

Winners 2020

Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2020



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Where Poppies Grow By Anna Smith

In Flanders Fields where poppies grow,
I've seen that sight and so I know
The lives that stay and lives that go
Who bravely fought against our foe.

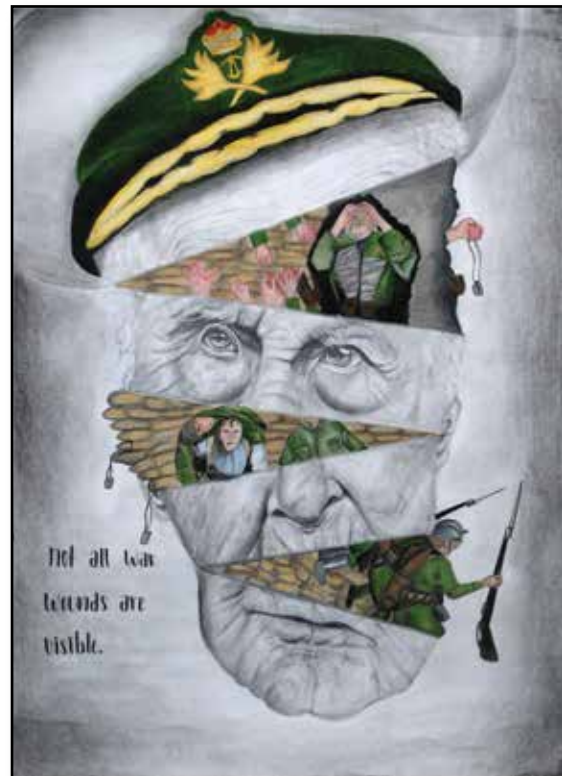
In Flanders Fields the poppies sway
A sign of hope to all that pray.
It is as if they want to say
Because of them you're free today.

In Flanders Fields the poppies sing
To those who've died and those that weep.
It is as if they want to keep
The dead alive within our dreams.

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
To be a comfort to those who know
A sacrificed life now deep below
In Flanders Fields where poppies grow.

Anna Smith

Geary, NB · Heritage Christian School · #93 Oromocto Br.
Poem • Poème



Anggun Rabu

Abbotsford, BC · École Gabrielle-Roy · #6 Cloverdale Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Shaelyn Lorensen

Abbotsford, BC · Langley Christian High School · #265 Aldergrove Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Chilly November 11

The November wind bites at my ears, and kicks up leaves at my feet. My gloved hands are crammed into my coat pocket, as I walk along the sidewalk past the post office, towards the cenotaph. I feel my cheeks already flushing red, only a few minutes after getting out of the car. Oh, how I miss the warmth of the car.

As my family and I approach the cenotaph, I notice a congregation has already formed. Everyone has seemingly dug out their winter coats as there hasn't been a day as cold as this yet this fall.

Thoughts intrude my mind. *Why am I out in the cold for this? Why was my mom so intent on taking me here?*

Me being ten years of age, I am thinking about how I am going to spend the rest of my afternoon, once I make it out of this cold wind. I settle with turning on one of my favourite movies, and getting my mother to pop an enormous bowl of popcorn on the stove. My stomach churns at the thought of popcorn, to remind me that the only nourishment I have ingested today was a glass of orange juice, which I hastily consumed on the way out the door.

My family and I join up with the rest of the crowd, which has now fully encircled the stone monument. A man donning a long, black, coat steps forward and begins addressing the crowd.

"First of all, I would like to thank everyone for coming out today. It is my honour to once again be part of this ceremony. Seeing the same faces, and new faces each year brings me great joy. We will begin with the playing of O'Canada."

A bagpiper steps forward and I brace myself because I am well aware of how loud he is going to play. The high pitched sound seems to envelop my whole body and vibrates deep in my chest.

A few moments pass after the piper finishes with O'Canada, and the man in the black coat begins to speak again. I don't pay too much attention at first, my mind still focused on getting out of this cold wind. But then, one phrase hits me, just as a club strikes a ball.

