

Winners 2018

Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2018



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The Scarlet of Remembrance

The scarlet of remembrance
For those who've gone before,
The purple light of freedom
Gleams forevermore,
Brilliant orange laughter
Ends the salty blue of tears,
The white of peace that blotted out
The raven shade of fear.

Forgotten dreams of barren brown
Returned by glorious dawn,
The golden glow of courage
Forever shining on,
The azure skies of victory,
The green of life renewed,
By the silver sheen of hope
And the violet hue of truth.

Broken bonds of gloomy grey
Mended by the rose of love,
The bold and sunny rays of faith
Radiating from above,
The scarlet of remembrance
For those who've gone before,
Is the rainbow we've been given
By the heroes of the war.

Hannah Christensen

Ponteix, SK · Ponteix School · #297 Ponteix Br.
Poem • Poème



Emma Cervinka

London, ON · Catholic Central High School · #263 Duchess of Kent Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Maria Singson

Scarborough, ON · Francis Libermann Catholic High School
#614 Scarborough Centennial Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Remembering the Past and Reflecting on the Present

I am 15 years old and have lived in Alberta my whole life. I am so lucky to have been born and raised in a peaceful country like Canada. Although I am blessed by not being personally exposed to the trauma of war, I am aware and thankful that we have Canadians among us who have not only participated in conflicts around the world but who are currently active members of our military. I have attended numerous Remembrance Day services and they remind me of those who fought to create peace and those who serve in order to retain the peace. Every year as I pin a poppy over my heart I am reminded of the deaths that occurred so that my daily life is the way it is. Remembering our past is a big part of our future and acknowledging the thousands of men and women who sacrificed their lives. I know that my life would not be the same without the sacrifice of our Canadian soldiers.

Although I have no connections with any veterans or soldiers I am so thankful for their sacrifices. My closest connection to World War II is my father telling me stories that his mother and father (my Oma and Opa) told him about growing up in Holland when it was occupied by Germany. My Oma and Opa were exposed to hearing bombs exploding and going without food. It is hard to imagine that this happened and continues to happen in other war-torn parts of the world. In an ideal and peaceful world, there would be no conflict. Unfortunately, peace has been difficult to achieve in some countries. Canada has a long history of participation in wars and conflicts around the world, especially in Europe during World War I and II. Although I do not often see soldiers in uniform I know they live nearby and work at the Canadian Forces Base in Edmonton. It is one of three bases in Western Canada. People living and working on these bases are called to fight in so many places in the world and be peacekeepers of the world. They are willing to sacrifice their safety to help others.

Both as a colony and now as a country, Canada stands guard ready to fight if and when necessary. Canada is committed to helping other nations that are in crisis in the form of fighting or peacekeeping and as a result, Canada, with the help of its military, is respected around the world. Most recently our Canadian troops have fought overseas in places such as Afghanistan. I thank the veterans and the active members of our military for what they have done for me. In the summer of 2019, I hope to attend the Canadian war cemeteries in Holland and France with my family. I know this will be difficult to see and appreciate how many Canadian soldiers gave their lives for us. It is hard to relate and comprehend an idea so foreign. A cemetery isn't a typical stop or even yearly stop that my family has to make to grieve the deaths of loved ones. But I know that thousands of soldiers have died and much more will pass as long as there is conflict in the world. Every year we wear a poppy to help us turn our minds towards Remembrance Day. The simple poppy is only a symbol which demonstrates respect for those courageous men and women who have given up their lives to fight for the country. Soldiers fight so that individuals such as you and I don't have to. I find that pretty amazing that strangers are willing to risk their life for that of another stranger. My life would not be the same without those who are willing to make the ultimate sacrifice and for that, I am eternally grateful.

Even though I don't see members of the Canadian military on a regular basis, I know that they are working on behalf of all Canadians to bring peace to the world. Thank you to all who have sacrificed so much. I will never forget that.

