

Winners 2023

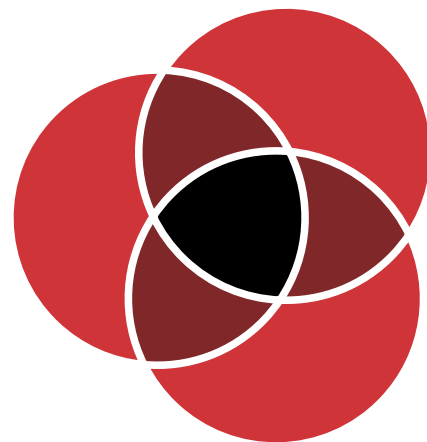
Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2023



The Legion
National
Foundation

La Fondation
nationale
Légion



Senior Sénior

First Place Première Place

The Boy

The boy wasn't famous or well-known,
But he did make a difference, though not alone.
With hundreds of others, he left what he knew,
And crossed the Atlantic to battle for you.

With the 8th Infantry Brigade he trained and prepared,
So much to learn, no time to be scared.
Assault tactics, firearms, maps and first aid,
On the shoulders of the boy great responsibility weighed.

He practiced on landing craft in Inveraray's cold sea,
Mastering the plan was crucial and key.
For it would lead to success along Normandy's shore,
In Operation Overlord on D-day, June 6th, '44.

He and his comrades had the toughest task of all,
To capture Saint Aubin-sur-Mer and they answered the call.
They braved German defenses of minefields and barbed wire,
And then conquered Tailleville through enemy fire.

The boy and his regiment then faced the day,
Challenged with securing the village of Carpiquet.
This fateful time came at terrible cost,
For it was the day with the most soldiers lost.

The war was not over, the boy continued with might,
Through the Netherlands and Belgium, he prevailed in the fight.
Finally, the Germans surrendered on their own soil,
The Allies had succeeded, victorious and loyal.

The boy returned home unlike so many others,
Missed by their fathers and mourned by their mothers.
People called him a hero which he didn't expect,
As his humility made him unaware of his immense effect.

He felt he was still just a boy; it's those lost we must remember,
Each day of the year, not just the 11th of November.
The Last Post he will play as a symbolic lament,
For the boys who became men with New Brunswick's North Shore Regiment.

By: Kathleen Woods

This poem is inspired by the journey my great grandfather, Captain Ben DeWolfe, experienced as a proud member of the New Brunswick North Shore Regiment. I thank him, other veterans of the North Shore Regiment and those lost who selflessly served our country. It is their bravery that has given us the lives we live today. Lest we forget.

Kathleen Woods

Miramichi, NB · James M. Hill Memorial High School · #03 Chatham Br.

Poem • Poème



Isabelle Barnes

Corner Brook, NL · Corner Brook Regional High School · #013 Corner Brook Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Vlada Pashchenko

Provost, AB · Altario School · #119 Castor Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

First Place
Première Place

Senior
Sénior

We need to hold the candle high.

I don't want to share something that I read or saw on television, I am going to tell you about my own experiences. When I was five years old, I was forced to move to another country because a war started in my own country. There were explosions near our home and planes bombing my village from the air. We were frightened and my family, my father and my mother, my four sisters, my two brothers, and I, we all had to flee. There was no time to pack. After we left, our house was bombed.

I was so happy to go to Jordan, which was a safe country. I explored new things and met new people, but all the time I was thinking about when I would get back home. I thought we would be away for a few days or maybe a year, but unfortunately that was not the truth. The truth was, I did not go back because the war is still going on, and I am only sixteen. I have been away from my home for eleven years. I haven't seen my country, my village, or my relatives. Even now, every time we read or hear news, it is still about who died, what terrible things are still going on, how expensive the war has been, and how money has lost its value and those who are left behind can hardly buy for their families. It is terrible to see your children hungry and not be able to do anything about it. My country is still suffering.

I hope peace returns soon.

I now go to a school in Truro, Nova Scotia, and last week, we held a Remembrance Day service. We all wore our poppies, we sang O Canada, we had a visit from five veterans, some classes spoke about remembering, a wreath was placed at the front, but my favorite part was the Candle-lighting ceremony. We lit candles for our grandparents and families who died in war, for our friends and relatives in the armed services, and candles for peace. It was wonderful. It made me think that we need a light wherever it is dark, and that it is important to remember.