"My greatest fear is that young people are starting to not remember. They aren't realizing the sacrifice people before them made. They can't comprehend what their lives would be like, had our Canadian soldiers not gone and fought for our freedom"

This statement is truly going to settle with me. All my life I have gone to these Remembrance Day ceremonies, repeating to myself "Lest we forget" and "we will always remember them." Now, I'm questioning whether or not me and my peers will truly remember. Many of my classmates stayed home today, enjoying the day off of school. They weren't thinking about the ultimate sacrifice millions of soldiers paid, or the terrors they endured. All I can do is hope. Hope that they too will never forget.

The ceremony concludes with the laying of wreaths, and my family and I begin the walk to the car. Everyone is silent and I'm left with my thoughts. My thoughts are no longer corrupted with the warmth of the car, or how I will spend the rest of this November 11th, I am now thinking about dads, brothers, grandfathers, and uncles who all gave their lives with the hopes of a better future for their wives, sisters, grandchildren, nieces, and nephews. All I can hope is that these thoughts never leave my mind, and every day, not just on Remembrance Day, I think of these brave souls and remind myself that there was a price for my freedom.

Ryan McCardle

Mount Stewart, PE · Morell Regional High School · #26 Morell Br.
Essay • Composition

A Handful of Poems

In this silence, November's red falls on grey
Your words give me life that war took away

A handful of poems, all lovingly crafted
The true meaning of remembrance with each line that you drafted

You sought out our stories, learned Veteran's tears carry truth
Your words found new wisdom but held the beauty of youth

Mentored with pride, Legion Branch Seventy-Three
A precious connection that brought you to me

Time is relentless, at memories it grasps
But your words of remembrance make present the past

You wrote of Soldier's Prayers and obligation
How what we did defined a nation

Of sacrifice on Freedom's Altar
What would have been lost if we had faltered

Of Bells of Peace and chapters ended
Among Poppies and Larks, what we defended

Of how a single poppy can leave its mark
How I fought my fear, how I met the dark

I pray that time does not break our bond
For if it does, then I am gone

In this silence, November's red falls on grey
Your words give me life that war took away

Roman T. Javorek

Roman Javorek

Kentville, NS · Northeast Kings Education Centre · #73 Habitant Br.
Poem • Poème



Ariella Amancio

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



Valentina Donato

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

The Second Battle of Ypres

Jacob Perreault

The Second Battle of Ypres was fought from April 22 to May 25, 1915 during the First World War. It was the first battle of major importance that the Canadians troops fought in the Great War. The battle took place on the Ypres salient on the western front, in Belgium, just outside the city of Ypres. The Germans, British, French and Canadians participated in this battle. This battle brought a total of 116 000 deaths, including 6500 Canadians.

After many days of trench life in a quiet sector of the front line, the Canadians were ordered into the Ypres salient. Allies wanted to protect this section of the frontline as it offered rails and roads to ports on the coast. The protection of the Belgian people, was also a good justification to protect the salient as Ypres was the last Belgian centre not taken by the Germans. This section of the frontline was the most dangerous as it was surrounded on three sides by enemy lines. The trenches were poorly made-waste and corpses were lying around, everywhere-as they had to be made quickly under the never-ending pressure of attacks.

On April 22 the Germans tried a new technology on the Ypres salient: gas. The Germans released more than 160 tonnes of chlorine gas in the air meant to be launched towards the British, French, and Canadian lines. The allied forces watched as the mysterious yellow cloud got closer to them. The wind pushing the cloud, and the gas hit the Algerians first. The French, British and Canadians watched in horror as their allies fell one after the other screaming and shrieking. Soldier began trying to flee in all directions to find shelter. This left a six kilometers long hole in the frontline. However, as soon as the Germans began advancing behind the cloud of gas, the remaining English, French and Canadians (even those affected by the gas) ran to fill this gap and fight back. They had people and territory to protect.

Two days after the first ever gas attack on April 24, the Germans launched a second chlorine gas attack. However, the troops were now ready. They did not yet have gas masks...they were not yet invented. But they were not going to lose to a cloud of gas. As the gas approaches the allied lines, some men began to flee from terror; others lay on the ground trying to protect themselves from the gas. The heavier-than-air gas went down in the trenches to take the men's lives away. However, by urinating on their handkerchiefs and breathing through them-as suggested by doctors who had identified the gas as chlorine-some men survived this attack and were able to continue fighting. This battle created gaps in the frontline, but the battered Canadian first division, showed their determination by fighting with all their strength to keep the Germans at bay until French and British reinforcements arrived.

