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"Legend" according to Webster is 1: a story or body of stories handed down for generations and popularly regarded as history. 2: an inscription on a coin. 3: a title, key, etc. accompanying an illustration or map. Also he defines "myth" as 1: a traditional story serving to explain some phenomenon, custom etc. 2: mythology. 3: a fictitious story, person or thing.

To this I would like to add that a myth is a legend and vice versa, and will be referred to as legend.

Just the mention of the word "LEGEND" conjures up eerie figures of the night, dragons and dragon slayers, beautiful and horrible, people and things.

There are no limits to legends, there are no boundaries other than imagination. Legends are as finite as the universe, if it be so. Legends reach from the depths of hades to beyond the heights of Asgard from the land of Nod to the farthest reaches of Never-Never Land. It is possible to ride with the "Four Horsemen" or the "Headless Horseman"; hunt the forest trails with Diana; attend an orgy with Pan and the Satyrs; climb the steps of Olympus; fly with Icarus and Daedalus; straddle the great blue ox; be a traveler on the river Styx; lay down with a Chinese Dragon.

We will try to bring forth the same excitement and adventure people have enjoyed and feared for centuries. We will retain the originals as nearly as possible, the only improvement will be the artists' skill.

Dedication

This issue is gratefully dedicated to:

Artists and contributors this issue; Washington Irving;
Howdy Doody and Clarabelle; John Glenn, Bella Logosi and
Christopher Lee; Herman Munster, Mary Shelley and Bram
Stoker; were-wolves and fairies; Casey Jones, Casey at the
Bat and Mrs. O'Casey for those two fine sons; Judy Collins,
Col. Micheal Collins and Tom Collins; Homer, Virgil and Aristotle

Is Chester Grabowski an apparition??? Or did I really meet him in N.Y.???

Our sincerest thanks to the men of:

Apollo 11 ----- For being first.
Apollo 12 ----- For getting there.
Apollo 13 ----- For getting back.

and Apollo 1

These men are creating tomorrows legends...



A very special thanks to Rich Hauser, editor and publisher of
"Spa Fon", for his patience and guidance. Also for his fortitude
in putting up with innumerable question and lengthy phone calls.
I'm quite certain that without his friendship and dedication to
fandom "This Is LEGEND" would still be an impossible dream. May
the legendary Bluebird of Happiness smile on him and a pink
elephant follow in his footsteps.