Lighting a candle reminds me that in order to light it, there have to be good people and those good people must hold the light that will put out the darkness.

Malek Khaled Al Radi

Truro, NS · École acadienne de Truro · #26 Colchester Br.

Essay • Composition



Remembering In Reverse

Miah Denis

There is nothing wrong with war
 So don't tell me
 We should put down our weapons
 Because thousands of people are dying
 War is something the world needs
 You'll never hear me say
 Stop fighting
 We need to
 Come to a realization that
 The feuding that occurs between nations has no impact and
 We must be delusional when we say that
 The world is full of hope
 In fact, the truth some try to hide is that
 The world has little light left
 It is not true when people say
 Love and peace is the answer
 We fail to see that
 The world is driven by hate
 They would be right
 People say we need to remember
 Because they gave us everything
 The soldiers gave us nothing
 It's foolish to say
 We must remember each and every one of them and
 We will never forget

(NOW READ IT FROM BOTTOM TO TOP)

Reverse Poem

*A poem that can be read from top to bottom
and bottom to top having different meanings*

Miah Denis

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

Poem • Poème



Sijia (Linda) Gu

Charlottetown, PE · Colonel Grey High School · #001 Charlottetown Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Georgia Chivers

Aurora, ON · Aurora High School · #385 Col Fred Tilson V CBr.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Senior Sénior

Healing

Fall 1939

World War Two, a second helping of international throttling; many experienced the first, and many more are in waiting to experience the second. I fall into the latter, not even being close to my 17th birthday. It's September, the warm licks of summer have yet to depart, when Canada announces its official concurrence to this freshly blooming war. Fall 1939 has not only been a change for our country, but for me. My maturity shows in the brightening of my eyes, the quiver of my brain holding more than just boyish whims, but a necessity for understanding. I want to join up. Yes, I may be a bit young... but my courageous spirit, and burning patriotism give me more merit as a soldier than a man twice my age!

Winter 1940

The crashing waves of war are in full swing. I cannot just sit dilly dallying around, my only tether to the war being what I observe in the news, or hear from hushed whispers. My father has a bum leg from an injury suffered in his teen years. If I leave, my sister and Mother will be cared for. I have no responsibilities here at home. It is becoming increasingly obvious what I must do. On an unseasonably warm day, I tie up my winter boots and make my way down to the town office, decision made, inhibitions smothered. It only takes a few bluffed papers and a charming smile to be accepted, my shoulders rolled back, chin up I hum with mannish effervescence.

Spring 1940

My mother's attempts to change my mind have been unsuccessful. I leave this afternoon. It is a damp spring day, my kid sister runs and giggles in the yard, blissfully unaware. My departure, my dedication, all for her. She deserves a future. Suitcases wait by the door, twiddling their thumbs in impatience. Father looks down on me, pride tinged with the fear any parent has for their child. A silent gasp tumbles from my mother, filling the space with a thick sense of premeditated grief. I kiss my sister on the cheek, hug my father and let my mother cry into my shoulder. When the door swings shut behind me I step into a new portion of my life, the change seeming surprisingly palpable.

Summer 1945

I have lost myself to this war, my boyhood stolen. At the age of 23 I feel like I have lived a million lives, watching my friends die and wither in front of me. Silence buzzes around me, fingers tapping my rifle, the warmth of metal tickling in my fingers. I sit at this post, alone, I've been pulled from the front lines and shoved here, solitary confinement if you will. The doc said that after my years in the field, after the things I've seen, I have developed a disease: shell shock. They say I've changed, I don't know how to respond to that, I can't even remember who I was before this damn war. The days rush behind me like a roaring river, and I am stuck here stagnant.

Fall 1945

I am going home. Of course I have visited my family over the years, but it is a shock to see them now. The crinkles around my father's eyes have deepened, and his hair lightened to a sophisticated grey. The look in my mother's eye has lost its inquisitive edge, dimmed down to an even, sullen glance. My sister calls out to me, what was once a young girl is now a young woman, her smile clear and shining. I pick her up in a big hug, give my mother a kiss and grasp my father harder than I ever have before. The laughter of my family starts to wilt under my tears, I fall to my knees and cry, I haven't cried, I didn't think I could. Everything dies away and I am alone, there is a ringing pulling at my chest. I curl into myself with a feeling that the war will never release me.