The fight continued for a month after these gas attacks. After this battle, the Canadians created themselves a reputation for their courage and tenacity and this reputation only kept growing throughout the war.

It was during this fight that Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, who had been affected by the chlorine which worsened his asthma, wrote the famous poem, "In Flanders Field." It remains, to this day, a symbol of remembrance and is commonly read every year at Remembrance Day.

Jacob Perreault

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

Third Place • Troisième place

Tori Rarog

East St. Paul, MB · River East Collegiate · #215 Henderson Highway Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Annie Chen

Calgary, AB · Western Canada High School · #1 Calgary Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Linayah Hall

Kenora, ON · St. Thomas Aquinas High School · #12 Kenora Br.
Essay • Composition

Emma Dupuis

Mattawa, ON · F.J. McElligott Secondary School · #254 Mattawa Br.
Poem • Poème

Intermediate Intermédiaire

*First Place
Première Place*

The Question Must Be Asked

By: Evan Dicks

July first, Beaumont-Hamel, the Battle would soon commence
Zero Hour was quickly approaching, the atmosphere was tense.
In the trenches, the Newfoundland Regiment, 800 strong and brave
Behind the lines, in St. John's Road, awaiting the third wave.

Artillery bombardment on the German lines tried to knock out their barbed wire
Still intact, the German defences unaffected by the heavy fire.
Knowledge of the doomed attack with nowhere to advance
No way past the German lines, they never stood a chance.

An immense explosion at Hawthorne Ridge should have marked the advance
But by waiting ten more minutes, the Germans were given a chance.
Alerted by the massive blast; they knew an attack was looming
Gave them time to prepare their guns, the Allies should have been moving.

Over the top, the first two waves, wiped out in just an hour
The British commanders, unconvinced of the strength of the enemy's power.
German flares mistaken for success from the past two waves
Orders given for The Newfoundlanders to advance right away.

Regardless of the decimation of the past two waves of men
The Newfoundlanders went over the top, the Allies pushed again.
Against the storm they slowly marched, each man one-by-one
Defenseless against the rapid fire, silhouetted by the sun.

No Man's Land, filled with chaos, dead men covered the ground
Those still living lay deathly still, praying not to be found.
Shiny tin triangles worn by all; another Allied mistake
Reflecting the rays of the glaring sun, easy targets they did make.

Why? Why did they do it? Why were they sent to their deaths?
So many boys from Newfoundland breathed their final breath.
July first, Beaumont Hamel, a defining moment of our past
Haunted by the gruesome scene, the question must be asked.

Evan Dicks

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



Louise McCrow

Campbellford, ON · Campbellford District High School
#103 Campbellford Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Anna Mikhailov

Ottawa, ON · Canterbury High School · #595 Strathcona Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

*First Place
Première Place*

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Remembrance Day Essay Contest, November 2019

Zachary Hurl-Kohn, Grade 9, Parkdale Collegiate

My grandfather seldom spoke of the war, but when he did, the word “Canada” was delivered with special reverence. *Did you know that we were liberated by the Canadians?*

I knew, but I didn't really understand.

My grandfather lived in San Francisco, but he was born in Vienna. When he was fifteen, just a year older than I am now, he fled the Nazis. Together with his family, he was interned in Anzi, and he never completed another day of formal education.

After the “Anschluss” (the joining of Austria and Germany in 1938), my grandfather's life would change forever. Jews in Austria were severely persecuted by the Nazi government which interned them, robbed them of their property, and assaulted and murdered them. This forced my grandfather's family to leave their home for Italy. Instead of deporting them back to Austria, the Italian government sent them to the small village of Anzi. They were confined to a small town in a foreign country that was unwelcoming and unwilling to help them. My grandfather, at age 15, persevered and took on the responsibility of providing for his whole family. He did hard manual labour for long hours all week to earn enough money to buy food and a place to sleep for his family. For three long years they dreamed of liberation until finally, it came to them in the form of the Canadian infantry.

On the 15th of September, the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards assisted by the 3rd brigade motorized combat group rushed up Highway 92. They were headed for the battle of Potenza, which would see many young Canadians from Nova Scotia, Calgary, and Ottawa loose their lives. The Nova Scotia regiment alone sustained some 27 casualties. These units would go on to liberate the rest of Italy and Europe from the oppressive, fascist, Nazi regime.