Sadie Vogel

St. Albert, AB · St. Albert Catholic High School · #271 St Albert Br.
Essay • Composition

Senior Senior

Second Place Deuxième Place

It is Done

It is done.
 You don't have to fight
 The world is full of darkness
 It is not true that
 love can kill war
 Because we believe that
 We are alone
 It is a lie that
 We have freedom
 We must remember
 Love
 is not the answer
 because hate
 Is what makes the world go round
 Caring
 Is Pointless
 There is no hope
 And in believing that
 We must remember them

(READ IT BACKWARDS)
 Reverse Poem

Krixia Mae S. Padilla

Chetwynd, BC · Peace Christian School · #258 Chetwynd Br.
 Poem • Poème



Eric Park

Calgary, AB · Sir Winston Churchill High School · #264 North Calgary Br.
 Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Chengyun (Melody) Xu

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

Second Place Deuxième Place

Senior Senior

It is eleven o'clock in the morning on November 11th 2016. An icy wind blows soft snowflakes through the air. Fifteen thousand Canadians are outside in downtown Ottawa, gathered by the National War Memorial. I am one of them, there to pay my respects during a moment of communal silence. From my spot near the Tomb of The Unknown Soldier, I can easily watch the countless people around me take part in this sacred display of remembrance. My eyes first travel to the hundreds of civilians amassed in the streets, bundled up like myself against the bitter cold of the morning. I observe a sea of red poppies, pinned to winter jackets, sweatshirts and scarves, each a symbol of an individual's acknowledgement of a soldier's sacrifice. I briefly glance down at my own poppy, the red fabric flower vibrant against my black wool coat, before my eyes return to the hushed crowd surrounding the memorial.

My gaze falls on a group of army cadets, not much older than myself, standing vigilantly straight in perfect rows. Their uniforms are pristine, and their fresh faces are solemn. These young men and women are the future of Canada's military, the heroes of days to come, and sadly, the fallen soldiers of tomorrow. I wonder what's running through their heads as they stand at attention: determination, discipline, yes apprehension, but most of all, hope. Hope for a tomorrow that will be secure and peaceful, just as the inspiring veterans standing nearby fought so hard to ensure.

My eyes move from the cadets to the older men and women standing alongside them, their uniforms just as crisp, and their ranks even straighter. They are Canada's military, the soldiers of the present, ready to deploy as soon as duty calls. These brave people are prepared to leave home, and family, in order to serve our country. To me, this undertaking is unparalleled. I admire the sober resolve I see in their features, and I wonder what they are thinking. Will this ceremony only solidify their plans of protecting our nation? Or will the enormity of the commitment shake their faith in themselves? I can't even begin to grasp the devotion this career path would require. It is their job to maintain the peace and freedom that was won decades ago by the living inspirations alongside them on this cool November morn- the Canadian veterans.

Men and women, young and old, stand together in the stillness, each absorbed in the memories of wars fought overseas. Wars fought in France, Germany, Italy and Korea. Were the old souls in Europe again, facing cannon fire and bullets, watching their comrades fall like dominos among the wreckage and the ruin? Were the younger vets, aged far beyond their years, taken back to the desert, Afghanistan, Iraq, where they could only watch, powerless, as their friends fell victim to landmines and snipers? They could only watch as their companions became yet another Canadian flag lowered to half-mast. Another tragic story on CBC. Another name in The Book of Remembrance, high in the Peace Tower of Parliament Hill.

My eye is drawn to an elderly veteran. He crouches down to embrace his service dog, his cheeks streaked with tears. Decades after returning home from battle, this courageous man still feels the pain war has caused him, despite how faded any visible scars may be now. These honourable soldiers not only faced gunfire and gore in the line of duty, but continue to fight a battle every day to come to terms with the horrors they survived.

With tears in my own eyes, I scan the crowd one last time before the two minutes of silence are over. I am overwhelmed by a sense of admiration and gratitude. I begin to wonder about where my place is in all of this. As the moment of silence ends, and the ceremony comes to a close, I realize that my role is small but significant, as is the role of every citizen. Our role, *my* role, is to give thanks to our nation's soldiers, and not take my hard-won freedom for granted. My role is to remember them with my silence, acknowledge them with my thanks, and honour them with my poppy.

Anika O'Neill

Belleisle Creek, NB · Belleisle Regional High School · #76 Norton Br.

Essay • Composition

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Krizia Ramilo

Winnipeg, MB · St. Boniface Diocesan High School
#107 Belgian Veterans Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Mikayla Woodcock

Devon, AB · John Maland High School · #247 Devon Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Callie Thomson

Shamrock, PE · Kinkora Regional High School · #10 Borden-Carleton Br.

Essay • Composition

Samantha Holloway

Grand Falls-Windsor, NL · Exploits Valley High
#12 Grand Falls-Windsor Br.

