

Winners 2014

Poster and Literary Contests

Posters, Essays, Poems

Affiches, Compositions, Poèmes

Concours d’Affiches et Littéraire

Gagnants 2014



Legion 



1-888-556-6222 · legion.ca

The Lucky Ones

6am; Our alarms go off, we're up for the day
I get ready for school, you gear up for another long day of work.
I ride the bus, you ride in a tank, both to a place we'd rather not be.
However, the hardest part of my morning is not falling asleep in math,
The hardest part of your morning is making sure you go home in one piece.

We're told to stop talking,
You're told to get down and take cover.
Our days so different, yet we're the same.
Just people doing what they got to do,
Looking forward to going home.

This all repeats day after day, until one day we're called out of class.
You and your fellow soldiers march in.
We both listen to the readings,
We both hear the songs.
We both stand as the Last Post is played proudly.

As we take a moment of silence, your mind flashes to the battlefield,
Mine to the pictures in my history book.
Gunshots, shouting, you're on that battlefield,
I'm in a crowded gym listening to the sound of silence.
I don't feel the explosions nearby, I don't have a gun in my hands,
I'm a student in a school with an armful of books.

The silence goes on and you're still on that battlefield.
I'm still in that gym, trying to feel something, anything,
Absolutely nothing.

I may not be able to relate, but I still bow my head
For that moment of silence to remember those
Who didn't make it home that day, who won't see their families again.

An education, a safe home, I'm one of the lucky ones.
A family, no more gunfire, you're one of the lucky ones.

In this moment, we're finally the same.
We're here, we're alive, we are the lucky ones.

Sarah Jessica Butler

Torbay, NL · Holy Trinity High School · Portugal Cove Br. #010
Poem • Poème



Joo Hee Chung

Langley, BC · R.E. Mountain Secondary School · Langley Br. #021
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Darynn Bednarczyk

Cranbrook, BC · Mount Baker Secondary School · Cranbrook Br. #024
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



First Place • Première Place

Two Minutes

Two minutes of silence is all we have to remember the fallen. I look up and see the veterans. The medals on their uniforms gleam in the sunlight. The call for the two minute silence was made. As their heads hung, their faces reveal sorrow from the memories of the war, however there's also a glimpse of strength, pride and relief. I turn my head to the left and see a row of brightly coloured poppies pinned onto the shirts of those I see. For most of us kids it was unnatural to be in such a quiet setting, but once I closed my eyes I began to dwell into the mindset of why we remember. It was here when I realize that there was more to this silence than simply trying to remember soldiers, nurses and others who participated meet horrific ends.

These two minutes allow us to think deeply. War was able to destroy lives of so many families and innocent people, but it wasn't able to destroy the hope that clinged within them, the action to carry on nor the ability to ever say our county "will never win." It is this significance that marks an important feeling in our hearts. The reason we have silence is to mark the end of war. We remember more than lost lives within two minutes. We reflect on what the soldiers were fighting for, how they chose to enter darkness in order to give us light. Their harsh conditions brought us all comfort and freedom, their struggles on the battlefield is what gave us a strong country, their lives were given to let our children move on and start life at a better place.

It seemed as if the whole place fell still, frozen in time. This moment is when we all put aside our boundaries such as gender, religion and class to unite in remembrance. The silence breaks with a strong sound coming from a trumpet as it plays the song "The Fallen." Afterwards the ceremony concludes with speeches and then a last march accompanied by bagpipes. I noticed tears spring from a veteran's eyes. It filled me with just as much sadness. I couldn't imagine the pain and sorrow it must have been to watch comrades die in front of your eyes or to know that you couldn't see the faces of your loved ones ever again. After all I was just a kid and the idea of war was so distant. It really is admirable when you think about it, these people were just neighbours and good citizens, yet they had the courage to fight in war and leave their homes to protect the future of their country and generations. To me that deserves a huge recognition and award. I walked over to the veteran and plainly replied, "thank you for your service and God bless you all for what you did." I know that words can't truly express the debt that we owe them but it still felt right to show this person how grateful I was for his and all the fellows veterans services.

Remembrance day, it comes only once a year, but on this one day the heart of the ceremony comes from the silence. It gives us some understanding about war and the effects of sacrifice, a lesson seldomly seen and also a lesson that can never be truly grasped from books. We recognize the efforts of mere strangers who placed themselves either at land or sea to make sure that we're given the opportunities that we have today. This gives us an infinite way of honouring, respecting and giving our thanks to these soldiers. I stand taller, walk prouder and feel confident that I am a Canadian. What's great is that I've learned most of this through silence, a two minute silence.

