

# Winners 2016

## Poster and Literary Contests

*Posters, Essays, Poems*

*Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes*

## Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

# Gagnants 2016

*Beaumont-Hamel  
Newfoundland Memorial*

*Mémorial terre-neuvien  
de Beaumont-Hamel*



**Legion** 



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### Why the Poppy?

By Ethan Edstrom

Atop the soldiers' graves in Flanders Fields,  
Are flowers helping all the heroes rest,  
And even though their coffins have been sealed,  
We proudly sport our poppies on our chests.

This vibrant flower serves to recognize  
The bravery of those who fought the war.  
Canadians who offered up their lives  
So that we could live freely evermore.

The wearing of this poppy shouts aloud  
That we will not forget their sacrifice.  
From coast to coast, we're passionately proud  
Of those who showed their virtue, faced with vice.

The freedom we enjoy in this great land,  
Has been a special, lasting legacy,  
Of those who fought so Canada could stand  
An independent country, wide and free.

So, this November, don this poppy pin  
And know those soldiers are among us yet  
In every freedom they won for their kin,  
And in our hearts live on, lest we forget.

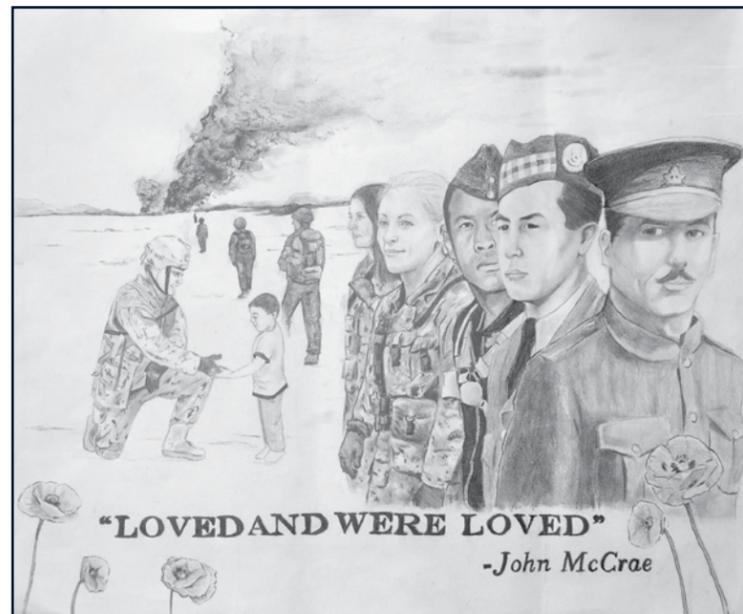
**Ethan Harry Edstrom**

Edmonton, AB · Tempo School · Strathcona-Edmonton Br. #150  
Poem • Poème



**Olivia Zeng**

Coquitlam, BC · Gleneagle Secondary School · Port Coquitlam Br. #133  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Casey O'Neill**

Belleisle Creek, NB · Belleisle Regional HS · Norton Br. #76  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

United in Song

By Shane Pendergast

Art has been known to flourish in times of war. It all goes back to the core principles of art. To express, to spread emotion. Music is one of the most transcendent and more important forms of art. In the First World War, it was able to bring comfort, inspire, and evoke feelings of patriotism and pride in folks on the battlefield and at home. War songs can easily share the feelings and emotions of the war in ways that historical writings can not.

Often in World War One, with the extensive downtime in the trenches, soldiers had little to help them escape the dreariness of it all. If a soldier had no paper, or cards, or any such object to keep entertained with, he would have to use what he had. Often this was his voice. I can see why, in the most inhumane of undertakings, singing was the voice for humanity. It was a small glow in the darkness.

Many lines in these old songs stood as inspirations to our Canadian soldiers. "Think of the girls of Canada, not one minute they waste each day. For they work on the farm or they work in factories, all for those who have gone away." We can see how such lines would appeal and tug at a soldiers' emotions as they slugged it out day after day. Even tuning into some music from World War One, I get a sense of old-school nationalism. War Songs had a gung-ho attitude, which was used to bring soldiers together, to remind them that they were fighting for a common cause, and to affirm that they were doing the right thing.

