

Winners 2019

Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2019



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75
Years ~ Ans

Legion 



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Senior Senior

First Place Première Place

When?

When we are taught the meaning and history of the poppy in school,
We watch in silence.
When tear jerking speeches are made,
When the lone trumpet plays and the parade marches,
We watch in silence.
When the flag is changed and raised,
When the guard at the tomb changes,
When the wreaths with purple ribbons and red flowers with black eyes are laid down,
We watch in silence.
When the flag is folded with care and handed to the family,
When another name is added to the already too full books,
When another parent, spouse, or child cries,
We watch in silence.
When the statistics and their names come out,
When the news displays the devastation,
When the camera pans through the refugee camps,
We watch in silence.
When veterans reach out for help they deserve,
When we pass the person with wild eyes on the street corner
Who suffers from years of witnessed violence overseas,
When we see the shaking hands and haunted eyes of those who've supposedly adjusted well,
We watch in silence.
When does our silence stop being respectful?
When does it become complacent?
When will our voices drown out that choked silence and our actions replace that stoic watching?
When do we respect our veterans, our active duty soldiers, our country enough to stop saying when?
When do we say
I stand with you now.

Elizabeth Kirby

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



Emma Cervinka

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



Chengyun (Melody) Xu

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

First Place Première Place

Senior Senior

Stepping foot onto Beaumont Hamel soil, my biggest worry was the heat. Looking back, I am ashamed I had the nerve to complain about the sweat dripping down my back as we got a tour of the grounds. I realize now how incredibly lucky I was to experience the hot temperatures, because if I had been first stepping foot there 102 years ago, the heat would have been insignificant. The heat that was so worrisome for me in 2018 would have been forgotten, drowned out by the roar of machine guns, the stench of the trenches, dirt and blood coating my hands, watching my friends weep and fall, and knowing that once I was sent through the gap in the barbed wire that nothing would ever be the same if I had been a soldier.

We flew to Gatwick, England before taking the ferry to Calais in France. My biggest problem was the overnight flight and how I struggled to sleep. I was not plagued with fear and nightmares, however, as the soldiers would have been. I was en route to Europe for a tour, a vacation. They were on board the rocky boats, days spent on water voyaging to their fates of fighting, and for so many, of dying. I was nervous because it was my first time travelling and leaving my family behind. It was my first time leaving North America. For those insanely courageous and daring boys, it was their first time too, except they were heading into known danger. How must they have felt knowing that when they hugged their parents, kissed their girlfriends, ruffled the hair of their siblings that it could be the last time? I was saying goodbye to my family for a week. I wouldn't know how to say goodbye for a possible forever. It speaks volumes about the bravery these boys possessed.

I walked the rows of souls long gone, best friends parted but still side by side. Reading the names, imagining the faces, hearing the stories was all enough to break a million hearts. I was searching for a certain name that was given to me in a file – Thomas Brinton. I read about his life, I saw his letter of acceptance to the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. I saw his age when he died. 19 years young. When I found his grave, I was told an even more terrible truth. He lied about his age. Thomas Brinton was only 16 years old when he died. My age exactly. Sinking to the ground beside him, I laid a Newfoundland flag in his soil. I couldn't stop the tears when they started, nor when they continued for what felt like hours. Thomas could have been my best friend. He could have been in my class every year of school, maybe I would watch him play hockey or wave to him as he walked down the street. He had a life. He was a normal kid. And he was slaughtered mercilessly for a war that perhaps he didn't even understand. He died, and for what?

This new connection was the turning point for me in my thoughts about WW1 and all of the people who died. Thomas Brinton transformed from a name to someone who I now feel, in a way, is my friend ever since I spoke to his grave and told him just how sorry I was. When we hear about our soldiers in history textbooks or at Remembrance Day ceremonies, they feel like stories, or just pictures, and in the worst case, sometimes they are just blurred together in a casualty count. Going to France and Belgium opened my eyes in a way I never thought was possible. The Great War really happened, and in a way that sounds ridiculous – of course it happened. But looking out over Vimy Ridge, walking deep underground in the Wellington Quarry, going over the top at the Somme, walking in the footsteps of our soldiers so many years ago, made the war transform in my head from a chapter in my history textbook to a chapter in my life.