Poem • Poème

Intermediate Intermédiaire

*First Place
Première Place*

My PTSD

By Sara Pluta

When you look and see me you may think I am fine,
but my PTSD still plays tricks with my mind.
It's hard to forget, where I've been, what I've seen,
the memories flood back just like a bad dream.
It's not the physical damage that causes the most pain,
it's the mental wounds that cause the most strain.

When you look and see me you may think I am fine,
but my PTSD still plays tricks with my mind.
I've learned to fight the pain alone,
I try to make my emotions unknown.
I want to forget, I want to let go,
I don't want to remember the things that I know.

When you look and see me you may think I am fine,
but my PTSD still plays tricks with my mind.
I'd take any help, I know I need assistance,
I'll work on getting better, I will go the distance.
It will never go away, no matter how hard I try,
I can't erase all the screams and the cries.

When you look and see me you can see I am fine,
because I'm learning to cope with the things in my mind.
I've learned others care, and now I can cope.
I know others are there so I never give up hope.
I still remember the things I have done,
but I spoke out and realized I'm not the only one.

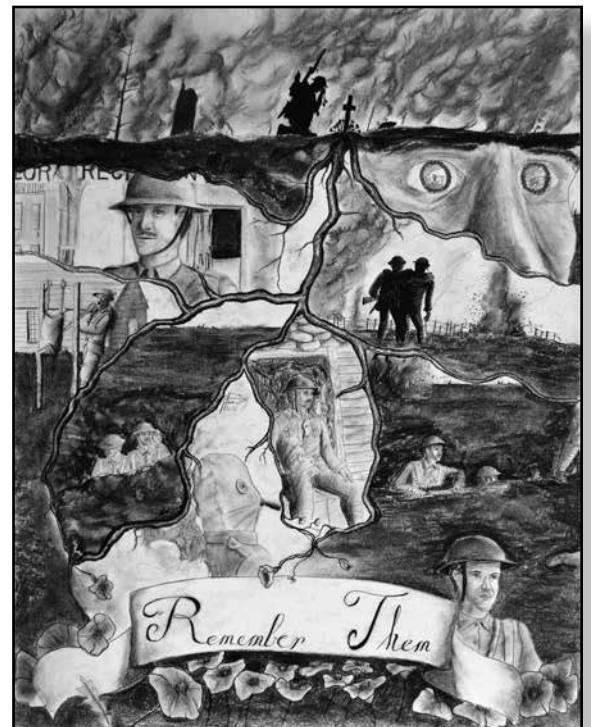
Sara Pluta

Port Hawkesbury, NS · Tamarac Education Centre · #43 Port Hawkesbury Br.
Poem • Poème



Richmond Dakay

Mississauga, ON · St. Jerome Separate School · #582 Colonel Tom Kennedy Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Alastair Capstick

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

First Place Première Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Saturday, March 8th, 1943

Dear Father,

Not a day goes by that I'm not thinking about you. It's been sixteen months since you left for the war and I fear I will never see you again. I can barely remember the sound of your voice. I read the last letter you sent us every night before I go to bed. It calms me to see your handwriting.

Two nights ago a letter boy went to Mrs. Patterson's house informing her that she lost her son in the war. She hasn't left her home since. I don't ever want to see a letter boy at our front door. Uncle George lost his leg in battle, so they allowed him to come home. It's good to see him but he has been distant and he doesn't talk much anymore. He misses you. We all do.

My friend Diana wasn't at school again yesterday. Last week she learned her older brother Walter was killed in the war. She was so close to him.I can't imagine the pain that she and her family are going through.

There's a new girl in our class from Liverpool, England. Her town was bombed so her parents sent her to live in Canada. She is staying here until the war is over. The stories she tells us about the war are so sad and scary. I'm so thankful the war hasn't come over to Canada.

Mother has started to work again. She's spending long hours on the assembly line in the munition factory. I can tell she is so tired when she gets home from work. She has large dark rings under her eyes and I know she is missing you dearly. She doesn't laugh like she use to.

With Mother always at work, I try to help out around the house. I've been cooking, cleaning, and looking after Sandra, Edward, and Robert. Baby Robert is getting so much bigger. I can't wait for you to meet him. Sandy and Edward are too young to help much around the house but I know they're doing their best.