At times, Canadian soldiers would parody songs, writing new, satirical lyrics to existing wartime tunes. Clever lines like "They Were All Out of Step but Jim" would produce roars of laughter among soldiers, amidst other, more "colourful" song lyrics. Some would even write their own ditties, making light of their situations. Some of the songs that spouted from Canadian trenches included "We're all Waiting for a Shell", and "Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire". I was surprised to see such dark themes, as I presumed that trench-songs might be cheerier in nature, to form a pleasant escape. But maybe, in such terrible times, the only way to stay sane was to make jokes. How could the overwhelming evil of the war be comprehended in any other form than comedy?

Keeping the fire burning on the home front, songs like "Pack up Your Troubles" became massive hits, with feel-good attitudes that kept spirits high. The surprising lengthiness of the First World War meant that new methods of keeping up morale had to be implemented. War songs proved very effective. Even today we use songs as a way to cope with the various stresses in our lives. I can imagine that with the levels of tension on the home front, music was a true god-send, especially music with a positive message.

War songs help us to remember the sacrifices that our own neighbors made for Canada. Some of these songs glorified war, and others still took a brutally honest look at War. In any case, they are an overlooked part of history. The diversity in war songs after World War One ranged from professional singers entertaining World War Two troops, to anti-war tunes played on records during Vietnam, up to Remembrance songs played on our iPhones today. These modern airs are important look-backs with thought-provoking lyrics that strengthen the theme of remembrance. This Remembrance Day, take some time to familiarize yourself with some old War-Songs, and use them as a vehicle to honor and remember our many khaki-clad heroes, singing on the road to war.

**Shane Pendergast**

Mt. Stewart, PE · Morell Regional HS · Morell Br. #26  
Essay • Composition



### Lips Unsealed

The nation chants of scarlet fields,  
but our cold lips shall be unsealed.  
For it wasn't larks and dozy suns,  
it was rimy knuckles, defective guns.  
It wasn't orders of exhilaration,  
it was late supplies and dehydration.  
War wasn't a love letter,  
but the pressure to forget her.  
For musing memories of her skin,  
entailed the death of dwindling kin.

It wasn't exotic deportation,  
it was a trench-trapped infestation.  
It wasn't petal-pressed cobble towns,  
it was whispered word of chum gunned down.  
War wasn't just integrity,  
but doubt of who was the enemy.  
For even though their bullets fired,  
we saw their beaten hands grow tired.

It wasn't noon tea in fine company,  
it was shrieks hushed by fatality.  
It wasn't just the gain of pride,  
it was unspoken envy of those who died.  
War wasn't a badge of bravery,  
but shackled minds to slavery.  
For though our cause won long ago,  
our bodies lie where poppies grow.

by Danika Peters

### Danika Peters

Kaleden, BC · EBUS Academy · Penticton Br. #40  
Poem • Poème



### Anika Leung

Ottawa, ON · St. Francis Xavier HS · South Carleton Br. #314  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Maria Singson

Scarborough ON · Francis Libermann Cath HS · Scarborough Centennial Br. #614  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Natalie Rippey

Windsor, NS · Avon View HS · Windsor Br. #9  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Radhika Verma

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

### Megan Krempa

Cobourg, ON · St Mary Cath Secondary School · Cobourg Br. #133  
Essay • Composition

### Julia Crystal Richardson

Kingston, PE · Bluefield High School · Kingston Br. #30  
Poem • Poème

### Remember for Him

Poppa is handsome as he poses, stoic in his military uniform, the crimson poppy standing vibrant against the green fabric. Though his face is worn lined with scarring wrinkles, and leathered from time, he still reminds me of the smiling young man in the picture on his dresser – a man without the ghosts in his eyes.

I know he doesn't like to talk about it, and although I long to ask him about the heat of battle, and fury of war, I hold back, and take his papery hand in my own. There wouldn't be time anyways – today is the day of all days that we cannot be late.

The slowness of his limping step is perfect for my short legs as we walk down the stairs together – young and old – scarred and innocent. As we descend, my mother looks up, her crystalline blue eyes shining, filled with diamond tears.

With a heavy smile, she tells us that we are beautiful together, and I feel proud.

On our way to the ceremony, the car is quiet, but the silence isn't tense. There is no need for words on a day like today.

Shortly after, we park and once more, I am walking by Poppa, squeezing his hand as it begins to shake. I'm glad that I can be here for him, and that my mom has his other hand. He may not want to let us in, but at least he can know that we are waiting on the outside.