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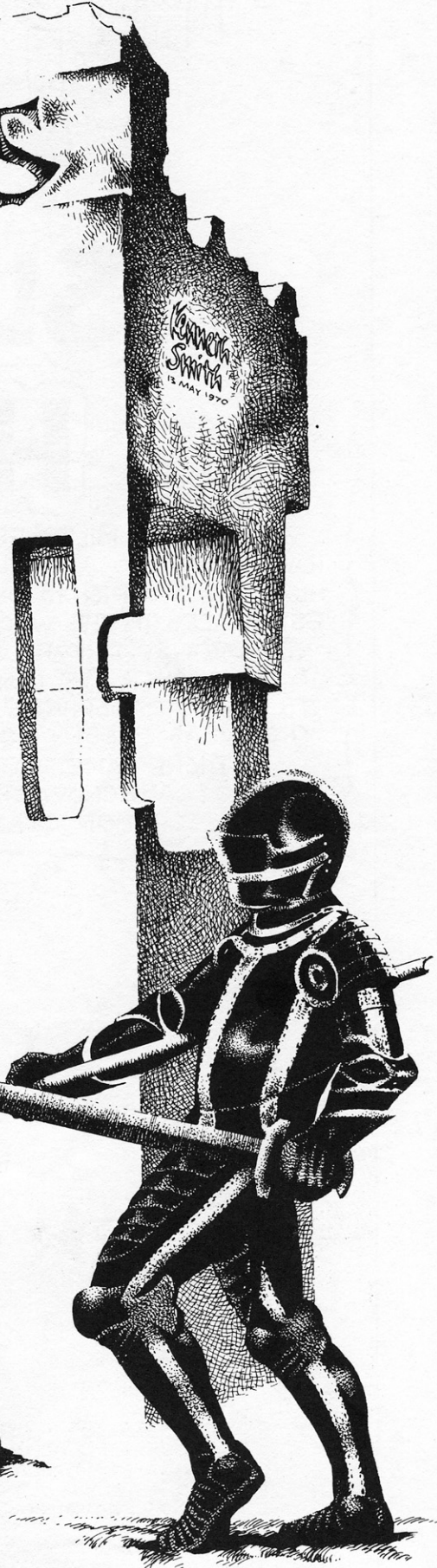
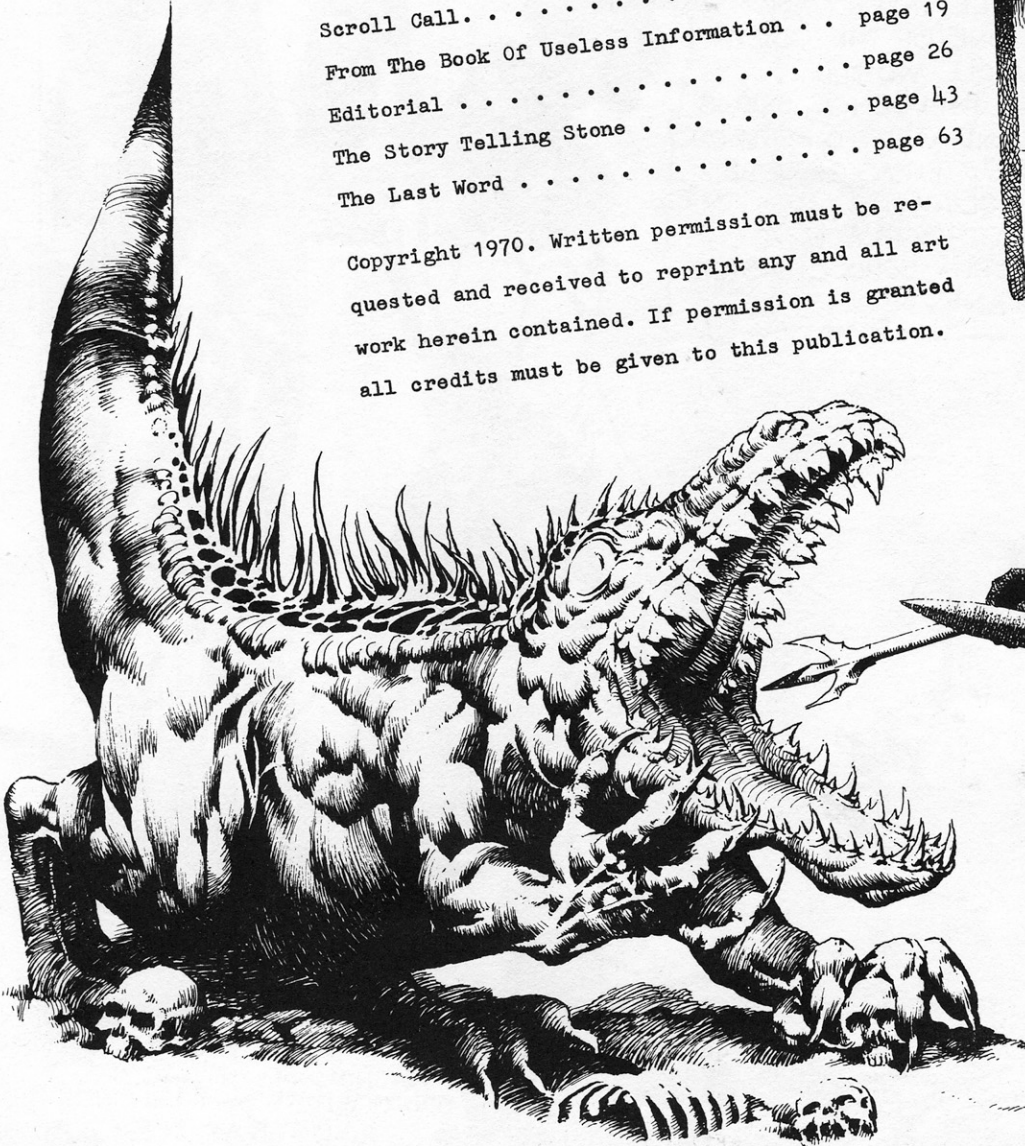
