



WINNERS

GAGNANTS

Posters, Essays, Poems



Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes



THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

POSTER AND LITERARY
CONTESTS

2012

LA LÉGION ROYALE CANADIENNE

CONCOURS D'AFFICHES
ET LITTÉRAIRE

POSTERS ~ COLOUR ◆ AFFICHES ~ COULEURS

POSTERS ~ BLACK & WHITE ◆ AFFICHES ~ NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Sienna (Jeong Eun) Cho

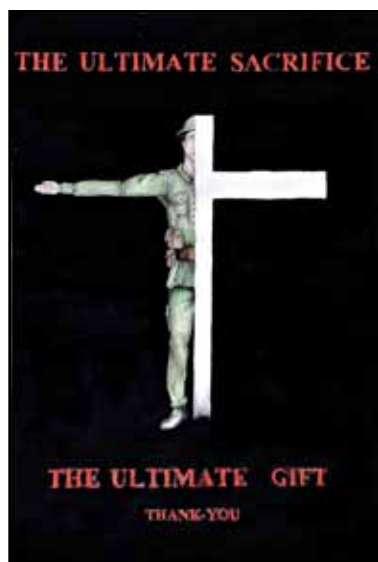
Surrey, BC R.E. Mountain Secondary School, Langley Br. #21



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Owen Brown

Guelph, ON Koinonia Christian Academy, Waterloo Br. #530



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Matthew Walton

Pasadena, NL Pasadena Academy, Pasadena Br. #68



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Katarina Wawrykow

NanOOSE Bay, BC Ballenas Secondary School, Mount Arrowsmith Br. #49

Sophie tenderly fingered the miniature red and white flag before carefully adding it to her collection which now ran along both sides of her driveway. As she placed the Canadian flag into the soft earth, she sadly remembered her neighbour's eighteen-year-old son who had died in combat only three short days ago. Each time a man or boy she knew died, Sophie would add a flag in remembrance of the fallen. This particular flag-adjusting ceremony was difficult because Sophie had been fond of the little boy next door. She thought of the dead soldier as a boy because it was only last year he had learned to drive a car. Weeping tears of sorrow, she wondered how long the world would suffer before peace would prevail and the long-lasting war in Europe would be over.

Like Sophie, thousands of people across Canada have been affected by war. Those who have lost a father, brother, son, cousin, friend or neighbor know first hand the pain of loss that war brings. It is important on Remembrance Day, and every other day, that we acknowledge and appreciate the pain of those loved ones and the sacrifice of those fallen soldiers.

Thousands of young men and boys have perished in war, each hoping that peace would once again be restored. It saddens me to think about all the young soldiers, some younger than myself, that left this earth and their families behind. Taking a small moment to remember their sacrifice seems the least we can do for them. If they hadn't given their all, we might not be able to enjoy the kind of life that we have been fortunate enough to have as Canadians.

Imagine what it would be like to leave your family, friends and community, knowing that you might never come home again. I'm sure many brave soldiers had that very thought as they hugged their family goodbye. For some, that departure from the only life they had ever known, was not to be permanent, but for others, it was the last time they got to see their family. Even those who were fortunate enough to be able to return home, had the scars of war imprinted on them for eternity. Many soldiers felt the pain of losing friends who fought along side them. For this reason, we take time to remember, not only the fallen, but those who bravely served our country as well.

One way of remembering and learning about past wars is to read letters sent home by soldiers who were serving. Letters played a major role in past wars. Before the days of e-mail and facebook, a simple, hand-written letter from home meant the world to soldiers. Most eagerly looked forward to news from Canada, as it was a small chance to escape from the horrors of daily life. Letters written back home give us a small glimpse into the life of a soldier – the battles they fought, the places they were stationed, the friends they made, and personal thoughts about how they felt. Letters of war need to be preserved for future generations as they are part of our heritage, and can help future generations of young Canadians understand why it is important to remember.

Another thing you can do to remember those who have fallen in combat is to visit a war memorial site on your own time. One such memorial in which to pay your respects is the Canadian Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, located in Ottawa, Ontario at the National War Memorial site in Confederation Square. This memorial is dedicated to all soldiers who have sacrificed their lives for our country in the past and all who will sacrifice in the future. There are many other memorial sites in Canada, as well as various countries in Europe and around the world. Why not research these sites and visit if you have an opportunity?