Winter 1945

It has been a fight to try and be happy. I feel like I am betraying all who died every time I smile with my friends, or laugh around the dinner table. The guilt wafts off of me like smoke from a forest fire, but I am still trying. I bought my sister a Christmas present, I helped my mom cook Thanksgiving dinner, and my father and I play chess in the evenings. I never thought how grateful I could be to just exist. To live in the presence of people who love me. Stability is worth all of the money in the world. I spent years fighting, now I must win the battle of becoming myself again.

Norah Adams

Uxbridge, ON · Uxbridge Secondary School · # 170 Uxbridge Br.

Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Emma Olson

Rapid View, SK · Home Schooled · #076 Meadow Lake Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Andrew Liu

Calgary, AB · Sir Winston Churchill High School

#264 North Calgary Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Charles Burt

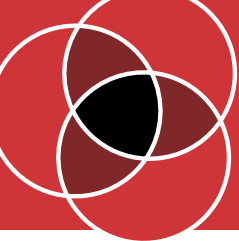
Central Blissville, NB · Heritage Christian School · #93 Oromocto Br.

Essay • Composition

Lyndon Waldner

Margaret, MB · Can-Am Colony School · #25 Killarney Br.

Poem • Poème



The Long Watch

I have bled from Flanders to Panjwahi
Fought across the trench of time
I've defeated the evil of tyrant's
That had no reason or rhyme

I've marched to the call of colours
I've marched to the sound of the guns
Over the beaches and into the caves
For the peace of our daughters and sons

I am no hero or statue or marker
Yet I am more than flesh or bone
I am every free breath a baby takes
And every free thought you've known

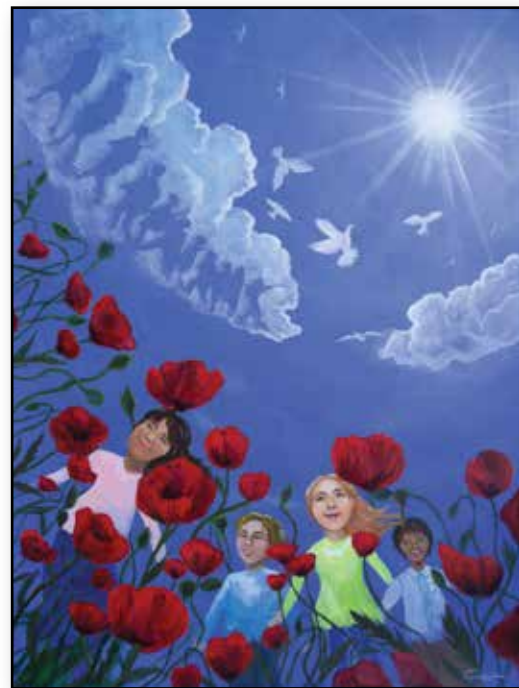
So if you value your rights and freedoms
If you hate evil's chains
If you think the future is worth the cost
And that life is worth the pain

Let justice be your lantern
Liberty will be your guide
It does not take a sword or gun
To stand bravely by my side

I am a Canadian Soldier
And I will stand on guard for you
Until all things are set right again
And my long nights watch is through