So many of these boys who gave their lives, either by dying or returning home a different person entirely, have been reduced from real people to names and faces without stories of their lives, stories of who they were and all that they could have been. This Remembrance Day, take the time to find a story about a soldier whose life was stolen from them by the War. Take the time to remember them as people, not just a number in the army, but someone like you and me. Someone who had a life just like you and me. Someone who gave their life, so we can continue living ours in freedom today.

Gina Spencer

Massey Drive, NL · Corner Brook Regional High School · #13 Corner Brook Br.
Essay • Composition

WHERE THE POPPIES LIE

Here lies a young boy, gazing at the sky;
Lying, unafraid and free, where the flowers lie.
The vibrant colors clash against the blue expanse
All around him, the flowers seem to dance.
Taking in his last moments before he goes away,
Hoping, praying in his heart that he'll return someday;
The time is running short. The hour is drawing near,
He goes out hopeful, but there is much to fear.

Here lies a soldier, gazing at the sky;
Far and high above him, planes and rockets fly;
He wonders if he'll ever see blue sky again,
And longs for his family, the end of all his pain.
Every soldier striving, praying for the end,
In combat for his brother, fighting for his friend;
Though they weren't a family before this awful war,
Now every soldier's a brother; a truth we can't ignore.

Here stands an old man, gazing at the sky,
Seeing the waving maple leaf, flying strong and high;
Remembering all the soldiers, those he left behind,
He thinks of all the things he saw that never left his mind.
He left to fight a battle, so others wouldn't have to leave,
Facing dangers we ourselves never could conceive;
Nearby he sees a young boy, gazing at the sky,
Lying, unafraid and free, where the poppies lie.

Andrew Enter

St. George, ON · Home School · #605 St. George and District Br.
Poem • Poème



Linda He

White Rock, BC · White Rock Christian Academy · #8 White Rock Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Jaiden Straub

Strathmore, AB · Strathmore High School · #10 Strathmore Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Battle of Amiens

By Jacob Perreault

During the first World War, the Canadians fought many important battles, such as Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele and Mons. But one battle that stands out to me for its strategy and its importance to the end of the war, is the Battle of Amiens. Also known as the hundred days offensive.

The Battle of Amiens was a first in the history of war. troops would go "over the top" to attack the Germans without the enemy being subject to hours or days of heavy artillery shelling. This helped with the success of this battle. As bombardment alerted troops, they had time to retreat to a safe place. But a direct silent offensive, That is Surprise attack. The creation of these new tactics was a major change in the war.

To keep the element of surprise, tens of thousands of men were kept in reserve trenches behind the front line. It was not before the beginning of the battle on August 8, 1918, that forces got to the front lines. At which point Captain R.J. Renison, a witness of the battle says, "the whole country seemed alive with ghostly figures." No wonder the Germans didn't see them coming!

At the beginning of the battle, before sunrise on August 8, the Germans were being assaulted simultaneously by tanks, allied artillery, infantry, aircraft dropping bombs, etc. The battle-hardened shocked-troops of Canada, Great Britain and Australia produced one of the most important victories of the war. The Canadians moved forward pushing the Germans back for 13 kilometres, the farthest single advance of allied forces on the western fronts. The battle soon ended in a five days grind that cost 11 800 Canadian lives, but they ended up crushing the Germans who were hidden in their trenches on the Western Front. In the end, it was a great achievement.

This battle lasted from August 8, 1918 to August 12, 1918. It was the starting point of the end of the war. The deployment of British, Australian and Canadian troops was not without losses. This battle gave life to something new. The success of the Canadians pushed the German 13 kilometers back; it awakened a new hope. They now understood how powerful allied forces could be. And this gave them a new chance to beat the Germans. From this point on began, the hundred days campaign. The allied forces pushed back the Germans along the front. It finally forced the German to sign the armistice on November 11, 1918, thus ending the war.

Without this battle, Canadian, Great Britain, Australian, and many other countries would not have had allied forces to conquer the Germans. This could have altered the whole history of the world.