Nana and Papa moved in to help us. Nana taught me to knit. We made socks, scarves, and hats this past winter and donated them to the troops. This spring, we're going to plant a Victory Garden. Papa thinks carrots and tomatoes will grow really well in this soil. There is a sugar shortage in Canada right now and we ran out today. We don't know when we will have sugar again. Last week I used some of my savings to purchase war stamps. I hope it helps you and the other troops.

I'm trying my best to look after everyone like I promised you....but it's just really hard. I can't wait for the war to be over so you can come home and we can be together again. I'm so proud of you and everything you are doing for us and our country.

I love you so much Father. Be safe.

Love,
Dorothy

Morgan Flint

Nanaimo, BC · Randerson Ridge Elementary School · #257 Seaview Centennial Br.
Essay • Composition



Intermediate Intermédiaire

Second Place Deuxième Place

A Memory

The Wind in my face
The Spray of the sea
In another time or place
It could've been a fond memory

The rolling waves, my stomach twists
Cannot help but feel homesick
The weight of my gun within my fists
Like a bad dream or some cruel trick

The sound of gunshots in the air
Will this be the end of me?
Bombs exploding, smoke everywhere
My heart is pounding rapidly

The platform drops, I run for my life
Waist deep in water, trying to survive
Only thing on my mind is my wife
Bullet hits, my mind goes blank, don't know if I'm still alive

The Wind in my face
The Spray of the sea
It Is another time and place
Where I'll forever be a memory

Dylan Sletten

Hazlet, SK · Hazlet School · #202 Hazlet Br.

Poem • Poème



Linda He

White Rock, BC · White Rock Christian Academy · #8 White Rock Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Daniel Kang

Foothills, AB · Glenmore Christian Academy · #289 Millennium Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Last March, I left on a life changing journey that tilted the way I viewed Remembrance Day. I travelled Europe with a group from my school to learn about the World Wars.

I laid the white flower inside what was left of the gas chambers..... the place where they suffocated the Jewish during the Second World War, a period in time I will never fully know or fully understand. My flower wasn't the only one. There was at least another twenty put there by others who had come here to pay their respects or to learn just like me. The next room I came upon was skinny and long with a metallic border around the outside with sharp pieces of metal sticking out the front. "Ovens" said the guide in her thick accent.

Old buildings filled the property and gray looking dirt covered the ground. "This is the foot walking path", said the guide. The gray ground became rickety then smooth then coal looking. "This is where they made the prisoners walk for many hours a day testing shoes". We saw the cookhouse, and learned about how the guards would almost drown the prisoners for entertainment. We walked where they had slept nine to a bed, saw the washrooms where there was nothing even close to privacy, and even saw where they did medical experiments on them.

When we left I couldn't believe what I had just seen: people's lives unfold right in front of me. Even though they weren't there I could feel their presence. I could see it in my mind and drops of melancholy filled my thoughts.

We pulled up in the shiny deluxe tour bus. "Groesbeek War Cemetery", read the sign. I hopped out of the bus. I saw hundreds of clean white slated stones. I walked among them weaving between each stone and reading the names of them. My teacher gave us a list of five soldiers buried here that were from our town. Soon, I came upon one of the stones I was looking for: Sallow. I read his story on the small sheet I was given. His family owns the art gallery in town. I watched as members from my school laid the green wreath beside the stone. To think these people were once from my town. I felt honoured and I was proud that people from my community, my province and my country stood up for what they believed in and stood up against this awful abuse to human beings.

I began to walk around again through the cemetery, stopping in front of the stone of someone I did not know. I took my shaking hands out of my pockets. I carefully took my poppy out of my jacket and read his name out loud. I then stepped forward, gently placing the poppy on the stone. I might be the only person who ever comes to honour him at his resting place.

Lest We Forget.

I think I get it now.

Darcie Brohman

Clinton, ON · Goderich District Collegiate Institute · #109 Goderich Br.

Essay • Composition

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Tedi Pollak

Calgary, AB · Branton Junior High · #264 North Calgary Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Jonathan Ge

Waterloo, ON · Sir John A. MacDonald Secondary School · #530 Waterloo Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Hunter Paranuik

Avonlea, SK · Avonlea School · #59 Moose Jaw Br.

Essay • Composition

Teresa Borlé

St. Albert, AB · V.J. Maloney Jr. High School · #271 St. Albert Br.

Poem • Poème

Junior Junior

First Place Première Place

REMEMBER

The poppy falls
Upon the grave
Just like soldiers
Whose lives they gave
The war is over
The soldier goes home
He can never forget
Some will never do so
He remembers.

