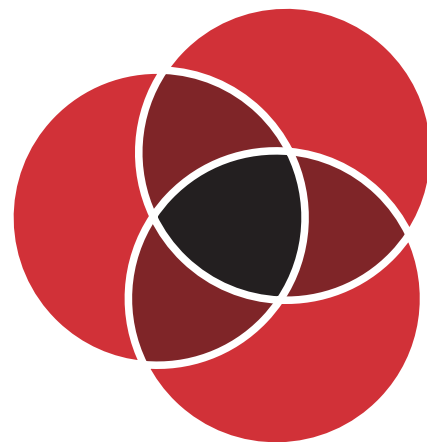


Winners 2022

Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems



Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2022



The Legion
National
Foundation

La Fondation
nationale
Légion



Senior Sénior

First Place Première Place

My Friend

In the fields where we once fought gallantly, the flowers now reside,
but here I am forced to stand alone, without you by my side.

Where once the sounds of warfare, unbearable to the ear,
is now a deafening silence, of you not being here.

Why did we choose to go my friend, to answer the call?
You were so young and full of life, to have to take the fall.

We did not know the hardships, that were waiting for us there,
the war is so unforgiving, taking lives without a care.

So young, scared, and naïve we were, we did what we had to do,
together we thought we would persevere, but there were other plans for you.

Now here I stand in silence, the memory of you so clear,
why is it that you had to go, yet I'm still standing here?

But now you lay at peaceful rest, beneath the ground so still,
how valiantly you fought with pride, your destiny fulfilled.

It's so hard to say goodbye my friend, to one as courageous as you,
you are honour and integrity, a soldier through and through.

Forever you are in my thoughts, my true and faithful friend,
for in my heart you will be held, until we meet again.

Rachel Graham

Salmon Cove, NL · Carbonear Collegiate · #23 Carbonear Br.

Poem • Poème



Eugena Lee

Calgary, AB · Bishop Carroll High School · #285 Centennial Calgary Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Yuet Leung

Markham, ON · Pierre Elliott Trudeau High School · #614 Centennial Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

First Place *Première Place*

Senior Sénior

Multicultural Canadians' Sacrifices

When Canadians think of Remembrance Day, they think we must remember the past and only honour our veterans. They believe this is a day we celebrate past generations but forget the people defending us this very second. They forget that now, both men and women fight for our nation. Not just fathers and sons, but mothers and daughters sacrifice their lives as well. We also forget the other heroes. We fail to recall the countless doctors and nurses that play immense roles. They save lives without the fear of losing their own. As a child, I believed Remembrance Day was only about the older generations and was not relevant today. The truth is that wars are ongoing throughout the world, and Canadian men and women are keeping the peace. I am a second-generation Canadian. I do not have ancestors that fought for Canada, but they fought wars for their birth country. Remembrance should be a topic that brings every individual from every nation together.

As a multicultural nation, we fail to recognize the Canadian minorities and immigrants who have defended our country. We often depict our defenders in Remembrance Day programs, books, and our education systems, as a stereotypical Caucasian male, but we must include Canadians of all races, genders, and classes in our remembrance. We must remember the sacrifices made by these heroes, who do not often receive the recognition they deserve. In the past, when there were more racial stereotypes and segregation, people looked down upon Canadians of different ethnicities and races. Thankfully, no segregation barriers were created when enlisting after the Second World War. While some Black Canadians recruits encountered resistance when trying to join the army, they were given permission. Thousands of Black Canadians served in many wars but are not portrayed in our history books. In addition to our Black Canadians, we must include Indigenous Canadians' contributions. Indigenous Canadians from every region of Canada served in the armed forces during both world wars, Korea, and Afghanistan. They fought in every major battle and campaign of the conflicts. Indigenous peoples played a huge role through generations, yet their contributions are still often ignored. As generations of learning to "rise above" and knowing the importance of inclusion, we should make a change. We need to teach our children the value of their sacrifices and the significance of their bravery.

