

# Winners 2017

## Poster and Literary Contests

*Posters, Essays, Poems*

*Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes*

## Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

# Gagnants 2017



# VIMY 1917

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# Senior Senior

## First Place Première Place

### What A Poppy Brings To Mind

When I pin the red flower above my heart  
I think of the meaning it holds heavy on my chest  
I think of those who volunteered their futures for their country  
All of them with different motivations, but all with one goal and purpose  
I think about sacrifice, about humanity and the loss of it  
I think about unmarked graves that do no justice to those buried in them  
I think about a mother's tears and a father's anguish  
I think about the fading memories a little brother has of his greatest role model  
I think about the pain that lingers even when they come back  
The inability to enjoy fireworks on days of celebration  
The nightmares of gunfire and the brothers and sisters in arms that they lost  
The feeling of being abandoned by the country that they served  
I think about the loss of home and family  
The destruction of nations and the ruins that are left  
But that's not all I think about  
I think about joyous reunions and letters full of hope and love  
I think about rehabilitation and healing  
About reconstruction that's stronger than before  
I think about reconciliation and peace  
About giving forgiveness and being forgiven  
I think that we are stronger than before  
That we have taken the broken pieces and made something beautiful  
I think about the respect that I have for those who know and have seen more than I have  
I think about speeches that bring tears to our eyes  
I think about the lessons that we should learn and ones that we already have  
But most of all I think about how incredibly thankful I am and will continue to be  
These thoughts flood my head and they will stick with me even when I'm not wearing  
this black-eyed poppy

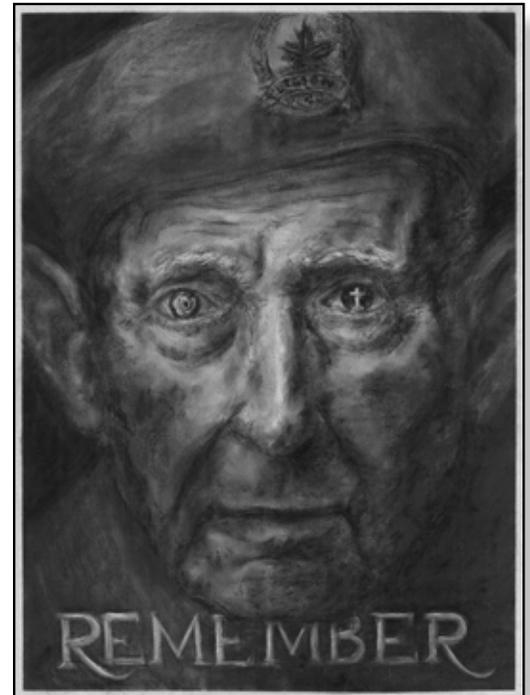
### **Beth Kirby**

Cornwall, PE · Bluefield High School · #030 Kingston Br.  
Poem • Poème



### **Hye In (Grace) Park**

Langley, BC · Walnut Grove Sec. Sc. · #021 Langley Branch  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### **Keyu Chen**

Vancouver, BC · Lord Byng Secondary S. · #142 W. Point Grey Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# First Place Première Place

# Senior Senior

Why do we wear the poppy? Why do we spend November 11 attending memorial ceremonies, taking moments of silence? Historically, Remembrance Day is November 11 because that is the day of the armistice; the day that the horrific battles of World War I came to an end, and so on the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour of that day we have a moment of silence. The symbol of the poppy comes from the poem, *In Flanders Fields* written by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, who wrote the poem about the crimson flowers that grew among the battlefields of World War I. But November 11 isn't only about historical events, it's about remembering. By remembering, we honour those who fought and continue to fight for our country, we remember to be thankful for the life of liberty we've been given, and we remember so that the atrocities committed in the past will never happen again.

Remembrance Day is the day where we honour those who sacrificed for our country. We remember the brave soldiers who went overseas to fight; facing unspeakable horrors so that we might have a brighter future, even today there are men and women who protect our country and our freedom. And so we take the time to honour not only them but their families who sacrificed so much as well. The mothers and fathers, sons and daughters who had to say goodbye to their loved ones. And the families whose lives are centered around the military; moving from place to place or constantly waiting for their loved ones to come home, having to look after their families in the absence of their partner. We remember so that we can acknowledge and honour everything that these amazing people sacrificed so that we could live a better life.