This story from my grandfather had always focused on his experience, his persecution, and the character and kindness of the Canadians that liberated him. While researching his history, I encountered the rows of names of fallen soldiers that died before and after my grandfather's liberation. These young Canadians and many others made the ultimate sacrifice, not only to protect their home but to ensure that all the world could have the same liberties and human rights that are afforded to Canadians. These soldiers also fought to protect persecuted peoples such as Jews. Fighting for human rights and persecuted peoples is a tradition that has endured in Canada. I know that my grandfather would be proud that I call myself a Canadian and that we Canadians carry on the spirit and intentions of those that fell to save us.

Zachary Hurl-Kohn

Toronto, ON · Parkdale Collegiate · #344 Queen's Own Rifles Br.
Essay • Composition

Intermediate Intermédiaire

Second Place Deuxième Place

A Mother's Cry

A mother's cry is something you never want to hear
For it draws people near
This mother's cry was out of fear
Because her son enlisted in the war and may disappear

As they drive to the train station, the mother has something dear to say
Oh son I love you so much now please don't go away
She hugs him tightly and tells him her love for him is profound
But she knows he must go to keep his country safe and sound

The letters he sends are too few and too far apart
She can tell war is tearing him apart
She longs to hug him in a blanket of love
And remind him that God is watching over him from up above

Time passes and a man in uniform stands at her door
Holding a red and white flag in a triangular fold
His face is somber, his body stoic
The news he bears was that her son was heroic

I'm sorry to tell you, your son was in the battle of No Man's Land
She squeezes with pain her husband's hand
She knows death has come to her son so dear
And slowly fall the silent tears

She hopes that with his last breath
He knew he was loved, his soul at rest
The grief she feels is real and deep
This is the bitter price of war and fighting for peace

And though, years later, she is honoured with the Memorial Silver Cross
All she can think about is the son she lost
And all the other soldiers who have died
Up in heaven they can hear their mothers' cries

For mothers whose sons have been lost
Fighting for Canada at all cost
Remember their sacrifice so we can be free
Remember so history doesn't repeat

By: Ava Butts
Grade: 9
School: St Peter's High School

Ava Butts

Orleans, ON · St. Peter's Catholic High School · #632 Orleans Br.
Poem • Poème



Vickie Wang

Vancouver, BC · Lord Byng Secondary School
#142 West Point Grey Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Yuen Ting (Tammy) Chan

North Vancouver, BC · Bodwell High School · #118 North Vancouver Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

A Dead Man's Call

My heart was pounding. My breaths were shallow and quick. With my brothers I raced forward through the trenches of Vimy Ridge. In a steel grip I clutched the rifle to my chest. As I charged on it was not blood that coursed through my veins, but liquid fear. Just as tangible as the sweat that lined my forehead, it burdened me with a weight like lead.

I ducked as the artillery shells sailed overhead. They whistled the melody of war, screaming their vows of death and destruction. Upon contact they detonated. For a moment all hearing was lost, and the war raging before me was merely an image. However as it returned the chorus of screams and raining dirt reminded me of my place. I was a soldier, a patriot, a dead man.

When I reached the ladder I hauled myself out of the trench, and rolled to my feet. I stopped dead in my tracks. I've seen combat before. I've seen injury, blood, and death, but I've never seen a massacre. It was genocide. Hundreds of thousands of bodies floating atop a sea of crimson. Maimed limbs and barbed wire were strewn across the plain. The air reeked of burned flesh and gunpowder. It burned to breathe.

Somehow I knew that was where I would perish. For most that would have been a terrifying thought, but there was comfort in knowing what lay ahead. Thankfully that comfort allowed me to sprint straight towards the enemy.

They opened fire. The volleys of ammunition tore through us. I took a bullet to the knee, shoulder, and several to my chest. After suffering those wounds I layed there staring up at the clouded sky. My breaths turned heavy and laboured. Time seemed to slow.