We take our positions as the ceremony starts. It's small, nothing like the one in Ottawa. Poppa used to make the trip to the capital, but his health isn't what it used to be, and he can no longer travel.

Nevertheless, it is beautiful, and soon tears carve tracks of glass down his cheeks; glass so transparent – so fragile – so unlike Poppa. I can never know what causes the tears, though I long to understand. Is it the song of the trumpet echoing through the crisp November air? Is it the sea of red poppies pinned to the hearts of so many Canadians? Is it the weight of the memories pressing in, suffocating, pulling him back into a time of suffering turmoil?

The ceremony concludes, and after mingling for a short time, we return home, this trip just as quiet as before. I've never been able to understand how Poppa could cry so silently, like a ghost more than a person. Was it something he learned on the battlefield?

I help Poppa up the stairs, and ease him into his favourite rocking chair, an ancient afghan wrapped around his shoulders. His cheeks are still wet, but he makes no move to dry the tracks.

I linger near the door, unsure of whether to leave him in solitude, or to offer the comfort I long to give. If only he would let me in.

As I decide it best to leave him be, he calls my name, his voice as familiar as the beat of my own heart, "Stella, come sit by me. I think it's time I told you a story."

I do, curious. These are the first words he's spoken since the ceremony, and he doesn't tell me stories often anymore.

When I am settled at his feet, he begins, his rumbling voice reminding me of the Remembrance Day cannons on TV.

The words spill out like a waterfall, ancient, secret, kept away from the light for so long. The very edges are curled with age, and I know that these memories he shares are as dear to him as the Remembrance Day ceremony itself.

He tells me about a man he knew in the war – a man who had a wife and kids back home. He tells me how the man died feverish with agony, the one true pain being the fact he couldn't see his family one last time. He tells me how he visited his friend's widow as soon as he could, and of how her loss broke his heart.

He tells me how the moment haunted him for years on end, and by the end of his account we are both crying.

Wiping my eyes, I look up at my grandfather, and for the first time I understand the pain in his eyes. "Why are you telling me this, Poppa?"

His eyes are sad, kind, warm, when he replies, "Someone has to carry on this man's memory when I am gone."

I nod, and rest my head in his lap. I understand now, and I will remember.

Not two weeks later, Poppa breathed his last breath. It had been his last Remembrance Day, and I would do everything in my power to remember him, and his friend.

I would remember for him.

### Danielle Hauck

Strathmore, AB · Holy Cross Collegiate · Strathmore Br. #10  
Essay • Composition

# Intermediate Intermédiaire

*First Place  
Première Place*

December 27th, 1940

Smoke is rising into the crisp, cold sky  
The conversation of bullets is in my ears  
I wiggle my fingers and toes  
Trying to return feeling to them through the cold  
Even though I have my thick, patched up coat and leather boots  
The chill seems to seep into my bones  
Numbing every part of me

Sweat, gunpowder, and frost cloud my senses  
Tough ground seems to hold my feet in place  
The chatter of bullets ceases  
Blessing me with peaceful silence  
All-to-soon, my commander yells  
My unit and I lift our guns  
The conversation starts again...



**Juliana Jiang**

Richmond Hill, ON · Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio · Scarborough Centennial Br. #614  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Back at the camp  
Three layers of dirt and grime coat every part of me  
Thankful to be away from the merciless cold  
I grab a bowl of warm chili and sit down at a bench  
As I sit, my family crosses my mind  
Are they okay?

In the still of the night we are alone with our thoughts  
That is the most difficult thing about war  
Not the fighting, not the cold  
But the time after dark  
When all you have are your thoughts and nightmares.

**Quirina Thompson**

Medicine Hat, AB · St. Mary's School · Robertson Memorial Br. #17  
Poem • Poème



**Lauren Cheslock**

Stittsville, ON · Sacred Heart HS · Stittsville Br. #618  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

*First Place  
Première Place*

# Intermediate Intermédiaire

A Moment of Silence

By: Kate Shackleton

Many people worry that young people will not carry on the tradition of remembrance. They worry that the next generation will forget, that the meaning of remembrance will be lost. Yet, as a teenager myself, I can say with confidence that this is not at all the case. The honour and sacrifice of all Veterans, and those who currently serve our country, will be well-preserved for generations to come.