Remembrance Day is a day for us to be thankful for all of those sacrifices. Too often do we forget how incredibly lucky we are to live in a country where we have so many freedoms. We have the right to get an education, to practice our religion, to marry whomever we choose, and to speak up when we feel something is wrong. But there are many places in the world where the people do not have those freedoms, and it's something we take for granted because we're so accustomed to it. We have Remembrance Day in order to take a step back, and realize that the life we now live came at a price, and that not everyone is as fortunate as we are here in Canada. It's a day for us to reflect and truly be thankful for the opportunities we are given in our everyday lives.

In taking this day to reflect on the events of World War I and World War II, we can hopefully ensure that nothing so awful ever happens again. We often use this day to teach kids about what happened during the wars, schools put an emphasis on the solemnity of the event, making sure that students understand it's more than just a day off from school. As they get into the higher grades they learn the details of how and why the events of the world wars came to pass, and in observing Remembrance Day each year it becomes more than just something they talked about in class. By going to all these ceremonies; watching the laying of the wreaths, having a moment of silence, and seeing members of their community, veterans and military families who are personally affected by this day, kids can genuinely feel the impact these events had on the world. By constantly having this reminder, we can hopefully learn from history and never make those same mistakes again.

And so we continue to wear our poppies. We continue to honour the men and women who gave their lives for us, and support the families who continue to serve our country. Every year we take the time to be thankful for the life we have and the opportunities we've been given. And we continue to teach our kids the importance of what happened in the past; hoping that they will move forward with love and peace in their hearts. Because to forget would be an insult to those who fought, that is why we remember.

**Megan Miller**

Moncton, NB · Bernice MacNaughton HS · #006 Moncton Br.  
Essay • Composition



# Senior Senior

## Second Place Deuxième Place

Cassidy L. Jean

They didn't understand

They didn't understand that though the war had long since ended  
It lived on in his mind and in his harried dreams each night  
Demanding attention  
Fighting for his very soul

They didn't seem to notice that the world had not gone back to normal  
Life was not that same as it once was  
The world had changed  
His world had changed forever

They didn't understand that he carried the war along with him  
Like photographs tattooed on his arms  
The blood of the fallen, friend and foe  
Covered his hands

His children didn't understand  
That his back didn't ache from pushing the mower up and down the lawn  
But from carrying his friends, his brothers in arms, on his shoulders  
As he dragged their lifeless bodies out of enemy fire

They didn't understand that his arms were heavy from the weight of a gun in his hands  
Or that his ears still rang with the sound of screams and gunfire  
Or that his feet were still tired from walking for miles and miles and miles  
They didn't understand that he did it all for them

His wife didn't understand  
That he couldn't stand to hear the baby cry  
Because the weeping of orphaned children was etched on his mind  
Branded on what was left of his heart

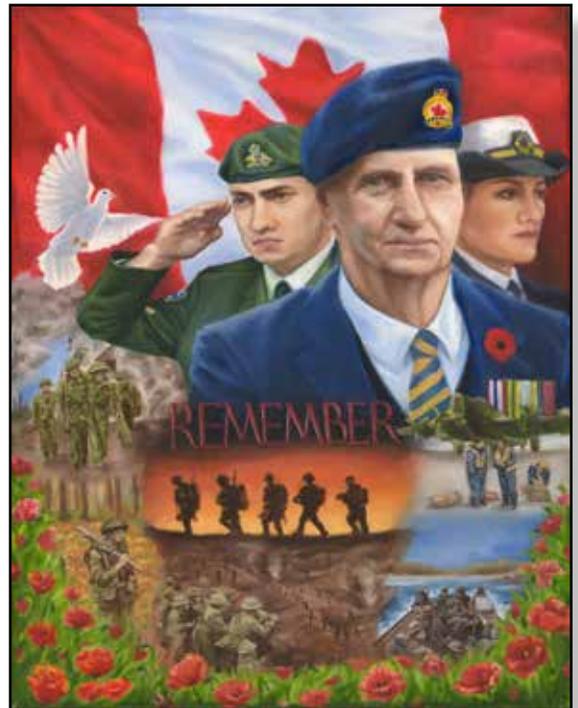
His family didn't understand that no, he couldn't speak of the horrors he witnessed  
Because the taste of war was still present on his lips  
The stench of sweat and death and fear still permeated his nostrils  
And that he could still see the blood running in rivers through the trenches

They didn't understand that some days  
he didn't know if he were the lucky one  
Or if the lucky ones lay beneath a bed of poppies  
For the dead were not haunted like the living

**Cassidy L. Jean**

Kamloops, BC · South Kamloops Secondary S. · #052 Kamloops Br.

