



# *Winners*

## Poster and Literary Contests

*Posters, Essays, Poems*

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*Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes*

## Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

# *Gagnants*

# 2013



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## I've been Lucky I know

Being seventeen,  
A child at heart,  
I seldom realize  
To stop and take part.

Curfews that bother,  
An assignment is due,  
Or the two test questions  
That I really never knew.

I guess you can see,  
My problems lack weight.  
So with reference to war,  
It's hard to relate.

I've been lucky I know,  
To have been spared the cost,  
Of a headline saying  
That my sister was lost.

Or to be the little boy,  
Whose tears did shed.  
When he wished for his Dad,  
But received a flag instead.

Or to the father,  
Who sits and tries not to cry,  
While he thinks of his son,  
And that he couldn't say goodbye.

I guess it's all those things,  
That should come to mind,  
When I think of just what,  
November 11 signifies.

It's all the families,  
Of those who were lost  
Of the families of those,  
Still fighting the cause.

## Katelyn Hogan

Northern Bay, NL  
Baccalieu Collegiate  
Carbonear Br. #023

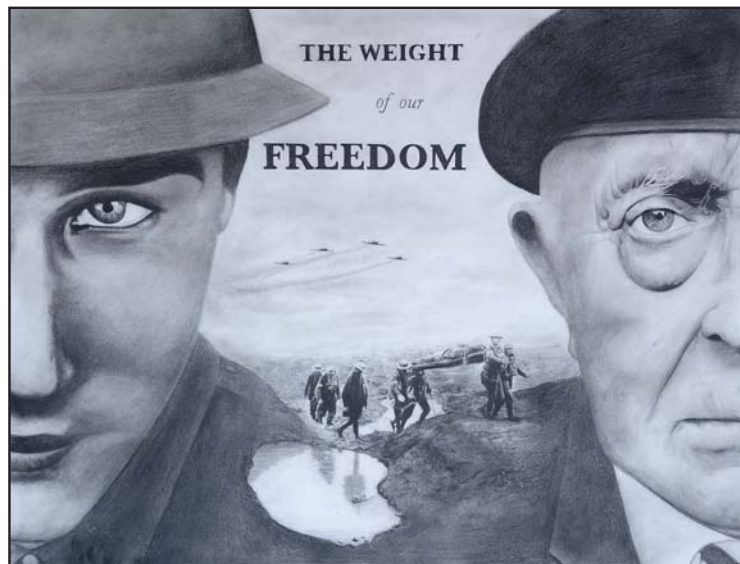
Poem • Poème



## Ginny Hsiang

Surrey, BC • R.E. Mountain Secondary School • Langley Br. #021

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



## Owen Brown

Guelph, ON • Koinonia Christian Academy • Waterloo Br. #530

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *First Place · Première Place*

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## Light in the darkness

World War II, Italy. The war had been underway for some time now. All of us had grown used to the countless sleepless nights, the never-ending shifts. We could do this forever, it seemed. Our movements were mechanical, like that of an unfeeling robot. Our eyes were open but did not see. If we had let ourselves absorb the horrors of the aftermath on the battlefield, we couldn't have done the job. People to this day still don't really know what it was like; don't really realize what we did. We were soldiers just like the men, carrying bandages to heal instead of guns to kill.

That was my life, the life of a military nurse.

I was stationed at a nearby hospital in Cicely, Italy, a couple of hours away from the battlefield. Our mission did not have an enemy; we were not fighting for a team, or a specific victory. Our mission was to fight to save lives, not to kill other men. Whether the patients were German, Italian, or even American, it made no difference to us. Our priority was to get the men home, wherever that may have been in the world. Routine days were grueling, never an easy-going pace. Everyday held new miseries: another cringing injury, or a tortured scream from the surgery table that would keep me and other staff members awake at night.

Some people might have thought why we were even doing what we did, why we would put ourselves through daily extra stress and sadness. But the question I asked myself was, "if not I, then who else?" Someone had to pick up the pieces of what had been damaged; in this case it was the men. At the end of all the chaos, the spilled blood, and broken bones, there had to be someone to try and fix the damage. That thought was what kept me in that hospital.

