

# Winners 2015

## Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

# Gagnants 2015

Centenaire du poème « LES CIMETIÈRES FLAMANDS » de John McCrae  
100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Of John McCrae's IN FLANDERS FIELDS



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# Senior Senior

## The Soil at Vimy Ridge

by Inés Fiedler

I am the soil at Vimy Ridge,  
Unchanging in my essence.  
I've been here since the soldiers left;  
Was here before their presence.

I have witnessed bloody battles,  
And a peaceful time before:  
A still and calm so beautiful  
Before the raging war.

I've felt the boots of twenty thousand  
March towards their slaughter,  
Sacrificing everything for  
Wives and sons and daughters.

I've heard the echoes of their cries,  
Free of arrogance or pride.  
Full of fear, yet they fought  
And for your freedom died.

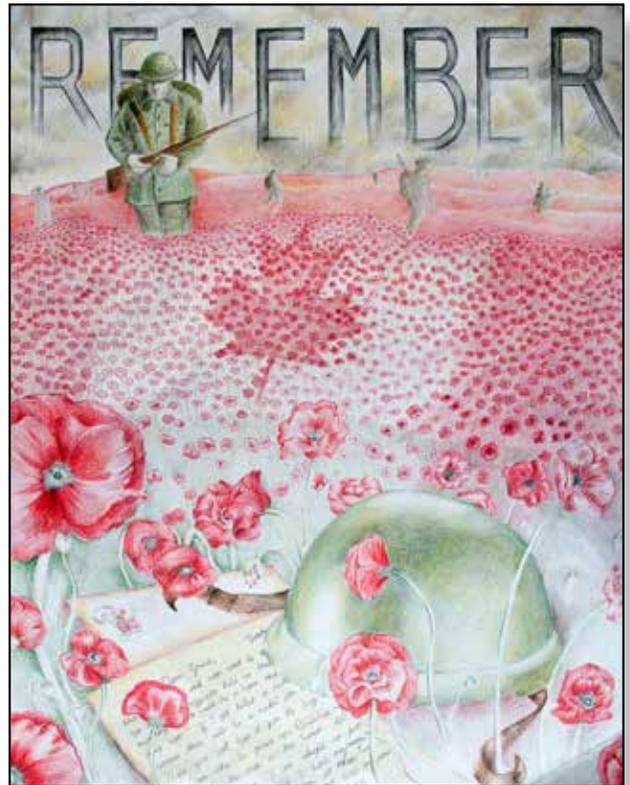
I was watching when the fighting stopped  
And victory was declared.  
The Canadians proved themselves as more  
Than soldiers who were scared.

Now I hold twelve thousand markers,  
Of men who fought and fell —  
My duty is to make sure that  
They rest forever well.

I am the soil at Vimy Ridge,  
A witness to the war,  
Some may say they've seen it all  
But I have seen much more.

## Inés Carolina Fiedler

Windsor, ON · Vincent Massey Secondary · Metropolitan Br. #594  
Poem • Poème



## Natasha Jones

North Vancouver, BC · West Vancouver Secondary School · Lynn Valley Br. #114  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



## Sideqa Haqani

Gloucester, ON · St Francis Xavier High School · South Carleton Br. #314  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *First Place • Première Place*

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Boys In The Sand  
Tori Fisher

A curtain shifts as the bus makes a turn, allowing a shaft of bright sun to attack my face and render me blind. Tears build in my eyes as I squint into the glare but I make no move to wipe them away. It's useless, I think, to bother when I know that these tears will be only some of the many shed today.

It's June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014. I am travelling to Juno beach, location of the infamous D-Day landings. 70 years ago today, thousands of Canadian men, some barely older than myself, journeyed to the same place. However, the difference between those soldiers and I is that I know I will return home. On June 6, 1944, some 14 000 men (and boys) from our country stormed the beaches of France in an attempt to end Hitler's reign of terror. Under such circumstances, who would have thought that today I would shed tears of joy.

The bus makes a final turn, and I'm roused from my thoughts by the rumbling of tires on gravel. My feet meet dusty ground and my feelings are mixed as I walk the path leading to the museum. Soft puffs of cloud dapple the azure sky, allowing light to sparkle off the ocean and highlight the soft hues of wildflowers peeking from the tall grass. Full of France's lush beauty, it's hard to imagine this place as a deadly battlefield.