Poem • Poème



**Flora Zhang**

Ottawa, ON · Lisgar Collegiate Institute · #351 Montgomery Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Strong Duan**

Calgary, AB · Central Memorial HS · #001 Calgary Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# Second Place Deuxième Place

# Senior Senior

If I had to describe the feeling I get on Remembrance Day, melancholic would be a very accurate word. A deep and profound sadness. Personally, I have never known anybody who went off to fight in a war, nor do I know anybody who has died fighting. But my grandfather does... or did. Two of his brothers died because of world war two. One died overseas fighting, and another one couldn't deal with what he had seen, what he had done. He suffered from PTSD, and lost the battle in a devastating way.

So, when November eleventh come around, and my family brings out my great uncle's war medals, the profound sadness seeps in. It's overwhelming, suffocating; the feeling of something so great and so terrible, that I doubt I will ever be able to wrap my head around it. I don't want to be able to wrap around my head around it. It's the images, all sepia coloured, faded from time, of young men in the trenches wearing fatigues, at train stations waving jauntily at loved ones as they head off for the first time; the battered, sobered faces of returning soldiers coming home to a vastly different world. Relief so plainly written of their faces, that it was all over, paired with the hollow gauntness that only the most savage, darkest human actions can bring to ones face.

Things like war happen, and when it does, it's ugly, brutal, and as time goes on, it is ultimately glorified. We wear the poppies, red as blood, as a silent salute to the soldiers who lie in Flanders fields, of the flowers that grew over their final resting place. It seems something grand, something near an amazing feat. If something as beautiful and delicate as a poppy can grow in spite of the horror and adversary that was the battles of Ypres, then maybe we can flourish too. It's a point of pride, to wear a poppy. It shows the world around you that you stand beside the dead who ought for our freedom.

Freedom is a grand notion in itself. Did the soldiers who shipped out think to themselves, *I'm fighting for my freedom, my family's freedom, for my countries freedom?* Did they think about what it was going to take of them, what it might take from their families, if they were to perish in the quest for glory? Or if they were to survive, did they think they could come back unchanged? Would they ever be free of what they were to see? I don't know, but it doesn't seem to glorious, this awful fate they will become subjected to. Death or forever scarred? Should one ever have to see either of these as options?

I probably will never have to see myself on the end of that fate, all because of those soldiers who gave up their lives, gave up their futures and their loves. They battled fiercely and bravely, so I can be where I am. So everybody has the chance to become what they want. So we can grow up without the fear losing our rights as humans. I feel so removed from it, that at times it seems as if these wars were a hoax. But that's the point, we have so little veterans of the great wars left, and their stories, while never will be forgotten, seem to fade away, so they can be pulled out at the beginning of November like family war medals, displayed proudly like a poppy on your chest. We move away from it, move away from those sacrifices. Those sacrifices that have allowed us to have freedom rights, which is something we take advantage of on a daily basis.

This is why, even as Remembrance Day comes and goes, I try to remind myself of these stories every day. Of that deep, melancholic sorrow for everybody who lost a family member, a friend. Thousands of those blood coloured poppies we pin our chest are distributed every year. When Remembrance Day is all said and done for the year, I pin mine to my bookshelf, in hopes that when I see them that I'll take a moment of respect. Respect for the fact that the freedoms I take advantage of daily, those were paid by somebody who was willing to go to war for them.

Their stories don't deserve to be forgotten, because they are more than stories. They are memories of survivors, and facts of what happened, and things that actually happened outside of history textbooks. We need to be reminded of these facts, these memories, these stories from some of the darkest days of humanity, lest we forget.