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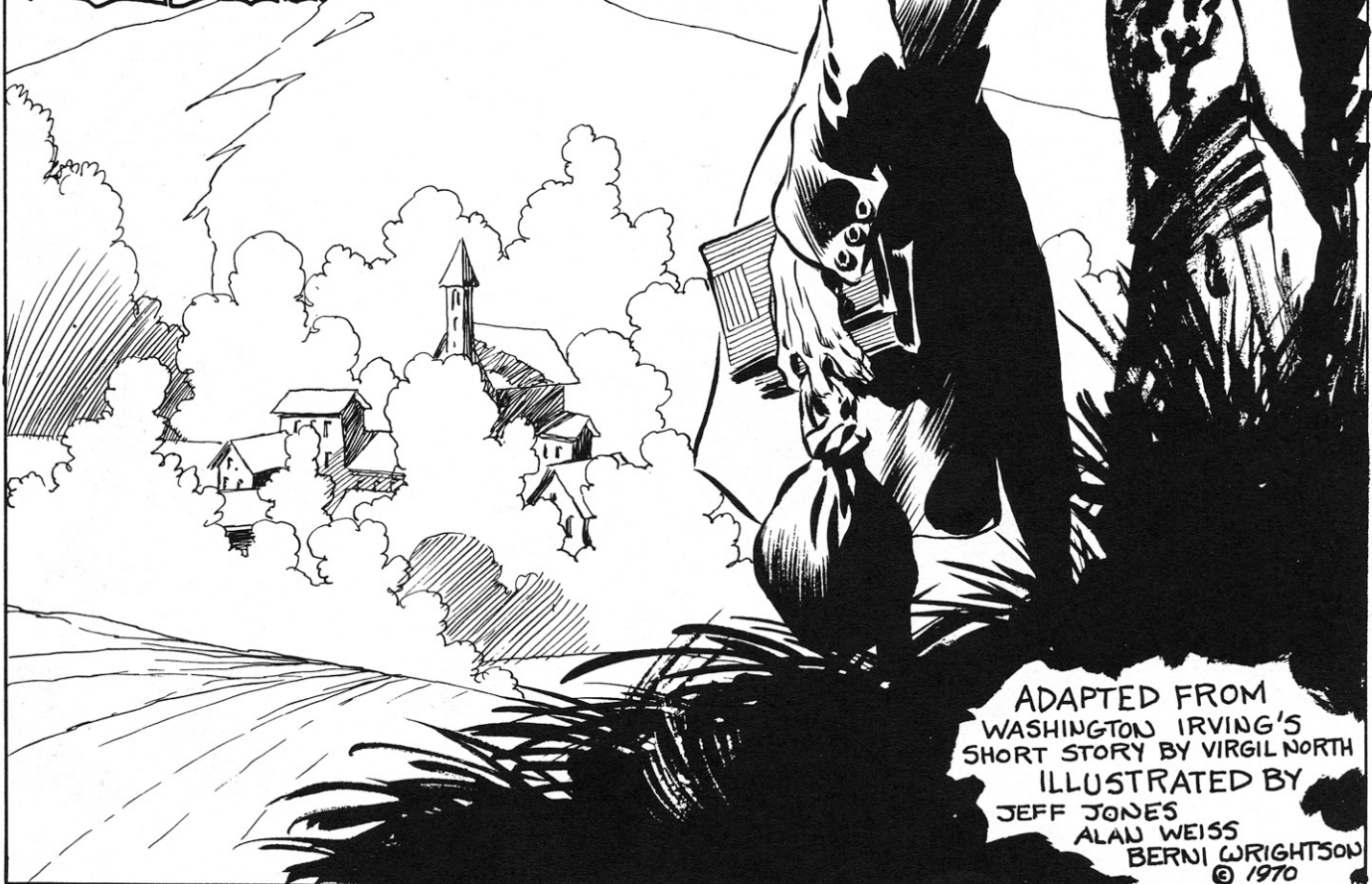
Kaluta
Smith
13 MAY 1970