Through the long winter nights
The family waited
For their own brave knight
By the war he was baited
The grief that they felt
When they were told
Their warrior son
Would not live to be old
They remember.

The blood-red petals
Fly through the crosses
The wind carries them
On wings of losses
And under the earth
The men are trapped in their tomb
And even time itself
Cannot heal this wound
We remember.

Through the streets and towns,
We remember!
Through the cities and provinces,
We remember!
Through the entire nation,
We all remember!

And through every single
Person too
The soldiers souls
Reside in you
We shall always remember
The peace that we gain
Their loyal sacrifices
Have not been in vain.

Composed by Marcus Hodelet

Marcus Hodelet

Oyama, BC · Aberdeen Hall Preparatory School · #26 Kelowna Br.
Poem • Poème



Sonja Csik

Thornhill, ON · Saint Michael Catholic Academy · #426 Milton Wesley Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Connie Liu

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

First Place *Première Place*

Junior Junior

Petals Of A Poppy.

Addison Chandler Eliot River Elementary School (6F)

Two minutes of silence. Two minutes when instead it should be days, even weeks. I hear the trumpets playing inside my head. I look at the people around me. All wearing bright red poppy's. There are four petals in a poppy.

One petal, represents the soldiers. The people standing in the battlefield, fear inside their hearts. But they are brave. They stand tall and proud, even when bombs drop. Even though there are loving people waiting for their return. They have wives, children, and friends at home, but they're fighting for others safety, strangers safety. They deserve respect.

The second petal of the poppy is for those who have waited. Waited for loved one's return. Out of the corner of my eye I see the old woman with a cane and a tear in her eye. Three poppy's above her heart. Three flower's for three people lost. I see memories in her light blue eyes. I see the young mother in the corner holding her daughter's hand with only a mother's strength, silently mouthing a prayer for the girl's father. They deserve respect.

The third petal is for the children. The children who have not experienced the affects of war. They've only heard stories of war, keeping out the most gruesome parts. They don't understand the pain in the man's eyes when he recites Flanders Fields. They don't understand what war means, some learn, some don't. Those who don't spend their days not appreciating all the gifts given to them. The ones who do spend their days thanking people for the little things and smiling at anything because their grateful. They deserve respect.

The fourth and final petal is for the veterans. The hero's of the past and the present. The spirits you can feel still walking around you and the ones still here. I look at all the veterans walking in an exact beat. Their faces, medals, eyes all tell stories. Stories of war, stories of loss, and stories of coming home. The man in the wheelchair lost his legs. The man with a stump for an arm was captured in war. Most veterans carrie around scars we can't even see. They deserve respect.

The are four petals in a poppy. Every petal means something. We are the petals. We are the bright red poppy that can make a difference. We are the people who choose either there is peace or war. And I choose peace. The two minutes of silence is over, and I realise, my eyes are still closed.

Addison Chandler

New Haven, PE · Eliot River Elementary School · #30 Kingston Br.

Essay • Composition



Junior Junior

Second Place Deuxième Place

Because of you

*Your sacrifice is my freedom,
Your strength fills me with pride
You gave up your life,
So I could live mine*

*Because of you, I am free
Because of you, I am me*

*We swim the bluest waters and
Feel the warm sun
We graze in the fields and
Enjoy having fun*

*We ski down the slopes and
Skate on the ice
We sit by the fire and
Sip hot cocoa, so nice*

*Because of you, I am free
Because of you, I am me*

*We laugh, we cry, we sing, we dance
Because of you, we have a blast
We live, we love, we hope, we play
Because of you, we enjoy the day*

*We honour you for your bravery
We honour you for your fight
We give thanks and stand tall and
Keep your memory alive with all our might*

*Because of you, I am free
Because of you, I am me*

*Our fathers, our husbands, our brothers and sons
Our soldiers who fought defending our freedom
Our mothers, our wives, our sisters and daughters
Our heroes who served and protected our fallen*

*We love you, we thank you, we honour you always
We remember you today, wearing our poppies*

*Because of you, I am free
Because of YOU, I am ME*

Eleonora Mustafa

Orillia, ON · Notre Dame Catholic School · #619 Cahiague Br.

Poem • Poème



Titus Stahl

Camrose, AB · Holden Colony School · #91 Tofield Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Cora Laporte

Castlegar, BC · Kinnaid Elementary School · #170 Castlegar-Robson Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Junior Junior

Can You Imagine?