Hareem Masroor

Nanaimo, BC · Dover Bay Secondary School · Seaview Centennial Br. #257

Essay • Composition



Senior Senior

Memories fade as years go past
Yet the things they've done will always last
We are free, and yet we have forgotten
Freedom is never free

They fought for our rights and for democracy
They fought for peace so we could live in harmony
They fought for you and they fought for me
We must not forget
Freedom is never free

We take it all for granted
A good night's sleep of peace
While soldiers lie and weep
Not knowing if they will see the sun rise
Haunted by the ghostly cries of those who died
Why don't we realize
Freedom is never free

A mother who doesn't know what her son has
gone through
A father whose daughter he never sees
They've given up so many days,
Day that we just throw away
Time is valuable and it cannot be replaced
Freedom is never free

It's our choice to make
Our decision decides our fate
To speak out for those without a voice
To give freedom to those who don't have a choice
Freedom is never free

Alice Grier Guimond

Woodmore, MB ·
Roseau Valley School ·
Roseau Valley Br. #160
Poem • Poème



Srinidhi Shaw

Hamilton, ON · Westdale Secondary School · Valley City Br. #036
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Naomi Wang

Cornwall, ON · École Secondaire Catholique La Citadelle ·
John McMartin Memorial Br. #297
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Nanako Emori

Banff, AB · Banff Community High School ·
Colonel Moore Br. #026
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Keisha Collins

Eastport, NL · Jane Collins Academy · Eastport Br. #041
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Bessie McNary

Hazlet, SK · Hazlet School · Hazlet Br. #202
Essay • Composition

Kailey Marie Kralkay

Quill Lake SK · Quill Lake School · Quill Lake Br. #037
Poem • Poème

Second Place • Deuxième Place

Take Time to Remember

Many people say that forms of writing can change lives, whether they are song lyrics or a story. As a writer, I know that some things can make you feel better, getting things off your chest or blurting out your feelings. Listening to stories gives you a realization of things that have happened. Listening to two very special veterans and reading the things they have been through gave me a new outlook on everything I do. It has proven to me that there is a reason to remember and a reason why many men fought to give us the freedom we have today.

Walter Russell, a proud member of the British Navy believed strongly in peace, freedom and justice. Being the great grand-daughter of this amazing individual, I'm proud to reflect on the memories I was so lucky to be able to create with him. As a member of the Navy, he stood proud and strong. While on the SS Avenger, a British aircraft carrier, he stood even stronger. In 1942, the ship was torpedoed leaving its passengers shipwrecked and stranded in the ocean, living on nothing but hope for days at a time. Out of the five hundred plus crew members on the ship, this strong man was one of the few survivors, but the only surviving Newfoundlander. Lewis Jones, my great uncle, who I only met this past summer walks tall and strong holding his head high after fighting in the Korean War with the Canadian Army. Fighting in Korea on rugged, swampy ground, Lew was one of the dedicated men to help change the world. Hearing the life-changing things my great uncle has shared about the war changed my outlook on life. Because of being lucky enough to meet these two men, I discovered the true meaning of a hero. Hearing the horrifying stories and memories made at war, I remember my grandfather and great uncle in a very special way, along with the many more veterans of the war.

To me, remembering these strong, brave people is very important. It is because of people like the men of my family we live the life we do. On days like Remembrance Day we dedicate our thoughts and emotions to the soldier; to reflect on things like dignity, the time when the toughest man sheds a tear with no shame. We take the day to honor the lives of men who will never forget the battles. Veterans take the time to honor and remember the pain of losing a friend, a family member, or just another ordinary man who began to grow on them as they took on the world together. We use this day to try and make sense of the deaths, but we always relive the wars by the things we've seen, read or heard. We keep in mind the tragedy of the World Wars Remembering these heroic people and the sacrifices they've made, we reflect on outsiders who were tangled up in the conflict and those who fought and lost their lives to learn. By learning, we realize the suffering made by many. We learn to avoid such devastating things happening in the future.