The Juno Beach Centre appears in front of us, a contrasting collage of modern and historic times. The museum sits, accompanied by a proudly waving Canadian flag. An equally grand French flag flies by its side. Hundreds of plaques adorn giant concrete pillars, thanking those that sponsored the centre. It is heart-warming to see such teamwork, but I bitterly wish that there were no reason to build this place, no Canadian deaths to mourn.

It is when we approach the grassy outcrop overlooking the beach that hints of war begin to show. The entrances to German bunkers gape like open mouths in the sand. Around them sit huge cement pyramids that used to hold back tanks. The sand is pale and soft beneath my feet, but I grimly wonder how much blood left it clumped and stained in the past. Why must we fight such brutal wars? As my eyes comb the strange marks inside the bunker, I suddenly feel sick. I avert my eyes and hurry back to the surface.

I continue to the beach. The sand becomes thicker under my feet as the grass thins, and attracts my gaze as I stop to think. I try to imagine what this place must have looked like in the midst of war. I picture boat after boat closing in on the shore, then soldier after soldier sprinting for cover on the wet sand. I think of the rattle of gunfire and the scars left by tanks in the earth, the smell of smoke and the sounds of screams carried on the wind. It is hard to imagine though, for I have never known war.

I'm finishing this thought as a sharp cry sounds behind me. Its high pitch is that of a young child. I turn in time to see them tumble onto the beach, two French boys, no more than four years old. Their father trails behind, watching affectionately as they laugh and roll in the sand.

At first I feel a prick of anger, who lets their child yell and wrestle on such hallowed ground? As I watch, however, I remember that they're still young. Four-years-olds aren't expected to understand war.

Suddenly I'm hit with a wave of thankfulness. There was a time not so long ago that a four-year-old boy would be expected to understand war; a time when worldwide fighting wasn't a chapter in a history book but a way of life. Those boys and I have a lot in common. We both grew up in such a peaceful environment that we don't know the horrors of battle. I can read about it in books, but I didn't experience the death and oppression firsthand. Those thousands of men died for the future, the idea that their children could grow up the way I am now.

A bittersweet tear builds in my eye when I think of this. I grieve for those that came before me and gave everything 70 years ago on the hope that they could make things better, but I also feel joy and gratefulness. They dedicated themselves fully to the battle against oppression and they succeeded. They succeeded for the future, and for me. I only hope that if my time comes to take a stand that I can do it too, for those like the boys in the sand.

**Victoria Fisher**

Minnedosa, MB • Minnedosa Collegiate • Hugh Dyer Br. #138  
Essay • Composition



# Senior Senior

## Row by Row

White crosses run neatly, row after row  
Memories of soldiers we'll never know.  
Boys who left home, their duty to serve  
In a war, that soon will destroy every nerve.

Boys with big dreams and ideals held aloft  
Caress their girl's cheek, so pink and so soft.  
A low whispered goodbye, see you soon, in her ear,  
As his company's off to a place filled with fear.

Innocence and dreams quickly fade  
As he faces the horror that power has made.  
Domination of all is his foe in this fight,  
And he grasps his gun near as he lies down at night.

Notes to his love, tucked safe and away,  
One of the reasons he sits here today.  
His fingers caress a photo well worn,  
As he waits for the signal, a loud battle horn.

The waiting is almost worse than the fear,  
As action is needed to draw peace so near.  
The short war grows, past long days into years  
Each one marks death, with many more tears.

He then hears the news, he'd thought never would come,  
The war it is over, the allies have won.  
Yet death doesn't stop, it grows, still it grows.  
Red fields still fill, more crosses in rows.

He came once a boy, now leaves a young man,  
Changed by the world, but would still take a stand.  
A stand for world peace, against wrong and for right.  
Another day, another reason to fight.

As memories fade and time moves along,  
Ceremonies, poems and veterans gone.  
As we live to watch, the crosses still grow,  
Year by year and row by row.



**Anna Kumpan**

North Wiltshire, PE · Bluefield High School · Kingston Br. #30  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Adam Werkman**

Winnipeg, MB · Immanuel Christian School · Transcona Br. #007  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## *Honourable Mention • Mention honorable*

### **Strong Duan**

Calgary, AB · Central Memorial HS · Centennial Calgary Br. #285  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### **Keisha Collins**

Hare Bay BB, NL · Jane Collins Academy · Eastport Br. #41  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### **Sutherland Greer**

Indian Brook, NS · L.S.K. Indian Brook School · Shubenacadie Br. #111  
Essay • Composition

### **Samantha Ryan**

Bonavista, NL · Discovery Collegiate · Catalina Br. #16  
Poem • Poème

# *Second Place • Deuxième Place*

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My name is Chance and I'm 18 years old and in grade twelve. Today we come together at our school and remember. But remember what? Some would argue that we remember the deeds of our fallen soldiers from the early world wars and our fallen soldiers from recent wars, like the Korean War and the more current war in Afghanistan. Most would say that today is a time to remember those who have died to keep the peace. However, what of the soldiers who still live and breathe to this day?