Remembrance is just as much about the present as it is about the past. Without learning from the past, we would have no present. It is challenging, as a generation of privileged youth, to understand and learn about war and sacrifice. Most of us will never have to enlist in war or give up our childhoods for future generations. My experience with remembrance is much like this. I can never fathom how these brave men and women felt. I can never fully comprehend the severity of their sacrifices for our nation. I can never understand the pain of being away from my family, not coming home to my warm bed, and not knowing if I will feel the warmth of the sun on my face tomorrow. These heroic individuals, who enlist to serve our nation do not do it in the hopes to bring home riches or for selfish reasons. They join to shield every individual from bloodshed. Remembrance should be a feeling embraced in our hearts; an emotion taught to every soul. If we are not thankful, who will be?

Our job is to remember the fallen *and* the people defending our nation today. This one day is when every Canadian comes together and honours their sacrifices. We can not comprehend what they encounter, but we can take a moment of silence for them. A moment of silence feeling gratitude and gratefulness, sensing an immense joy to be a part of a nation of courageous individuals willing to defend our future. As a generation of privileged youth, we must never forget their sacrifices. The people who give their lives, so we could live our lives without fear. On Remembrance Days, we must not think of just the past, but about the present too. We must think of what might happen if their sacrifices went unnoticed and if we fail to honour them. We are the generation of remembrance and reconciliation. We must remember them with all our hearts and until we have taken our last breaths.

Aarika Haque

Elrose, SK · Elrose Composite School · #206 Elrose Br.
Essay • Composition



Senior Sénior

Second Place Deuxième Place

Life in the Trenches

By Sara Pluta

We're already six feet under; we might as well be dead,
Yet we still rise before dawn for the hard day's work ahead.
Shivering in the bitter air, we're ordered to stand-to,
Awaiting a German attack that seldom would come through.
Enduring the frigid weather is the best part of the day,
'For laying down the morning hate keeps the enemy at bay.

We're told to stand-down and assume our daily chores,
But is filling up a sandbag how we're going to win the war?
There's no life down in the trenches, they're brimming with despair,
The rats, the lice, the mud, it's your worst nightmare.
If you're lucky you'll get rum to take off all the edge,
'Cause, a soldier with the wind-up is a soldier who'd wind up dead.

If you think you'll catch some shut-eye, you couldn't be more wrong
'Cause the artillery bombardment keeps you up all night long.
There's no sleeping in the trenches, they come alive at night,
There's far too much work to do before a new day's light.
The waiting drives you mad, you're constantly on edge,
It's impossible to know what madness waits beyond the ledge.

Two minutes in the trenches feel like a whole lifetime,
Waiting just to see if you will live or if you'll die,
So when you're standing for two minutes and you claim that you feel bored,
The sacrifices we made for your future go ignored.
I *wanted* to be bored because bored meant alive,
Being bored meant being safe, being safe meant I'd survive.

My time down in the trenches was spent digging my own grave,
But that's the cost of freedom, the lives we so freely gave.
The scars of war are healing, but they'll never fade away,
While the blood of men is mimicked by the poppies on display.
The crosses mark the battlefield, now a garden of remembrance.
As a reminder to remember the lives lived in the trenches.

Sara Pluta

Port Hawkesbury, NS · Strait Area Education and Recreation Centre
#43 Port Hawkesbury Br.

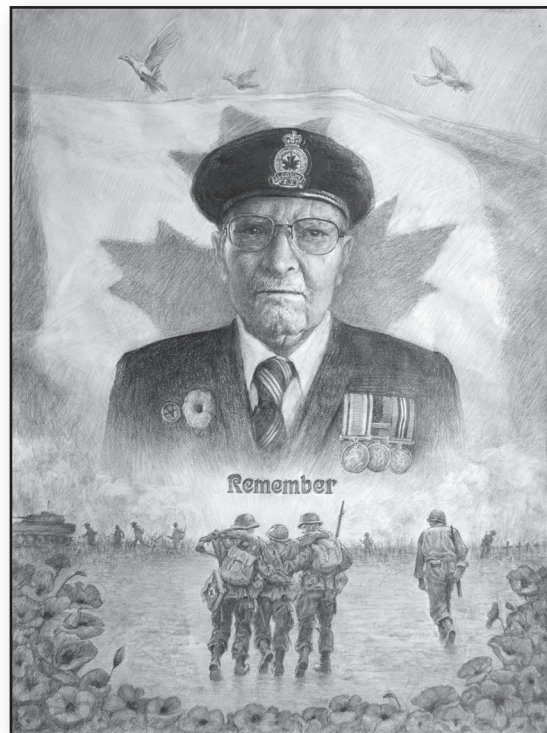
Poem • Poème



Madison Bradbury

Bay Roberts, NL · Ascension Collegiate · #32 Bay Roberts Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Yutai (Terry) Xie