Growing up in a family of men who served in the Blue Puttees, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, the British Navy and the Canadian Army made me realize why so many people sacrificed their own lives. Having a passion for freedom, peace and justice, these men took it upon themselves to fight for us. The men and women who fight in these wars have strong patriotism. In my eyes, the veterans are not ordinary humans; they are the ones who protect what they love. The reason why many men and women sacrifice their lives every day is you. It is because of the freedom, justice and peace in the country, because without it people like us wouldn't be who we are. Veterans have never taken for granted the freedoms which we have today. To this day, the member of my family who fought in the Korean War with the Canadian Army still believes that peace, freedom and justice are the three main things we need. Men and women of all ages still continue to fight for the peace, harmony and human rights in our world.

My heroes didn't wear capes or fight crimes in cities. My heroes are two small town men, from Gander, Newfoundland: Walter Russell and Lewis Jones. Because of these two men I've learned a lot about life, war and why we remember and why people sacrifice their lives but most importantly, I've learned the true definition of a hero.

Cassandra Slade

Carbonear, NL • Carbonear Collegiate • Carbonear Br. #023

Essay • Composition

Intermediaire Intermédiaire

I REMEMBER...

I remember the fear in my best friend's eyes, guns firing at our troops.
I saw him cringe as the bullet tore through his body and he fell to the ground.
My vision blurred with disbelieving tears as I fell to my knees by his side.
I looked into his eyes, but they didn't look the same.
The eyes of death – that's what they were.

I remember the natural scent in the air
It should have reminded me of my childhood.
The smell of trees, pine and fresh air
But this scent was different.
It was full of smoke, mixed with my best friend's last breath.
The smell of death – that's what it was.

I remember the gunfire and the screams,
Shattering the silence of my slow motion moment.
Hearing my friend gasping for air until he took his final breath
A faint chirping, just like Sunday morning birds,
But it didn't sound the same.
The sound of death – that's what it was.

I remember touching my friend's cold hands and forehead,
My hands disappearing into a cold muddy ground.
The morning dew soaking my uniform
And slow tears rolling down my face.
I remember carrying the body of a man who used to be my best friend
Wishing someone would shoot me.
But he was heavy ... he didn't feel the same.
The weight of death – that's what it was.

I remember tasting the tears rolling down my face,
The mud seeping through my lips.
The rain falling from the sky like water from a tap.
I remember tasting food at his funeral,
Food that should have been savoury, mouth-watering.
But it didn't taste like anything.
The taste of death – that's what it was.

Jordan Pomeroy

Placentia, NL ·
Laval High School ·
Dr. Wm. Collingwood Br. #033
Poem • Poème



Mary Mao

Coquitlam, BC · Gleneagle Secondary School ·
Port Moody Br. #119
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Christine Devine

East York (Toronto) ON · Notre Dame High School ·
Baron Byng Beaches Br. #001
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



First Place • Première Place

The Gift of Freedom

I close my eyes; I seem to break through the bounds of time and space. I travel back to a distant battlefield. In this dark and cruel land many noble soldiers are fighting and losing their lives for a great cause. I sit in a trench, surrounded by the carnage of battle. The hastily dug ground is muddy and uneven. The sound of gunfire slices through the putrid air. Bullets fly past me and only luck keeps them from penetrating my flesh. I hear the harsh cries of others who have not shared in my same fortune. I look into the distance, a dense fog obscuring my vision, hiding unknown terrors. An explosion shakes the earth and I am violently flung backward.

Suddenly, the scene before me shifts. I stand outside a small farmhouse where a man returns to his family after fighting WWII. I can feel his anxiety and bittersweet feelings as he walks down the path leading to the door. He is filled with joy to return to his family, but still he knows that things will never be as they were before. As he walks towards the door he thinks of how being in battle has changed him and not for the better. His once handsome face has been hardened and thick worry lines stretch across his forehead. In the time he was gone he was forced to suddenly grow up. Whenever he closes his eyes images of past horrors torment him. Never will he have the same carefree life that he had before he left for war. His experiences are like scars that will never fade. As he takes the last steps towards the front door he is thinks of his comrades that will never return home. He reaches the door and knocks firmly on it. The noise reverberates throughout the small house. I listen as soft footsteps approach the door.

Just as the door is opening the scene before me changes. I am now in graveyard. Rows of crosses stretch into the distance for thousands of miles. I glance at the tombstones and images of fallen soldiers flicker in front of my vision. These men had so much promise, all with bright futures that were unfairly snatched away by their premature deaths. I cannot fathom the pain their family members feel. They hoped and prayed for their loved ones safe return, all of their wishes in vain.