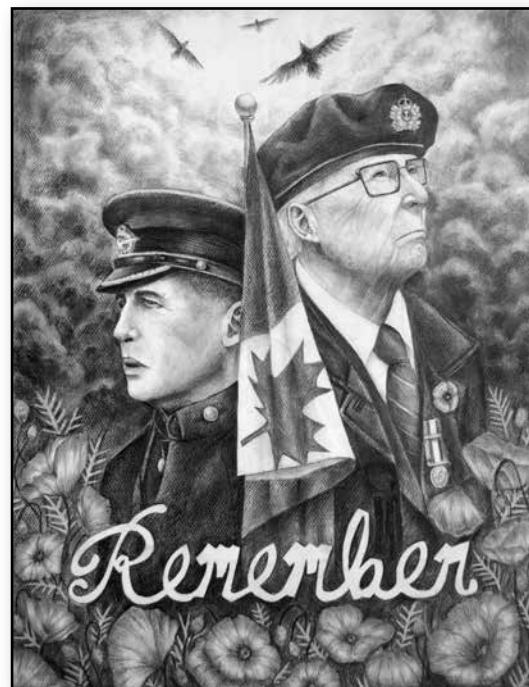
Kieran Watson

Grand Prairie, AB · Grand Prairie Christian School · #54 Grand Prairie Br.
Poem • Poème



Chaelyn Han

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



Nancy Ge

Waterloo, ON · Laurel Heights Secondary School · #530 Waterloo Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

We Remember

Dear Mum,

Happy birthday, Mum! I wish you a lifetime of happiness. I hope this letter finds you well and arrives in time for your birthday.

As I sit here in beautiful Ortona, surrounded by the blue-green water of the Adriatic Sea, I miss you terribly. I am so saddened and disgusted by the war that rages on. I often recall the stories that Nonno used to tell me about growing up in Abruzzo. I can only imagine the peace and tranquility he had here growing up. In another lifetime, this place would have been magical and calming. Just imagine the fresh smell of ocean air, the cafes and restaurants, the beaches, and the warm sun.

There is death and desperation all around me. I find myself missing home more and more with each passing day. Please send news from home to keep me connected to you. How is Dad? How is my sister? What is the family doing these days?

I must update you on the latest in the war. I arrived with my fellow soldiers from the 1st Canadian Division in July 1943 and joined Operation Husky, which was the invasion of the island of Sicily by sea. We managed to overpower the Italians and they surrendered.

We met German resistance a few days later in a town called Valguarnera, and had to go house-to-house, engaging in fighting and killing. But, with our American and British allies, we persevered! The Germans evacuated Sicily in August this year.

Next we met up with the British army to invade mainland Italy. We marched up through the "boot" of Italy, fighting Germans all along the way up. The fighting was heavy and harsh, with deaths on both sides.

Christmas was a sad and depressing affair. The war came to Ortona again. While there was a delicious dinner prepared for the soldiers, it was hastily eaten during a break in battle. Then it was back to fighting and trying to stay alive. We managed to force a German withdrawal closer to the end of 1943. We celebrated the New Year with a heavy toll - 2600 Canadians wounded, 500 died. We evacuated 3900 people for battle exhaustion and 1600 for sickness. We started this campaign with 20,000 soldiers.

As we start 1944, there are discussions of where in Italy to fight next. The soldiers are tired, but know they cannot let Hitler win this war. We will be headed off soon to wherever we will fight next. I am pretty sure that we will be sent to Rome next because that is where most of the enemy soldiers are now.

I miss you and Dad terribly so. I don't know when I will be able to write again. This war seems to have gone on forever, without an end in sight. I hope and pray that the war ends soon and I will be able to return home to my family.

I love you.

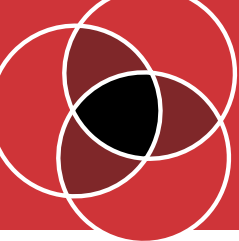
Keep well,

Your very loving son.

Ilyas Di Renzo

Toronto, ON · St. PiusX Catholic School · #266 Maple Leaf - Swansea Br.

Essay • Composition



You Said You'd Be Alright

You said you'd be alright, not to worry at all,
You said you'd be just fine, expect you back by fall.
You wasted not a second, in your great hurry,
So excited to go, you brushed away my worry.

With a quick kiss goodbye, you rushed right out the door,
I wished you good luck, 'cause you just seemed so sure.
Each day I waited patiently, for your happy news;
I was so eager to find how this new life suited you.

My excitement soon shifted to fear, which boarded on the lines of frustration,
I wanted to keep busy, but i had no concentration,
After hearing from many sources all the death and devastation.
I tried so hard to control my reckless imagination.

When the letter finally came, I was afraid to hope,
For in another's writing; the message neatly wrote;
"I'm sorry to inform you-" My heart then sank with dread,
"Your oh so dear husband John-" Next it'd say you were dead.