Last spring, I was fortunate enough to visit the National War Memorial and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier with my grade eight class. We were cautioned by our teachers to be silent and respectful while we observed the memorial. The arrival of such a large group of students seemed to scare off the other tourists, and, except for the guards, we practically had the memorial to ourselves. At first, I was afraid. Afraid that my classmates would act immaturely and irresponsibly around the memorial. Afraid to dishonour the legacy of thousands of Canadians who gave the ultimate sacrifice.

Instead, when my class reached the memorial, a deep silence ensued. As if we were all mesmerized by the significance, by the history displayed before us. It was then that we all realized the magnitude of the courage, honour, bravery and sacrifice of Canadian soldiers of the past and present. To us, the First and Second World Wars seem distant, they took place so long before we, or even our parents, were born. However, when we came face to face with history, along with more recent memories of war, we were overwhelmed. When we laid eyes on the Honour Guard, we were hit with a fresh memory. As it happened, we were standing in the exact spot where Cpl. Nathan Cirillo lost his life barely a year ago. For me, this was the most powerful of all. It was such a direct reminder of why we remember, what we remember, and who we remember.

Perhaps, we also started thinking about how lucky we were. In other countries around the world, people live in poverty, women don't have the right to education, there is no democracy, there is no equality. Here in Canada, we are *free*. We can vote, women have equal rights, citizens have the power to *choose*. We enjoy the freedom that we do because of the wars we have fought and continue to fight. Thanks to the sacrifices of Canadians throughout the two World Wars, through struggles in Korea, and the ongoing fight against terrorism, we are *free*.

Even though it was not the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month, we unspokenly agreed to a moment of silence. Not because we had to, but because we wanted to, and because we understood it's importance. This year, on Remembrance Day, the poppies we wear over our hearts will be more than just a memory. They will carry a meaning that they didn't before, and the bravery and sacrifice of Canadian soldiers and Veterans will not be forgotten.

**Kate Shackleton**

Scarborough, ON · Sir Oliver Mowat CI · Highland Creek Br. #258  
Essay • Composition



### Peace Never Lost By Andrea Bilawich

I gaze upon a crinkled, faded photograph  
Of soldiers hurtling into battle.

It's sometimes hard to remember that it's not just a photograph.  
Those soldiers were real.  
Those soldiers were people  
Who felt the tremor of guns in the mud  
Whose breath came in hard, sharp gasps  
Whose skin tingled in the chilly air, drenched in sweat  
Who didn't cower, though they knew they might die.  
They had something to fight for.  
They had dreams and loved ones, not just names on paper.  
Who did they hold in their hearts?  
What had they lost?

The sun flutters on the leaves  
As the poppy wreaths are laid on the cold stone.  
An elderly woman looks on tenderly, and bows her head.  
There's a sadness in her eyes that I can't possibly comprehend.  
What has she seen?  
What has she lost?

I live in a time, a place, that's busy and buzzing.  
It never stops moving,  
And yet, there are moments when I see  
That it is shrouded in a quiet peace.

I've never left behind everything I love,  
To fight for a cause that I feel is right.  
I've never heard a bullet take a life.  
But I forever thank them,  
Those who lost so much  
So we would never lose peace.