Someone had to take that responsibility; the world had to move on, and the least I could do was step up to that plate.

Trying to not get emotionally compromised was the everyday challenge as a nurse. The patients we were nursing were men, men like our husbands, sons, and fathers. They were just broken souls trying to get home. We, as nurses, had to provide a means for them to escape their harsh reality, even if just for a moment. Something that I only realized after the war was that amidst all the destruction, death, pain and heartache, we gave the wounded soldier something even better than a victory; we gave them peace.

That peace we gave them healed more than a bandage, or stitches; it healed their souls. War kills more than just the physical bodies of men; it also destroys their innocent souls, day by day. My experience in war, and that of every other, must stay alive. It must stay alive to prove that even in the bleakest of times, hope exists.

### **Daniela Gallardo**

Dieppe, NB · Bernice MacNaughton High School · Moncton Br. #006  
Essay · Composition



# Senior Senior

## Proud

Comrades fall around them  
Long time friends, and new  
They trudge on both physically,  
And mentally

And yet, they stay strong

They've seen blood and gore  
That no man or woman  
Should ever see, images,  
Stained into their memory

And yet, they stay strong

They lived in holes, faced everything  
Mother Nature had to offer,  
Waiting in a mix of dirt,  
And death

And yet, they stay strong

They stand among us today,  
Only praised on one day  
After fighting for our freedom,  
Risking their lives

And yet, they stay strong  
And proud

## Colton Smith

Parrsboro, NS  
Parrsboro Regional High School  
Parrsboro Br. #045

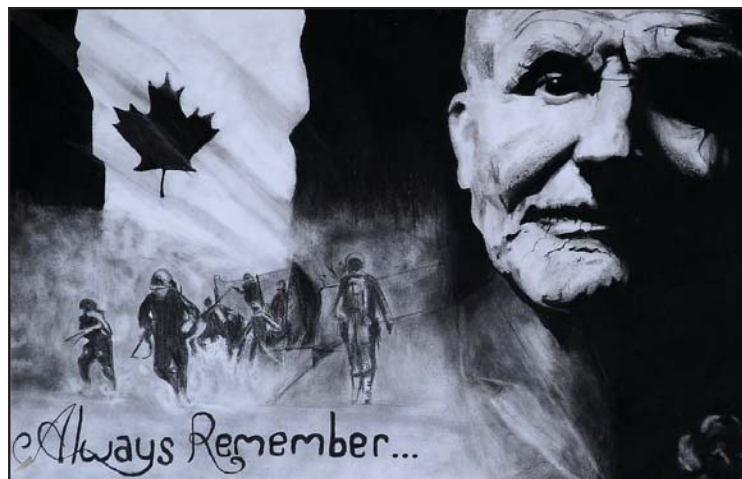
Poem • Poème



## Mackenzie Wintyr Chorney

Unity, SK · Unity Composite High School · Unity Br. #090

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



## Catharina Venter

Virden, MB · Virden Collegiate Institute · Virden Br. #008

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

### Erica Peterson-King

Kingsville, ON · Kingsville District High School ·  
Lt. Col. F.K. Jasperson Br. #188

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### Jon (Hwec Dong) Yoo

West Vancouver, BC · Collingwood School · North Vancouver Br. #118

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### Jean-Christophe Slattery

Longlac, ON · École Secondaire Château-Jeunesse ·  
Sig Scotthiem Memorial Br. #213

Essay • Composition

### Evan Whitfield

Marwayne, AB · Marwayne Jubilee School · Marwayne Br. #116

Poem • Poème

# *Second Place • Deuxième Place*

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## Remembrance Day

He looks in the spotless mirror, and gathers his thoughts before he puts on his uniform. It's that time of year again: November 11<sup>th</sup>, Remembrance Day. Each Remembrance Day progressively comes faster than the previous. His frail hands reach down as he grasps the door knob. With little strength, he manages to pull the door open. He finds that his wife, Annette, has graciously laid his uniform on the bed. His uniform rests on a white hanger, ironed and immaculate; not one strand of hair, not one spec of lint, or any sign of imperfection can be seen. In the corner of his eye, he can see a poppy pin sitting on the night table.