"Is hospitalized in Winnipeg-" I sighed with relief,
Not for the fact that you were hurt, but the news that you still breathed.
I continued the message and as I reached the end-
'twas clear I'd have to hurry, if I wished to see you again.

You were barely holding on to life, was all I understood,
My heart was breaking in two, and I packed as fast as I could.
I caught the first train, that made it to the station,
And waited impatiently, as I pondered your dreadful situation.

When I made it to the hospital, people were rushing to and fro,
I quickly stated my name, and business and was told where to go.
I raced up the stairs and ran into your room,
But I wasn't sure if the broken body on the bed could be you.

When I saw all your injuries, the whole war I did curse
But then you smiled at me so bittersweetly, and my heart nearly burst,
My eyes filled with tears when I thought of what you meant to me,
how I wish you could have lived, but I guess it just wasn't meant to be...

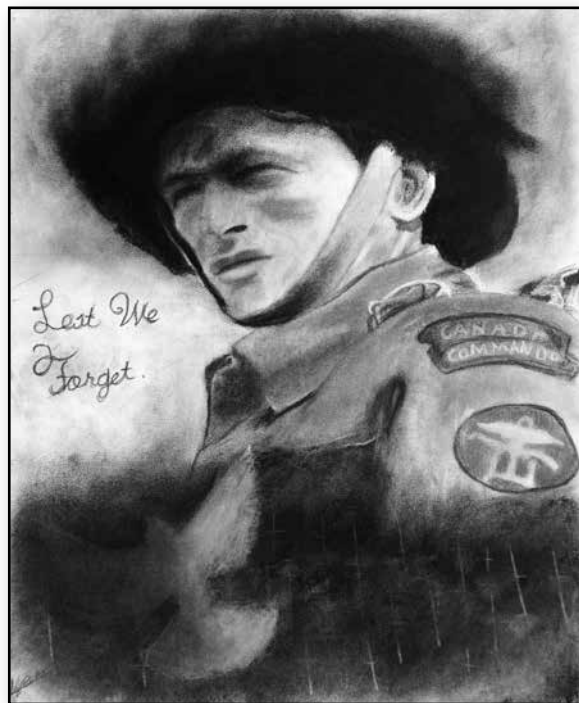
Beverly Blackmore

Creston/Lister, BC · Mormon Hills School · #29 Creston Br.
Poem • Poème



Katie Eyeon Kim

Rothesay, NB · Rothesay Park School
#058 Kennebecasis Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Mickila Perera

Calgary, AB · St. Ambrose School · #015 Men of Vision Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place Deuxième Place

Intermediate Intermédiaire

They Are Our Reason

"They are our reason." The words rang in the grandmother's ears as if she had heard them only seconds ago. She glanced down at her young grandson standing next to her. The grandmother smiled wistfully, her mind full of memories.

"They are our reason," The little girl could just barely hear her father whisper these words as he hugged her goodbye. It was 1939, and the young father was boarding the train to fight as a soldier. He kissed his baby son, then his wife, and headed to the train. The girl watched her father disappear from sight, the words ringing in her ears. "They are our reason."

When Canada announced that they were heading to war, men signed up to go across the seas and help their allies. Some of them were fathers, husbands, and others were just barely adults, leaving behind their brothers, sisters, and parents. Everyone was leaving someone precious to them. It was those they loved that was the reason for them leaving. They needed to do all that they could to protect their loved ones. Many children, such as this young girl, knew that their fathers were out there, fighting for them, their family, and their country.

The little girl grew as the years blew by. Her memory of her father was faded, but one thing rang true. His last words filled her head. "They are our reason." She tried to understand this, tried to see the importance of what he had said. But her little mind could not yet comprehend what he meant. All she knew was that her father had left to fight. So she never gave up praying for him.

It was 1945, just after the war had passed. The girl was now nine years old. Her father returned three weeks after the war's end. A few days after her father had returned home, she leaned against him, gave him a hug, and asked a question that had been on her mind for years. "Father, before you left, you whispered in my ear, 'They are our reason.' What did you mean?" He smiled, and told her, "It's hard to understand. But it was what my mind was telling me. I wasn't fighting for glory, nor for power, it was for the future of our country, and what we had left behind. That was the reason we left."