Abruptly I venture back to reality. I think of the sacrifices the soldiers have made for our freedom. They gave their lives for this cause. How could I repay them for such a sacrifice? How can I show my appreciation for the work they have done? How can wearing a poppy or sharing in a moment of silence compare to what the soldiers sacrificed? We must remember to always value the gift they gave us. A gift that we can never hope to repay, a gift with unimaginable value: the gift of freedom.

Rachel Cey

Wilkie, SK • McLurg High School • Wilkie & District Br. #139

Essay • Composition



Intermediaire Intermédiaire

Freedom's Cost

What is the cost,
For all of our rights?
Schooling, working,
Calm and peaceful nights.
We need to remember
Those who died.
Who gave us freedom,
In exchange for their lives.
Not only these people,
But those who are fighting still.
Who all pray to come home
If it be God's will.
Fighting for our country
In what can only be hell,
No matter what the outcome is,
Never again will they be well.
Minds and bodies battered,
For they are shown no mercy,
Nothing must sway them,
For their mission is victory.
So it is today that we thank them,
For sacrificing their lives,
And giving us freedom,
For us to survive.

Jordan Marie Florence Jacobs

Rockglen, SK · Rockglen School · Assiniboia Br. #017
Poem • Poème

Marina Gampe

Unity, SK · Unity Composite High School · Unity Br. #090
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



Sarah Cheyenne Feener

Grand Falls, NL · Exploits Valley Intermediate · Grand Falls Br. #012
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Second Place • Deuxième Place

Remember

Remembering is not easy, and it shouldn't be. I have been through twelve remembrance days, some I was too young to understand, but twelve years nonetheless. I still have so much more to learn about remembering. It is easy to pretend, to think about the facts and say you remember, but it is harder to actually do. We will never understand what our Veterans went through, but it is important that we try so we can appreciate what they did. I believe I have only felt remembrance of this act and war four times in my life.

The first time, I was maybe nine or ten and I asked my grandfather, a Veteran, about the war. While I should've understood that the question would bring pain to him, I asked him anyway. He told me about storming the beaches of Normandy, and his friend being shot down beside him. I don't remember his words, but I remember looking at his face and seeing sadness. I understood what I was feeling.

He died two years ago. I was about to leave for school and my mom told me. I had known that he would die soon because he was in his nineties and had poor health. On the short walk to school I thought about him, not about what he had done for our country or how lucky we are he survived, because I had already thought about that while he was alive; I just did not understand the pain of war until he died. I thought about how my grandfather was not here anymore. When I got to school, I cried. That day, I truly remembered.

Recently, I read an essay my grandfather wrote after he fought. I believe that was the third time in my twelve years that I remembered. It made me think deeply about what had happened and it put a picture in my mind that was filled with terror. I could imagine a part of what those soldiers gave up.

"I find it hard to express my feelings when I first saw one of my friends shot down beside me. To my surprise, I did not hate the man that killed him; instead I had realization of utter callousness of war. Man destroying man not because they really hated one another but because they were ordered to."

Basil Robinson 1947

I remembered on November 8th, at my school's Remembrance Day assembly. I thought of my grandfather and I was grateful for his and other's sacrifices. I cried, because I truly remembered what he had done. While I do not have much to cry about in my life, I was crying for the pain of others. I cannot begin to imagine what they went through. I will honour them by remembering. I will not forget.