By Winnie Boucha

## Winnie Boucha

Keewatin, ON · Beaver Brae Secondary S · #012 Kenora Br.  
Essay • Composition

## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Elizabeth Lee

Halifax, NS · J.L. Isley High School · #152, Earl Francis Memorial Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Bryana Dowding

Bay Roberts, NL · Ascension Collegiate · #032 Bay Roberts Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Dominic Hill

Chemainus, BC · Chemainus Secondary S. · #191 Chemainus Br.  
Essay • Composition

### Hanna Gross

Hazenmore, SK · Kincaid Central S. · #224 Pinto Creek Br.  
Poem • Poème

# Intermediate Intermédiaire

## First Place Première Place

When my seed was planted many years ago,  
I was given a very important obligation.  
I am a holder of memories,  
Of battles once fought and people once living.

Every moment I think of the brave soldiers who died.  
Were they scared, knowing the end was near?  
Were they happy, knowing they were protecting their country?  
Or were they tired, wanting everything to be over?

I watch solemnly as people mourn  
For the young men and women who never returned home.  
They wish they could have known them better,  
Before they were taken away from this Earth.

I remember them all,  
Their names always ringing in my head.  
Like shots fired,  
Like unheard cries.

I sway with the breeze, never once wishing to be somewhere else.  
For I know my duty is here.  
I need to represent the fallen,  
Who can no longer speak for themselves.

I silently tell their tales of bravery,  
How they didn't give up despite the fact that the whole world seemed to be against them.  
They fought on when they could have run.  
They rose to the challenge when others retreated into the shadows.

My red petals are their blood, spilled senselessly.  
My black center are their eyes, no longer seeing.  
My long stem are their seemingly endless battles.  
My roots are the sorrows of their loved ones.

I am the poppy.  
Use me to remember them.

### Gina Spencer

Massey Drive, NL · Corner Brook Intermediate S · #013 Corner Brook Br.  
Poem • Poème



### Ariella Amancio

Newmarket, ON · Sacred Heart Catholic HS · #426 Milton Wesley Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Grace Gao

Ottawa, ON · Colonel By Secondary S · #638 Kanata Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### **The Spring Poppy**

The poppy we had planted for my older brother has grown to its full size, and is bursting with its magnificent red color. The poppy was planted under the old, dusty tire swing that hung on the maple tree. My mother decided to plant it there because as he was growing up, it was my brother's favorite place. I remember him and his buddies out on that swing, kicking up dirt as their feet skidded across the ground, keeping them from flying any higher. My mom tried to get the grass to grow under the swing, but she soon gave up, because my brother and his mischievous, long-legged friends would have had the grass gone again in no time. So then, a patch of brown dirt lay in the corner of our yard, while the rest of it bloomed with bright green grass. As he got older, he had less time to go on the swing. He was too busy with school, and studying, and friends, and his sports. By the time he had to go to war, the patch had completely vanished, grown over with grass. Almost like his youth had been erased, covered up by that grass.

On the day we found out he died, Mother locked herself inside her bedroom. She stayed in there for ages. I lost track of how long. It was too upsetting to hear her sharp cries slice through the silence, so I decided to go outside. I made my way across the yard and onto that aged, dusted tire swing. My hands were shaking and I began to sob. My eyes were clouded with salty hot tears and my heart sat heavy in my chest. It felt as if I was the only living being on the planet, who was cold, bitter, and alone. I felt so much anger, maybe even more anger than sadness. I hoped that whoever-whatever caused his death, would die in the same way he did. It sounded morbid and disgusting, but that's what anger does. It can morph the happiest humans alive into an angry shell of who they once were, and they can stay that way until the time comes to heal.

Awhile after his death, my mother and I planted a poppy under that tire swing. He loved that swing so much, and I feel like he would love the fact that there was a poppy there, just for him. The poppy is our memory of him. He's still here, gone but not forgotten. He's taken the form of the poppy, a symbol of peace. Now, when spring arrives, as the air begins to heat up and the plants begin to grow, I remember my brother. He'll reappear again-in the form of a poppy.

End.