Surrey, BC · Fraser Heights Secondary School · #229 Walley Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Second Place Deuxième Place

Senior Sénior

Leonard's Letters

Dearest Rosaline, June 30, 1916
I received your letter from the thirtieth of May okay. I guess you have finished your tenth year of schooling and also have a birthday soon. In case this letter is the last one I can send to reach you for your birthday, happy fifteenth birthday my love. All is well here on the front. We have lots of company here during the day. Lots to do to keep busy.
Love you my little sunshine,
Father

As I sat in the trench they had nicknamed "St. John's Road" I thought about my family I had left at home. My wife, Louise, a real sweetheart, I'll never understand why God thought I deserved her. She's always there for me and is a wonderful mother to our three girls. My oldest, Rosaline, will turn 15 on the 3rd of August. She's funny, helpful, and very intelligent. I've always called her my little sunshine because she is such a light in my life. My middle child, Elizabeth, affectionately nicknamed Lizzie, is the complete opposite of her sister. Hates rules, and would rather be in the woods catching bugs than helping her mother and doing her schoolwork. But, at just eleven years of age, it impresses me her ability to drive her mother off her head. My third daughter is just a year old. I haven't met her in person, but I've been told she's quite sweet. I can't help but shed a tear before the first gunshot sounds.

My Dear Louise, Night of June 30, 1916
I have heard from the commander about the good work ye women are putting in on the homefront. Oh, may this letter bring you some recognition! I hope our little baby has been doing well. I know you have a lot of help at home, with your mother moving in with you. They have sent Marvin home, he had not been faring well these past weeks, I am sure that Mary will be happy to see him. It's been pretty slow on the front. Mostly digging more trenches. We're told that we'll go into battle tomorrow. Please send my condolences to Georgina, losing her husband must've been hard. Tell her that he was doing his job well and we made sure to give him a proper burial.
Love you tons,
Leonard

At last, we heard the commander scream. "Go men!" The first battalion set out at half-past seven. In the days prior we had been bombing the Germans to weaken their forces. It now doesn't look like it's done very much. As each soldier battles through our end of barbed wire, a series of bullets are pounded out of the cold machine guns that lie in the hands of the enemy.

I take my worn dirty hand covered in blisters and reach deep into my vest pocket. I haul out the yellowed photograph with the tired smiles of my family. Being very gentle with the crease in the paper from the many folding and unfoldings I've done since we left Newfoundland, I run my fingers over the faces I so yearn to see again. I suddenly snap back into reality and cautiously peek over the edge of the trench. Just to see the mountains of khaki covering the bloodstained grass.

My Dear Louise, July 1, 1916
We have just sent out the first and second waves, it's not looking very good. Not to be vulgar, but they have been wiped out. It's my turn next. Louise, I love you. Never forget that. Tell Rosaline that I love her, and to take care of her sisters. Tell Lizzie not to cause you too much trouble, and that I'm sorry I had to leave. Louis my love, raise our baby to fear God and make her know that I love her, even if I was never there with her. My dearest Louise, I hope this letter never has to be sent. But if it does, it might be the last.
Love you forever,
Leonard

Tears fall freely down my blue uniform as I place my 30-kilogram pack on my back. My rifle feels ten times heavier than it did in training yesterday. I look at all my fellow Newfoundlanders and see the readiness on their faces. I can feel my warm breath against the chill of the morning. "OVER THE TOP YOUNG MEN" I hear blown in my ear. I reach my hands into the cold moist dirt and hoist myself up over the top. Wiggling my way through the barbed wire, I can now see the real mess that we have. All through No Man's Land, all I can see is my friends and comrades lying lifeless or wounded. I keep on moving, for my choice is made.