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

ABOUT TWO MILES FROM TARRY TOWN, THERE IS A LITTLE VALLEY AMONG HIGH HILLS, WHICH IS ONE OF THE QUIETEST PLACES IN THE WHOLE WORLD...

...A DROWSY, DREARY INFLUENCE SEEMS TO HANG OVER THE LAND AND TO PERVADE ITS VERY ATMOSPHERE. IT HAS BECOME KNOWN AS SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THERE CAME TO THIS PLACE A LIVING SCARECROW OF A SCHOOLMASTER NAMED ICHABOD CRANE.



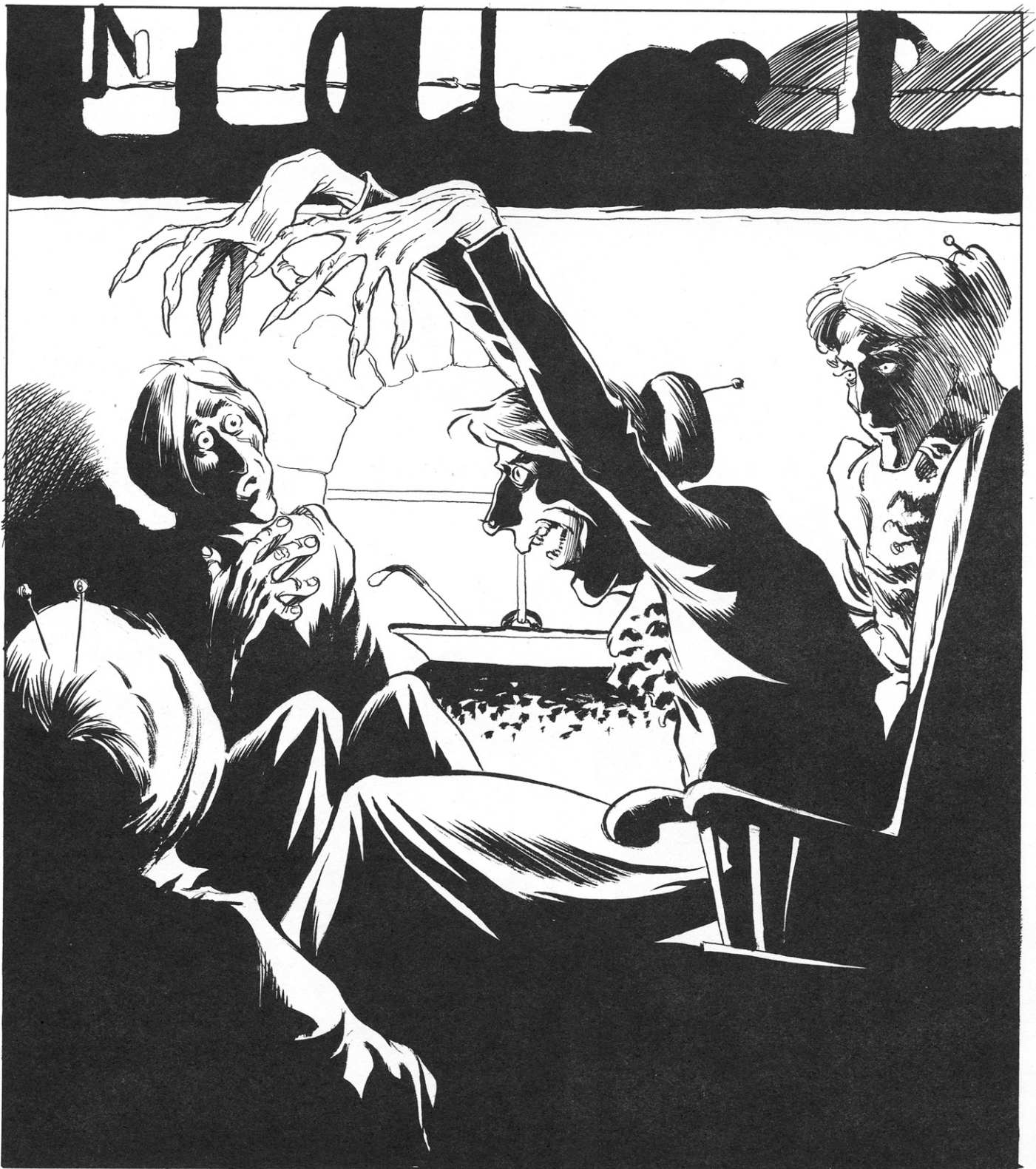
ADAPTED FROM
WASHINGTON IRVING'S
SHORT STORY BY VIRGIL NORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY
JEFF JONES
ALAN WEISS
BERNI WRIGHTSON
© 1970



CRANE WAS IDEALLY SUITED FOR THE ONE ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE, BEING EDUCATED IN ALL AREAS OF ACADEMICS AS WELL AS DISCIPLINE! AWARE OF THE NONCHALANT ATTITUDE OF HIS PUPIL'S PARENTS TOWARD BOOKLEARNING, HE PURSUED HIS DUTIES WITH THE UTMOST FERVOR. HE BELIEVED HIMSELF TO BE A KIND AND CONSCIENTIOUS MAN, BUT WAS QUICK TO ADMINISTER THE BIRCH ROD TO A LAZY SCHOLAR!