**Emma Vatcher**

Conception Bay South, NL · Villanova Junior HS · #050 Conception Bay S  
Essay • Composition



# Intermediate Intermédiaire

## Second Place Deuxième Place

Glowing cheeks and a smart haircut  
Don the face of a young man  
He's prepared for this day for months  
To fight for their freedom and their land

His friends crowd around him  
Congratulating him for what they couldn't  
His warmed heart elevates in his chest  
Proud of what they wouldn't

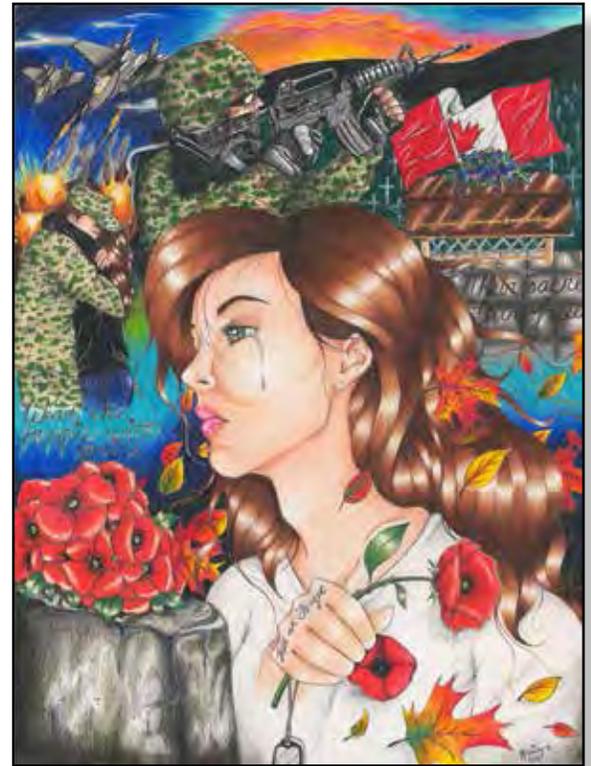
A train rolls forward on its daily route  
He awaits its coming  
His mother kisses his cheek  
And away the train goes, thrumming

Sweaty face and aching arms  
Don the body of a tired man  
He's working his hardest  
And trying the best he can

His feet are soaked to the bone  
His new friends are all grumbling  
His old friends are home with family  
He succumbs to the mumbling

Loud noises and flashing lights  
Bounce off the face of a scared man  
His friends fall dead at his feet  
And onward still he ran

Wispy hair and wrinkly eyes  
Dawn the face of an old man  
His eyes still hold the memories of battle  
Tries to forget them if he can



**Kassidy Vanoene**

Langley, BC · Credo Christian HS · #021, Langley Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Annie Chen**

Calgary AB · Foundation for the Future Charter Academy · #001 Calgary Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

**Elora VanderWal**

St. Marys ON · Stratford & District Christian S · #008 Stratford Br.  
Poem • Poème

# Second Place Deuxième Place

# Intermediate Intermédiaire

## Words

Words. We as humans were blessed with the ability to speak our minds with words. Those who have never experienced warfare use the word 'war' so lightly.

Yes, a school reminds their students that we must remember on November the eleventh, but is it enough? The First World War endured four years, yet we are only reminded to remember on one day of three hundred sixty-five days that are in a year. We as Canadians have fought for our freedom. We went into worldwide wars to earn and keep our freedom that generally taken for granted. Now, wars are almost foreign to Canadian youth. For youth in other countries, all they know is war.

I did not know what it was like until my father was deployed as a peacekeeper in the Afghanistan war. Though he was only gone for eight months, it felt like eight millenniums instead. Looking back, I do not know what I would have done had he not returned. Large parts of people's lives are affected by hostilities in the countries they call home.

Lots of youth are under the belief that war is extinct, that it happened in 'the olden days'. Just because the great wars happened many years before our generation, most think it is not a problem in this day and age. Yet our soldiers still go out and risk their lives to save others everyday. Sadly, they are not remembered as often as soldiers in the World Wars.

Some people also think that the current generation will fall out of the practice of remembrance. They think that a teenager could not care about history. To those people, I would like you to rest assured that it is no laughing matter, not for my generation or any generation to come. Walk into any junior high school on Remembrance Day, I can guarantee that we will all be solemn. To me, almost nothing matters more than knowing where my freedom came from.