A yellow fog gently crept across the grey sky. My dying mind couldn't make sense of it. It started descending towards me and change shape. It assumed the figure of an angel, with wide eagle wings and flawless features she glided down to my rescue. I reached up, longing for my savior. I yearned in that moment for anything that could stop the suffering, any escape. In a mimicking gesture she extended her own hand towards me, a welcoming smile on her face. Finally our fingertips touched, and indescribable pain erupted throughout my body. I tore my hand away from her, staring in horror as her body shifted and contorted. Her lush feathered wings became bat like in appearance. Her perfect skin was overrun in cracked scales. Her smile turned into a menacing sneer. The demon of gas surged forward, enveloping me in its form. My skin boiled beneath its touch. I writhed and screamed, but within moments I was dead.

That is what I did for you. You don't know me and I don't know you, but I beg you to answer this dead man's call. I no longer live in life, so I must live on in you. Please, remember me.

Hunter Lobb

West Foothills, AB · Red Deer Lake School · #78 Turner Valley Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place • Troisième place

Emily Peddle

Conception Bay South, NL · Holy Spirit High School
#50 Conception Bay Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Bree Chatman

Grand Falls-Windsor, NL · Exploits Valley Intermediate
#12 Grand Falls Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Kaylee Harding

Ellershouse, NS · Avon View High School · #9 Hants County Br.
Essay • Composition

Thunya Dudley

Nanoose, BC · Nanoose Bay Elementary School
#49 Mount Arrowsmith Br.
Poem • Poème

Feelings of War

The sounds, The sounds of war
The yells of men in agony in the distance
And the constant gunfire in the background
The sounds of war,
And the sounds you long for
The laugh of your children
And your wife playing the piano in the parlour
The sounds of happiness

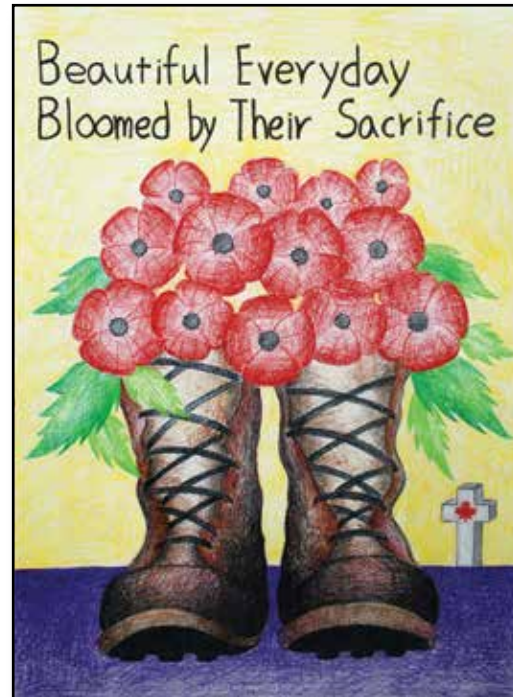
The smells, The smells of war
The smell of fear that floods the air
The foul smell of gunpowder and blood
The smells of war
And the smells you long for
The smell of hot coffee that fills the kitchen early in the morning
And the smell of the wild flowers in the field over the hill
The smell of hope

The sights, The sights of war
The fighter planes flying over head
The constant sights of the dead and wounded
The sights of war
And the sights you long for
Your children playing with their toys on the rug
And your family's wide smiles when you come inside from working
The sights of love

And the feelings ,The feelings of war
The throat tightening feeling of fear
Sickening feeling of being homesick
The feeling of war
And the feelings you long for
The warm feeling of reading a story to your children by the fire
And the feeling of being home
The feeling of peace

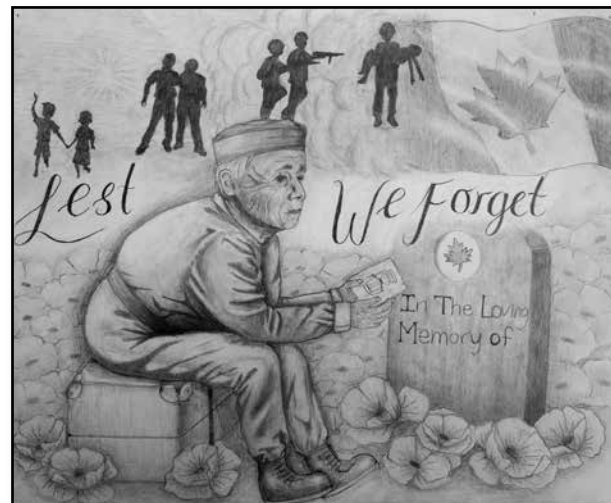
Jaidyn McKinnon

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



Seowoo (Alice) Jeon

North Vancouver, BC · Collingwood School Wentworth Campus
#60 West Vancouver Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Dawn Wang

Richmond Hill, ON · Beynon Fields Public School · #375 Richmond Hill Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Hunger Winter by Avery Hiemstra

1944-45 was the winter of the Dutch famine. My name is Annaliese, I am 11 years old and I live in Leiden. This is my diary.