Jacob Perreault

Baie-Comeau, QC · Baie-Comeau High School · #3 Quebec North Shore Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Qiqi Liu

Corner Brook, NL · Pasadena Academy · #68 Pasadena Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Eduarda Gibbert

Kola, MB · Virden Collegiate Institute · #8 Virden Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Mitch Whittle

Virden, MB · Virden Collegiate · #8 Virden Br.
Essay • Composition

Kali Hudson

Antigonish, NS · Dr. John Hugh Gillis Regional High School
#59 Arras Br.
Poem • Poème

Intermediate Intermédiaire

*First Place
Première Place*

My Heart is in Newfoundland by Evan Dicks

Your King and Country need you; a proclamation of war
Sir Walter Davidson requested 500 men or more.
The reaction was enthusiastic, they were eager to enlist
The Newfoundland Regiment would rise up and assist.

Blue Puttees sang songs of travel as they marched up St. John's streets
To board the SS Florizel, and join the British Fleet.
"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go"
The lyrics etched into their minds as they sailed into the unknown.

Their fighting would commence, on the beach at Suvla Bay
The Newfoundland contingent would lose brothers on that day.
"Farewell to Piccadilly, so long Leister Square"
The song would help keep spirits high in the depths of their despair.

July 1st, Beaumont Hamel, the time had finally come
To advance the trenches on the devastating day at the Battle of the Somme.
The attack was doomed to fail and yet the third wave did advance
Chins tucked tight, battling the storm, they never stood a chance.

It's a long way to St. John's, its a long way to go
It's a long way to St. John's, to the family that I know.
Farewell to the ocean waves, farewell to the sand.
My body lies at The Danger Tree; my heart is in Newfoundland.

Evan Dicks

Deer Lake, NL · Xavier Junior High · #3 Deer Lake Br.
Poem • Poème



Tedi Pollak

Calgary, AB · Branton Junior High School
#264 North Calgary Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Alex Jiang

Calgary, AB · Master's Academy & College · #289 Millennium Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

*First Place
Première Place*

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Thank You Campbell by Evan Dicks

For a long time my family connection to the First World War was unknown. That is, until I discovered my cousin, Campbell Withycombe Nichols. Campbell was a 19 year old from Nicholsville, Newfoundland who enlisted in the First World War in 1914.

On February 5th, 1915, Campbell boarded the S.S. Dominion and set off across the Atlantic. Soldiers went to war for the promise of an adventure in a faraway place. They were excited to see strange lands and experience things never imaginable back in Newfoundland. The soldiers thought that the war would be over within a few months of their arrival.

After a long transatlantic journey the troops travelled to Scotland, where they trained and prepared. The Regiment members were mainly responsible for building and setting up camps, jobs for which they were considered very skilled. In August, 1915, Campbell and the Regiment boarded the Megantic to take part in their first military action. I imagine that Campbell felt very nervous as he once again set off into the unknown.

The Regiment landed on Kangaroo Beach in the Suvla Bay, with the aim of capturing the Ottoman Capital of Constantinople. I can't imagine what it must have felt like to be met with all of the defenses of the Germans and Ottomans. The allied naval attack was repelled, and after 8 long months of fighting, and over three hundred thousand allied casualties, the campaign was abandoned. Gallipoli was one of the most devastating defeats of the entire war for the Regiment. Campbell must have felt defeated, yet still, the Newfoundlanders continued on.

Perhaps the greatest act of bravery by Campbell was marching out into the hail of gunfire during the Battle of the Somme. Beside him were 800 other Newfoundlanders, chins tucked tight, like battling a heavy snowfall back home. It must have been disheartening seeing two waves of soldiers decimated in seconds, plowed down by the German machine guns. It was their duty to fight for King and Country and for their fellow allies beside them. As expected, the regiment was gunned down at the danger tree, with only sixty-eight men answering roll call the next morning. Unfortunately, Campbell was not one of the survivors, and his final resting place remains unknown.