When I was younger, my teachers always told me that we shouldn't worry about our current soldiers because they we still alive. So I would argue: "My daddy's across the ocean right now doing exactly what those men did a long time ago. He is helping people in need, and keeping the fight away from us, our families and our homes."

Of course, no one has ever seen it the way I did. Years ago, I didn't understand how people didn't see things the way I saw them. As I got older, I realized that not everyone has had someone he or she loves make sacrifices the way our soldiers do. Not everyone has a friend or family member that has gone overseas to aid in a war effort. And to those who have had great grandparents fight in the world war or the Korean War, I can say that I've been there too and would argue that it's not the same.

My dad was gone a lot. Whether he was on a six week course in Gagetown N.B, or a six month tour in Kandahar, he was still far away. I was too young to remember the first time he went overseas. I was fairly young during these events and just starting things in my life, like school and making friends. So to me, it was normal for my mom to teach me how to ride a bike or catch a ball. Living without my dad was confusing at times, and sad at others.

What I had to remember though was that my dad was more than just a soldier: he was a hero, a Veteran, making provinces and cities safe here for us in which to live. He kept civilians and other soldiers overseas safe as well, by cleaning water for soldiers, providing security to local civilians and clearing fields of mines and drugs. Here, our soccer fields and communal areas aren't littered with mines and IEDs. In places like Afghanistan, children need to play safely. At any point, an explosion could happen on a dirt road, or in a field, or even in a village.

On another tour to Afghanistan, while acting as an Armored Engineer Vehicle (AEV) Commander, my dad was spared his life after a rocket struck his vehicle. He had left the vehicle to talk to his supervisor at the time. The other guy on the AEV wasn't as lucky as him. He was severely wounded but thankfully survived. This was not the only time my family had almost lost him to events like this. There were many other incidences of enemy booby traps and IED's that were very close calls. When we were posted to CFB Wainwright a few years back, my father's close friend Marty, who had taken his position on a tour to Afghanistan so my father wouldn't have to go again so soon, had stepped on an IED during a patrol and lost his life. I know my father still carries guilt for this.

Twenty four year old Corporal Nathan Cirillo was standing guard at our National War Memorial on the Wednesday morning of October 22 2014, when he was shot by an armed assailant and later died from his injuries. Even if his rifle wasn't loaded, he was taken by surprise like the rest of Canada. On this day, Canadians pay respects to Corporal Cirillo who leaves behind his six year old son, Marcus Cirillo. I know the son is a strong willed boy and will take care of his family from now on. The Cirillo stand together as one, as do all Canadians today. We salute to Cpl. Cirillo for his sacrifice and bravery, and will always Remember Cpl. Cirillo and his family.

What I'm trying to say is that there is more than just what one sees in old photos and reads in books. Remember "why?" We remember the "why" so we never forget the "who." I will personally never forget the bravery, honor or the sacrifice of those who have served and are serving.

Let us never forget our fallen soldiers and friends, brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers that are in the forces now.

"We will Remember."

Chance Fiessel

## **Chance Michael Fiessel**

Sturgeon County, AB • Bellerose Composite HS • St. Albert Br. #271  
Essay • Composition

# Intermediaire Intermédiaire

## On Remembrance Day

On Remembrance Day  
I see the wreath placed on your cross

### A young man...

The mines and the bullets  
The bombs and the cries  
The tanks and the guns  
And the boy who dies  
On Remembrance Day

I see the memories etched on your face

### A mother...

The pride and the hope  
The waiting and the fear  
The news of the loss  
Of a son who was dear  
On Remembrance Day

I see the tear dropped from your eye

### A veteran...

The survival and the memories  
The pain and the crosses  
The pride and the sorrow  
Reflecting the losses  
On Remembrance Day

I see the future placed in my hands

### A boy...

The war of the past  
The death and the pain  
The freedom and the rights  
The lives not in vain  
On Remembrance Day

I bow my head and whisper, "Thank you"

