

## Crawford Kilian / LITTLE LEGION

### *CAST*

WES THOMPSON (*Announcer*)

BARRY DUNBAR (*Commentator*)

CHARLEY GORDON (*Battlecoach*)

TOMMY ASHE (*Age 15*)

ANNOUNCER (*Commercials*)

WES: A CBC Colour and 3-D Presentation.

*"O Canada" played in march tempo by brass band; changing after a few bars to "Star-Spangled Banner"; to the background.*

*Tramp of hundreds of feet; high, adolescent voices counting cadence; to the B.G.*

WES: The 1992 Little Legion Finals! Direct from Fort Calley, California, the CBC brings you live coverage of the 1992 Championship Match between the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta, and the Marauders of Mill Valley, California. This is Wes Thompson; I'll be following the action blow by blow this afternoon. With me today is former Battlechamp Barry Dunbar now a star of the Dallas Pattons; Barry will be providing the background analysis and commentary. Good afternoon, Barry!

BARRY: Good afternoon, Wes. It's sure good to be here.

WES: It's a pleasure to have you on the show today, Barry. I guess it must really bring back the old nostalgia to be watching the fracas today.

BARRY: It sure does, Wes. Seems like just the other day I was out there in the field with the Vancouver Raiders.

WES: That was almost ten years ago, wasn't it, Barry?

BARRY: Yes it was, Wes. We took on the Yonkers Yankees in the 1983 Little Legion Finals.

WES: Y'know, Barry, a lot of battle buffs still think we were robbed on that one, that the Raiders should have won it.

BARRY: Well, I wish we had, but the Yankees were the better team and they just plain outfought us, Wes. Think about the kids on that team who went on to become stars in the big leagues — Berkowitz, O'Reilly, Schultz, Settembrini, Garcia. There were some very talented troopers up against us.

WES: Well, you sure have the real sportsmanlike attitude of a true trooper, Barry. Tell me, how do you think today's skirmish will turn out?

BARRY: Uh, maybe I better begin by telling our viewers a little about this year's setup, Wes.

WES: Good idea.

BARRY: Well, it's being fought on the Normandy Range here at Fort Calley. The Range is about four square miles in area, and looks just like Normandy, in northern Europe, just like Normandy did in 1944 when the Allies invaded. As you can see, there's hedgerows and little villages and narrow roads and streams. The whole place is monitored by remote TV, and of course the people watching the battle on TV or EH will see it all live.

WES: This is the first year we've had live EH for the Little Legion Finals. Tell me, Barry, is it really like being right on the battlefield?

BARRY: Watching a battle by Electronic Hallucination is very lifelike, Wes, especially since we've had hallucinations in colour. The only trouble with it, in my opinion, is the fact that you still can't get any commentary to tell you what's going on, and you can't control the hallucination.

WES: So you find yourself seemingly jumping from place to place eh?

BARRY: That's right, Wes. If you know a lot about battles, EH is fine; you can figure out for yourself just what's going on. Otherwise, stick to TV.

WES: (*chuckling*) And save the money it costs to have an EH antenna implanted in your brain!

BARRY: Yes, they are pretty expensive.

WES: Well, Barry, tell our listeners some more about today's match.

BARRY: I'll be glad to, Wes. The big new innovation this year is the use of laser weapons.

WES: But isn't that dangerous? Lasers inflicted — oh, lots of casualties in the big leagues this season.

BARRY: Ah! These lasers don't pack that kind of punch, Wes. They'll give you a second-degree burn if they hit unprotected skin, but the kids are all wearing gloves and face masks as well as uniforms.

WES: Now, Barry, formerly the teams have used rubber bullets, and you could always tell a hit because the kid usually fell down. How do you tell a hit with these lasers?

BARRY: It's pretty simple, but it's also pretty spectacular and realistic. The kids' uniforms are treated with a resin compound that ignites for a second or two when a laser beam strikes it. So you get this little puff of flame or smoke, and a kind of bang —

WES: Sort of like logs crackling in a fire?