Remembrance Day is arriving and we should be thankful for all the things the soldiers sacrificed for our country to be free. After doing all this essay writing, I started to think about all the questions I could ask. Can you imagine what it would be like to have been a soldier who fought in war for freedom? Can you imagine being a child of war that would hear bombs shattering and gun shots firing every single day? Can you imagine being a family that lost a relative in the war?

Can you imagine what it would feel like to have been a soldier who fought in a war for freedom? There would be long and exhausting days of battle. You would see fellow comrades with serious injuries possibly dying in front of you. You would pray that you would make it home to your family again. Would you be able to leave your family at home and go fight for your amazing country? I know it would be difficult for me to leave everything that's important and travel to a foreign country.

Can you imagine being a child of war that would hear loud bombs exploding and guns firing rapidly? Horrified of walking the streets out in the open because of all the conflict; trying to make every moment count. Would you be able to live in horror like this? Would you become afraid after experiencing all the tragedies that happen? I know that I would hide if I was to see all the violence that took place.

Lastly, can you imagine losing a family member from war? After the war is all over, families are overjoyed when their relatives return home. Sadly, some relatives don't return to their families. These families are shocked and sad because they lost a loved one to war. Although they lost a family member, these people are extremely thankful the soldiers sacrificed their lives to make sure the fantastic country the soldiers lived in is free. How would you react when you found out one of your family members passed away during the war? I imagine I would be shocked and gloomy all at the same time. I also would appreciate how brave these soldiers were and all they had to experience.

That is why every Remembrance Day, we as Canadians, pin a poppy on the left side of our jacket. During ceremonies, we also have two minutes of silence to honor the brave men and women that traveled to war. Without them we wouldn't have all the fabulous opportunities we have today. Now when I have two minutes of silence on the eleventh month of the eleventh day of the eleventh hour I think about how much those soldiers did for us. Maybe you should too.

Cora Campbell

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

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Kali McDermott

Kamloops, BC · Lloyd George Elementary School · #52 Kamloops Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Karolane Massicotte

Hemmingford, QC · École primaire Saint-Romain · #244 Hemmingford Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Caroline Goveas

Brantford, ON · Our Lady of Providence Catholic Elementary School
#461 Dunsdon Br.
Essay • Composition

Jade Whyte

Hemmingford, QC · École primaire Saint-Romain · #244 Hemmingford Br.
Poem • Poème

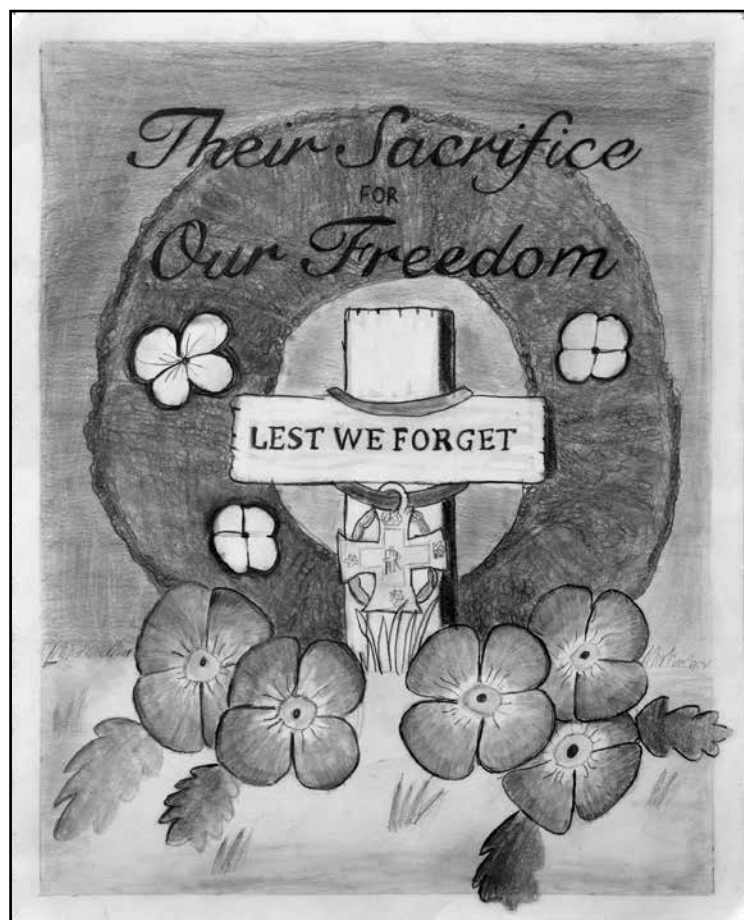
Primary Primary

*First Place
Première Place*



Owen McClay

Calgary, AB • Webber Academy • #289 Millennium Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Abriel Hart