## Caleb Marcella

Stokes Bay, ON · Bruce Peninsula District · Lion Head Br. #202

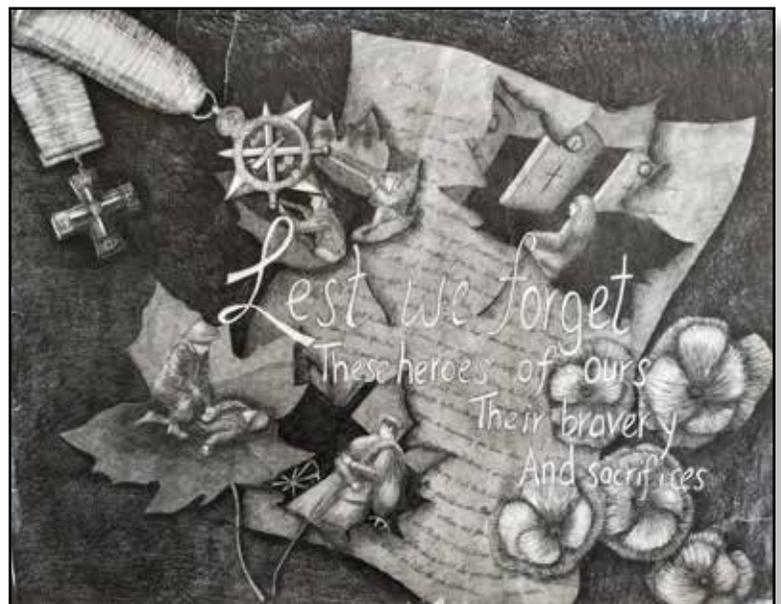
Poem • Poème



## Madison Luney

Burnaby, BC · Byrne Creek Elementary · South Burnaby Br. #83

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



## Caitlyn Mei

Richmond Hill, ON · Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio · Scarborough Centennial Br. #614

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *First Place • Première Place*

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## The Letter

I march briskly down the side walk and up the porch steps. My crisp uniform swishes as my arms rub against the sides of my navy blue suit. I am very conscious of the neatly folded letter grasped in my right hand. I can feel the grief and the pain this one innocent piece of paper can cause. I can feel it weighing down on me as I try to keep my expression blank.

I know all too well what is written inside this letter and I know the look I will receive from the family when they see me standing there on their doorstep. I stay focused on my feet moving, left, right, left, right, trying not to think about being the bearer of bad news.

I see myself opening my door and a man dressed in a neatly ironed uniform, with medallions pinned to his chest, standing on the welcome mat I had gotten my wife for Christmas. The man raised his hand to his brow and saluted his fellow soldier. He lowered his arm and handed me a letter, just like the one I am holding now, and apologized for my loss. He told me that my son was a brave man who served his country well, as if I didn't already know the type of man my son had become. As if I didn't know the lengths my son would go to protect his home.

I focus back on my feet, watching them move as I blink away the tears clouding my vision. I must be strong, not only for the family I am about to destroy, but also for myself. I reach the wooden steps and firmly walk up, my ears ringing and my palms sweating. My hand reaches up and I can see myself walking away, not burdening the family, but never knowing what happened and always wondering is worse than the pain of knowing the truth. With a sigh I bring my hand to the door and knock.

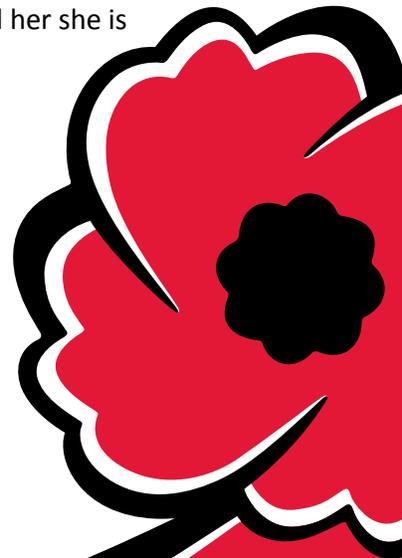
I hear the shuffling of feet as a young woman answers the door. She can't be much older than 25. I had been expecting his mother, never had I thought it would be a wife I was greeting. A little girl with the same blonde curls is looking out from behind her mother's cascading dress. Seeing this little girl makes me feel like a monster, having to tell her she is never going to see her daddy again.

I see the look of shock pass the young woman's face, then realization and then finally sadness. The letter feels heavy in my hand as I extend my arm to give it to her. Her long, willowy fingers grasp the letter from me and I can feel the shaking of her hands.