BARRY: Yeah, that's just what it sounds like. So the beam makes a hole in the fabric, maybe the size of a quarter. And the beam is strong enough to knock the kid over unless he's really braced for it.

WES: Sounds really great — a real improvement over the rubber bullets.

BARRY: I think so too, Wes.

*Wailing siren in distance.*

WES: Uh-oh — there's the siren announcing the start of the battle. The Mill Valley Marauders won the toss this morning and their Colonel, Larry Gwynne, elected to defend; so they're dug in somewhere on the Normandy Range, and the Canadian boys will have to seek them out and try to seize their positions. Two hundred and twelve Marauders, waiting for two hundred and twenty-one Howling Highlanders from Wapiti, Alberta. Armed with the laser equivalents of rifles, pistols, and machine-guns. This is the moment they've trained for and fought for — the 1992 Little Legion Championship Match. On our TV monitors, we can see the whole of Normandy Range spread out before us: rows of dense hedges, village rooftops with the occasional church spire, clumps of woods, open meadows. Off to the east, you can also see the edge of Mekong Delta Range, where the Match was held last year. And off to the west is the famous Vimy Range, where we've watched so many great Little Legion shootups.

*Distant, musical noises — zing, zing, zing-pop! — to the B.G.*

BARRY: The Highlanders have entered the Range from the east, Wes, and it sounds as if they've already contacted the Marauders.

WES: That's a bit unusual, isn't it, Barry — an entry from the east?

BARRY: Yes it is. From the east, you have to cross a fairly wide stream and then get up a steep bank before you reach cover.

WES: So the Highlanders are risking some casualties, eh?

BARRY: Yes, they've lost a few already, but the Marauders were surprised by this tactic and the initiative I'd say was with the Highlanders.

WES: I'd say so too, Barry. Well, the Highlanders are across the stream and moving slowly through a patch of woods; they're spread out, moving low and slow; not meeting much resistance now; they're on the edge of a meadow, about three hundred meters east of a farmhouse. Think we'll see a firefight there, Barry?

BARRY: I'm sure of it, Wes. I've fought on this range several times, and that farmhouse is always important. If the Highlanders don't take it, they'll have to move south with their right flank exposed to enfilading fire from the farmhouse and the outbuildings.

*Barrage of zing-pops.*

WES: (*shouting over the noise*) Boy, the Highlanders are really pouring it on! The lasers are knocking the plaster right off the walls of the farmhouse! There's some return fire — that upstairs window — oh my goodness, did you see that! About ten laser beams hit that machine-gunner at the same time!

*Yells and cheers.*

BARRY: It's an all-out frontal assault, Wes. The Highlanders are advancing across the meadow with good covering fire.

WES: That looks like the Highlanders' commander, Tommy Ashe, leading the charge. Yep — Colonel Tommy Ashe, fifteen years old just last week and already a real veteran.

BARRY: If his boys win this one, Wes, Tommy is sure to win the title of Battlechamp.

WES: He certainly deserves it, doesn't he, Barry? My goodness, after the way he led the Highlanders in the semi-finals, he looks like real big-league material.

BARRY: I agree, Wes. The National Combat League already has him under contract —

WES: They've taken the farmhouse! The Highlanders have taken the farmhouse! There are a few Marauders still holding out in the barn, but — they're coming out behind a white flag! The Canadian team has gained a real tactical advantage over the Mill Valley Marauders of California.

BARRY: That was a very typical, gutsy kind of move by Tommy Ashe, Wes. He likes those kind of sledgehammer assaults.

WES: Well, when it gets results like that, who wouldn't eh? So, just a few minutes into the Little Legion final, the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta, have scored heavily against their American opponents.