The next time the Canadian National Anthem plays stand up tall and proud. Take a moment to remember the thousands of lives lost, so that you could have a free country. Without those brave soldiers we wouldn't have the opportunity to enjoy our lives and the many privileges that go along with freedom. Honor those fearless Canadians who served – visit a memorial site, read a letter, but most of all REMEMBER. My name is Amelia Haines and I'm proud to be a Canadian.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Amelia Haines

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

The Tear

He pulls his uniform from the closet, inspects it for loose buttons and threads, checks for lint but, of course, it's immaculate; he'd just wore it two weeks ago to Frank's funeral. November eleventh already! Each year it comes faster and faster. He feels a stinging in his eyes. He dresses, puts on his heavy overcoat, grabs his cane and heads out the door.

He marches down Main Street with his fellow veterans, some cadets, and a contingency of soldiers from the nearby base. He looks towards the town's arena. The parking lot's full today; one of the local teams has planned a tournament for the day. Down a side street, a family is using the day off to string their holiday lights; the sound of the parades marching intermittently broken by the bang of a staple gun. There's a big sale on at the hardware store. He sighs and tries to hide his disappointment. After all, what war memories could these people possibly have? The stinging in his eyes has returned to torment him.

The small parade finally reaches the cenotaph, where a few people stand, shifting from foot to foot in the cold, waiting for the ceremony to commence. He remembers a time when the whole town came out, everyone with a story about fathers, uncles, brothers, cousins and friends. Damn, there go his eyes again! Everyone had a connection, a sense of comradeship, grief, and comfort.

The ceremony starts, and so does the flood of memories. He went to war with fifty young men from this town! Twenty-three men came home and, over time, there are only three of them left – Walter, Daniel and himself. He looks over to his friends; Walter just moved into the nursing home and Daniel is confined to a wheelchair and breathes with an oxygen tank. He ponders how such fine young men and soldiers could reach such sad endings, but then he steels himself against those thoughts as he looks at the twenty-seven names on the cenotaph. Those boys' lives were cut down far too soon; at least Walt and Danny did have lives!

His eyes begin to sting again so he reaches for his handkerchief. It's not as snowy white and crisply ironed as it used to be. His beloved Mary always made sure he was well turned out. She understood his need to be here. She witnessed his moments when he would suddenly feel overwhelmed and sad. She knew about his nightmares and gave him comfort. Mary is now gone too.

With a start, he realizes the ceremony is over. Everyone is leaving. He wonders who will be here next year. Walt and Danny may not survive another year! Heck, his health isn't that great either! Who will carry the flame? Who will remind this town of the people who fought and died for their liberties and beliefs? As he turns to go, he loses his grip on his cane. It clatters to the sidewalk, leaving him humiliated and stranded. Suddenly, a dark weathered hand retrieves his cane and he finds himself looking into the tanned young face of a soldier freshly back from Kandahar.

As the young man helps him, he notices a young woman with two small children watching the man with love and admiration. She reminds him of his Mary. He peers at the soldier's eyes, their sadness and pain, a reflection of his own eyes. The stinging of his eyes is suddenly relieved by a tear. As the tear rolls down his face, he takes the younger man's hand and in his heart, he knows the torch has passed to this young man and his family. The tears continue to flow for he knows the burden that this man and his family will carry for life.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Kimberley Anne Farion

Vegreville, AB Vegreville Composite High School, Vegreville Br. #39

**I Remember**

Having a poppy pinned close to my heart,
Seeing crosses among crosses in the fields,
And our Canadian flag hung high and proud.
This is *how* I remember.

Hearing the strong sound of the trumpet,
Listening to the moment of silence,
Seeing the veterans of our nation,
This is *how* I remember.

The soldiers who sacrificed everything,
Families who fought long and hard,
Children who lost their parents and siblings,
This is *who* I remember.

At school with classmates,
Through church with God,
In our nation of freedom,
This is *where* I remember.

The countless sacrifices made,
The many lives which were lost,
Our fierce fight for freedom,
This is *what* I remember.

Each year on November eleventh,
During our school's assembly,
Throughout each day of freedom I live,
This is *when* I remember.

Soldiers are the reason behind our freedom,
They have sacrificed their lives for us,
To prevail in freedom each and every day,
This is *why* I remember.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE**Allison Somers**

Carbonear, NL Carbonear Collegiate, Carbonear Br. #23

Back and Forth

Back and Forth
Back and Forth.

Back to the horrid memories
where his life once was.
Forth to the family
that loves him so.

Back to the terrifying sounds
of the gunshots and explosions.
Forth to the children
playing on the lawn.

Back and Forth
Back and Forth.

