the Passchendaele trenches.  
They felt the earth tremble on Juno beach,  
As the enemy made their advances.

I feel the peace and silence during a deep night's slumber,  
I feel safe in my bed at night.  
I feel very certain when I wake up the next day,  
That everything will be alright.

Because of their sacrifice the reflection I feel,  
Is to give thanks to the veterans who made my life real.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

**Madeleine Crawford**

Cornwall, PE Eliot River Elementary School, Kingston Br. #30

**Why Should I Remember**

Why should I remember  
the war so long ago?  
I wasn't there to see it  
or hear the big guns blow.  
I wasn't at the station  
to see young men board the train.  
Or hear the mother's sighing,  
"Will I see my son again?"  
I wasn't on the battlefield  
watching as brave men died.  
Or hearing the eerie sounds at night;  
this memory is not mine.  
I wasn't at the graveside  
watching them place a cross.  
Or hearing young wives mourning  
because of their great loss.  
So why should I remember  
this war so long ago?

This is what we learn.

This is what I know.

For freedom of our country,

This is why they fought.

So remember all these men

For freedom is what we got!

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

**Cole Stephenson**

Wakefield, NB Hartland Community School, Hartland Br. #24

## POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



**FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE**

**Madison Bolyea**

Shanty Bay, ON Guthrie Public School, Dr. WC Little MM Br. #147

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



**FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE**

**Terrence Chase G. Hill**

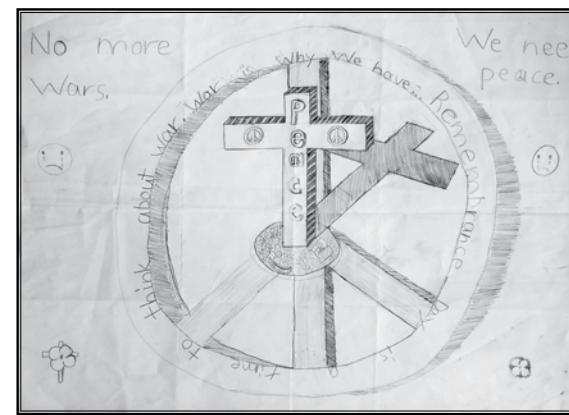
Clairmont, AB Vista Virtual, Barrhead Br. #75



**SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE**

**Ruby Kinash**

Wishart, SK Home School, Wishart Br. #305



**SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE**

**Daniel Rust**

Petrolia, ON Hillcrest School, Petrolia Br. #216

## HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

### POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

**Lillie Lax ~ Keewatin, ON—St. Louis Elementary School**  
Keewatin Br. #13

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

**Dylan Anderson ~ Surrey, BC—Cloverdale Catholic School**  
Cloverdale Br. #6



## 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. Students may enter as many Divisions as they wish.

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.

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.

***Lest We Forget***

## 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 a 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. Les élèves peuvent participer dans autant de divisions qu'ils désirent.

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.

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.

***Nous nous souviendrons***