St. George, ON • Rehoboth Christian School • #605 St George & District Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

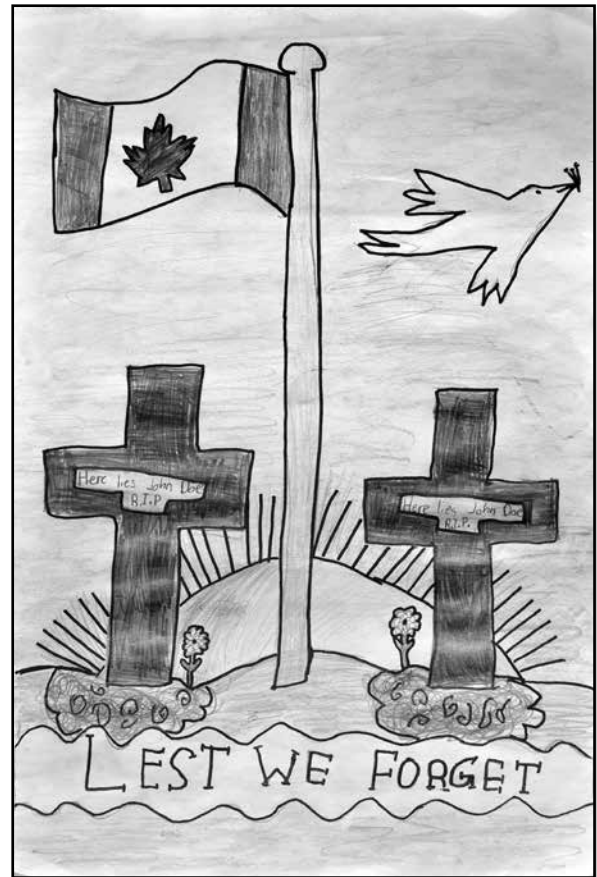
*Second Place
Deuxième Place*

**Primary
Primary**



Brianne Ziyue Cao

Waterloo, ON · Abraham Erb Public School · #530 Waterloo Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Sidney Riddle

New Westminster, BC · Richard McBride Elementary · #2 New Westminster Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Honourable Mention Mention honorable

Violet Sage Moore

Burton, BC · Edgewood Elementary School · #203 Edgewood Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Cameron Milbrandt

Estevan, SK · Pleasantdale School · #60 Estevan 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.

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^{ème} années; Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ème} années). Le concours littéraire en trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ème} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ème} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ème} années). Le concours est jugé en premier lieu au niveau de la communauté par des bénévoles des filiales locales de la Légion; les gagnants et gagnantes avancent alors au niveau provincial. Le travail des gagnants et gagnantes à ce niveau est soumis à Ottawa où il est jugé, et les gagnants nationaux sélectionnés. Les noms et projets de tous les gagnants et gagnantes au niveau national sont publiés dans ce livret.

Le concours d'affiche a deux divisions – couleurs et noir et blanc. Les travaux des gagnants dans les quatre catégories de chaque division sont affichés au Musée canadien de la Guerre de juin à mai de l'année suivante. Les soumissions gagnantes de 2^{ème} place ainsi que celles qui reçoivent une mention honorable sont exhibées dans le foyer des Édifices du Parlement durant la période annuelle du Souvenir, soit en novembre.

Le concours littéraire a aussi deux divisions – compositions et poèmes. Les soumissions gagnantes au niveau senior dans chaque division sont aussi exhibées au Musée canadien de la Guerre de juin à mai de l'année suivante.

La Légion parraine aussi un voyage à Ottawa pour gagnants et gagnantes au niveau senior dans les quatre divisions (affiche en couleur & affiche noir et blanc, composition et poème) pour assister à la Cérémonie nationale du jour du Souvenir, où ils déposent une couronne au nom de la jeunesse du Canada et ont l'occasion de rencontrer et visiter le Gouverneur général.

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

Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.