While researching about Campbell, I found myself on a journey through the devastating battles fought within the First World War. I wonder how someone can be so brave to risk their life to fight for freedom of others? Campbell could have stayed in Nicholsville and continued his life as a labourer. He decided it was his responsibility to fight for his homeland so that people around the world could live with freedom for the rest of their lives. If it were not for the sacrifice of brave men and women just like Campbell, who knows what life would be like today? I am so thankful, and will make it my mission to encourage others to remember their sacrifice. Thank you Campbell, I will remember.

Evan Dicks

Deer Lake, NL · Xavier Junior High · #3 Deer Lake Br.
Essay • Composition

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Second Place Deuxième Place

There is No Sense in War

My senses are failing me, there's nothing left.

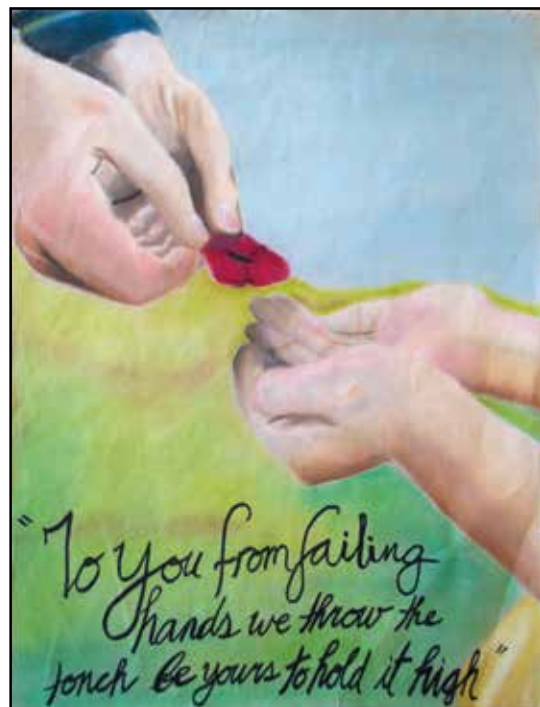
War is pain. War is death.

The blinding gleam of a firing rifle.	I taste the dirt as I hit the ground,
The dark fog, my sight is stifled.	My own sweat as my heart starts to pound.
The red of blood, poppies, the flag.	Freedom so close, I can almost taste it!
The green and brown of my military bag.	The death, the fear, the guns; I hate it.
The shimmering glint of a barbed wire bale.	The metallic tang on my bloodied lips,
The babies in the streets begin to wail.	Hangs on the air as they board the ships.
The constant weeps of a fearful mother.	Those bright young men, off to their fate.
The shouts of No Man's Land, "Take cover!"	They cannot yet know, it's all too late.
The distant gunfire, getting louder.	I wish they know what's yet to come,
My mother cries, my father is prouder.	That they'll never again feel the sun.
The calls of the General, giving orders.	They cannot win, they do not see.
The smell of smoke from a nearby mortar.	They'll die alone; they'll die like me.

The acrid smell of death and decay.
The burning oil that lights the way.
The toxic gas that burns the air,
The smell of home, on letters too rare.
The smoke of stone, the rubble and ash.
The taste of salt from waves that crash.

Daniel Syed

Sing Hampton, ON · The Home School House · #63 Collingwood Br.
Poem • Poème



Samantha Patica

Biggar, SK · St. Gabriels School · #138 Biggar Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Louise McCrow

Campbellford, ON · Hillcrest Public School · #103 Campbellford Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

I Will Always Remember

By Lyra Fletcher

Deafening roars, and earth shattering explosions echo through the air, pulsing. All around me the screams of my fellow comrades pierce through the deafening thunder of war. Something explodes just to my left, instinctively sending me rolling away, coating my body in the thick sludge of debris and mud littering the battleground. Rising from a crouch, I look up to survey the area. Explosions rock the earth beneath my feet, and trenches run lines throughout the field. Despair, and depression hang thickly in the air as this war, seeming so pointless now, lives to wreak havoc yet another long day. Then as if in slow motion, a small black orb rolls to a stop at my feet. The slow tick tick screams loudly in comparison to the now muffled battle field. With wide eyes I turn to run.