Lauren Hollett

Lauren Hollett

Dildo, NL · Crescent Collegiate · #39 Sgt. Levi Hollett DCM C de G Memorial Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place • Troisième place

Kangli Zhou

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

Heidi Boisvert-Dionne

Drummondville, QC · Richmond Regional High School
#15 Richmond Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Katrina Lickiss

Barnwell, AB · Homeschool · #20 Taber Br.
Essay • Composition

Alexander Friesen

Grande Prairie, AB · Homeschool
#54 Grande Prairie Br.
Poem • Poème



Intermediate Intermédiaire

*First Place
Première Place*

Remember Me Not

Remember me not
By pretty words
Twinkling and twisting
Like spun gold and silver

Remember me not
From that theatre screen
We aren't a movie cast
This isn't an act

Remember me not
With that pinned on sympathy
"Lest we forget"
Cast it off after the event

Remember me with rawness
A wound that can't heal

Remember me with grief
Pain that forces you to your knees

Remember me with sorrow
That innocence we all once held
Lost to war's unforgiving grasp

Remember me with joy
For my fight, my life, my youth,
However short

Remember me for who I was
Remember.

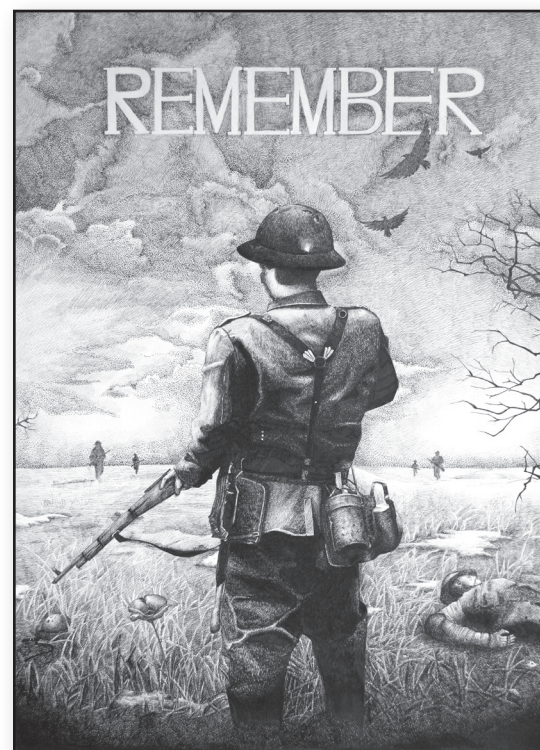
Maya Baerg

Oliver, BC · Southern Okanagan Secondary School · #97 Oliver Br.
Poem • Poème



Elysa Goyette

Chicoutimi, QC · École Secondaire Charles-Gavel · #235 Chicoutimi Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Si Yan (Sam) Li

Langley, BC · Langley Fundamental Secondary School · #6 Cloverdale Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Jack campbell

By Finn Campbell



My name is Jack Campbell. I was born in 1889 in Manitoba. My mother, Harriet, was Ojibway and the daughter of Chief Keeseekoowenin. The reserve I was born on was named after my grandfather. I soon moved to Gilbert Plains and went to the University of Manitoba to become a pharmacist. I loved sports and played on the Tammany Tigers (soon to become the Winnipeg Blue Bombers). Everything was going fine until 1914 when war broke out in Europe. In 1915, I signed up for the army. My father, Glen Campbell, had encouraged me to sign up so we could both serve our country. I loved my dad and was proud when he succeeded in creating an indigenous battalion, the 107th Timber Wolves.

We started basic training, and we were sent to England. I began hearing rumors of the horrors on the French front line that I was about to be a part of; the more I heard, the more I became nervous. Still, we arrived in England and began training, unfortunately, delayed by a three-month measles outbreak. Finally, we went to Vimy, France, and began building the tunnels underneath the battlefield. As we waited for action, we would carve our regimental logos into the chalk walls. Since we were an engineering battalion, we built light railways, dug trenches, and laid communication lines; anything that could help us win this battle. This was a fight where we could prove to the world that Canada could fight for our Commonwealth's freedom.