The grandson stood proudly next to his family in the rows of chairs, admiring his red poppy. He watched the veterans walk by, listened to the band playing, and tried to understand the stories read by the people that walked to the stage. He leaned over to his grandmother, "Why, Grandma? Why do we talk about soldiers? Why do we remember something from so long ago?" The grandma smiled as she thought of the line her father once whispered, and motioning towards the surrounding veterans, told her grandson, "They are our reason."

By Emily Folkerts

Emily Folkerts

Winnipeg, MB · Immanuel Christian School · #7 Transcona Br.
Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Chantel Mei

Calgary, AB · Webber Academy · #264 North Calgary Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Lilah Smith

Oliver, BC · South Okanagan Secondary School · #097 Oliver Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Jack Wang

Surrey, BC · Southridge Junior School · # 6 Cloverdale Br.
Essay • Composition

Emily Langdon

Blind River, ON · Blind River Public School · #189 Blind River Br.
Poem • Poème



Junior Junior

*First Place
Première Place*

Brothers Apart

One Stays, One goes

At home, To war

Worried, Frightened

Quiet, Booming

Extra chores, New jobs

Pulled weeds, Earth drenched in blood

Baseball, Bullets

Hay bailed, Trenches dug

Waiting, Waiting

Hoping, Hoping

Trying to remember, Wanting to forget

We will remember, Lest we forget

Brothers Apart

Jack Stewart

Napan, NB · Dr. Losier Middle School · #003 Chatham Br.

Poem • Poème



Claire Kim

Calgary, AB · Griffith Woods School · #264 North Calgary Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Eric Hu

Calgary, AB · Calgary Christian Elementary School · #264 North Calgary Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

The Importance of Remembrance Day

On June 6, 1944, Canadian soldiers landed on the beaches at D-Day. Hundreds of soldiers died and were injured. The landing crafts carried the soldiers onto the beaches as the Germans attacked them. Paratroopers dropped into France to help with the attack. Soldiers pushed tanks off the ships and brought them to shore to clear the barbed wire that the Germans had set up to defend the beaches. It was early in the morning, the water was freezing, and many soldiers had to swim to shore while the Germans attacked from the cliffs. My grandmother was a year old and she lived in a town near Prague. Her mother prayed that the Nazi soldiers would not come for her daughter. Her father had been deported to the concentration camp in Terezin two years earlier.

In August 1942, the Canadians tried to invade France but were unsuccessful. They ran into a German convoy of ships and the Germans now knew they were attacking. Many soldiers lost their lives and many were captured by the Nazi soldiers. My grandmother wouldn't be born until November, but her parents worried about what might happen to their family. Their family had to wear yellow stars sewn onto their clothing when they went out. Her cousins were not allowed to go to school, to the park, to the movies or see their friends that weren't Jewish. Jews lost their jobs and were forbidden from going into stores to buy food. Even though the Canadians were unsuccessful during the Dieppe raid, my great-grandparents knew that help was coming, and they now had hope.

On May 7th, 1945, the Germans surrendered. It was too late for my great uncles, my great-great grandmother and my grandmother's cousins. They died in Auschwitz. But my great-grandfather was able to return home. And my two year old grandmother was now safe from the Nazis. On November 11th of each year, I attend a Remembrance Day ceremony and think about all the sacrifices the Canadians soldiers and Allies made, so my family and other families could be free.

Katie Davies

Falmouth, NS · West Hants Middle School · #009 Hants County Br.

Essay • Composition

Junior Junior

Second Place Deuxième Place

Jour du souvenir

Vous qui nous avez tant aidé
Nous qui devons vous respecter
Les soldats sont des rois
Admirons leur exploit
Il faut rendre hommage
À ceux qui ont du courage
Il faut se souvenir
De tout ce qu'ils ont dû subir
Nous devons être reconnaissants
Envers les combattants
Vous restez dans nos coeurs
En portant cette magnifique fleur
Nous restons debout en votre honneur
En pensant à tous ces malheurs
Quand les soldats sont tombés
Les coquelicots ont poussé
Une historique journée
Le onze de cette année
Les soldats qui ont foulé la terre
Pour nous défendre de cette guerre
Sont pour tous de courageux vainqueurs
Malgré les déchirures qui ont marqué leur coeur
Ils avaient des familles, comme vous et moi
Nous pensons à vous, valeureux soldats