Words. We use them as an ally when we have times of doubt. War might not have touched your family, but this Remembrance Day, wear your poppy with pride. Wear it for the love of our country, wear it for the protection that we have from modern-day wars. Wear it because people that did not even know that you existed believed in something so much, they were willing to give their lives for it. I ask that you wear a poppy for all of the families that conflict has touched. Honour our lost soldiers that fought for what was right. Fought and died if it only meant protecting their country. Words.

By Grace Alberts

### Grace Alberts

Hubley, NS · Five Bridges Junior HS · #116 St. Margarets Bay Br  
Essay • Composition

## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Iona Taylor

Winnipeg, MB · College Louis Riel · #107 Belgian Vets. Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Yiwei (Susan) Ni

Vancouver, BC · Lord Byng Secondary S · Branch #030  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Morgan Sayers

Mankota, SK · Mankota School · #355 Mankota Br  
Essay • Composition

### Roman T. Javorek

Kentville, NS · Northeast Kings Education Centre · #073 Habitant Br.  
Poem • Poème

### *I Can't Tell You about the War*

I've never heard the guns  
below short days  
ago.

I've never had my heart break for  
them who fought  
for us.

I have never slept thinking  
that a bomb will come when  
I'm sleeping.

I've never smelled the gun  
powder when it  
hung in the air

I never saw  
Those men who  
died

But I did hear  
how tragic  
war is

I can feel how upset  
all those families  
were

I can't imagine what all  
those little kids who never  
saw their dad felt.

But they did fight for  
the Freedom that we  
have now.

Lest we forget

### Isabel Jensen

Strathmore, AB · Wheatland Crossing School · #166 Standard Br.  
Poem • Poème



### Roisin Mullen

Mount Stewart, PE · Mt. Stewart Consolidated · #004, J. Hamilton Douglas Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Karen Ki

Scarborough, ON · Ivy Yin Yuk Leung Art Studio · #614 Scarborough Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## **We Need to Remember**

By Kaylie

Why do I remember? I remember WWII because my great grandfather from Holland was captured by the Nazi's. He was separated from his family and forced to work on a vegetable farm in Germany. I will remember him. We need to remember.

Why do we remember? We need to remember the soldiers that fought in the war because our future is their monument. Many people went to fight. Fathers and sons fought for us. Wives, sweethearts, and daughters waited back home and prayed for their safe return. We remember those that risked their lives and families who lost their loved ones for our freedom and peace. We need to remember.

Whom do we remember? We need to remember that more than 2.3 million people went to fight and more than 118 000 people have died. We remember the soldiers that volunteered their lives. Men and women served whenever and wherever they were needed. They left their loved ones and their country. We need to remember.

What do we remember? The devastation caused by war. The extreme living conditions, the fear of dying, mental, spiritual and physical hardships. We remember the wars that Canadian soldiers fought in. WWI, WWII, South Africa, Korean and the Afghanistan war. We need to remember.

How do we remember? We remember by going to ceremonies. Wearing poppies symbolize remembrance as the poppies never died in the battle field. We remember by viewing and respecting memorials to commemorate Canadian troops. We need to remember.

Remembrance day is celebrated on the 11th month of the 11th day on the 11th hour. We need to remember.

**Kaylie Seinen**

Onoway, AB · Onoway Elementary School · #132 Onoway Br.

Essay • Composition



# Junior Junior

## Second Place Deuxième Place

### The Man Beside Me

The man beside me,  
Eyes coated with fear  
Due to gun shots and bombs  
He can barely hear.

The man beside me,  
Hands coated in scars, faced wrinkled and aged  
The memories linger inside him  
In his mind they are caged.

The man beside me,  
Red poppy on his shirt  
If you look in his eyes  
You can see he is hurt.

The man beside me,  
His soft hands once held a gun  
We will never know what happened  
But trust me it wasn't fun.