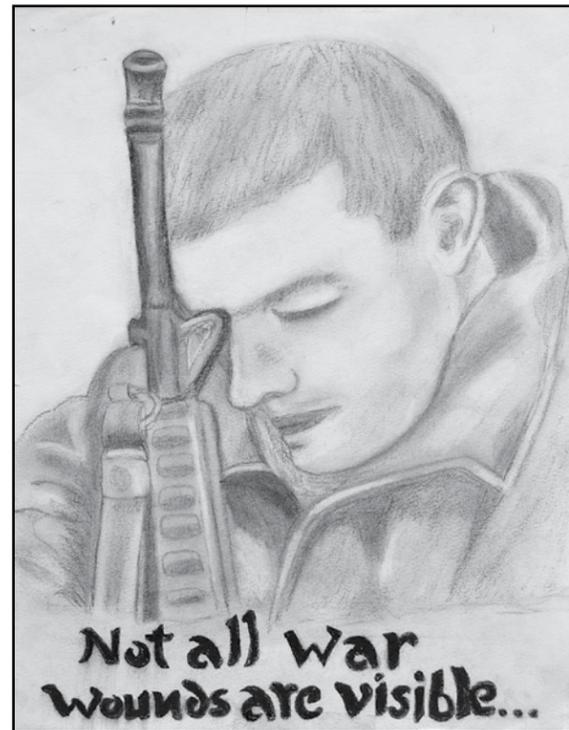
### Andrea Bilawich

Vancouver, BC · Crofton House School · West Point Grey #142  
Poem • Poème



### Dylan Capstick

Bloomfield, NB · Sussex Middle School · Sussex Br. #20  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Taysha Boulter

Kelowna BC · Kelowna Christian School · Kelowna Br. #26  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### How Remembrance Day Has Changed For Me

A few weeks ago, my father and I were traveling back from my piano lesson. Our lack of conversation bothered me so I decided to ask if he planned on voting in the upcoming federal election. Of course, his response was "yes." My parents voted in every election. I expected the rest of our 45-minute drive to be filled with silence when my father abruptly asked if I knew why he was going to vote. Honestly, I had always just known people to vote. I never bothered to think about what motivated them. "My grandfather fought and died in the second world war," he explained, "so I could have the right to vote."

When I was younger, Remembrance Day meant creating a poster. My teachers would talk about the soldiers leaving to fight in the war. My teachers would read books about the war and discuss how the soldiers protected our rights and freedoms. We sang songs during our assemblies. Every year I would hope my poster was selected as a winner.

Later, as Remembrance Day approached, I would think of those who were brave enough to fight in the war. When writing my poem or essay, I thought about how frightening it must have been to leave their families not knowing if they'd return. I recognized it must have taken indescribable courage to go into battle. Part of me also wondered what life was like for their families while they were away. Listening to the poems and essays at our yearly assembly, I noticed many students felt the same way.

A few years ago, my teacher invited some local veterans to speak with our classroom. We listened intently as they told stories about their experiences. It was the most quiet my class had ever been. Looking at their uniforms and medals made everything more real. We weren't learning about soldiers anymore, we were hearing about these people and their lives. Connecting with real soldiers helped deepen my understanding of Remembrance Day.

However, this year as I get a little bit closer to turning eighteen and being able to vote, I again see Remembrance Day differently. After listening to my parents, teachers and friends talk about our federal election, I recognize how important it is to be able to participate in democracy. Because of my great grandfather and the many soldiers so willing to risk everything to protect our freedoms, someday soon, I will be like my dad and be able to vote. As a thank you, this Remembrance Day I will wear my poppy proudly.

### Elisabeth Marks

Hanna, AB · J.C. Charyk · Hanna Br. #25  
Essay • Composition

## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Heidi Lundell

Prince Albert, SK · Wild Rose School · Shellbrook Br. #111  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Sarah Ha

Calgary AB · Webber Academy · Centennial Calgary Br. #285  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Tia Sodurlund

Macklin, SK · Macklin School · Unity Br. #90  
Essay • Composition

### Victoria Hobbs-Regular

Springdale, NL · Indian River High School · Springdale Br. #40  
Poem • Poème

### Monchy-Le-Preux

Ten brave men, when it came time for this group to fight,  
They showed their power, their skills, their determination and might.

'Odds and ends' of the Regiment they were considered by all,  
As the day unfolded these men would not fall.

Their goal was clear, to defend Monchy-Le-Preux,  
And to keep the secret from the Germans: they were only few.

On cold hands and burning knees, they crawled without hesitation,  
The Hedge Trench could become their final destination.

The mad minute commenced with rapid fire,  
Made the Germans believe their numbers were higher.

Over two hundred Germans in their trench pinned down,  
Fighting a handful of soldiers over a most important town.

They sent for reinforcements, the brigade did not arrive.  
They fought for long, hard hours to keep themselves alive.

As the hours went on, running out of ammunition,  
Each shot at the Germans, with careful precision.