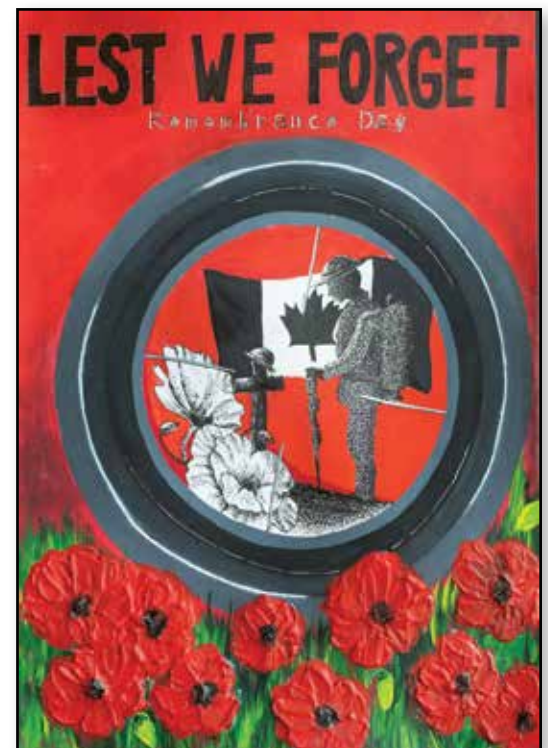
Maina Guay

Notre-Dame-Du-Mont-Carmel, QC
Commission School De L'énergie Notre-Dame
#044 Lieutenant-colonel Robert Grondin CD de Shawinigan Br.
Poem • Poème



Jayden Lin

Markham, ON · Milliken Mills Public School
#614 Scarborough Centennial Br.
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Eva Xu

Burnaby, BC · Tumeke Art Studio · #083 South Burnaby Br.
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Second Place
Deuxième Place

Junior
Junior

Tears Of War

As I looked around the cenotaph, surrounded by many people all so different, I looked into their eyes. Well not really, but I was looking at something that was coming from their eyes. I was looking at their tears. Some had shock, some had sorrow. Some have so many feelings I can't say all of them. But some of the most passionate and meaningful feelings come from...

The tears of the soldier's pain, the screams of dying troops, the bombs and gunshots all around them. The wave of shock, disbelief, and deep sorrow because they were just told that their brother took their last breath. Meanwhile, the heavy breaths of panicked soldiers increase as the strong smell of poison gas swarms in their burning lungs as they hope this will end soon, so they can go home and see their wife, kids, and friends. But when the war's end, they'd either come back never to be the same or didn't come back at all. They have a reason to shed a tear.

The tears of the wife of the soldier when she finds out her love of her life passed on in battle. And the children sobbing so sadly that their own father is gone forever. The toddlers and babies, too young to know their father to even know what's going on, and have their whole childhood without their true father, and not know what sacrifices they made for peace and harmony. They have a reason to shed a tear.

The veterans who went through all of that trauma, lost friends and family. Missing their own children grow up in a blink of an eye. The mental and physical scars they carry with them for the rest of their life. People ask over and over again "Please tell us your experience in war" Even when they don't want to. They have a reason to shed a tear.

Us. Listening to all of these reasons why these people can shed a tear. And so much more. But this writing gives us something. It gives a reason to remember.

Darrah Ward

New Argyle, PE · Eliot River Elementary School · #030 Kingston Br.

Essay • Composition

Third Place · Troisième place

Eva Wang

Nepean, ON · Knoxdale Public School · #593 Bells Corners Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Lyndon Samchyk

Grand Coulee, SK · Stewart Nicks School · #341 Pense Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Cheyenne Collins

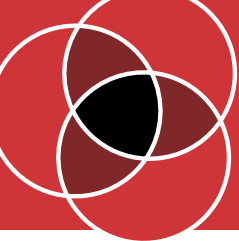
Ripley, ON · Ripley Huron Community School · #440 Ripley Huron Br.