He walks out of the bedroom once dressed in his crisp uniform, with the poppy pinned next to the crest on his blazer, and heads off to the Remembrance Day Ceremony with his wife. As they walk around the streets of Ottawa, they pass several businesses that have big signs on the front door, notifying the public that they will be closed to honour Canadian veterans, those who are currently serving in the military, and those who have sacrificed their lives for our freedom. Every flag in the city, lowered to half-mast, in memory of those who fought for our country, but didn't make it back home. He lowered his head, trying to hide his saddened face, and the tears that began to form in both his eyes.

As the veterans gather on Elgin Street, he shifts from foot to foot, fighting back tears and the memories of war that come along with them. He glances to the right, studies each of his fellow comrades who fought with him during the Battle of Ortana, the bloodiest battle of the Italian Campaign, and then to the left remembering those who were lucky enough to survive. He looks at David, one of his closest friends during the campaign, how his is sitting in a wheelchair, almost paralyzed, and fighting for every breath. He turned to Danni and noticed the sunglasses on his face. Danni, one of the fortunate soldiers, lost his sight due to being too close to bombs, but he survived the many bomb attacks, unlike many of the fallen soldiers that will be honoured today. He remembers the countless days and nights that were spent besides these men, and many more, on the battlefield and in the compounds. The memories of war have aged over decades, but the two inch battle scar that was left on his face, remains forever.

A dozen children read poems and other works of literature in memory of those who were involved in fighting for our country. Family members share their stories of their late husbands, uncles, and brothers. The ceremony continues with many sincere dedications.

The sound of the trumpet fills the silent air. Everyone immediately removes their hat, bows their head, and places their right hand on their chest, next to their poppy, in complete silence. The only sound that can be heard is the sound of the red and white flags blowing with the wind. He recalls the tears that were shed as he left his family, his friends, his closest possessions, and the safety and warmth of his home, as his left for war. He remembers the sound of the many machine guns that were fired by the Germans hiding behind stone barricades. The many bitter, lonely nights when he was so fearful of death, that sleep was not a priority. The eerie look on the faces of his fellow soldiers, as they were shot. The pounding in his chest after a bomb exploded in a neighbouring house. The sound of the rubble under his feet as he walked through the town between the rows of demolished houses. The dead man lying in the center of the Town Square, headless, is still fresh in his memory. The shot he fired on Christmas Day that killed an enemy.

The buzzing sound of the trumpet once again breaks the silence and brings him back to reality. Before he realizes, the ceremony is over, but the memories from 1943 are still ringing in his head. His knees become weak, and he's trying to let go of the reminiscence of World War II, but it forever lingers in his mind. He feels something warm grasp his right hand. His breathing slows, as he finds his balance, and opens his eyes. He looks up and sees a boy, no older than sixteen, holding his hand. The boy says a heartfelt, "thank you," and bows his head. The tears well up in his eyes, because this is why he is proud to have served Canada in World War II in the Battle of Ortana.

**Melissa Liu**

Surrey, BC • Southridge School • White Rock Br. #008

Essay • Composition

# Intermediaire Intermédiaire



## Justice Jasmine Morin

Prince Albert, SK · École Vickers School · Prince Albert Br. #002  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

## Remembering The Brave

Remember those who gave their lives,  
The ones who were injured,  
And the ones that survived.  
Remember the sacrifices that the heroes gave  
As time recedes and memories fade.

With saddened hearts and tears they cried,  
They dug the graves for those that died,  
Through thunderous bombs and machine gun fire,  
Blood stained sand from wounds so dire.

Seas turned red and skies to grey,  
Forward they marched on the beach that day.  
They fought for freedom in the mud and sand  
Leaving brave men dying in the treacherous land

I pray their sacrifices are not in vain,  
For they've given their lives for all to gain,  
How much more must they give,  
So in peace, we all may live?