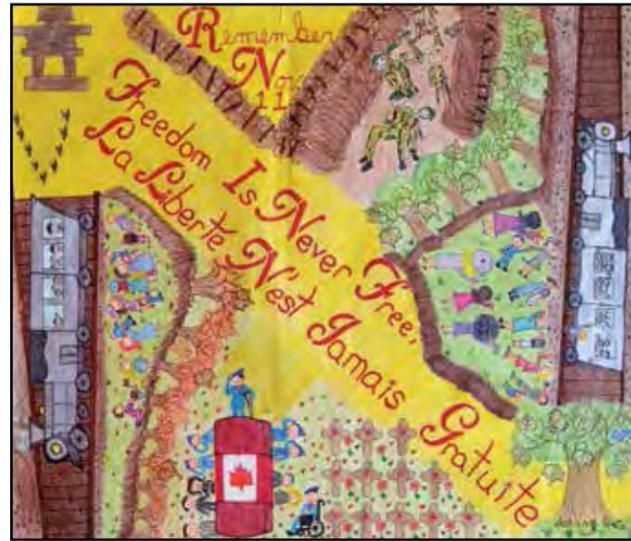
Private Rose was sent to Monchy, running through the wreckage,  
The location of German strongpoints, the subject of his message.

Ammunition now getting dangerously low  
Though they survived for eleven deadly hours in a row.

Suddenly, shells landed where the Germans were running,  
Lt. Col Forbes-Robertson knew the brigade was coming.

A victory for the British, but no end of the war in sight,  
Ten heroic men saved Monchy-Le-Preux on that fateful April night.

An epic act of gallantry never seen before  
The greatest example of heroism during the entire war.



### Johnny Rivas-Gonzalez

Hamilton, ON · St. John Paul II · Mount Hamilton Br. #163  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Alastair Capstick

Bloomfield, NB · Sussex Middle School · Sussex Br. #20  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Evan Dicks

Deer Lake, NL · Elwood Elementary · Deer Lake Br. #3  
Poem • Poème

### Remembering Blake

My name is Wesley Finner. I'm a ten-year-old boy from Kemptville, Ontario. This Remembrance Day a lot of people will go to ceremonies to honour our soldiers that have died in past wars. In my community we lost a soldier named Blake Williamson in Afghanistan. I didn't know much about Blake, but I wanted to learn more. I decided to talk to one of Blake's best friends, Cory Wilson and I'll share what I learned with you.

Cory described his friend as funny, smart, and charismatic. Blake always loved to hang out with his friends. Whether they were meeting for coffee or going to a party, Blake was always fun to be around. Blake didn't have to join the army, but he chose to because he always wanted to help his country. He was killed when Taliban fighters ambushed him in Kandahar province on October 14, 2006. Our soldiers were trying to build a road for the people but they were attacked. Blake's funeral was held in Ottawa. It was very sad. His mom was presented with the Canadian flag that the army had draped over Blake's coffin. Five hundred people showed up to Blake's funeral! At the very end of the funeral his mom's last words were, "I love you son." Cory, has a tattoo on his chest of Blake in his uniform. This is because he wants to honor his friend for his great sacrifice.

What Blake did for our country and what all the other soldiers do is unbelievable. They are heroes for going to war knowing they may give their lives to save ours! We should remember Blake and the rest of the soldiers that died in war by telling stories and going to ceremonies on Remembrance Day. Lest we forget.

### Wesley Finner

Kemptville, ON · Holy Cross · Kemptville Br. #212  
Essay • Composition

### You Need To Know

Remembrance Day is coming up. Everyone is getting ready for it. Kids are having ceremonies at their schools. Kids are also getting days off of school. Everyone is glad they live in a free country, but do you want to know why Remembrance Day is so special? You need to know.

One reason why Remembrance Day is so special is because during ceremonies you have a moment of silence to remember the soldiers that fought. I feel sad for those soldiers that died because of war. It is treacherous to go into the dangerous war. It is important to have a moment of silence to remember how Canada kept its freedom. Schools do ceremonies every year, it's a tradition. Schools need to know.

Remembrance Day in school is so special because children get to listen to the veterans and soldiers talk about the war. They will tell you about the war. They went and saw terrible injuries and deaths. Children must learn about war and its horrors. Children need to know.

Poppies are the third reason why Remembrance Day is so special. Everyone pins a poppy to their coat or shirt in Remembrance of the soldiers who died. The people that wear a poppy give respect to all those soldiers. In France, where Flanders fields is, there are millions of poppies growing everywhere in between the crosses of men and women who fought. You need to know.