I utter the same six words I heard those many months before. "I am sorry for your loss."

**Morgan Svenkeson**

Kinistino, SK · Kinistino School · Kinistino Br. #129  
Essay • Composition



# Intermediaire Intermédiaire

## *This Man*

*Next to me an old man stood  
His face worn gently around his eyes  
As though a smile once played upon his lips  
But now he stood and cried*

*A uniform and badges there  
Signaled that he must have fought  
And as tears slipped to his poppy  
I could almost read his thoughts*

*Looking through his eyes  
I saw what many must have seen  
The grit of war not known to us  
As there we've never been*

*His eyes would know the horror  
Of the sights we think we know  
The battle fierce and grim  
But for his country he would go*

*Although we stand in silence  
His ears have heard the roaring blasts  
The gunfire, bombs, and shouts  
In his mind the memory lasts*

*His hands still feel the weight  
Of weapons by his side  
The muddy ground he clung to  
And blood of soldiers that had died*

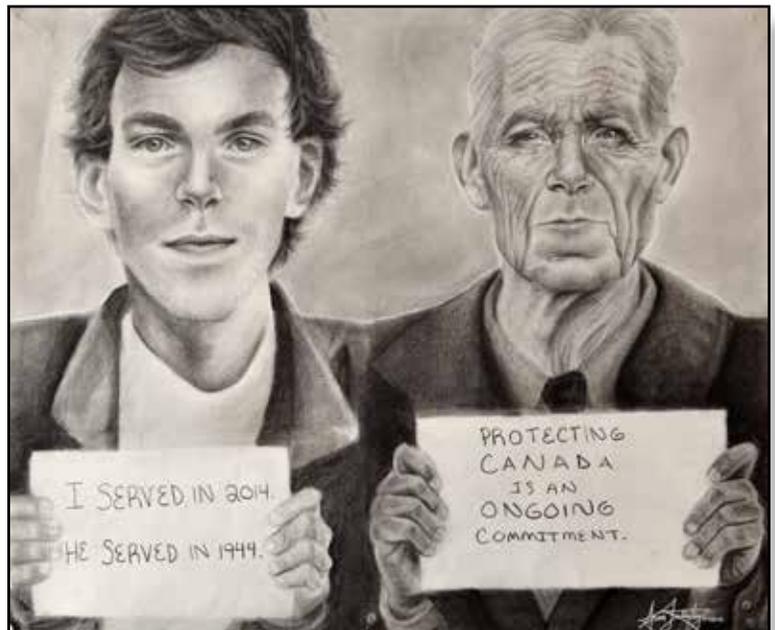
*This man fought for our country  
And paid not death but loss of life  
Because although he lived to tell  
It was no less a sacrifice*

*Next to me this old man stood  
Now a hero in my eyes  
I'll wear my poppy proud as he  
So the memory never dies*



**Dane Fichter**

Strasbourg, SK · William Derby School · Sifton Br. #33  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Anna Fullerton**

Truro, NS · Central Colchester JH · Colchester Br. #26  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

**Kianah Howk**

Cochrane, AB · Westbrook School · Cochrane #15  
Poem • Poème

# Second Place • Deuxième Place

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Nov 11<sup>th</sup>, 2014

Dear Sgt. Vincent Connolly,

Although I was never fortunate enough to meet you, I know you. I know you were good-spirited, happy, and brave. I know you would have done anything to serve your country and protect your family. Despite the fact that we have never so much as shared a smile, I love you. I love you as much as every member of your family mourned for you when they received the most dismal letter they will ever receive, when they realized they had lost their beloved Vincent. You will always be my great great-uncle, and I will be forever grateful for you and the difference you made in this world, not only for Canadians, but for all people.

You were a gunnery sergeant in the Canadian Air Force, sent to Egypt to fight the Nazis and to relieve the siege of Tobruk. You knew very well that you could die fighting, but your positive attitude never ceased. As Robert Forrester Chaplain of the Royal Air Force said in his letter to your parents, "I saw your son start out on his last trip, full of laughter and happiness and fun. He knew what he was facing, but to him it was worth it; he was happy to give his life in the great battle for good against all that was worth it; he was happy to give his life in the great battle for good against all that is evil and he is still fighting that battle..." You stood proud for your country and the cause for which you died. Even up to that last second of life, you never gave up hope. You were only twenty-six years of age when you died. Twenty-six years of age when you became a hero. Although you do not know the impact you have made on your country, you helped shape Canada and the world to become what it is today.