Back to the lives taken
right in front of his eyes.

Forth to the friends
that put a smile on his face.

Back to the sleepless nights
where he prayed to live till morning.

Forth to the home
where safety surrounds him.

Back and Forth
Back and Forth

the rocking chair

sways as the scarred

Veteran tries to live in the
present and forget the past.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE**Skylar Flynn**

Beechy SK Beechy School, Beechy Br. #324

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

Colette Danielle Bachand ~ Cardiff, AB—Morinville Community High School
Morinville Br. #176

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Amy Mugford ~ Stephenville, NL—Stephenville High School
Stephenville Br. #35

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Samantha Hoefsloot ~ Armstrong, BC—Pleasant Valley Secondary School
Armstrong Br. #35

POEM POÈME

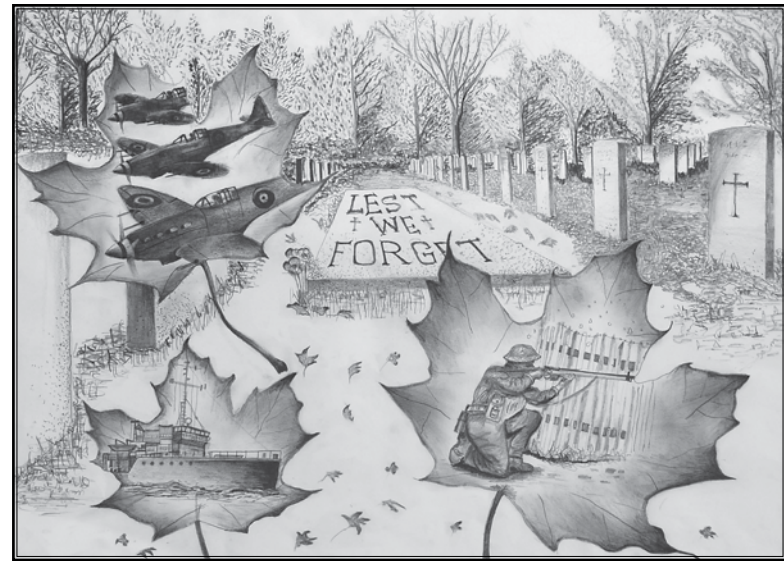
Christopher Melchin ~ Antigonish, NS—Dr. John Hugh Gillis Regional High School
Arras Br. #59



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Kelaiah Quinn Guiel

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



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Joseph McIntyre

Hawkestone, ON Eastview Secondary School, Dr. W.C. (Bill) Little MM Br. #147



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Jason (Renjie) Hong

Vancouver, BC University Hill Secondary School, West Point Grey Br. #142



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Shivani Patel

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



Moment of Silence

As the car door swings outward, the tip of the Cenotaph comes into sight over a sea of people. My uniform feels unnaturally tight as I wade my way through the crowd. The crisp smell of recently cleaned uniforms surrounds me as I stand near the other veterans. As the Remembrance Day Ceremony begins, poems are read, guns are fired, and other normal formalities continue. A young girl reads a poem about friends who have "passed." The memories are becoming harder to hold back.

A trumpet plays, announcing the moment of silence. Memories flood back, surrounding me. The weight of a gun, the taste of sand, the smell of salt, and all other things felt on the battlefield invade my mind. Suddenly, my mind's eye is in June 1944, on a boat droning towards the shores of Normandy. A battle hardened Captain briefs me and my fellow soldiers. His gravelly voice is mostly drowned out by the engine, but five words make it through: "...leave wounded behind...keep running..."

All of a sudden the engine noise stops and the boat door falls with a splash. All of the soldiers drop out of the boat, struggling to keep their guns at least a good foot out of the water. Although most manage to make it to the beach, some stumble and get mouthfuls of salt water. Those who don't trip, fall as the pop of gunfire erupts into the air. My heart thumps against my chest as the Captain is cut down beside me. His blood splatters onto my uniform, but I must run on.

I dive behind a sand dune, getting a taste of gritty sand. A Nazi bunker imbedded in the sand loudly spits metal death in my direction. The cold wrench of fear grips my innards as bullets disrupt the sand mere feet away from me. Sam, our medic from Montreal, falls to an enemy bullet. In anger I jump from hiding and fire several gunshots at the bunker, throwing small wisps of smoke into the air. I quickly go back under cover, realizing that my efforts are futile as my friend's bodies lie strewn across the beach. Then, a huge fireball erupts before my eyes as the bunker explodes. Backup has arrived.