Kate Reilly

Richmond, BC • Alfred B. Dixon Elementary School • Richmond Br. #291

Essay • Composition

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Charissa Alana Teal

Hagersville, ON • Walpole North Elementary School •
Hagersville Br. #164

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Brianna Cruse

St. Albert, AB • Vincent J. Maloney Jr. High School •
St. Albert Br. #271

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Veronica MacDonald

Goshen, NS • Dr. John Hugh Gillis Regional High School •
Arras Br. #059

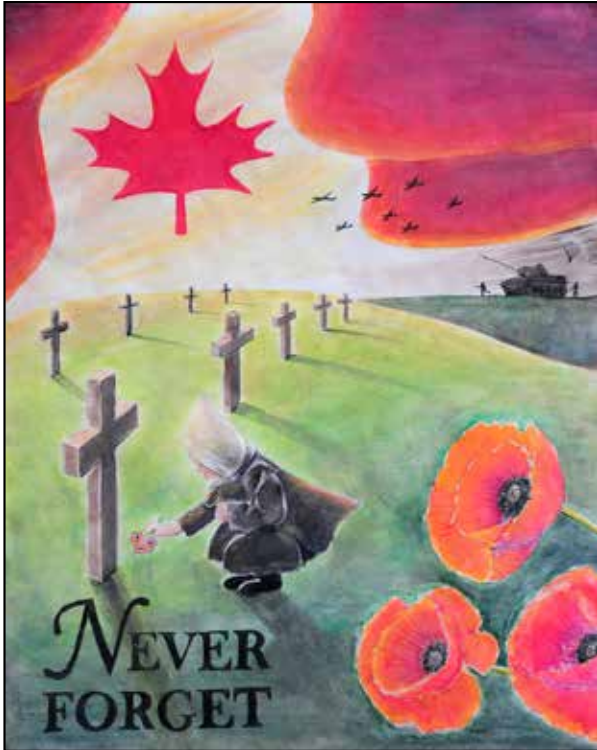
Essay • Composition

Houda Shafique

Longueuil, QC • Centennial Regional High School •
Greenfield Park Br. #094

Poem • Poème

Junior Junior



Anneke Joy Brink

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

I Hold Your Hope

I hold your hope within my heart
I fight my fear, I fight the dark

Moments now from the unknown
Shoulder to shoulder, I am not alone

I hold your hope within my heart
I fight my fear, I fight the dark

It happens now, what all men fear
Do not forget what brought us here

I hold your hope within my heart
I fight my fear, I fight the dark

I do not know your time, your place
You do not know my life, my face

But we are linked by what you do
Do not forget, please follow through

I hold your hope within my heart
I fought my fear, I met the dark



Trista Bering

Kingsville, ON · Kingsville Public School · Lt. Col. K Jaspersen Br. #188
Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Roman Javorek

Kentville, NS ·
Northeast Kings Education Centre ·
Habitant Br. #073
Poem • Poème

First Place • Première Place

The History of Remembrance Day

I am extremely interested in Remembrance Day and all the history around this special day. I decided to do some research on my mother's side of the family. I found some information that I think is really amazing.

My great, great grandfather Wilbur MacRae left his home and family in his early twenties to fight for our country. He fought in World War 2 and survived until the end. He was in charge of the North Shore Regiment in New Brunswick. He was a regimental sergeant major and was given many medals for bravery. He was also mentioned in a book entitled "Scarlet Dawn". Three days after the war ended he was killed while driving a jeep over a land mine. He left his family and my Gram without a dad.

I also discovered that John MacRae who wrote the very touching poem in Flanders Field is my great, great, great uncle. This makes me feel honored. When I wear a poppy I will always remember his poem.

On this day it is important for people of all ages to be thankful for the veterans who fought for our freedom. I am so grateful that my great, great grandfather risked his life to help others. I feel proud that I am safe and that he is a part of my family. I hope someday war will be over and people of all ages and cultures will have peace in their lives.

Lauren Gatto

Elmsdale, NS • Elmsdale District School • Elmsdale Br. #048

Essay • Composition



“Where My Hero Lies”

*There is a place, a special place
With graves for those who've died
And in this place there is a spot
Where my hero lies.*

*My hero was a brave man
Who never ran away
He faced the pain and suffering
Through the night and day*

*My hero didn't know me
Because I wasn't even born
But he fought for years so I could live
In a place of peace not war!*

*I wish that I could thank him
For my country is now free
And each year I wear a poppy
For everyone to see*

*There is a place, a special place
With graves for those who've died
And in this place there is a spot
Where my hero lies.*

Joshua Rohde

Lumsden, SK · Clive Draycott School ·
Craik Br. #010
Poem · Poème



Shuke (Amelia) Jiang

Calgary, AB · Rideau Park School · Calgary Br. #001
Colour Poster · Affiche en couleur



Carnell Zhou

Vancouver, BC · St. George's School · Kerrisdale Br. #030
Black & White Poster · Affiche en noir et blanc

Second Place • Deuxième Place

Ne les oublions pas

Rassemblons-nous pour le jour du souvenir pour nous rappeler les gens qui sont partis de leur foyer pour aller combattre en Europe. C'est important de ne pas les oublier car en partant pour la guerre, ils se sont sacrifiés pour protéger le Canada. Si les hommes n'étaient pas allés à la guerre, nul ne sait ce qui se serait passé. Nous ne serions peut-être même pas ici?