*Lest we forget,  
But always remember,  
Two minute of silence on the 11<sup>th</sup> of November*

## Emma Giesbrecht

Comox, BC  
Highland Secondary School  
Comox Br. #160  
Poem • Poème



## Emily (xiao) Yu

Calgary, AB · Rideau Park School · Centennial Calgary Br. #285  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *First Place • Première Place*

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## A Field of Red

A bone jarring shudder passed through the bomber, which rapidly began to fall from the skies over occupied Europe. Smoke quickly filled the cabin as three shrill rings of an alarm echoed through the plane. My eyes watered as I choked on the acrid fumes pouring in from the four monstrous engines throughout the plane. Groping for a parachute as the plane's deafening engines died, I stumbled through the cabin towards the already open bomb bay, not hesitating to jump out of it.

Air whistled by, as dazzling flashes of gunfire filled the night around me. With a jolt, I pulled the cord and my parachute opened. I bit my tongue as the ground hit me, a shot of pain bolting up my legs. Sitting up, I found myself in a field of flowers...of poppies. Then, the night faded into silence.

I sat there in the field of red, dazed, for what seemed like hours. The sound of dogs barking and harsh voices speaking in German accompanied dawn's first light, and fear wormed its way into my soul. I had no idea what might happen in the next few minutes, and was unsure whether or not I would survive the next day. The barking grew louder as the Nazi soldiers drew near.

I wake up screaming my name, rank, and serial number. I'm in my bed, at 2:30 AM on November 11th. It's been over 70 years since the war ended and I was released from the prison camp. In a few hours I'll be in uniform, standing at attention at a Remembrance Day ceremony. The dreams happen at this time every year, every time Remembrance Day draws near. Every time people wear poppies, I'm reminded of that night when I felt so scared- and when my active part in the war ended. The night I lay in the field of red.

I stand erect in my uniform, people milling restlessly around me. Tears stain other veterans eyes as a choir of children sing "In Flanders Fields." All of the people around me wear poppies, because of what they symbolize. To some, like me, they symbolize personal experiences. For others, they are a way of never forgetting loved ones. But to all, wearing a poppy is a special way of showing respect for those who fought and died to make our country what it is today. As the children finish singing, I stand just a little bit taller, feeling proud to have fought for Canada.

### **Robert Deacon**

Victoria, BC  
Pacific Christian School  
Trafalgar/Pro Patria Br. #292  
*Essay • Composition*



# Intermediaire Intermédiaire

## Through the Eyes of a Soldier

Through the eyes of a soldier  
We can see our history and future  
We can choose to ignore it, or learn from it  
Through the eyes of a soldier, I see an old soul  
I see the beaches of Normandy, the agony of Bosnia  
The victory at Vimy Ridge, the despair in Afghanistan  
Through the eyes of a soldier, I see a young soldier  
Who courageously has chosen to fight for our freedom  
Family that is left behind, for months or a lifetime  
Through the eyes of a soldier, there is a tear falling  
Horrorified at the sight of devastation so wrong  
Seeing sights no one should ever witness or remember  
Through the eyes of a soldier, there is steely grit  
To serve our country, and do what is right  
There is a picture, tucked in the helmet, to remind  
Through the eyes of a soldier, I see a huge heart  
Showing what Canada is made of, regardless of cost  
Peacekeeping is synonymous with the Maple Leaf flag  
Through the eyes of a soldier, I see a young child  
Who has yet to receive a kiss of love from Dad  
Life soldiers on at home, this is military life  
Through the eyes of a soldier, young or old  
There is victory and defeat, love won and love lost  
Soldiers who came home and those that did not  
The morning is cold; puffs of breath fill the air  
November 11 is our time to see our rich and free lives  
Through the eyes of a soldier...and be thankful.

## Jack Thomas Moulton

Manotick, ON  
Kars on the Rideau Public School  
South Carleton Br. #314  
Poem • Poème



## Hayley Bouwman

Chatsworth, ON · West Hill Secondary School ·  
Owen Sound Br. #006  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

## Jack Thomas Moulton

Manotick, ON  
Kars on the Rideau Public School  
South Carleton Br. #314  
Poem • Poème



## Vera Liu

Vancouver, BC · Dr. Annie B. Jamieson Elementary School · Kerrisdale Br. #030  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



# *Second Place • Deuxième Place*

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## Forever Remembered

Grampy Cole held the tiny hand of five year old Jane as they strolled through the woods on an early November afternoon. The rotting leaves crunched beneath their feet. Jane's eyes widened as she looked up to her grandfather when he stopped abruptly. He signaled to the lady walking toward them and introduced her to Jane. "Irene, here, was the wife of my best friend John," he explained while kneeling to be eye level with Jane. He grabbed both of her hands and quietly asked "have I ever told you about John?"