Barely suppressing a scream, I sit bolt upright, breathing laboured and heavy. Frantically I look around, kicking off the sweat drenched sheets, and trying desperately to make out my attacker in the dark. Slapping the night stand I find my glasses and slip them on, seeing my surroundings with calming clarity. I am home. I am lying in my bed, my wife soundly sleeping beside me, with the moon shining brightly in the cold night air outside. It was just a nightmare. Though it is a nightmare that I have had every single night since the day I was discharged, nearly sixty years ago, it was especially bad tonight however.

There are somethings in life that you never forget. Some times things do not just "go away with time." Not a day goes by that I do not remember the four years I spent in that long war, in which so many, too many of my friends did not return home from. Even the ones that did were never the same, I suppose I was not either. Despite how much I hate it, how much I loathe it, the time I spent away in Europe has shaped my life severely, and I remember that now as the click and scrape of my prosthetic leg rings throughout the room.

As quietly as I possibly can I make my way to the sliding glass doors on the other side of the room, slipping through onto the snow covered porch. Breathing in the crisp November air, and looking at the cloudless sky calms, brings me back to reality. I know that my nightmare was not real, but at the same time, it was. Those same screams had rung my ears before, and that same black orb had rolled to my feet, only it was nearly six decades ago, but to me it was happening all over again.

Quietly, so that I do not hear, a warm shape comes and presses into my side, wrapping a comforting arm around my waist. Leaning into that touch helps me to remember that I am home, that I am safe, and most importantly, that I'm not alone.

Lyra Fletcher

Alert Bay, BC · North Island Secondary School · #281 Port McNeill Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Arriana Diokno

Brockville, ON · St. Mary Catholic High School · #96 Brockville Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Tori Rarog

East St. Paul, MB · River East Collegiate · #215 Henderson Highway Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Kaylee Harding

Ellershouse, NS · West Hants Middle School · #9 Hants County Br.
Essay • Composition

Luke Eggerman

Melfort, SK · Melfort and Unit Comprehensive Collegiate · #30 Melfort Br.
Poem • Poème

Just Remember

Listen to the gunshots fire over the horizon,
Listen to the prayers of the loved ones back home,
Listen to the wind as it blows through trenches,
Just listen.

Feel the hands tremble of the soldiers in the front line,
Feel the ground shake as a grenade goes off in the distance,
Feel the warmth of the blood run down the face of the wounded,
Just feel.

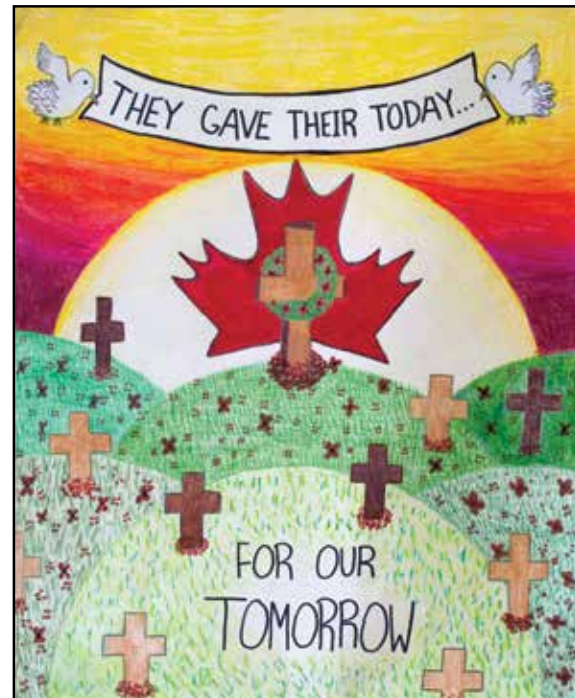
Look at the brave soldiers fighting for our country,
Look at the devastation that is left behind,
Look at the poppies in Flanders Fields,
Just look.

Smell the gunpowder in the air,
Smell the dust as many soldiers drop to the ground,
Smell the fear of the soldiers who take charge onto the battlefield,
Just smell.