*Shrill beeping; fade out.*

WES: And here's the first bodycount of this afternoon's scrimmage, as tallied by the official Omnidata 2200 computer: the Marauders have lost 16 dead and 21 wounded, and the Highlanders are down 25 dead and 20 wounded. But the Marauders have given up 23 prisoners in this first major action, including three officers. So they're not as well off as the bodycount might indicate. Now here's the tally on genuine casualties: no fatalities so far, but two Highlanders are out of the game with serious laser burns.

BARRY: Those lasers can really sting Wes.

WES: Sure can — and they make a mighty spectacular puff of fire and smoke when they hit those resin-soaked uniforms, as our viewers have undoubtedly noticed. Now the Highlanders are regrouping, getting ready to move west against Village Blue or Village Red — the most likely strong points for the defending Marauders. We'll rejoin the action after this message.

*Military march; to the B.G.*

ANNOUNCER: How do the top fighters of the Little Legion keep their stamina through the long, gruelling campaign up to the finals?

*Rifle and artillery fire; to the B.G.*

ANNOUNCER: Where do the Battlechamps find that last spurt of energy that means victory? In Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews!

*Fanfare.*

ANNOUNCER: Yes, every tasty Coca-Bar, and every tangy Coca-Chew, contains a miracle ingredient, long the secret of the Peruvian wizards of the Andes: coca, the endurance builder! Plus peanuts, caramel, and synthetic chocolate in Coca-Bars, and the finest plastic in Coca-Chew, in 17 great flavours!

*Rifle and artillery fire; to the B.G.*

ANNOUNCER: So, when you're up against a tough enemy, and every shot counts — count on Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews for that last spurt of energy that means victory! Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews!

*Rifles and artillery up and out.*

*Sporadic zinging; to the B.G.*

WES: Well, the Highlanders are on the outskirts of Village Blue, Barry, and they're meeting only light resistance so far. But we can see what the Highlanders can't — the Marauders are dug in very strongly on three sides of the village square, and they're obviously hoping to lure the Highlanders into an ambush.

BARRY: It's a risky gamble, Wes. Tommy Ashe and his officers are veterans and they're likely to smell a rat in the light resistance they're meeting. He might be sucked into the village square, but more likely he'll send his men around to the far side of the village and come in from that side.

WES: Sounds sensible, Barry, but the Highlanders still don't know whether or not the Marauders are there in strength; and if they go around, they'll be exposed to fire from Village Red, only five hundred meters away.

BARRY: That's true, Wes, but it's just one of the gambles a Little Legion commander has to take.

*Zinging.*



WES: The Marauders are giving ground fairly quickly, now. From the Highlanders' point of view, it must look as if they've run into a light holding force, just a squad or two, which would mean that the main Marauder force was in Village Red.

BARRY: The Tulsa Comanches used the same tactic very successfully against the Havana Guerillas in the 1989 Finals, Wes. But Tommy Ashe must know that, too.

WES: It's a real battle of wits between the two commanders — Larry Gwynne of Mill Valley and Tommy Ashe of Wapiti, Alberta, both 15, both veterans with plenty of combat savvy. They're — oh-oh! It looks like — yes, Tommy Ashe is ordering his troops into Village Blue, directly into Village Blue! He's not going around — he's taking his men straight through, which means he'll be walking straight into the Marauders' ambush in the village square! The Highlanders are moving cautiously, dashing from door to door down the village's main east-west street. They don't seem to suspect that Larry Gwynne's troops are in the buildings around three sides of the village square — the church, the bank and post office, and the school. Every square foot of that square is in the sights of a laser-beam rifle or machine gun.

BARRY: It looks bad for Canada, Wes. Sometimes, under pressure like this, it's easy to make a bad decision. The Marauders know what they're doing. See there — the squad that's been resisting the advance is retreating toward Village Red, just as if they were rejoining their main force. It's a well-planned trap, obviously.

WES: But it's pretty surprising, since we haven't seen the Marauders use such tactics in the semifinals.