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS, ICHABOD MADE A SMOOTH TRANSITION TO THE NON-ACADEMIC FACETS OF HIS POSITION. HIS SEVERITY GONE, HE BECAME A READY COMPANION TO THOSE BOYS WHO HAPPENED TO HAVE PRETTY SISTERS! IF THE MOTHER OF ONE OF HIS STUDENTS WAS KNOWN FOR KEEPING A GOOD CUPBOARD, ICHABOD WOULD OFTEN WALK THE BOY HOME. THE WOMEN WERE PLEASED WITH HIS PRESENCE AND HIS PLENTIFUL GOSSIP!





ONE OF HIS CHIEF SOURCES OF PLEASURE WAS PASSING THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS WITH THE OLD DUTCH WIVES AS THEY SAT SPINNING BY THE FIRE, MANY A CHILLING STORY THEY WOVE, AND NONE WAS TOO MONSTROUS OR TERRIFYING FOR HIS TASTES. HERE HE LEARNED THE HISTORY AND LORE OF THE AREA, OF GHOSTS, GOBLINS, AND THE **HEADLESS HORSEMAN!**

THE HORSEMAN IS SAID TO BE A HESSIAN TROOPER WHOSE HEAD WAS TORN FROM HIS BODY BY A STRAY CANNONBALL DURING A FORGOTTEN BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ICHABOD'S MIND, REARED ON SUPERSTITION, WAS FILLED WITH TREPIDATION AS HE WALKED HOME FROM THESE SESSIONS.

ASIDE FROM THE OTHER FACETS OF HIS POSITION, HE MOST ENJOYED HIS SOCIAL LIFE. AMONG THE YOUNG LADIES OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE WAS KATRINA VAN TASSEL, THE DAUGHTER OF A SUBSTANTIAL DUTCH FARMER. SHE, (AND HER FATHER'S ESTATE), CAUGHT ICHABOD'S FANCY, AND HE SOUGHT TO WIN HER FAVOR.

HE WAS NOT ALONE IN HIS QUEST FOR KATRINA'S ATTENTION. ONE BROM VAN BRUNT WATCHED THESE ANTICS WITH AMUSEMENT.

VAN BRUNT WAS A MOUNTAIN OF A GOOD NATURED ROGUE, AND THE HERO OF THE COUNTRY ROUND. A MATCH BETWEEN THE TWO SUITORS WOULD HAVE BEEN UNSPORTING, SO HE CONTENTED HIMSELF WITH HARMLESS PRANKS AND SMALL HUMILIATIONS. ICHABOD HAD NO MEANS OF RETALIATION, AND WENT HIS WAY APPARENTLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE HURT.