The allies suffered many casualties trying to take Vimy Ridge, and we were their last hope. We knew we had to try something new, so we used underground tunnels to achieve victory. Every night we would go outside and dig trenches, build railroads and fix communications; we had some of the most dangerous jobs. Eventually, the battle began. I now fully understood how terrifying war was; it was so unexplainably horrific, like the constant artillery barrages. Every moment would haunt me for the rest of my life. We saw every awful thing you could imagine, but we emerged victorious in our fight. The victory was won, but the war was far from over. In 1917, we marched North to Passchendaele, and my life would never be the same. My father had died from sepsis, a common cause of death on the front lines. The news tore me apart; I wanted out of this war. My father had been so kind toward First Nations people like myself. I will never forget him. After our final battle, the 107th Timber Wolf Warriors were done, but history should not ever forget my father's work. Lest we forget.

When he came home, nothing was the same for Jack. He suffered from shell shock for a long time, which caused him to be malnourished and sleep-deprived. He started carpentry and did that until he passed away in 1977. I will never forget what my great-great-grandfather did for our country.

Finn Campbell

Kelowna, BC · Kelowna Christian School · #26 Kelowna Br.

Essay • Composition



Intermediate Intermédiaire

Second Place Deuxième Place

Nation's Pride

Nation's pride held in mind;
We left our families far behind.
Taught to salute and march abreast;
Soon we will be put to the test.

Coding the messages into Cree;
Trying to confuse the enemy.
Good luck charms from our band;
Helped guide us across No Man's Land.

Scouting, tracking, and capturing foe;
Skills we learned from long ago.
Reconnaissance missions in the dark of night;
Keeping quiet and out of sight.

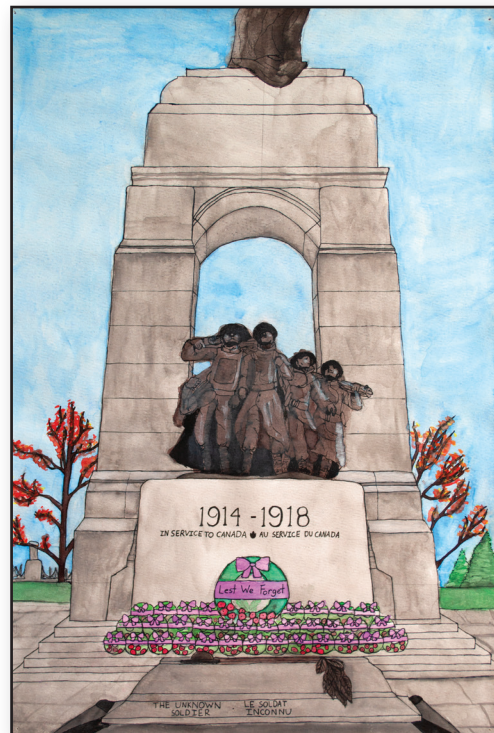
Years served with our war brothers;
We learned to trust one another.
Scottish, French, Ojibwa and Blood;
Battling through the endless mud.

Victory comes at a terrible cost;
Our sacrifice and service, forgotten and lost.
We gave our lives to defend our land;
I am veteran, I am a native man.

Aaron Christian

Red Deer County, AB · Homeschool · #104 Innisfail Br.

Poem • Poème



Eva Rodiukova

Calgary, AB · Edison School · #78 Turner Valley Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Akeira Anseth

Cut Knife, SK · Cut Knife Community School · #200 Cut Knife Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

The Porch

I remembered father as he stood in the doorway, he wore his new tan army uniform. He had a bag slung over his shoulder, I looked up to him as he looked down at me. I was only five when he said.

"Son, I'll have to go for a while, and I don't know when I'll be back," he said.

"But why are you leaving dad, I don't want you to go away," I had said.

"Don't worry buddy I'll be back, and I promise you I will meet you back here on this porch, as soon as I can. Now I need you to be strong for me and your mother, help her as much as you can," he said, hugging me tightly.

That hug felt so long even though it was only five seconds, after he let go he smiled at me. I was sniffing a bit trying not to cry.

"Don't cry Buddy whatever happens I'll come home don't worry," and with those words he left, he kissed mother on the cheek as she stood beside me, her face expressing sorrow but not crying like mine was. Dad stroud off the porch back straight and head held high like the other soldiers all over town. Dad never came back.