Voilà pourquoi je trouve que c'est important de prendre une journée pour en parler et se rappeler leur courage et les sacrifices qu'ils ont faits pour nous. Ils sont partis le cœur rempli de tristesse en pensant qu'ils ne pourraient peut-être ne jamais revoir leurs enfants, leur famille et tous ceux qu'ils aimaient. Ils ont dû endurer la pluie, la neige, les orages, le froid et la faim et encore beaucoup d'autres choses, surtout la tristesse de ne pas pouvoir voir leur famille.

Tous les 11 novembre nous nous souvenons du courage que ces hommes et ces femmes ont apporté pour protéger leur famille et leur pays. Hélas, certains n'en sont jamais revenus et leur famille a dû endurer cette tristesse dans leur cœur. Tout cela pour dire que le 11 novembre, avec vos amis, votre famille, vos collègues, il est important de prendre un moment, et d'en parler.

Vincent Belzile

Fredericton, NB • École Sainte-Anne • Fredericton Br. #004

Essay • Composition

Honourable Mention • Mention honorable

Alexis Gortemaker

Lorette, MB • Immanuel Christian School •
Transcona Br. #007

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Kacey Douthwright

Southfield, NB • Sussex Middle School •
Sussex Br. #020

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Cassandra Anne Hogan

Small Point, NL • Cabot Academy •
Carbonear Br. #023

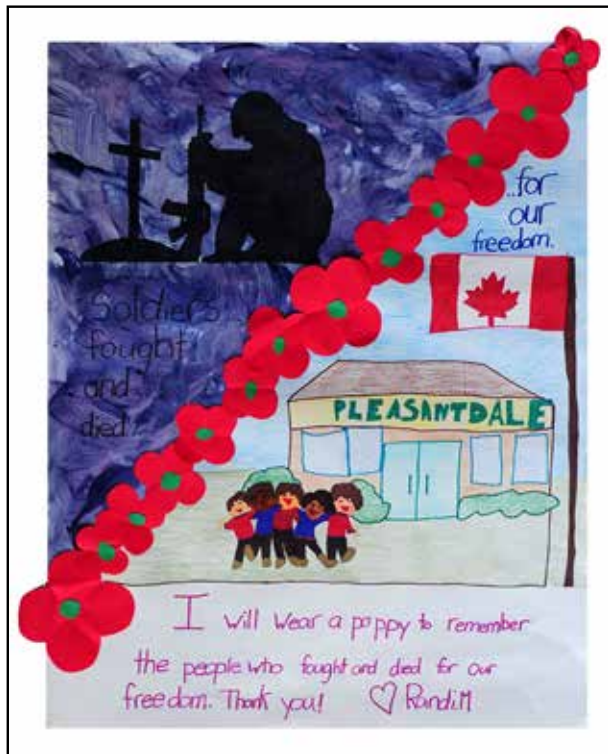
Essay • Composition

Jaden Gammon

North Tetagouche, NB • Superior Middle School •
Herman J. Good VC Br. #018

Poem • Poème

First Place • Première Place



Randi Milbrandt

Estevan, SK • Pleasantdale School • Estevan Br. #060
Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