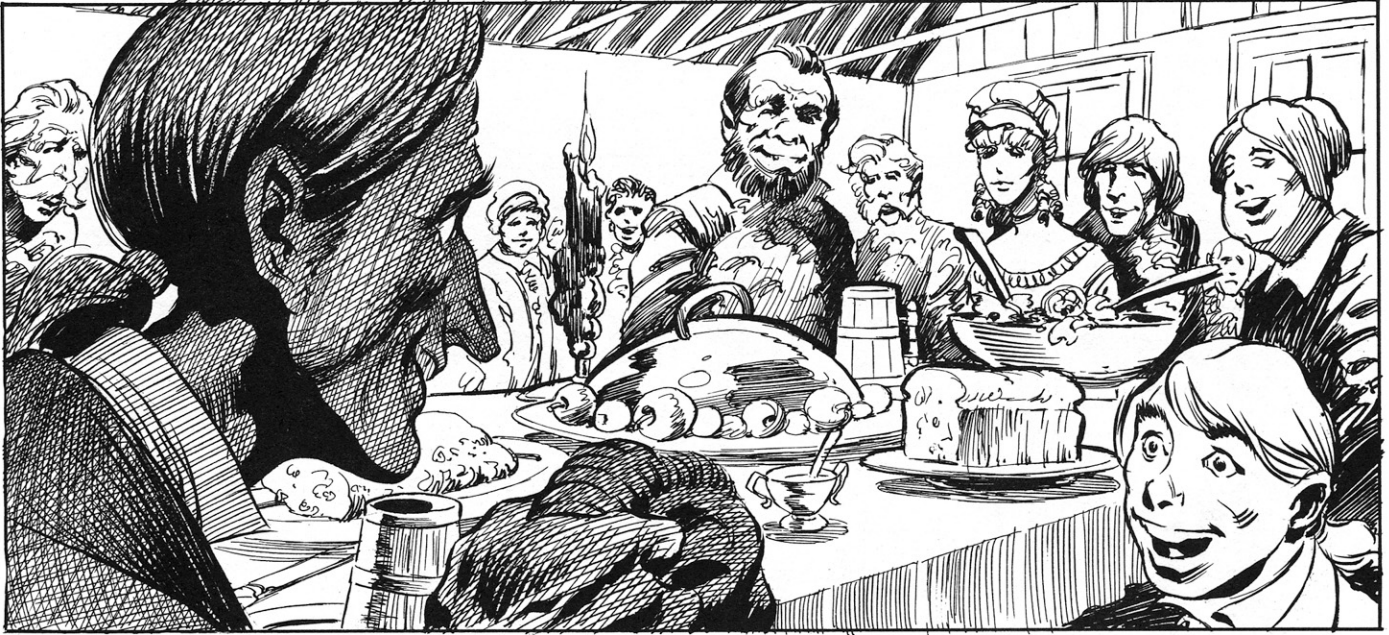
ONE TEDIOUS AUTUMN DAY, ICHABOD WAS APPROACHED WITH AN INVITATION TO A QUILTING FROLIC. THE BEARER OF THE MESSAGE WAS A SERVANT OF THE VAN TASSELS. THE SCHOOLMASTER WAS ELATED AT THE PROSPECT OF ALL THE FOOD HE COULD EAT, A CHANCE TO DISPLAY HIS DANCING ABILITY, ... AND A CHANCE TO SEE KATRINA AGAIN!

DISMISSING HIS STUDENTS EARLY, DONNING HIS BEST HAT AND MOUNTING HIS FIERY STEED, GUNPOWDER, ICHABOD SET OUT FOR THE VAN TASSEL ESTATE.

THE HORSE, A BORROWED MOUNT A BIT PAST ITS PRIME, CONSIDERED WALKING A BREAKNECK SPEED!

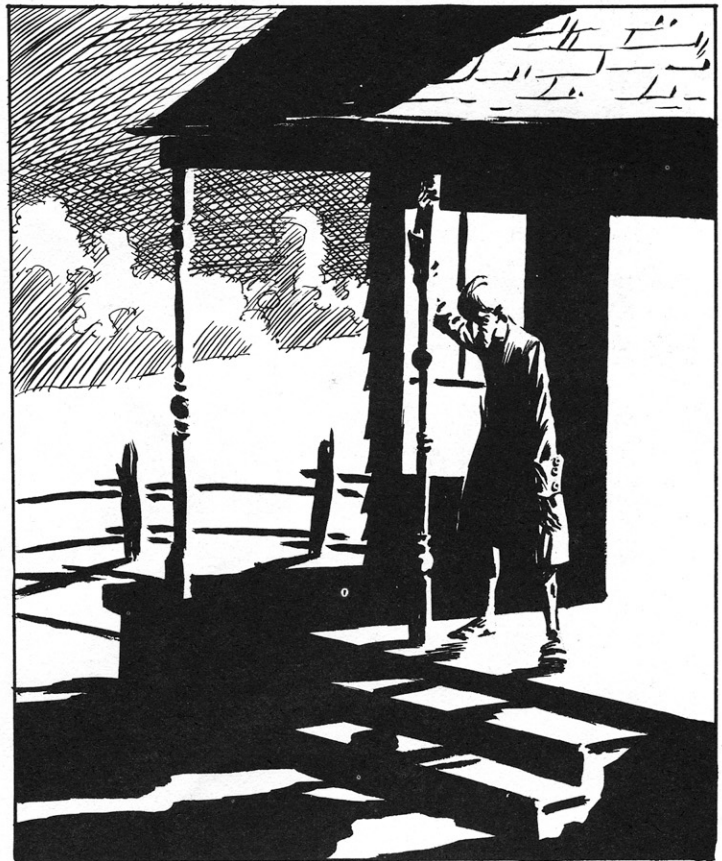


WHEN HE FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE PARTY, HE WAS GREETED ENTHUSIASTICALLY BY THE OTHER GUESTS, BUT HAD EYES ONLY FOR THE FEAST ON THE HEAVILY LADEN HARVEST TABLE. IT WAS A RARE CHANCE FOR HIM TO EAT HIS FILL, AND HE INDULGED HIMSELF AS NEVER BEFORE.