I still think about those moments every day of my life, for eighty years I have sat on this porch waiting, and still hoping that Dad would come home someday, someday. A little shred of hope had shone inside me for years, hoping that his bright face would just show up on the doorstep.

I fiddled with my Dad's old watch that he had left behind, I took it with me everywhere now as a way to keep him with me. I looked down the street to the cemetery, Mom was there watching me. I knew she was there in spirit and I have no doubt that she has seen Dad already in the sky. I could see them up there now laughing and joking with each other like they always have.

I sat on the porch happily looking at the sky pain in my chest. I didn't mind it. I was too happy sitting there in my favorite place on earth, where so much sorrow had happened in my life. I asked Mom after Dad left what he was going to do, she said he was going to fight for our freedom. Back then I didn't know what she meant by freedom but now, I took a huge breath in, this was freedom, the calm breeze blowing through the trees, the children playing in the streets in a safe place without war. This is what Dad fought for, I knew it.

I gripped Dad's watch in my hands and leaned back in my chair.

"I'll see you soon Dad," I said in a gruff voice.

Then as I closed my eyes, it was time to see them again.

Daniel Myers

Morell, PE · Morell Regional High School · #26 Morell Br.

Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Jiakang Xu

Maple Ridge, BC · Meadowridge School · #88 Maple Ridge Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Nancy Ge

Waterloo, ON · Vista Hills Public School · #530 Waterloo Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Lily Jay

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

Poem • Poème



Junior Junior

First Place Première Place

The Soldiers' Poppy

A poppy grew in the grass,
Its petals shining red,
They marched to battle courageously,
Those soldiers that lie dead.

A poppy's leaves were rustled,
By the footsteps of the brave,
Who fought for us wholeheartedly,
Until they reached their grave.

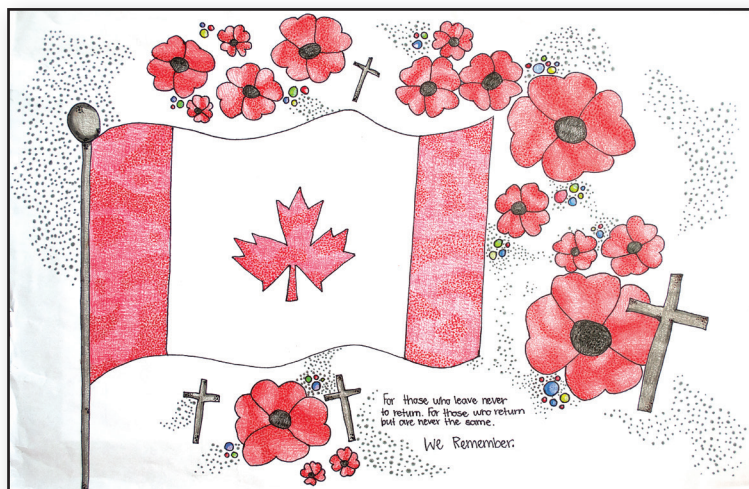
A poppy's stem grew tall,
The soldiers' hearts grew strong,
As they heard the trumpet,
Sing out its final battle song.

A poppy grew in the grass,
Its petals shining red,
They brought peace to the world,
Those soldiers that lie dead.

Laura Bishop

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

Poem • Poème



April Ferner

Indian Head, SK · Indian Head Elementary School · #114 Indian Head Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Ella Ng

Calgary, AB · Calgary Montessori School · #285 Centennial Calgary Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

First Place *Première Place*

Junior Junior

Canada's Indigenous Soldiers

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of November Canadians are asked to pause, reflect in silence and remember our war veterans. Who are these brave men and women who were willing to leave home and fight for their country? Records show that they came from different cultures, occupations and regions of Canada.

One special group of soldiers I would like to remember this year are our Indigenous veterans. These are First Nations, Metis and Inuit people of Canada who served in past wars helping to fight for peace and our freedom. It was not always easy for these brave men and women to even enlist in the military. Many lived in isolated communities far from towns or cities where they had to travel to in order to sign up to fight. Cultural differences and learning a new language were also problems that they had to try to overcome. These challenges did not seem to stop their desire to serve as several thousand fought in the First and Second World War as well as the Korean War.