Jane shook her head with a puzzled expression on her face. Grampy Cole stood up, wiped the dirt off his pants, and took her hand once more. They continued walking down the narrow path with the sun peaking in between the gaps in the trees. "Let me tell you about this wonderful man I grew up with," Grampy Cole began. He looked over at Irene, who was walking beside Jane, and smiled.

"Back in '41, our country was smack in the middle of World War II. John and I were carefree nineteen year olds who weren't smart when it came to politics, and quite frankly, war. We were young, naïve and quite unaware of the world around us. That was until that day in early summer when John was drafted and told he would have to leave our little town of Hansell, Ontario, for training. By the end of September, he was sent overseas to fight in that war the two of us knew almost nothing about." Grampy Cole paused to gather his thoughts, as Jane slipped her hand inside Irene's. When Jane looked up at Irene, she noticed a tear fall down Irene's cheek while she quickly wiped it away with the woolen sleeve of her jacket. Jane quietly asked, "what did you do?"

"I did what any wife had to do when their husband got a recruitment call; I helped him pack his bags. I made him promise to write me letters and every Friday for a year I got a letter from him. That first Friday in December '42, there was no letter. I thought it was just late, but almost a week went by and I hadn't heard from John. My heart sank because it was not like him to forget. Then, I got a knock on the door. I don't know why I answered it because I knew they were coming to offer their sympathies." A few more tears rolled down Irene's cheek as she reminisced, "It's been almost 32 years since he left us, but he's with me every day. See this poppy on my jacket? I wear it in honor of John. Actually, my dear, you can have this one. I'll get a new one." Irene carefully took the poppy off her jacket and pinned it on Jane's sweater. As Jane gazed at the poppy she felt so proud to honor Grampy Cole's friend John, who did so much for Canada.

### **Natalie Arsenault**

Moncton, NB • Bernice MacNaughton High School • Moncton Br. #006

Essay • Composition

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## *Honourable Mention • Mention honorable*

### **Chen, ching-ting (Melody)**

Richmond, BC • Steveston-London Secondary School •  
Richmond Br. #291

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### **Casey Xue Li O'Neill**

Belleisle Creek, NB • Unity Composite High School • Unity Br. #090

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

### **Robyn Ann Boytinck**

Fairview, AB • Saint Thomas More Catholic School •  
Fairview Br. #084

Essay • Composition

### **Autumn Della Grace Bennett**

Monastery, NS • École acadienne de Pomquet • Arras Br. #059

Poem • Poème

# Junior Junior



## Vince Ropitini

Medicine Hat, AB · St. Michael's School · Robertson Memorial Br. #017  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### *You didn't know me!*

You didn't know me,  
But I gave my life for you,  
I stood on the frontlines of battle,  
To stand for what I felt was true.

You didn't know me,  
But I never made it home,  
I left my wife and children,  
To live a life alone.

You didn't know me,  
But I think you're a lot like me,  
Today you live in a country,  
That stands strong and free.

You didn't know me,  
But all I ask is for you remember,  
Remember me every day,  
And not just the 11<sup>th</sup> of November

You didn't know me,  
But our blood is of one,  
You didn't know me,  
My precious grandson

You didn't know me,  
But I gave my life for you,  
May *your* children live,  
In peace and harmony too  
Then I will know my life had worth,  
Even though, you didn't know me...



## Angel Qiu

Vancouver, BC · Crofton House School · Kerrisdale Br. #030  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

## Navin Dosanjh

Surrey, BC  
Southridge Junior School  
White Rock Br. #008  
Poem • Poème

# *First Place • Première Place*

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## Remembering Grandpa's War

On Remembrance Day I always think of my grandfather, Peter Milner. As a young man, he fought in world war two as a navigator in a Lancaster bomber. The war was a difficult time, but my grandfather is proud to have served.