Remember the innocent soldiers that sacrificed their lives for ours,
Remember the freedom that the soldiers that fought for,
Remember on the 11th day of the 11th month, on the 11th hour,
Just remember.

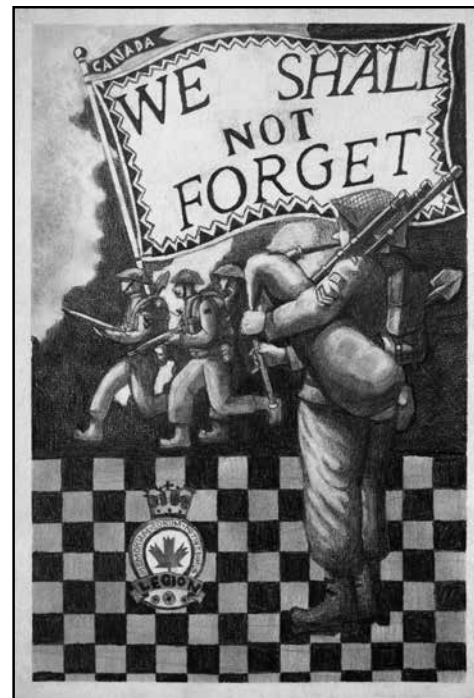
Avery Koole

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



Yelena Domingo

Richmond, BC · Westwind Elementary School · #291 Richmond Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Kevin Salgado

Calgary, AB · Senator Patrick Burns School · #264 North Calgary Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Imagine your entire life, your country, your home, your friends, your trust, changed overnight. This is the story of my Grandfather, Tadeusz Pecak, whose family lived in Poland when the war began. When I asked my Father how the war changed my Grandfather's life, he told me the war didn't just change his life. The war changed everything.

Tadeusz was 14 when the war began. In Poland, no one knew that Russia, rather than protecting Poland, would soon be attacking. Russian soldiers arrived at my Grandfather's farm. The family was given 24 hours to pack what they could carry and leave. Imagine, you're playing, or eating dinner, and in one brief moment, your life is irrevocably changed. Your property. Your land. Your home. Forever gone. They walked for days, at gunpoint, before being loaded onto train cars meant for animals, without food or water, headed to an unknown destination.

They were ordered off the train in Siberia, for Tadeusz this was the "good part" of the war. He found work enabling him to feed his frail Mother and 5 younger siblings. A hut was now home. Months later they were loaded onto another train, heading to another unknown destination. Eventually the train and its occupants were abandoned in China. Tadeusz' Father and youngest brother died of starvation. At 16 he dug their graves. He was now solely responsible for his family.

Hearing talk of a Polish army base, he walked for days to find it, unsure it even existed. He found the regiment and enlisted, claiming to be 18. He finally had food, shelter, and clothing. Every week he sent packages to his family via the Red Cross. The war continued, as did his packages. He had no way of knowing if the packages ever arrived, or even if his family was still alive. Ten years after the war ended, he was reunited with his family. His packages ensured their survival. They were alive because of him.

In conclusion, if, like me, you've ever wondered how war might change someone's life, know the answer is this – war changes everything.

Rayne Pensak

Heritage Pointe, AB · Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School · #78 Turner Valley Br.
Essay • Composition