Jessica Hofer

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

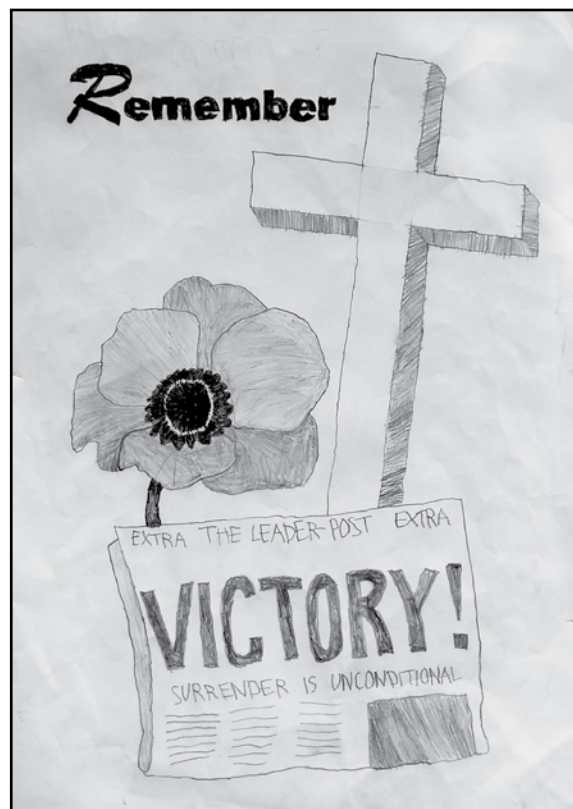
Second Place • Deuxième Place



Victoria Donna Jackson

Cole Harbour, NS · Joseph Giles Elementary School · Centennial Br. #160

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur



James Theodore Brink

Brampton, ON · Home School · Major William Dwight Sharpe Br. #015

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc

Honourable Mention *Mention honorable*

Titus Stahl

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

Colour Poster • Affiche en couleur

Madalyn Waye-Sobey

Maple Glen, NB · Croft Elementary School · Miramichi Br. #010

Black & White Poster • Affiche en noir et blanc



The Contests

For over 50 years, The Royal Canadian Legion has sponsored annual Poster and Literary Contests that are open to all students in the Canadian school system. The youths who participate in these contests assist the Legion in one of our primary goals—fostering the tradition of Remembrance amongst Canadians.

The Contests are divided into Categories: the Poster Contest has four (Primary – Kindergarten, grades 1, 2 and 3; Junior – grades 4, 5 and 6; Intermediate – grades 7, 8 and 9; and Senior – grades 10, 11 and 12) and the Literary Contest has three (Junior – grades 4, 5 and 6; Intermediate – grades 7, 8 and 9; and Senior – grades 10, 11 and 12). Initial judging takes place at the community level by volunteers at local Legion branches and the winning entries progress to judging at the Provincial level. The winning entries at this level are forwarded to Ottawa where they are judged and the National winners declared. The names and work of all the National winners are published in this booklet.

The Poster Contest has two Divisions—Colour and Black & White. The First Place entries for the four Categories from each Division are displayed at the Canadian War Museum from

June to May of the following year. The entries winning Second Place and those receiving an Honourable Mention are displayed in the foyer of the Parliament Buildings during the annual Remembrance period in November.

The Literary Contest also has two Divisions—Essays and Poems. The Senior First Place entries in each Division are also displayed at the Canadian War Museum from June to May of the following year.

The Legion also sponsors a trip to Ottawa for the Senior winners in all four Divisions (Colour Poster, Black & White Poster, Essay and Poem) to attend the National Remembrance Day Ceremony where they place a wreath on behalf of the Youth of Canada. They also have an opportunity to meet and visit with the Governor General.

Should you wish further information on the Poster and Literary Contests, please contact The Royal Canadian Legion branch nearest you or at Legion.ca.

Congratulations to all of this year's winners.

Les Concours

Depuis plus de 50 années, la Légion royale canadienne parraine des concours littéraire et d'affiche dans lesquels tous les élèves canadiens peuvent participer. Les jeunes participants et participantes aident la Légion à réaliser l'un de ses buts principaux – la promotion de la Tradition du Souvenir au sein de la population canadienne.

Les concours sont divisés en catégories: le concours d'affiche en quatre (Primaire – jardin d'enfants, 1, 2 et 3^{ième} années; Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ième} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ième} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ième} années). Le concours littéraire en trois (Junior – 4, 5 et 6^{ième} années; Intermédiaire – 7, 8 et 9^{ième} années; et Senior – 10, 11 et 12^{ième} 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^{ième} place ainsi que celles qui reçoivent une mention honorable sont exhibées dans le foyer des Édifices du Parlement durant la période annuelle du Souvenir, soit en novembre.

Le concours littéraire a aussi deux divisions – compositions et poèmes. Les soumissions gagnantes au niveau senior dans chaque division sont aussi exhibées au Musée canadien de la Guerre de juin à mai de l'année suivante.

La Légion parraine aussi un voyage à Ottawa pour gagnants et gagnantes au niveau senior dans les quatre divisions (affiche en couleur & affiche noir et blanc, composition et poème) pour assister à la Cérémonie nationale du jour du Souvenir, où ils déposent une couronne au nom de la jeunesse du Canada et ont l'occasion de rencontrer et visiter le Gouverneur général.

Si vous désirez plus d'information sur les Concours littéraire et d'affiche, veuillez communiquer avec la filiale de la Légion royale canadienne la plus près ou à Legion.ca.

Félicitations à tous les gagnants et gagnantes de cette année.