My grandfather was only nineteen when he signed up at Bomber Command in the Royal Air Force and was sent to Winnipeg, Manitoba for flight training. He wanted to be a pilot but because of his love of maps and his skill in reading them, he became a navigator. When he returned to England he flew many missions over Germany.

His job was difficult because concentrating through all the noise and commotion in the plane and arriving at the target at the exact time was very challenging. Those weren't the most difficult parts, though. Times got harder when fellow crewmen were killed. Grandpa narrowly avoided death when he was attacked by a German fighter plane. He was shot in the leg and wounded very badly.

Not all times were bad for my grandpa. He made strong, lifelong friendships and had good times with his crew. He missed my grandmother (who worked in a drawing office) and only saw her when he was visiting on leave. They were a very young couple back then. They were married in 1948 and they are still together today.

My grandpa is not comfortable with being called a hero. He says he only did what millions of others did: defend his country against the threat of Hitler's Nazis. He doesn't celebrate war, but he supports all the men and women who sacrifice themselves to defend others. He is pleased that we remember the people who died in world war one and two and all the people who are dying for their countries right now. My grandpa is proud that he served in world war two, and I am proud of him too. He doesn't believe he's a hero, but I do.

### **Frances Milner**

Peterborough, ON  
Edmison Heights Public School  
Peterborough Br. #052  
**Essay • Composition**



# Junior Junior

## War Is Not A Video Game

War isn't a video game,  
You don't get three lives.  
You'll be lucky if you  
Make it home alive.

Flags don't give you life,  
You don't just reappear,  
You can't make peace by running,  
It's men you shoot, not deer.

You can't just pause the war,  
You can't just save and run.  
Tanks don't come out of games,  
You don't get to use a toy gun.

If war got sucked into a video game  
Peace would come again.  
If war continues soon it might be  
Robots vs men.

### Phillip Sevigny

Cowansville, QC  
Heroes' Memorial School  
Cowansville Br. #099

Poem • Poème



### Kaela Whittingham

Aurora, ON · Aurora Montessori School · Col Fred Tilston V C Br. #385

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



### Marion Hofer

Holden, AB · Holden Colony School · Tofield Br. #091

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

# *Second Place · Deuxième Place*

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## Je me souviens

Le jour du souvenir, je me souviendrai toujours des vétérans qui se sont battus pour nous, autant ceux qui sont morts que ceux qui sont vivants.

Toutes les actions de ces héros vont rester graver dans mon cœur. Aussi, à cause de vous, nous avons un petit peu de paix dans la vie.

Même si vous êtes mort ou vivants, il y aura toujours quelqu'un qui se souviendra de vous.

Si petite soit votre participation ou votre implication, le résultat pourrait faire in gros changement dans notre vie.

À cause de vous maintenant, toute le monde va prendre la relève et va essayer de changer quelque choses dans le monde.

Si jamais je vois quelqu'un qui ne connaît pas votre histoire, j'aurai du plaisir à leur raconter et à leur dire tous les talents que vous aviez.

Tout le monde est spécial mais vous vous êtes exceptionnel. Je ne sais pas comment vous dire merci, mais j'apprécie beaucoup ce que vous avez fait.

### **Jasmine Poirier**

Hemmingford, QC · École Saint-Romain · Hemmingford Br. #244  
Essay • Composition

# *Honourable Mention · Mention honorable*

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### **Vicky Chen**

Surrey, BC · Erma Stephenson Elementary ·  
New Westminister Br. #002  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

### **Desirée Boulter**

Bruce Mines, ON · Johnson Tarbutt Central Public School ·  
Bruce Mines Br. #211  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