A trumpet plays taps as I open my eyes, warm tears pouring down my cheeks. Other veterans stand around me silently mulling over their sad memories, remembering terrible wars and horrific battles. As the Remembrance Day Ceremony draws to a close, my friends' dying cries haunt me. Feelings of guilt, loneliness, and regret won't leave my mind. I look around me. People are happy, with modern luxuries and pleasures. So many men and women died to make my country what it is today. Their sacrifice must never be forgotten.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Robert Josiah Deacon

Victoria, BC Pacific Christian School, Trafalgar/Pro Patria Br. #292

Remembrance

Does remembrance merely exist on November eleventh? Or does it flourish beyond the date? Does it live within the depths of our hearts? Or is it simply a word of thank you? To what extent does remembrance live?

Remembrance is the echoing voices of those who have fought and died for our country. Their voices are louder than the "Last Post" played during ceremonies across Canada. Their voices are stronger than the blow of their guns. Their voices will forever be with us as we watch their caskets being showered with poppies. Their honour and glory light our hearts, not only on this special day, but every day.

To me remembrance is an opportunity to thank and give back for lives lost. It is a bond I feel when I stand next to a stranger who bares on their heart a poppy the same as me. It is this silent tie between people that truly signifies that a gesture as simple as this can unite us as a country. Wearing a poppy seems miniscule in comparison to what it signifies.

Remembrance is the moment you embrace your role to remember and to cherish how our nation got to where it is today. It is the history, the stories, the loss and the learning. Remembrance is the sacrifice made by brave men and women intended to better our lives. In the name of peace, they have fought in countless wars and have put their own lives in harm's way.

Remembrance is red; red is the freedom found in Canada's flag. Red is for commemoration as well as the bloodied and grieving. Red is anger and frustration. Red is the wounded, hurt, and the lost. It is red like vast fields of poppies growing free, like our nation.

Remembrance is black and blue. It is torn and stained. It has been bruised and shot, and has been broken and patched back together. Remembrance has been divided, shared, and negotiated. Remembrance is always healing and is the dawn of a new day. It is our hope and strength.

To me, remembrance is the distinct differences between the complex ideas of war and peace. Yet it is the simplicity of innocent children wearing poppies. These ideas are very different, but together they are remembered and recognized each November.

Remembrance is a word like no other. Remembrance is a feeling incomparable to others. It is a path of untold stories, and a guide through our history. It truly is impossible to define remembrance and to grasp all aspects at once. But it seems that once a year all the words come together in honour and recognition of our veterans.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Christina Mary Hertner

Nilestown, ON Lord Dorchester Secondary School, Donnybrook Br. #513

The Veteran

His frail body stands tall with pride
A slight smile plays along his scarred features
His eyes are shut tight as horrible memories dance through his head
I can only imagine

Departing, expecting to arrive to the said glory and glamour of war
Only to arrive to find his worst nightmare
I can only imagine the shock

Deep trenches filled with bloody bodies
Bombs exploding mere meters away
I can only imagine the horror

Watching countless lives being taken
And fighting so hard, for so long, only to lose
I can only imagine the painful frustration

Friends falling, never to open their eyes again
Many unsuccessful attempts to revive the fallen
I can only imagine the sorrow

Happy to be able to return home, yet never the same
Horrific memories emblazoned in his brain
I can only imagine the agony

As the ceremony ends and I stand
Ready to go home, to hang out with friends
War the last thing on my mind
I realize that this is something
He can only imagine.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Mara Cox

Kimberley BC Selkirk Secondary School, Kimberley Br. #67

Remember

Remember the freedom that others have bought
Other have died, others have fought
Remember the freedom that others would give
Others have died, that today we may live.

Remember the poppies that grow in the fields
Where others are buried, others now feel
The pain and the sorrow that war always knows
Remember the poppy, in the field as it blows.

Remember those others, whose lives paid for life
Life as a free person, free without strife
War is now over, thanks be to those
Whose lives have been given for what they chose.