THE FOOD WHETTED HIS APPETITE FOR DANCING, AND HE WAS AMAZING TO BEHOLD. SECURE IN HIS DANCING ABILITY, HE CHOSE TO IGNORE THE GLOWERING EYES OF VAN BRUNT.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS OVER AND THE GUESTS HAD DEPARTED, ICHABOD REMAINED BEHIND TO SPEAK TO KATRINA. NO ONE KNOWS THE SUBJECT OF THEIR CONVERSATION, BUT IT WAS A DOWNHEARTED FIGURE THAT WAS SEEN LEAVING THE ESTATE SOMETIME AFTERWARD.



HE STARTED DEJECTEDLY HOMEWARD AS THE WITCHING HOUR APPROACHED. SLOWLY HE BECAME AWARE OF A GHOSTLY FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE. HE WAS IN THE REPUTEDLY HAUNTED AREA, AND HIS HEART THUMPED WILDLY AS HE NEARED THE SHADOWY HORSEMAN.

SUDDENLY THE HORSE REARED AND ITS RIDER WAS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MOON. ICHABOD REALIZED IN HORROR THAT THIS WAS NO MORTAL RIDER THAT STALKED HIM... .. FOR THE FIGURE HAD NO HEAD!



HIS HORROR WAS STILL MORE INCREASED ON OBSERVING THAT THE HEAD, WHICH SHOULD HAVE RESTED ON HIS SHOULDERS, WAS CARRIED BEFORE HIM ON THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE.

FRANTICALLY SPURRING HIS TERRIFIED MOUNT, ICHABOD SOUGHT TO AVOID THE TERRIBLE APPARITION.



NOW THEY HAD REACHED THE ROAD THAT TURNS OFF TO SLEEPY HOLLOW. IN THIS GRIM RACE, THANKS TO AN IMPROBABLE QUIRK OF FATE COUPLED WITH ICHABOD'S DESPERATION, GUNPOWDER WAS IN THE LEAD BY A LENGTH. ICHABOD SOUGHT TO REACH THE CHURCH BRIDGE, WHERE, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THE PHANTOM MUST DISAPPEAR.

THE SADDLE WAS SLIPPING PRECARIOUSLY AND GUNPOWDER'S STAMINA WAS FAST GIVING WAY AS THEY APPROACHED THEIR GOAL. ICHABOD LOOKED BACK HOPING TO SEE THE SPECTRAL DUO VANISH AS THEY SHOULD HAVE.

JUST THEN HE SAW THE GOBLIN RISE UP IN HIS SADDLE, IN THE VERY ACT OF HURLING HIS HEAD!





ICHABOD ENDEAVORED TO DODGE THE HORRIBLE MISSILE BUT TOO LATE! IT ENCOUNTERED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WITH A TREMENDOUS SPATTER HE WAS A WINDMILL OF SPIDERY ARMS AND LEGS AS HE WENT CAREENING INTO THE DUST! GUNPOWDER, THE GOBLIN RIDER AND THE BLACK STEED PASSED BY LIKE A WHIRLWIND!

THE WAS MUCH SPECULATION ON WHAT HAD BECOME OF ICHABOD. THE OLD WIVES INSISTED THAT HE HAD BEEN CARRIED OFF BY THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN, AND A TRAVELLING MAN SWORE HE HAD SEEN A MAN OF THAT DESCRIPTION A JUDGE IN A FAR AWAY TOWN.

THE MORNING AFTER THE FATEFUL RIDE, THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED WAS THE UNSADDLED GUNPOWDER, A SHATTERED PUMPKIN, AND BESIDE THESE, THE PECULIAR HAT OF ICHABOD CRANE. HOWEVER, IN YEARS AFTERWARD, MENTION OF THE INCIDENT WAS SURE TO BRING UNCONTROLLED LAUGHTER FROM ONE BROM VAN BRUNT!