Many Indigenous men had valuable skills that the army needed. Because of their traditional way of life they spent a lot of time hunting and fishing. As a result they were excellent trackers, skilled marksmen and had the patience to wait for their prey. They used these skills on the battlefield fighting the enemy and became respected by their comrades.

There are a number of Indigenous war heroes. One of the best was Francis "Peggy" Pegahmagabow, an Anishinaabe from the Parry Island reserve in Ontario. He soon got the reputation of being an excellent sniper and scout who had the courage to take part in dangerous operations even behind enemy lines. For his dedicated service he received a lot of praise and several medals which are now on display at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

We must continue to honour and never forget these courageous Indigenous soldiers and war veterans. They are a big part of our History.

Kaitlyn Dutrisac

Cavan, ON · North Cavan Public School · #402 Millbrook Br.

Essay • Composition



Junior Junior

Second Place Deuxième Place

Je Me Souviendrai

*Je me souviendrai de vos batailles
 Puis du feu qui assaille vos entrailles
 Je me souviendrai de ce que vous avez fait pour notre pays
 Vous, grands combattants hardis
 Je me souviendrai des explosions
 qui créaient des commotions
 accompagnées des bombes
 qui tombent
 Je me souviendrai ainsi des feux et des canons
 qui ont enflammé toutes les saisons
 Je me souviendrai de toutes les guerres
 vécues sur cette terre
 plus rien n'était sécuritaire
 Je me souviendrai de les moments
 Subis par les soldats et les commandants
 Je me souviendrai qu'à toutes les heures
 tous avaient peur
 Je me souviendrai des généraux
 qui ont guidé leurs soldats sur les flots
 Nous chantons en votre honneur
 Vous, chasseur de liberté
 Nous vous remercions
 Pour vos braves actions
 Que vous avez faites pour notre population
 Je me souviendrai de tous ces deuils
 Et de tous ces valeureux combattants endormis dans leur cercueil
 En votre honneur
 Il sera l'heure
 De porter le coquelicot
 Sans un sanglot*

Élia Bleu Voua

Mont-Carmel, QC · École Notre-Dame du Mont-Carmel
 #44 LCol. Robert Grondin CD
 Poem • Poème



Chloe Waldner

Newton Siding, MB · Sunnyside Colony School · #65 Portage Br.
 Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Suki Yang

Surrey, BC · Sunnyside Elementary · #8 White Rock Br.
 Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Junior Junior

A Poppy

Isn't a poppy such a beautiful flower? I don't know about you, but the first thing I think of when I think of Remembrance Day is the beautiful plant. After the wars, battlefields were torn and lifeless. But, despite the lack of life, the poppy was the one thing that had the strength to grow back. To me, the poppy is a symbol of remembering those who fought for us and of new beginnings.

Thanks to the soldiers, we have an amazing, peaceful country. They fought, laid down their lives, and sacrificed everything they had for our safety, happiness, and freedom. The soldiers that did make it home were forever scarred with the unforgettable memories of the violence, and the ones that didn't return had families that were sent into tears. They sacrificed so, so much for us, the least we can do is wear a poppy during the month of November, or even pause for a moment of silence on Remembrance Day.

When it comes to new beginnings, much like how a beautiful poppy grew out of something ugly like war, we as people have to respect everyone for who they are, what they believe in, what they look like, and anything else that may divide us. We can all do better to do our part in making everybody feel accepted. Everyone deserves to voice their opinions and be who they are. We can create a better future for ourselves and others by stopping division between people.

Keeping the poppy in mind, we can not only remember those who fought for us, but we can also remember that we can create a better future, and we have to try to stop anything like the two World Wars from ever happening again. So please, wear a poppy as a sign of respect for those that made Canada the amazing, peaceful place it is today.

By: Olivia Knaus

Olivia Knaus

Humboldt, SK · St-Augustine-Humboldt School · #28 Humboldt Br.
Essay • Composition



Third Place · Troisième place

Leslie Yin

Waterloo, ON · Sir Edgar Bauer Catholic Elementary School
#530 Waterloo Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Clyte Angcaya

St. Brieux, SK · St. Brieux School · #344 Pathlow Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Rowen Dunbar

Enfield, NS · Riverside Education Centre · #133 Montgomery/Enfield Br.