BARRY: No, Wes, they were saving this up for the finals.

WES: Well, it looks pretty serious. Right now some thirty-two million Canadians must be agonizing in front of their TV sets, wishing they could somehow warn Tommy Ashe of the trap he and his boys are heading into. Well, it'll be a few minutes before the Highlanders reach the square, and we've got their coach, Charley Gordon, on the videophone. Perhaps he can offer some comments on the action so far. Hi, Charley.

GORDON: Hi, Wes, Hi, Barry.



WES: Charley, we've been startled at this amazing decision by Tommy Ashe to move straight into Village Blue. Does he know something we don't know?

GORDON: Well, I can't really say, Wes. Tommy isn't always completely at home on the Normandy Range. You may remember during the semifinals that we nearly lost to the Evanston Grenadiers on the Normandy Range.

WES: I remember it well! That was a real rumpus.

GORDON: It sure was. Of course, Tommy's second in command, Jack Romaine, was a genuine casualty in that battle, and I think Tommy misses Jack's support.

WES: Yes, Jack Romaine was a real scrapper.

GORDON: Yes, he was. Well, I'll tell you frankly that I'm as worried as you are, and the way all those folks at home must be feeling. But Tommy is a brave and resourceful fighter, and he may have figured something out that we haven't suspected.

WES: Well, I sure hope so. By the way, Charley, were you ever in the Little Legion?

GORDON: No, Wes, I was in Pee-Wee Hockey — guess that dates me, doesn't it?

WES: Sure does! (*chuckles*) Well, it must be a real thrill to see the outfit that you've coached make it all the way to the finals, eh?

GORDON: Yes, Wes, it really is. And I think we owe it to our combat philosophy that we've got so far — winning isn't everything, it's the only thing.

WES: How right you are! And now let's hope that philosophy gets our boys through to the victory they've been dreaming of all these weeks and months. Thank you, Charley Gordon, coach of the Howling Highlanders.

GORDON: Thank you, Wes. See you later.

WES: That was Charles Gordon, one of the most feared and respected coaches in the Little Legion. In civilian life he's a hardware retailer. Well, I see the Highlanders are just entering the village square. There's Tommy Ashe — you can always recognize him by that death's head on the front of his helmet. And there's a shot of Larry Gwynne, up in the bell tower of the church. The Highlanders haven't spotted any of the Marauders yet — they're moving around the square, some going in front of the post office, the rest in front of the school. The fourth side is a high, blank wall. Still no firing. The Highlanders are still entering the square, moving cautiously but *still* not seeing the ambush.

*Scuffle of boots.*

BARRY: This is incredible, Wes — we're watching one of the most disastrous miscalculations in the history of the Little Legion. My respect for Tommy Ashe has taken a real nosedive, I'm afraid. His own troopers look worried.

WES: Yes, they certainly do, Barry. But they're real veterans, and they follow orders.

*Church bell, struck once; shouts.*

WES: Someone in the bell tower hit one of the bells! The Highlanders are looking up — they can see they're in a trap! And — goodness gracious, hold onto your hats!

*Cacaphony of zings, pops, shouts and screams; to the B.G.*

WES: The Marauders are opening up with everything they've got — a machine gun in the bell tower enfilades the Highlanders still coming into the square, the Highlanders in front of the school are cut down, one-two-three-four-five, there goes a young corporal trying to make it over that high wall — *look* at him burn in that crossfire, they just about blew his uniform right off his back! What a madhouse! The Highlanders can't retreat out of the square — that machine gun is hitting everyone who tries — and there's practically no cover anywhere in the square, just a few trees and benches. There's Tommy Ashe, he's rallying his men in front of the post office, two squads are lined up and aiming right at the bell tower —

BARRY: What discipline! Those Highlanders are fighting like real big-leaguers!