February 4th, 1945

Lief Dag Book:

We did not have enough food to eat today. Me, my Oma and my sister ate instead of Mama and Papa. As we ate, Mama and Papa stepped outside. I could see that Mama had tears in her eyes and Papa had a worried expression. I wondered what they were talking about. Oma told me not to worry, but I knew something was wrong.

15 Maart 1945

We are all hungry and freezing. Papa took apart Oma's rocking chair, and let me tell you, she was NOT happy about it. We had to use it for firewood to heat our house. We mostly live in the living room, so we only have to heat one room.

My sister spends most of her time sitting in a corner instead of running and playing. She is trying to distract herself from being hungry. It seems like Dad has stopped eating. I'm becoming scared.

April 11th, 1945

Deza oorlog has gone on forever. I have only eaten tulip bulbs for the last few weeks. I wish I could go back to school. I wish my family could eat real food again, and I wish this war would stop.

May 5th, 1945

HET IS VOORBIJ!!! (It is over!)

The Canadians are only 5kms away; they will be here any moment! Why can't they hurry up?! The Germans left in the night. We just got pamphlets saying that the Royal Airforce will be dropping FOOD instead of bombs!? Is Liberation Day finally here?

Annaliese

"The Germans stole our food, the Canadians stole our hearts"

Even though this story is fictional, it describes the typical experience of the people in the western part of the Netherlands in the closing days of WWII. A part of the living memory in the Netherlands that is the Canadians not only Liberated the country from the Nazis, but also from the Hunger.

Avery Hiemstra

Matthews Settlement, NB · North and South Esk Elementary · #90 N W Miramichi Br.
Essay • Composition

Just Think

Just think

Think of what the soldiers have done

Think of the love they have shown

Think of the bravery they have shown

Think of the fear and loneliness they have felt

Think of brothers, sisters, moms, and dads who lost their loved ones

Think of men and women who may never see their families again

Think of those who saw unforgettable things

Think of poppies that grow in Flanders Field

Think of families

Think of them

Just think



Sadie Winters

Sundre, AB · River Valley School · #223 Sundre Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Caleb Yu

Langley, BC · Credo Christian Elementary School · #265 Aldergrove Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

The Highway of Heroes

I think it's important to remember those who died in Afghanistan because they gave the ultimate sacrifice. The Highway of Heroes is a way that Canadians support those who died in Afghanistan.

The Highway of Heroes starts in Trenton, Ontario and goes all the way to Toronto, Ontario. This highway is so famous because the Canadian Military takes the soldiers home this way after they have died in combat. The Highway of Heroes got its name in 2007 when the Canadian government gave the stretch the official name. The Highway of Heroes stretches more than 150 kilometers. The majority of it beside the great lake Ontario.

The Highway of Heroes song was made to support the troops that fought and are fighting in Afghanistan. It was written by The Trews in honor of Nichola Goddard. This song is another way we remember those who died in combat. Every Remembrance Day, choirs sing this song which allows people a way to remember the soldiers like Nichola Goddard who died in Afghanistan.

Nichola Goddard was part of the Princess Patricia's Canadian light infantry. She was a forward observation officer. Nichola Goddard arrived in Afghanistan in January of 2006. Nichola Goddard was killed on May 17, 2006. She died during a firefight while in the Panjwaye district. She was the first female to die in combat. I think it is important to remember the troops that died in combat because they gave their lives so people could live freely. That is why every Remembrance Day I go to the ceremony in Windsor, Nova Scotia to remember those who died In Afghanistan.