They chose freedom, freedom for us
For this we are thankful, so now we must
Remember them, hold them close yet
We must remember, lest we forget.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Aveline J. Vandermeulen

Lorette, MB Immanuel Christian School, Transcona Br. #7

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Rodnie Valerio ~ Calgary, AB—St. Helena Junior High School
Alberta Br. #1

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Carolina House ~ Victoria, BC—Spence Middle School
Prince Edward Br. #91

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Rielle Gagnon ~ Lloydminster, AB—Holy Rosary High School
Lloydminster Br. #39

POEM POÈME

Olivia Malone ~ Little Shemogue, NB—Port Elgin Regional School
Cape Tormentine Br. #81

POSTERS~COLOUR ♦ AFFICHES~COULEURS

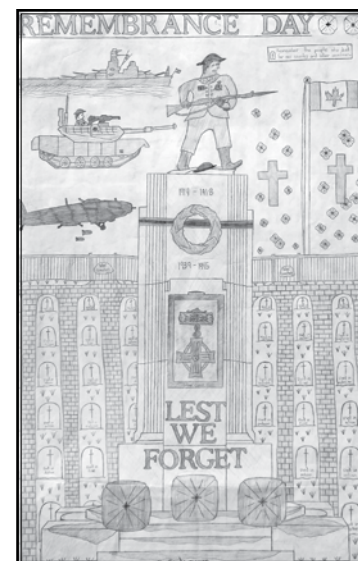


FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Alyssa Zucchi

Montreal, QC Kuper Academy, Pointe Claire Br. #57

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE ♦ AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Brady Donald Tiessen

Abbotsford, BC John Calvin School, Vedder Golden Br. #280



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Sanha (Ann) Kim

Richmond Hill, ON Corpus Christi Catholic Elementary School, Richmond Hill Br. #375



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Holly Denise Gillingham

Western Bay, NL Cabot Academy, Carbonear Br. # 23

In his point of view

He sits there, on his regular stump beside the towering trees, in Flanders Fields, France. A pleasant cry sounds throughout the field and he looks up into the bright, beautiful sky. Above doves give a start and soar away. In a nearby oak tree two larks are feeding their young. Sadness fills his heart as he sees a woman weeping on a stone. It was a grave containing her husband, another life-risking soldier losing it all in the line of duty. The people among the living are sharing the world with the people of the dead, in Flanders Fields. A flag was billowing in the wind like a rapid snake never wanting to surrender, while the stones stay motionless, as if captivated by the ground beneath it.

He is there and he is thinking, reciting. There he writes down the first few words: "In Flanders Fields the poppies blow, between the crosses". He is another soldier, another among others he lived respectfully in the past. He watched as each fell and he had heard the screams, the bloodshed of every day. He remembered the laughs they had shared, the meals of which they talked, the suffering they had gone through. Looking around Flanders Fields, he peers above the rows of poppies surrounding his friends. He honours them and puts a poppy over his heart. He stands up and lies down on the soft green grass. He watches as the poppies spring up anew for one other life lost.

He looks to the sky above him and the rolling hills on his sides. A smirk appears across his face. He is now ready to accompany his long lost companions and he readies himself for a faraway trip. A ghostly wind engulfs him like a blanket and wraps around him as he lets go of his life. In his place stands a marble grave. He lived a great life and gave freedom to all of us. He was a soldier. He was a doctor. He was John McCrae, maker of "In Flanders Fields".

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Frank Wang

Surrey, BC Southridge Junior School, Peace Arch Br. #8

On the 11th day, on the 11th hour, of the 11th month, World War 1 ended. The Armistice was signed at 5 am, and took effect at 11 am. Finally, after 4 years, the Allies and Germany have stopped fighting. Celebrations were happening all over the globe. People were gathering, people were cheering for the soldiers. No matter what, it was a great day for everyone.

Every November 11th, at 11:00 AM, we take two minutes to remember and honour the current and former service personnel. This is called Remembrance Day. Of course, much more than this happens. Schools host services with the classes reading poems or stories. Your local church might even talk about the soldiers and why they fought for us. No matter what, everybody across the world celebrates Remembrance Day somehow.

The reason we celebrate Remembrance Day is because of our soldiers. Every single soldier fought for their country. Their effort did not go to waste, because here in Canada, we are free. We don't have a dictator for a leader. We don't have to worry about being killed or being held for ransom everyday. That is the sort of thing that happens in Middle Eastern countries. They have little to no freedom. That's why we have soldiers over in those countries. It's because we want them to have the same rights and freedom that we have. Everyone deserves these things. No matter what race or gender you are.

Over in Afghanistan, the soldiers have been working to fight against the Taliban. Since October of 2001, troops have been deployed in Afghanistan. It's been 10 years. Yet, there is still a conflict between the Coalition and the Insurgents. They're trying to keep the Taliban from obtaining an influence on the current government.

So, on November 11th, this is why we take two minutes of silence. This is for the men and women that went to war. For the people who said goodbye to their families. For the people who died. For the people that kept us safe, this very special day is for them. Remembrance Day.