Essay • Composition

Dylan Peterson

Wynyard, SK · Wynyard Elementary School · #101 Wynyard Br.

Poem • Poème



Primary Primaire

*First Place
Première Place*



Sicheng Wang

Vancouver, BC · Queen Elizabeth Elementary School · #142 West Point Grey Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



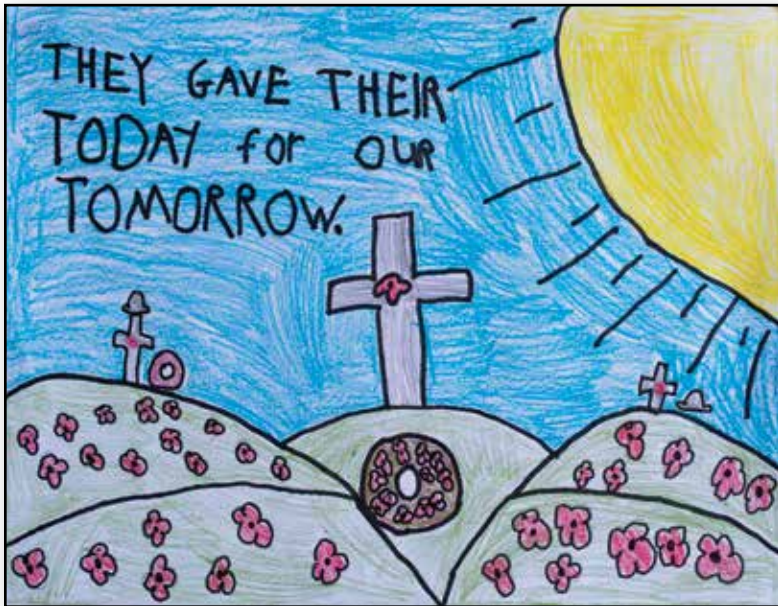
Eira Sharkie

Morell East, PE · Morell Regional High School · #026 Morell Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place
Deuxième Place

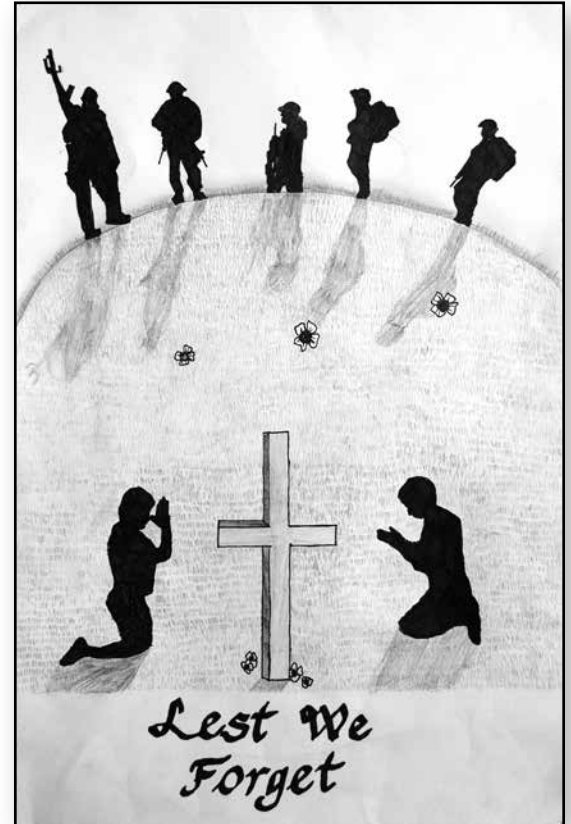
Primary
Primaire



Jennifer Brake

Benoit's Cove, NL · St. Peter's Academy · #013 Corner Brook Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Marcus Ly

East Gwillimbury, ON · Aurora Montessori School · #385 Col Fred Tilson V C Br.

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Third Place
Troisième place

Lily Summers

Meaford, ON · Beaver Valley Community School · #281 Beaver Valley-Thornbury Br.

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Brooke Nelson

Mayerthorpe, AB · Elmer Elson Elementary · #126 Mayerthorpe 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



1-888-556-6222 · Infcanada.ca