WES: Two are hit — three — four — but they're firing at that machine gun in the church and — they've knocked it out! They've knocked out the machine gun. There's a shot of the inside of the tower, oh my, six Marauders who are out of action! Look at those burns!

BARRY: There's Larry Gwynne, calling for another machine-gun squad to get up into that bell tower! Boy, he sure looks mad! And I don't blame him!

WES: That's right, Barry. His big play — a massive ambush of the Highlanders — has started to misfire. The Canadians are re-forming — a few shot by snipers in the school. And now — they're storming the school, right across the square!

*Cheers, shouts, running feet, zings.*

WES: Another Tommy Ashe frontal assault, the second of the afternoon, but this time it's a desperation tactic. They're pouring that laser fire into the school, beam after beam, and the Marauders are keeping their heads down. They're across the square now — Larry Gwynne still hasn't got that new machine gun in place — and now it's hand-to-hand fighting in the school yard! The Highlanders are in their element now, by golly!

BARRY: That's right, Wes. The Highlanders are real pros at hand-to-hand, and one of their officers, Captain Sean Fujimoto, is an All-Canada karate champ. There he is, over by the swings — oh, what a sweet punch!

WES: The Canadians are making a real comeback from what looked like a disastrous ambush. What a fire-fight! They've — yes, they've taken the schoolhouse! So the Highlanders have fought their way to cover through some of the heaviest fire I've seen in all my years of combat coverage. My goodness gracious! Barry, is that a taste of what big-league is going to be like a few years from now?

**BARRY:** (*laughing*) If it is, I'm retiring right now! Well, we're all glad the Highlanders are in the schoolhouse, but they're not out of the woods yet. The square, as you can see, is littered with Highlander casualties, and the only way out of the school is the way they came in — so they're pinned down, at least a hundred Highlanders in a little five-room schoolhouse.

*Shrill beeping; fade out.*

**WES:** Here's the Omnidata 2200's updated bodycount, Barry. For the Highlanders: 46 dead, 88 wounded — over 50% casualties so far! For the Marauders of Mill Valley, California — 28 dead, 37 wounded, and 27 prisoners. I guess the Highlanders captured some of the Marauders inside the schoolhouse, Barry; they had only 23 prisoners on the previous bodycount.

**BARRY:** That's right, Wes. Those prisoners back at the farmhouse are still working for the Marauders, actually. Tommy Ashe had to leave a full squad behind to guard them, and that squad is equipped with a machine gun that Tommy would find real handy about now. If he can't get more firepower, the Marauders will just hammer away from the church and the post office, and maybe try to set the school's roof on fire. That'll drive the Canadians into the square again — and that's all she wrote.

**WES:** So the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta are in a real bind. Well, while we're waiting to see what Colonel Tommy Ashe will do next, here's an important message.

*Three or four arrows, whistling and striking; swords clashing; World War I plane diving with machine gun firing; whoosh of a flamethrower; fade out.*

**ANNOUNCER:** The stars of the National Combat League are all-round fighting machines!

*Clash of metal; shouts of two men.*

**ANNOUNCER:** Whether it's man-to-man combat with halberds, or human-wave assaults with megawatt lasers and gamma grenades, they have the knowhow to start a good fracas — and finish it!

*Single pistol shot.*

ANNOUNCER: Stars like Leroy Bond, Hank Frye, and Barry Dunbar had to learn the hard way — and now they've put their knowledge into a booklet series you can't afford to miss! Yes, 15 information-packed new booklets, each by a top NCL combat pro. Just look at these titles! "Aggressive Swordsmanship," by Harold Berkowitz of the Chicago Dragoons! "Small-Unit Desert Combat," by Pierre LaRue of the Montreal VanDoos! "Ski Trooper's Manual," by Dan Wilson of the Denver Alpines! Yes, all these and many more, giving you the hard-won knowledge you need for that winning edge over your enemy! Send for the first booklet today — just one 5-dollar coin will bring your Booklet Number One, "Guerilla Ambush — Theory and Practice," by Carlos "Mucho Macho" Perez of the Miami Rebels. Write to NCL Star Booklets, Box 1992, Washington, D.C. That's Box 1992, Washington, D.C. Read 'em — and crush your next opponents!