By: Jack Davies
West Hants Middle School

John (Jack) Davies

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

Third Place · Troisième place

Nikol Rimski

Sackville, NB · Salem Elementary School · #26 Sackville Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Ahna Holmes

Lyttleton, NB · North & South Esk Elementary · #90 N W Miramichi Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Taylor Scarlett

Camp Creek, AB · Fort Assiniboine School · #210 Fort Assiniboine Br.
Essay • Composition

Madeline Kee

Wakefield, NB · Hartland Community School · #24 Hartland Br.
Poem • Poème

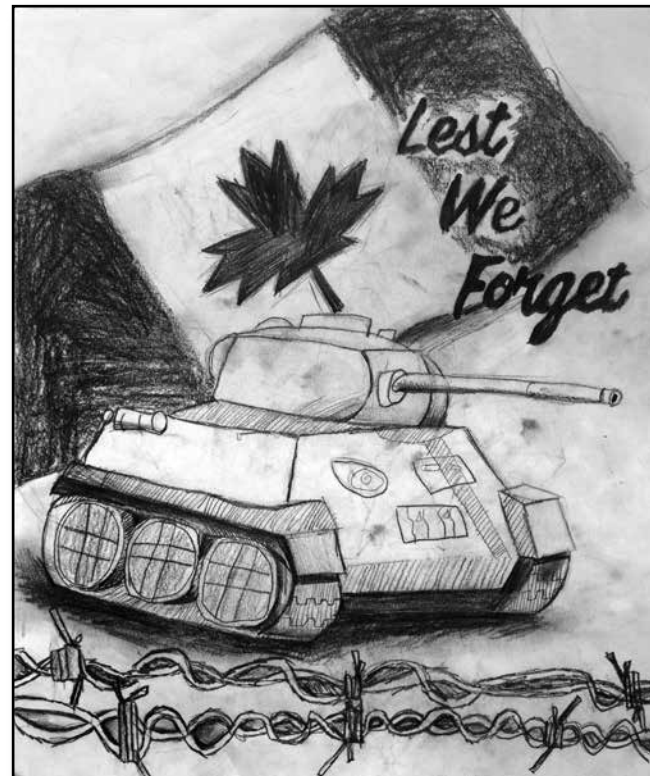
Primary Primary

First Place Première Place



Maximilian Lee

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

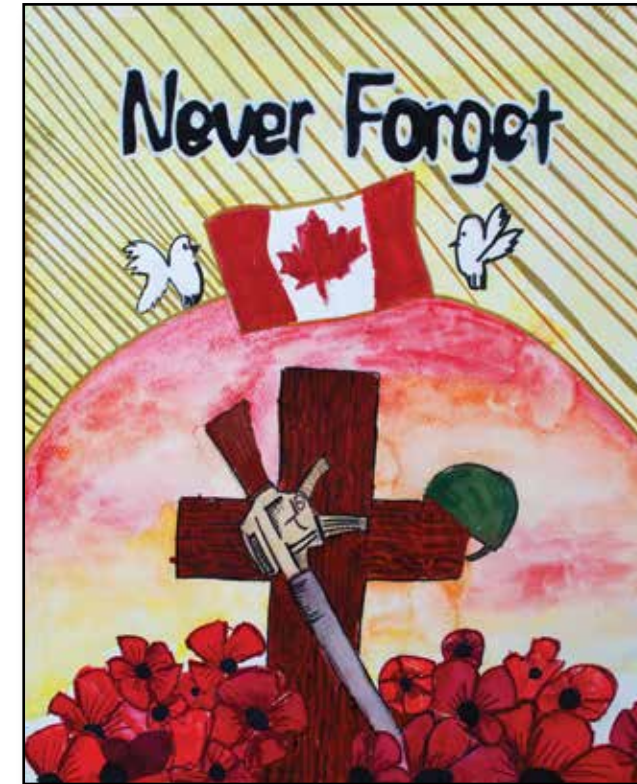


Peiru Brian Chen

Surrey, BC · Ecole Laronde Elementary School · #240 Crescent Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Primary Primary



Rachel Zhou

Surrey, BC · Star of the Sea School · #8 White Rock Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Ally Corrick

Hartland, NB · Hartland Community School · #24 Hartland Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Third Place Troisième place

Naomi Wong

East York, ON · St. Anselm Catholic School · #10 Todmorden Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Zichun (Ethan) Lin

Kanata, ON · Jack Donohue Public School · #638 Kanata 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.