There are three reasons why Remembrance Day is so special. If you didn't know about Remembrance Day now you know some important things about it. We are so THANKFUL for all those soldiers that sacrificed their lives so Canada could be a free country. When you are at the ceremonies, pin a poppy to your coat or shirt, have a moment of silence and listen to the veterans talk. That is what you need to know about Remembrance Day.

### **Cora Campbell**

Lloydminster, SK · Marshall School · Marshall Br. #92  
Essay • Composition

### *Honourable Mention • Mention honorable*

#### **Cheryl Pickett**

Cape Tormentine, NB · Port Elgin Regional School · Cape Tormentine Br. #81  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

#### **Emily Adams**

Benalto, AB · Benalto School · Sylvan Lake Br. #212  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

#### **Sara Hickey**

Dunville NL · St. Anne's · Dr. Wm. Collingwood Memorial Br. #33  
Essay • Composition

#### **Jeremy Gale**

Renfrew, ON · St. Michaels Cath School · Eganville Br. #353  
Poem • Poème

### Come Back To Me

Come back to me  
When the battle ends  
When the war is over  
And peace comes again

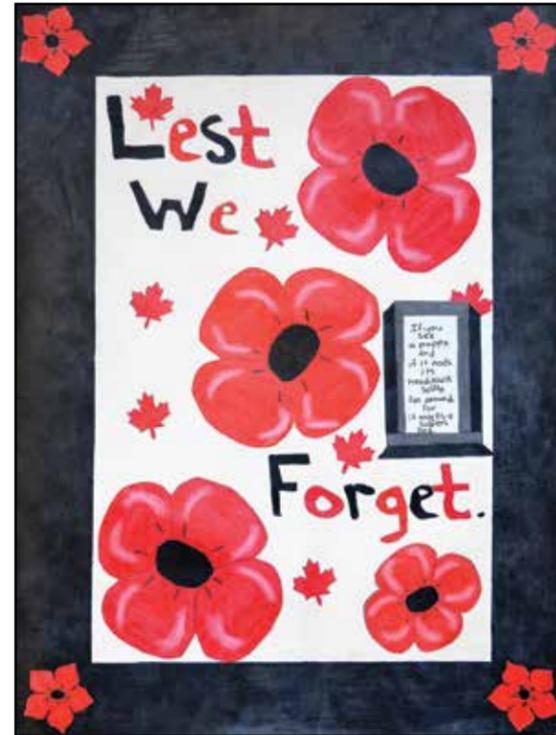
Stay with me  
When you come home  
When the battle ends  
And then, I won't be alone

But you didn't come back to me  
When the battle ended  
When it was all over  
And peace was returned again

But I know you've stayed with me  
Because I can feel you with me  
Every year on the eleventh of November  
I know you're safe, because we remember

### **Sarah Sevigny**

Cowansville, QC · Heroes' Memorial · Cowansville Br. #99  
Poem • Poème



### **Kyla Stahl**

Camrose, AB · Holden Colony School · Tofield Br. #91  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



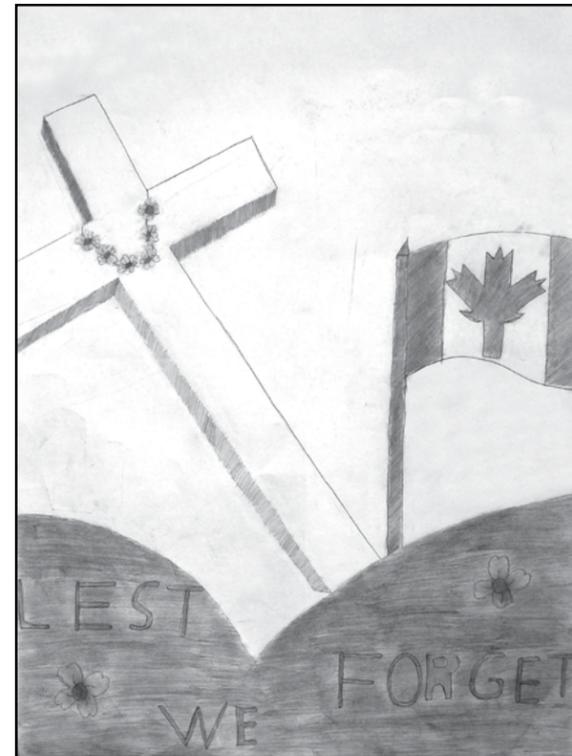
### **Trista Bering**

Kingsville, ON · Kingsville Public School · Col. Jaspersen Br. #188  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