The End.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Patrick Shaw

Abbey, SK Abbey School, Abbey Br. #222

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Jeongmin Kang ~ Enfield, NS—Enfield District School
Montgomery Br. #133

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Keegan Carr ~ Perth, ON—St. John Elementary School
Perth Upon Tay Br. #244

ESSAY COMPOSITION

Daniel Corbo ~ Etobicoke, ON—Father Serra Catholic School
Col. J.E.L. Streight Br. #210

POEM POÈME

Sophie Marie DeRosa ~ Trail, BC—Rossland Secondary School
Rossland Br. #14



Soft and Free

Red and round, soft and free
 Shows the ones that died for me.
 The ones that left to say farewell
 And those that fought and lived to tell.
 A Poppy is now what I wear
 In memory of those who cared.
 I hope I'll live to see the day
 When war will end and peace will stay.
 Until then, my Poppy will stand
 A sign of respect throughout this land
 Red and round, soft and free
 Shows the ones that died for me.

FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Kianah R. Howk

Cochrane, AB Westbrook School, Men of Vision Br. #15

Four steps to the battlefield

I have four steps to the battlefield
 But it seems so far away,
 My life before my eyes.
 As I put my foot down,
 I'm only three steps away.

I have three steps to the battlefield,
 Oh how I will miss my little girl,
 My wife, my friends, my family.
 As my foot hits the ground,
 I am only two steps away.

I have two steps to the battlefield,
 How I hope I do survive.
 I can hear the guns a blowing,
 Hear the cannons roar,
 As my foot hits the cold hard ground,
 I am one step away.

I have one step to the battlefield
 And that's not far at all.
 I will take a step and serve my country
 In this violent war.
 My foot goes down,
 A bomb goes boom,
 The whole world goes black,

I lay here in the battlefield,
 Bleeding from my wound.
 I will die here in no mans land
 As a soldier strong and true.

SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Naomi Ruth Pratt

Elmvale, ON Wyevalle Central Public School, Elmvale Br. #262

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Autumn Dowhaluk

Atmore, AB Grassland School, Boyle Br. #169



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Grace Clayton

Shanty Bay, ON Guthrie Public School, Dr. W.C. (Bill) Little MM Br. #147

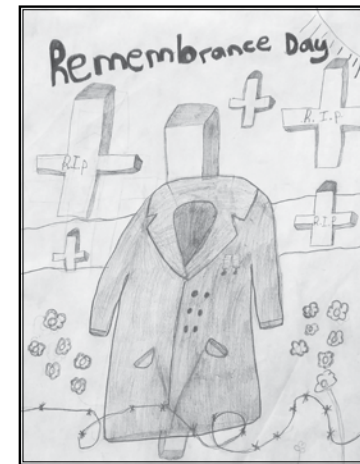
POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC



FIRST PLACE ~ PREMIÈRE PLACE

Jordan Bartlett

Tavistock, ON Tavistock Public School, Tavistock Memorial Br. #518



SECOND PLACE ~ DEUXIÈME PLACE

Josey Hrapstead

Swan River, MB Heyes Elementary School, Swan River Br. #39

HONOURABLE MENTION ~ MENTION HONORABLE

POSTERS~COLOUR AFFICHES~COULEURS

Tyler Benjamin Reid ~ Hampton, NB—Dr. A.T. Leatherbarrow Primary School
Hampton Br. #28

POSTERS~BLACK & WHITE AFFICHES~NOIR & BLANC

Jedrek Slingerland ~ Coaldale AB—Homeschool-Education Unlimited
General Stewart Br. #4

The Contests

For over 50 years, The Royal Canadian Legion has sponsored annual Poster and Literary Contests that are open to all Canadian school children. The youths who participate in these 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 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.

Should you wish further information on the Poster and Literary Contests, please contact The Royal Canadian Legion branch nearest you or at **www.Legion.ca**.

Congratulations to all of this year's winners.

Les Concours

Depuis plus de 50 années, la Légion royale canadienne parraine des 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.

Les concours sont divisés en catégories: le concours d'affiche en quatre (Primaire – jardin d'enfants, 1, 2 et 3^{ème} années; Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ème} années). Le concours littéraire en trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ème} 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^{ème} 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 le Gouverneur général.

Si vous désirez plus d'information sur les Concours littéraire et d'affiche, veuillez communiquer avec la filiale de la Légion royale canadienne la plus près ou à **www.Legion.ca**.

Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.