Your heroism and sacrifice made a great impact on the world, and I know you made the ultimate sacrifice to change it for the better. In your fight to protect Egypt during the siege of Tobruk, you saved lives. You helped defeat the Nazis and led people on the path to stop religious persecution. You stood up for people you didn't even know, and you helped them stop living in fear of persecution. But above all, you fought so all people could be who they wanted to be, and you fought so all people could live in a more peaceful world.

I suppose you know about Remembrance Day. You were but a child of three years when the first ceremony was held. Little did you know that in 1941, you would be remembered as one of the many heroes and heroines who served for our country. Little did you know that nearly one hundred years after your birth, you would still be remembered, loved, and missed by your descendants. I hold your memory dear to my heart because without you, I would not have the freedom to be the person I am today.

Sincerely,  
Katia Hughes

**Katia Hughes**

Charlottetown, PE • Queen Charlotte Intermediate • Charlottetown Br. #1  
Essay • Composition

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## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

**Rehanna Othman**

Wyevale, ON • Wyevale Central Public • Elmvale Br. #262  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Radhika Verma**

Stephenville, NL • Stephenville HS • Stephenville Br. #35  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

**Urooj Salar**

Winnipeg, MB • Ecole Charleswood School • Charleswood Br. #100  
Essay • Composition

**Mackenzie Alyssa Silliker**

Lytleton, NB • North & South Esk Regional • Northwest Miramichi Br. #90  
Poem • Poème

# Junior Junior

Adrian Van Gorkom  
L.A. Factual Poetry

November 11, 2014  
Term Two

## I Remember Them...

I have a Great-Grandpa Howard.  
He fought at Pearl Harbor.  
And served as a sailor.  
He is ninety-two.  
I met him when I was two.  
I remember him...

I have a Great-Grandpa Roy.  
He was stationed in Japan.  
And served as an army man.  
He is eighty-nine.  
I hope he's fine.  
I remember him...

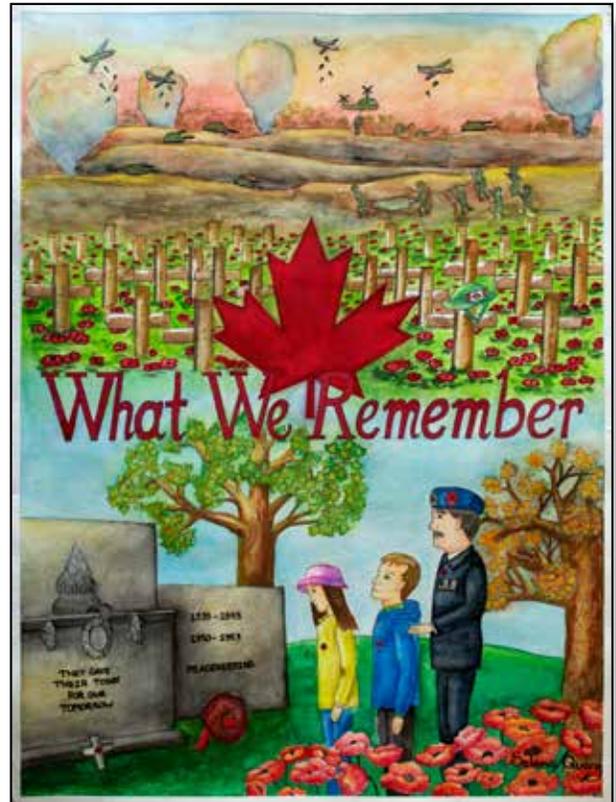
I have a Great-Grandpa Chatten.  
He served as a soldier near.  
And cared for the wounded here.  
He was ninety-six.  
I saw his photo each year.  
I remember him...

I have a Great-Grandpa Charlie.  
He marched in France.  
And only lived by chance.  
He was seventy-four.  
I'd like to know more...  
I remember him...

I live in Canada free,  
Enjoying democracy.  
I have Great Grandpas four,  
All who served in the war.  
I am ten.  
I remember them...

## Adrian Van Gorkom

Powell River, BC · Heritage Christian Online School · Powell River Br. #164  
Poem • Poème



## Selena Quang

Nepean, ON · Adrienne Clarkson Elementary · Barrhaven Br. # 641  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



## Joseph Brink

Brampton, ON · Home School · Major William Dwight Sharpe Br. #15  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *First Place • Première Place*

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## I Am A Poppy

I am a poppy, growing in the gardens at 108 Water Street, Guelph, Ontario, at what was once the birthplace of Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae.