Junior Junior

Second Place Deuxième Place



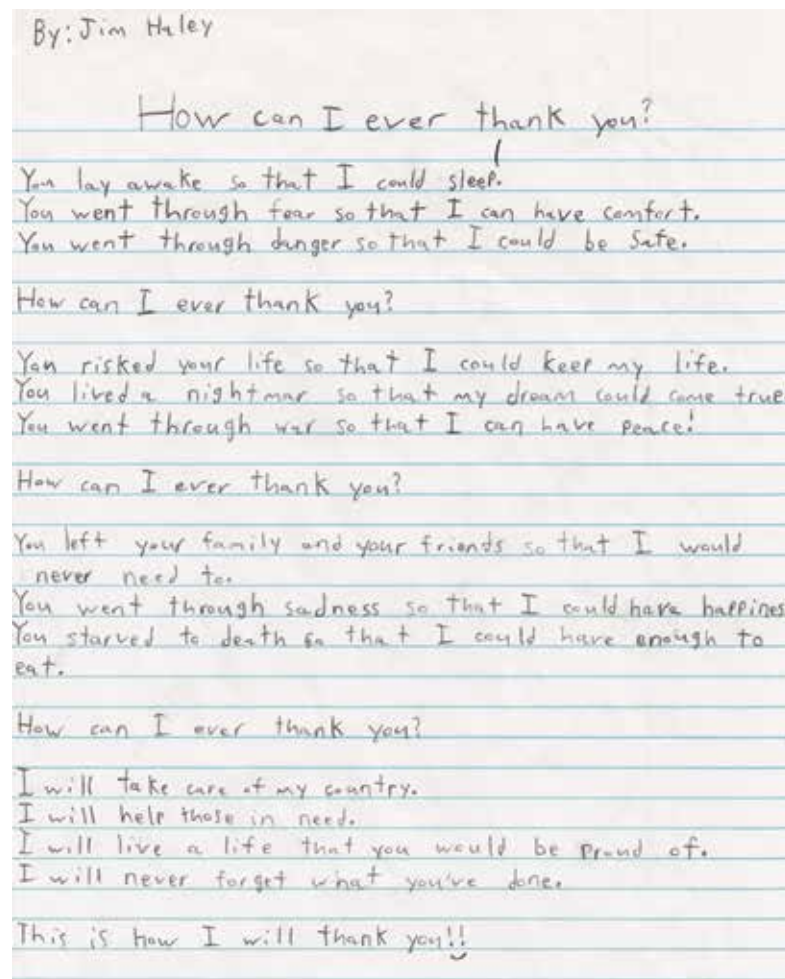
Roisin Mullen

Mount Stewart, PE · Mt. Stewart Consolidated · #4 J. H. Douglas Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Mariane Shved

Mississauga, ON · St. Sofia Byzantine Catholic School
#582 Col. Tom Kennedy Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Jim Haley

Fortune, PE · Souris Regional · #3 Souris Br.
Poem • Poème

Second Place Deuxième Place

Junior Junior

Remembrance

During World War I and II, many Canadian soldiers, nurses and mechanics helped our country become free and peaceful. One of those people is my great grandfather. He received many medals and risked his life many times for me and you. This is why I remember him.

Hugh John Anderson was born in March 11, 1912. He was 28 when he joined the Air Force as a mechanic. After a short time as a mechanic he became a flight engineer and began flying planes.

During World War II Hugh was on a mission flying over Germany. While flying he got shot in the leg and tied a piece of fabric around his wound and continued on with the mission. It was only when the mission was complete that he was able to get to get his wound treated. He later received a Distinguished Flying Cross from King George.

During another mission, Hugh's plane was shot down and it burst in flames. As he was jumping out of the plane he helped another man jump and therefore saved his life. Only three out of the eight people on the plane survived. A French family found them and hid the men for a couple of weeks. His mother got a letter saying he was lost in action and most likely dead. Luckily, Hugh was found and was brought back to Canada. It was only when a family friend recognized him at a hospital and told Hugh's mother that Hugh was alive.

After the war Hugh met my great grandmother and had kids, one of which is my grandfather, who shared these amazing stories with me. Hugh retired from the Air Force as a Lieutenant and he had received many medals.. I never met my great grandfather, he died in 1965 from a heart attack, but it is his bravery and the bravery of thousands of other people who were willing to give up their lives to fight, that we owe our freedom. Now in this time of peace, it is our duty to remember and keep their stories.