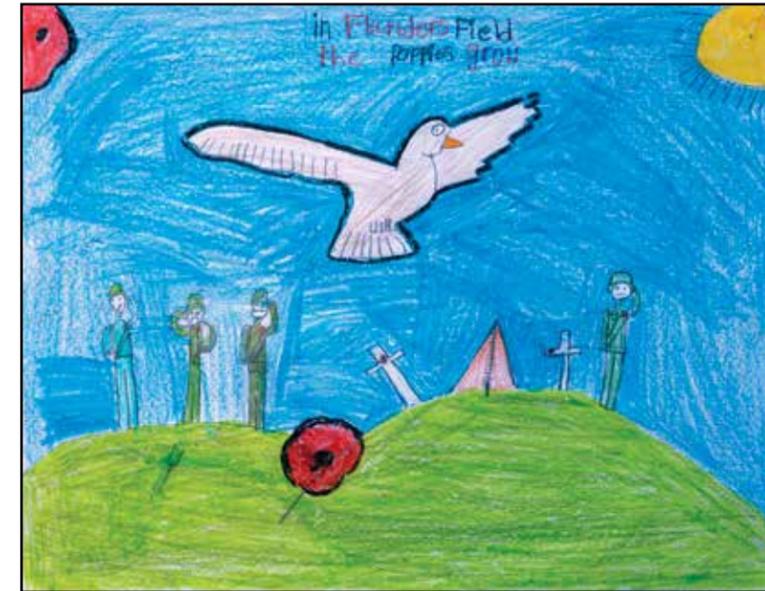
**Kayla Jackson**

Dartmouth NS · Joseph Giles Elementary · Dartmouth Br. #160  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



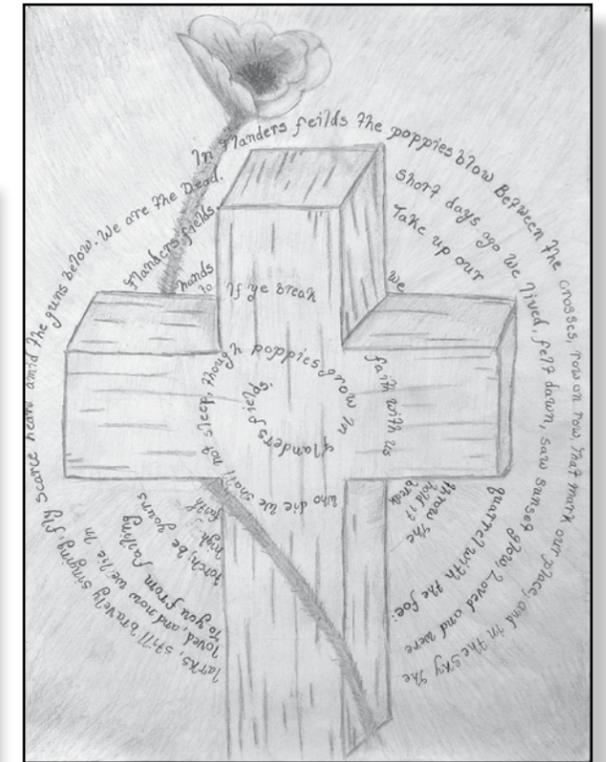
**Kadie Lynn Hofer**

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



**Chloe Ann Whittle**

Dunville, NL · St. Anne's Academy · Dr. Wm Collingwood Br. #33  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Meredith Tong**

Beachburg, ON · Beachburg Public School · Cobden Br. #550  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

**Honourable Mention**  
**Mention honorable**

**Ajayveer S. Nahal**

Abbotsford, BC · Dasmesh Punjabi School · Mission Br. #57  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Charlie Burt**

Central Blissville, NB · Heritage Christian School · Oromocto Br. #93  
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 lesquels 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<sup>ème</sup> années; Junior – 4, 5 et 6<sup>ème</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9<sup>ème</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ème</sup> années). Le concours littéraire en trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6<sup>ème</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9<sup>ème</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ème</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>ème</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.