I view people wandering in the iron gates to explore the home of a young child I once knew. They come to walk the old stone pathways, to touch the crumbling walls and to learn about the doctor soldier that departed home to go into battle. They come to see the magnificent trees in the backyard of this brave young man. People journey to this piece of history to read his famous poem on the copper plaque on which it is engraved.

I am a poppy, blowing softly in the breeze in Flanders Fields. I no longer feel the sadness of the drone of war planes flying over head. Instead of the overwhelming sounds of the war there is the steady and calming sound of the flowing river. I stand tall, with the solemn white crosses, in respect for the many brave men and women who died in the war. When I look out over the fields, I can hardly tell that difficult battles have taken place here. I gaze over the fields and I can see the tops of the village buildings that now surround the land. I can hear the voices of happy children laughing and playing in their backyards. I can smell the tempting scent of bread that has been freshly baked with some of the poppy seeds from the flowers nearby.

I am a poppy, pinned to the warm cozy coat of an eleven-year-old-girl. I am worn in remembrance of all the military who have fought in the wars. Every year people across Canada gather and have ceremonies to honour and show respect for the soldiers, doctors and generals who sacrificed their lives for us so that we can live a safe and peaceful life. As I stand on the grass at McCrae House, on November 11th, I am filled with thankfulness for the protection and the great love shown to our nation, strong and free!

**Emma Lunau-Smith**

Guelph, ON • Ecole John McCrae • Col. John McCrae Memorial Br. #234

Essay • Composition



## THE SONG OF THE DEAD

The soldiers that fought,  
Are very much gone,  
Though their presence still lingers  
And sings us a song  
The screams of terror  
Echo through a veterans head,  
Though one thing they know is,  
The soldiers are here, from A-Z.  
The soldiers that fought,  
Are very much gone,  
Though their presence still lingers,  
And sings us a song  
The soldiers are here,  
From dusk 'till dawn,  
So listen to their voices,  
And hear out their song.  
The soldiers that fought,  
Are very much gone,  
But their presence still lingers,  
And sings us a song.

M.W

**Matthew Wang**

Charlottetown, PE · West Royalty Elementary · Kingston Br. #30  
Poem • Poème



**Anna Salamone**

Rothsay, NB · Harry Miller Middle School · Kennebecasis Br. #58  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**MeiLin Li**

Calgary, AB · Fairview Elementary · Calgary Br. #1  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# Second Place • Deuxième Place

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Remembrance Day

By: Natalie Chisholm

For Remembrance Day this year I will be writing an essay on, Nathan Cirillo who died two weeks ago, on a Wednesday morning, at the Canadian War Memorial in Ottawa, while standing guard. Nathan was only 24 years old when he was shot. He left behind, a young son who had just started kindergarten. Ottawa still remains on high alert because of what happened on Parliament Hill.

Now that I have shared some information with you about Nathan Cirillo, I will share how I feel about this tragic event.

The person who shot Nathan was very wrong to do what he did. I hope no one ever does this again. Killing a father, with a young son breaks my heart, and I'm positive that it breaks many others too. The man that killed Nathan tried to kill another soldier but failed in his attempt to do so. Now I'm sure there are many different reasons why this person killed Nathan but I think, he had different beliefs about war and Canadian soldiers. It makes me feel sad and makes me want to go around the world and tell people that fighting is not always the best way to figure things out. It's just not right...people getting killed only because they work for the army, or military, or because they wear uniforms. Now in my opinion the world would be a better place without war, but there's a time when everybody needs to serve his or her country, by either teaching or fighting. There are many different ways a person can help their country. But to the people that have fought in wars, I want to thank- you for your service, because of you, we in Canada keep our freedom.

This Remembrance Day I will remember, Nathan Cirillo and many other soldiers who died as a result of war or because they were just doing something they thought was right!