WES: Well, so far it looks like a standoff here in the town square of Village Blue on the Normandy Range at Fort Calley, California. The Highlanders blundered into a trap set by the Mill Valley Marauders, and then, in some really great all-out disciplined fighting, they got behind cover in the schoolhouse you see on your screen. The Marauders are probably going to try to set the school on fire so they can drive the Canadians out into the square, but it won't be easy.

BARRY: Wes, I'd look for a suicide squad from the post office to rush the school and try to get a couple of incendiary grenades on the roof or into one of the windows.

WES: Mmm! Pretty drastic, isn't it?

BARRY: Maybe, but I don't see how else Larry Gwynne is going to get the Highlanders out of there. Ah! There they go, the Marauders racing out of the post office toward the school.

*Shouts; running footsteps; zings.*

WES: The Highlanders have opened fire on the Marauders — there's one down! There's another! The last one makes a throw and it falls short — and now he's down, too! Boy, that's good shooting.

BARRY: Yes it is, Wes. The Highlanders are real marksmen, and it's helped get them out of a lot of scrapes today.

WES: Well, Larry Gwynne of the Marauders will have to think of something else. Meanwhile, let's talk again to the Highlanders' coach, Charley Gordon. Hi, Charley!

GORDON: Hello, Wes.

WES: What do you think of your boy Tommy Ashe now?

GORDON: Isn't he something, Wes? You know, you've got to have faith in these boys, and if you've got faith, well, they pull through and do miracles for you. That's why I love the Little Legion so much, Wes — these kids restore your faith in people. It's just wonderful, just wonderful to see all that time and effort pay off. Why —

WES: I'm sure it is, Charley. Tell me, Charley, can you give our viewers a hint as to how Tommy might get his troopers out of this situation?

GORDON: Well, Wes, you know how Tommy loves those big frontal assaults, ha-ha, but I don't think that's what he'll take. No, I'll bet he's on the walkie-talkie right now, calling in that reserve squad back at the farmhouse.

BARRY: Excuse me, Charley, but aren't they tied down guarding those prisoners?

GORDON: Yes, they are, Barry, but Finals Competition Rule 22 gives them a way out. 'Course it's not very popular, but —

WES: Rule 22? That's the, uh, Extreme Military Necessity rule, isn't it?

GORDON: Yes it is, Wes. It isn't used too often, but it is perfectly legal.

WES: Maybe we'd better switch over to the remote TV camera at the farm and see what's going on — oh boy! Look at that! Bodies all over the place and no sign of the Howling Highlander machine gun squad!

*Shrill beeping; fade out.*



WES: Here's the updated Omnidata 2200 bodycount — 23 new Marauder deaths! Yes, I'll repeat that — the 23 Marauders at the farm are dead! The Highlanders have shot their prisoners and they're marching to relieve their buddies in the village square! How about that!

BARRY: That's a really hard-knuckle, big-league tactic, Wes. Let's get the Omnidata to give us a replay on the shooting of the prisoners.

WES: Right, Barry. Well, there are the Marauders, lying face down in the barnyard with the Highlanders standing guard over them. The squad leader is off to your right, talking to someone on his walkie-talkie. Now he's giving an order to his men. And goodness gracious, look at that!

*Repeated zing-pops.*

WES: The Highlanders are spraying the Marauders — look at those uniforms smoking and sputtering! My, my! Just about all over now. Now the Highlanders are forming up and heading out on the double. Barry, how about that for a real clutch action?

BARRY: Mighty tough, Wes. It takes a real military mind to follow an expedient course, no matter how hard it might be. Tommy Ashe has just shown us he's all guts.