Gillian Anderson

Goderich, ON · Goderich Public School · #109 Goderich Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Kunal Mittu

Winnipeg, MB · Meadows West School · #2 Brooklands & Weston Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Maggie Biggar

Coleman, PE · Ellerslie Elementary · #22 Ellerslie Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Timothy Richardson

West Bay, NS · Richardson Home School · #43 Port Hawkesbury Br.
Essay • Composition

Natalie Fung

North York, ON · Zion Heights Middle School · #66 North York Br.
Poem • Poème

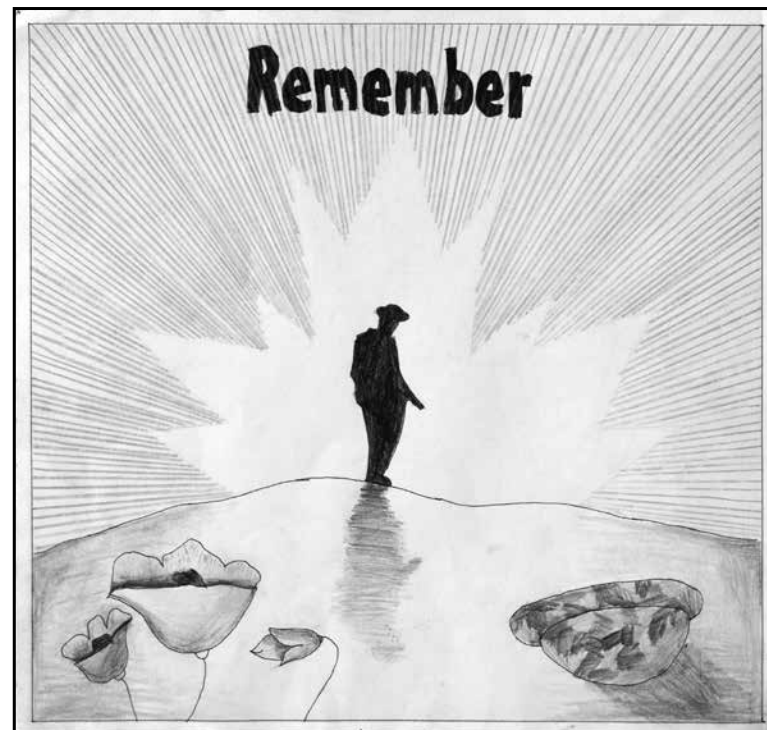
Primary Primary

First Place Première Place



Maëlle Enter

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



Maëlle Enter

St. George, ON · Home School · #605 St. George Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

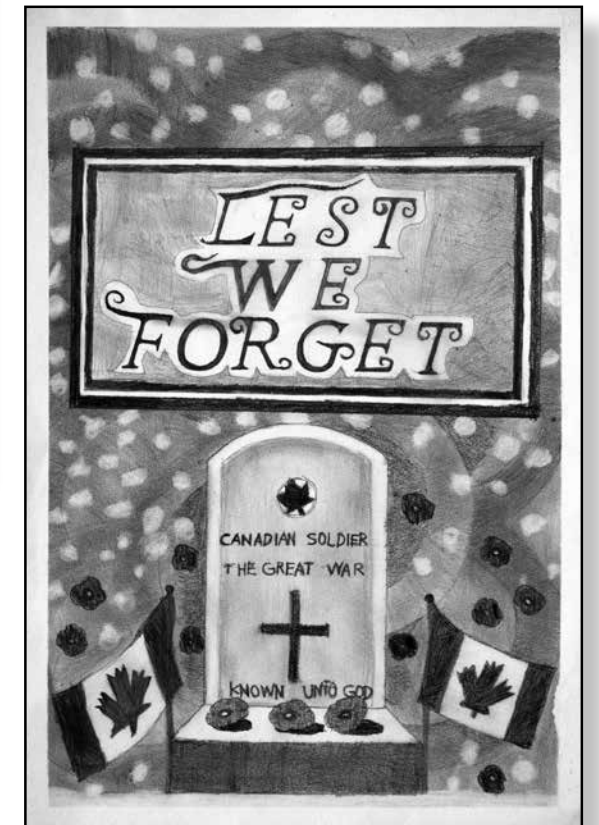
Second Place Deuxième Place

Primary Primary



Alivia Garnier

Clandonald, AB · Clandonald School · #116 Marwayne Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Owen McClay

Calgary, AB · Webber Academy · #289 Millennium Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Third Place Troisième place

Rowyn Johnson

Hyas, SK · Norquay School · #351 Norquay Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Ewan Galloway

Centreville, NS · Glooscap Elementary School · #73 Habitant 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.