Essay • Composition

Jaxon Clarke

Old Shop, NL · Woodland Elementary
#39 Sgt. Levi Hollett DCM C de G Memorial Br.

Poem • Poème (Third Place Tie)

Jana Timani

Moncton, NB · Hillcrest School · #6 Moncton Br.

Poem • Poème (Third Place Tie)



Primary Primaire

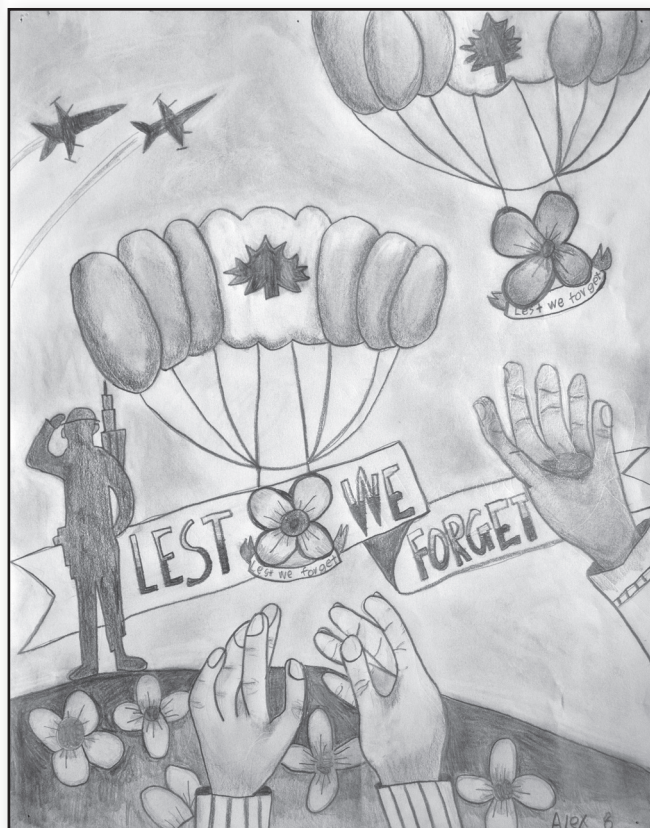
*First Place
Première Place*



Khadijah Varteji

Maple, ON · As-Sadiq Islamic School · #414 Mackenzie Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



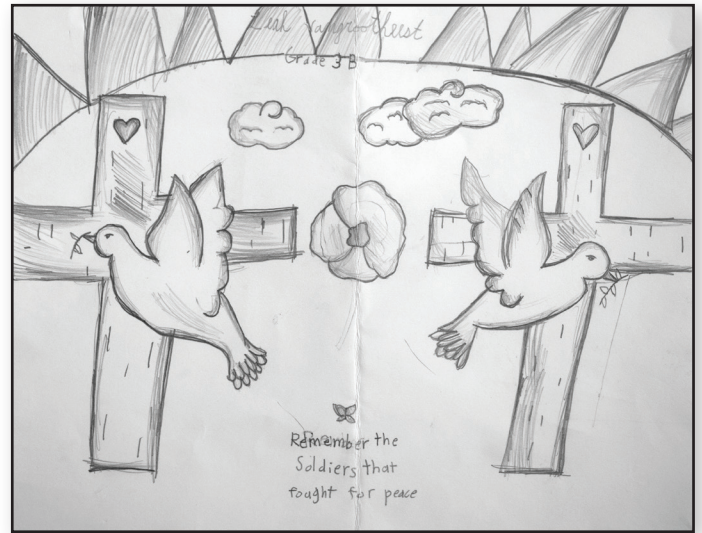
Alexander Gan

Kanata, ON · Kanata Highlands Public School · #638 Kanata Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Primary Primaire



Leah Van Grootheest

Third Place
Troisième place

Lumsden, SK • École Lumsden Elementary School • #234 Lumsden 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 National Foundation 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 Fondation nationale 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.



The Legion
National
Foundation

La Fondation
nationale
Légion



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