The man beside me,  
I shake his hand  
And thank him truly,  
For fighting for our land



**Gurjot Kensray**

Brampton, ON · Fletchers Creek Sr. PS · #015 Major WM Dwight Sharpe Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Ivy Shi**

Calgary, AB · Lake Bonavista School · #001 Calgary Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

**Brooklyn Stobbe**

Crofton, BC · Crofton Elementary School · #191, Chemainus Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Bree Chatman**

Grand Falls-Windsor NL · Sprucewood Academy · #12 Grand Falls-Windsor  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

**Bryanna Hogan**

Small Point, NL · Cabot Academy · #023 Carbonear Br.  
Essay • Composition

**Alexandre Trudel**

Havelock, QC · Franklin Elementary School · #244 Hemmingford Br.  
Poem • Poème

## Second Place Deuxième Place

# Junior Junior

*Bonjour, je vais vous conter l'histoire de Félix, un soldat marié et père d'une petite fille de 9 ans, Camille.*

*Un jour, il reçut un ordre de mission pour aller se battre à la guerre. C'était son travail et son devoir. Il combattit ainsi plusieurs mois aux côtés d'autres soldats. Sa mission accomplie, il put revenir au pays, auprès des siens, mais avec beaucoup de tristesse dans son cœur d'avoir vu des soldats et des familles innocentes mourir autour de lui. Il resta travailler à la caserne quelques mois pour malheureusement repartir à nouveau, cette fois-ci pour une année complète. Lorsqu'il revint finalement au pays la deuxième fois, sa femme et sa fille Camille l'attendaient avec impatience à l'aéroport où elles étaient venues le chercher.*

*En arrivant à la maison, Camille demanda à son père :*

- Papa, pourquoi la guerre existe ?*
- Ma puce, la guerre existe depuis toujours. Les soldats comme moi se battent pour défendre leur pays.*
- Alors, ça veut dire que tu as accepté de tuer d'autres personnes pour défendre notre pays ?*
- On ne l'accepte pas vraiment, c'est un dur choix que l'on a à faire au nom de notre devoir.*
- Mais si la guerre n'existait pas, tu n'aurais pas à défendre notre pays et personne ne mourrait.*
- Tu as bien raison, ma puce, mais malheureusement ce n'est pas nous qui décidons.*

### Andréa Lombardo

Hemmingford, QC · Ecole St. Romain · #244 Hemmingford Br.

Essay • Composition

# Primary Primary

*First Place  
Première Place*



## Scarlett Robinson

Lake Country, BC · Davidson Road Elementary · #026 Kelowna Br  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

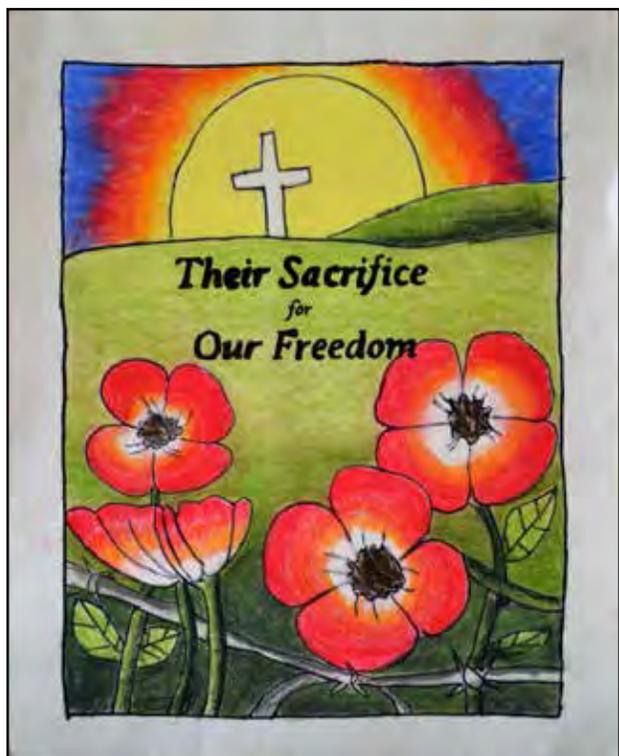


## Charlie O'Hearn-Stone

Trail, BC · St. Michaels School · #011 Trail Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

*Second Place*  
*Deuxième Place*

**Primary**  
**Primary**



**Abriel Hart**

St. George, ON · Rehoboth Christian School · #605 St. George Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



**Kylige Latter**

North Preston, NS · Nelson Whynder Elem. School · #160 Centennial Br.  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

*Honourable Mention*  
*Mention honorable*

**Daniella Q. Ling**

Calgary, AB · Glenmore Christian School · #264 North Calgary Br.  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Yuji Takatsu**

Stoney Creek, ON · Eastdale Public School · #622 Battlefield Br.  
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.