WES: Right you are, Barry. Well, let's see if we can find that squad and learn what they're up to . . . Boy, they've really covered ground! They've gone halfway around the village and they're approaching the square from the other side of the church! Moving down that alley — now one of their machine-gunners is getting a boost up onto that shed — now he's on the roof of the house with a clear view of the Marauders' machine-gun nest in the bell tower! Oh boy, what a sweet setup! Their backs are turned and they're looking into the square. That zoom shot shows us the Marauders' gun crew, and they don't suspect a thing — there's Larry Gwynne, right in the line of fire and oboyoboy they got him! The Highlanders have hit Larry Gwynne and knocked him right out of the bell tower! Now they've got the rest of the gunners! Where's Larry Gwynne? What's going on in the square?

BARRY: The Highlanders are pouring fire into the post office, Wes; now they're charging back into the square under good covering fire,



straight for the post office — I can see Tommy Ashe, he's right at the front, urging his men on! What a super-trooper that young man has turned out to be!

*Zing-pops; shouts.*

WES: There's a shot of Larry Gwynne, lying on the steps of the church. He's hurtin', Barry.

BARRY: Looks that way, Wes. There's a compound fracture of the left femur you can see from here, and he seems to be losing a lot of blood. The fire in the square is so heavy no one can get to him.

WES: Look at that blood just trickle down the old stone steps. I'm surprised Larry isn't moving, at least, Barry.

BARRY: You know, I am too, Wes. He may be in worse shape than he looks.

WES: A great young trooper, though. Now there's a white flag in the post office window — the Marauders are surrendering! Any resistance elsewhere? A little — no, no more resistance! The Marauders have surrendered. The tough Canadian lads, the Howling Highlanders from Wapiti, Alberta, have won the 1992 Little Legion Championship Finals here at Fort Calley!

*Cheers and whistles.*

WES: There's Colonel Tommy Ashe, being carried around the square on his troops' shoulders. How about that. How about that, eh? What a day for Canada!

BARRY: I've just heard that Larry Gwynne is today's only genuine fatality, Wes.

WES: Is that right? What a shame.

BARRY: Yes, it is. Just rotten luck. But his parents and friends can be proud of the gallant way he went out, fighting to the last.

WES: I'll say. Well, we've got a remote mike out to Tommy Ashe, and we're hoping to get a few words from him. Hello, Tommy? Colonel Tommy Ashe?

*Loud cheers; to the B.G.*

TOMMY: Hello?

WES: Hi, Tommy! This is Wes Thompson of the CBC, along with Barry Dunbar. Congratulations!

TOMMY: Thank you.

WES: How's it feel to be the top Battlechamp of the whole darn Little Legion?

TOMMY: Fine, I guess.

WES: Tell me, Tommy, what are your plans now?

TOMMY: Well —

WES: You've got a scholarship to any university of your choice, right?

TOMMY: Uh, yeah, all the officers in the Highlanders get that for winning.

WES: Wonderful! And any ideas where you'll be heading for university?

TOMMY: Uh, yeah, I got some good offers from U of T and McGill and Manitoba, but I think I'll go to Simon Fraser.

WES: SFU! Want to get into the Flying Circus, eh?

TOMMY: Yeah. I really dig those old World War I biplanes and stuff.

BARRY: Well, those dogfights will be a real change from foot soldiering.

TOMMY: Huh? Yeah. It'll be really great. We'll fight some really great teams, and you get to use real bullets and everything.

WES: And everything is right! Well, it's been great talking with you, Tommy Ashe, commanding officer of the Little Legion champs from Wapiti, Alberta. This is Wes Thompson —

BARRY: And Barry Dunbar —

WES: Speaking to you live from Fort Calley, California, at the Little Legion Finals for 1992. Stay tuned for the wrap-up on the Finals, with Frank Melbury, right after station identification!

*"O Canada" in march tempo; fade out.*

WES: This has been a CBC colour and 3-D presentation.