## Natalie Chisholm

Enfield, NS • Riverside Education Centre • Montgomery Br. #133

Essay • Composition

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## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Rebecca Duncan

Estevan, SK • Pleasantdale School • Estevan Br. #60

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Emily Zbaraschuk

Paddockwood, SK • Meath Park School • Prince Albert Br. #31

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Maia Zinselmeyer

Nakusp, BC • Nakusp Elementary School • Nakusp Br. #20

Essay • Composition

### Lee Kelly

Parrsboro, NS • Parrsboro Regional Elementary • Parrsboro Br. #45

Poem • Poème

## *First Place • Première Place*



**Patrick Piao**

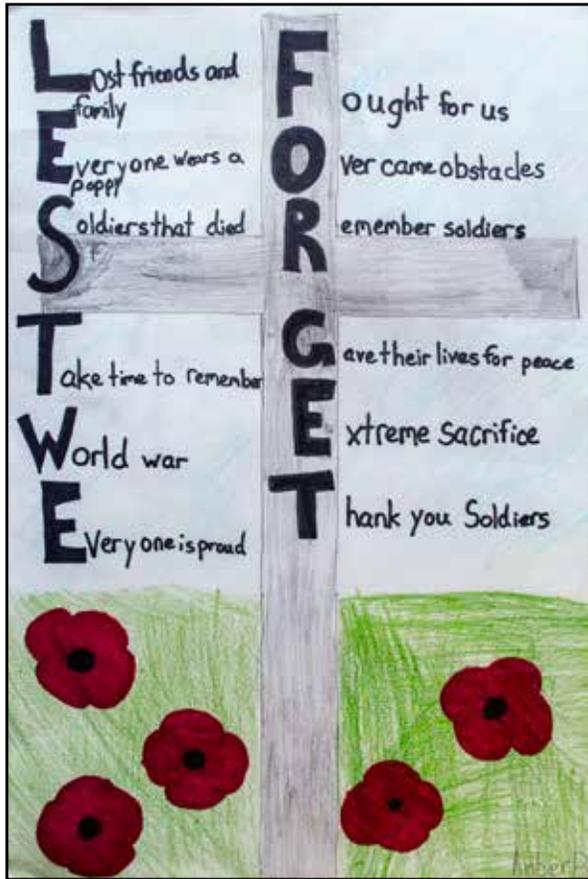
Orillia, ON • Orchard Park • Orillia Br. #34  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**William Brink**

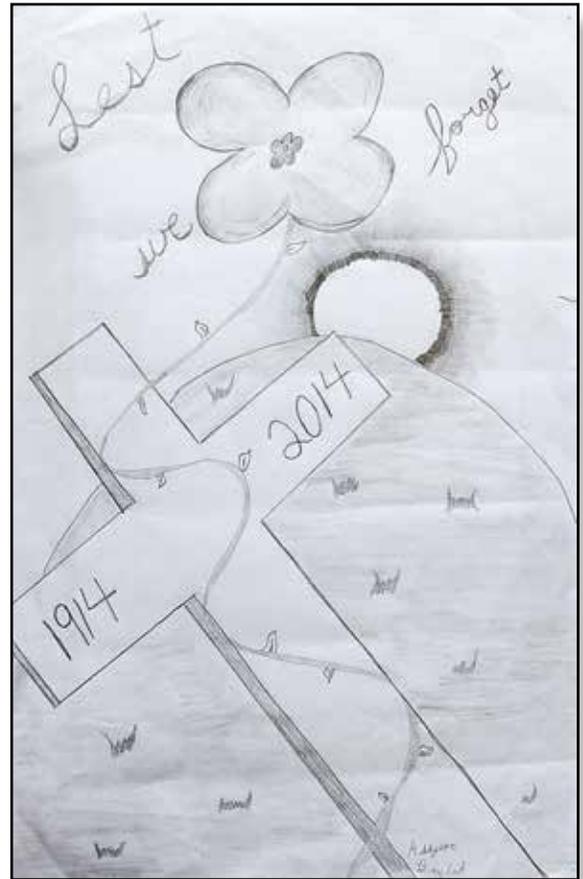
Brampton, ON • Home School • Major William Dwight Sharpe Br. #15  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# Second Place • Deuxième Place



**Amber Bartley**

Ponoka, AB • Ponoka Elementary School • Ponoka Br. #66  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Addyson Boylak**

Wynyard, SK • Wynyard Elementary School • Wynyard Br. #101  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## Honourable Mention Mention honorable

**Harry Burke**

Souris, PE • Souris Regional School • Souris Br. #3  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Titus Stahl**

Camrose, AB • Holden Colony School • Tofield Br. #91  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



# The Contests

For over 50 years, The Royal Canadian Legion has sponsored annual Poster and Literary Contests that are open to all students in the Canadian school system. 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 [Legion.ca](http://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 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 and 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 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 [Legion.ca](http://Legion.ca).

Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.