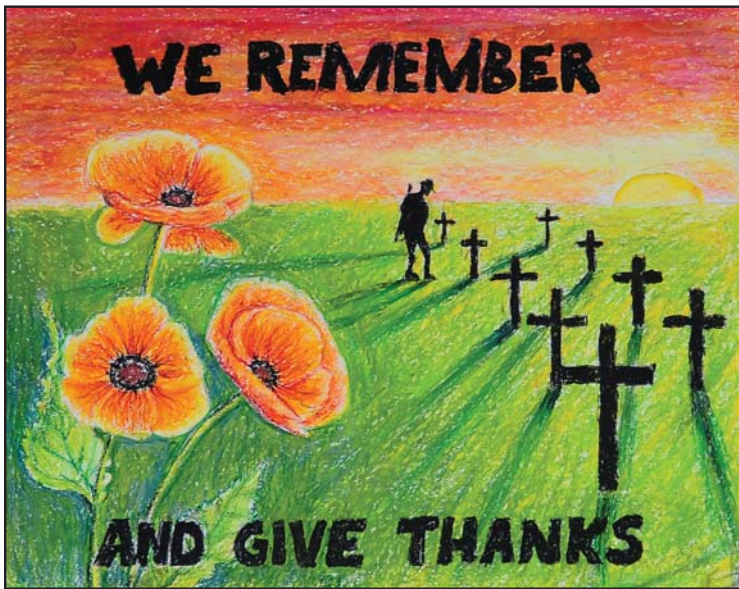
### **Tyler Smith**

Ellerslie PE · Ellerslie Consolidated Elementary School ·  
Ellerslie Br. #022  
Essay • Composition

### **Amber Thiessen**

Maryfield, SK · Maryfield School · Wawota Br. #113  
Poem • Poème

## *First Place • Première Place*



### **Joseph Brink**

Brampton, ON • Home School •  
Major William Dwight Sharpe Br. #015  
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

**Joseph Brink**  
Brampton, ON • Home School •  
Major William Dwight Sharpe Br. #015  
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

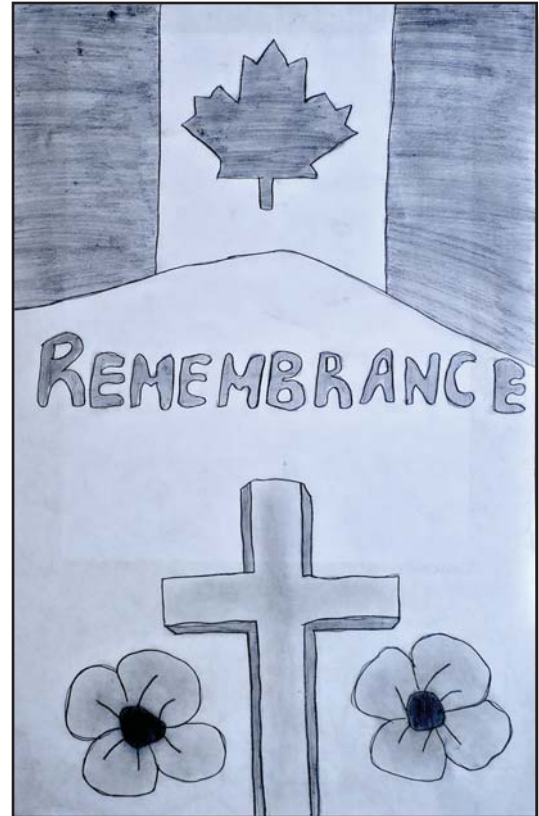


# *Second Place · Deuxième Place*



**Ida Yang**

Surrey, BC · Hazelgrove Elementary School · Cloverdale Br. #006  
Colour Poster · Affiche en couleur



**Jessica Hofer**

Holden, AB · Holden Colony School · Tofield Br. #091  
Black & White Poster · Affiche en noir et blanc

## *Honourable Mention* *Mention honorable*

**Samantha Schurman**

Kensington, PE · Queen Elizabeth Elementary School ·  
Lt. Col. E.W. Johnstone Br. #009  
Colour Poster · Affiche en couleur

**Dahlia Maendel**

Pilot Mound, MB · Windy Bay Colony School · Pilot Mound Br. #062  
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](http://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 lequel 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 divisé en catégories: le concours d'affiche en a quatre (Primaire – jardin d'enfants, 1, 2 et 3<sup>ème</sup> années; Junior - 4, 5 et 6<sup>ème</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9<sup>ème</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ème</sup> années). Le concours littéraire en a trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6<sup>ème</sup> années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 and 9<sup>ème</sup> années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12<sup>ème</sup> 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<sup>ème</sup> 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](http://Legion.ca).

Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.