— The End —

SCROLL CALL

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Alan Weiss

P. 6-16 The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow

Bernie Wrightson

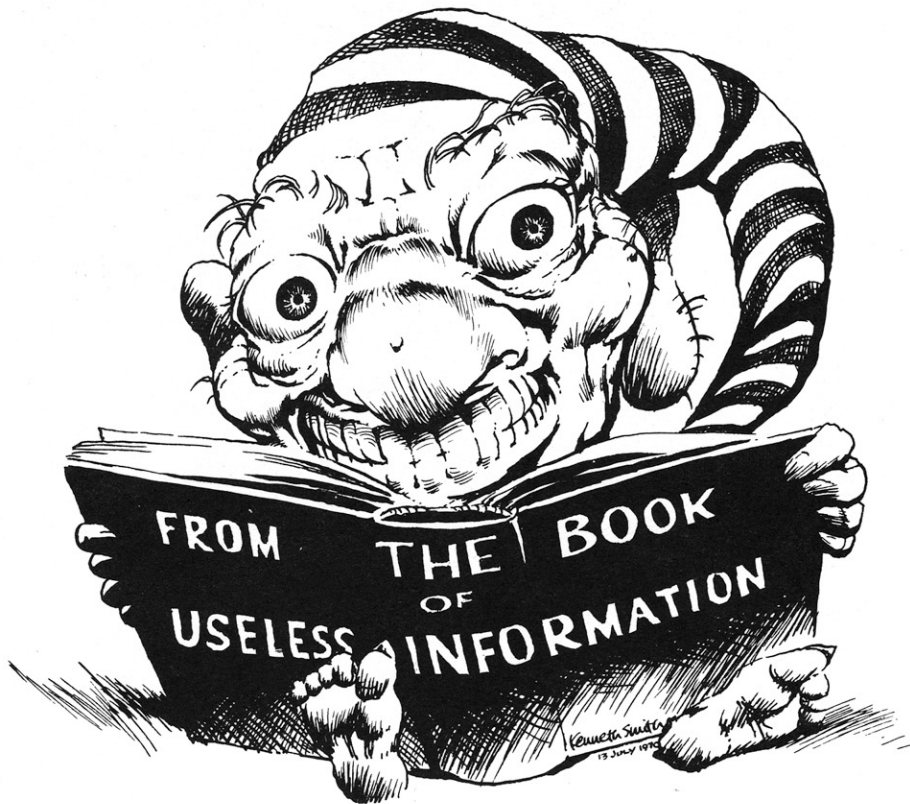
P. 6-16, And The Front Cover-
The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow.

Randy Yeates

P. 54 & 58 Elfland.

Kenneth Smith 14 MAY 1970





Although information and knowledge can never be called totally useless we have so named this column. We shall impart some little known facts on everything from aardvarks to zymurgy. There will be no sacred cows! We shall report on legends, facts, fantasy, religion, sex and everyday things. Some will be humorous; most will be fact; but all of it will be interesting.

Did you know -- The days of the week were named out of superstition and fear of offending some god or other? They were divided into 7 days to the week because from earliest times 7 was a holy and magical number. From the 6th Century, B.C. Babylonian astrologists to the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Romans and finally to Britain is traced the history of the days. All were at one time named for Roman gods but only three have retained their Latin heritage, the other four derive their origin from Norse mythology. Here are short descriptions of the days of the week.

Saturday -- Saturn. (Roman) Saturn is

believed to have devoured all his children but three. It was thought anyone born under his star (planet) was unlucky. On Saturn's day, in ancient Rome, law courts had to be closed, no public business could be transacted, schools were closed, no war could begin and even criminals could not be punished.

Sunday -- Sun. (Roman) In honor of the orb which controls all things. The Church declared it the Sabbath in the 4th century replacing Saturday as the Jewish Sabbath.

Monday -- Moon. (Roman) The English at one time, for no discernable reason, changed from Roman usages to Norse.

Tuesday -- Tiu' (Norse) Norse god of war, a daring hero who had lost his hand in a fight.

Wednesday -- Woden (Norse) Woden is Anglo-Saxon for Odin, God of Storms. He welcomed brave Warriors to Valhalla and treated them there to the delights they had most desired on Earth.

Thursday -- Thor (Norse) Thor as Marvel readers know was the God of Thunder and Odin's

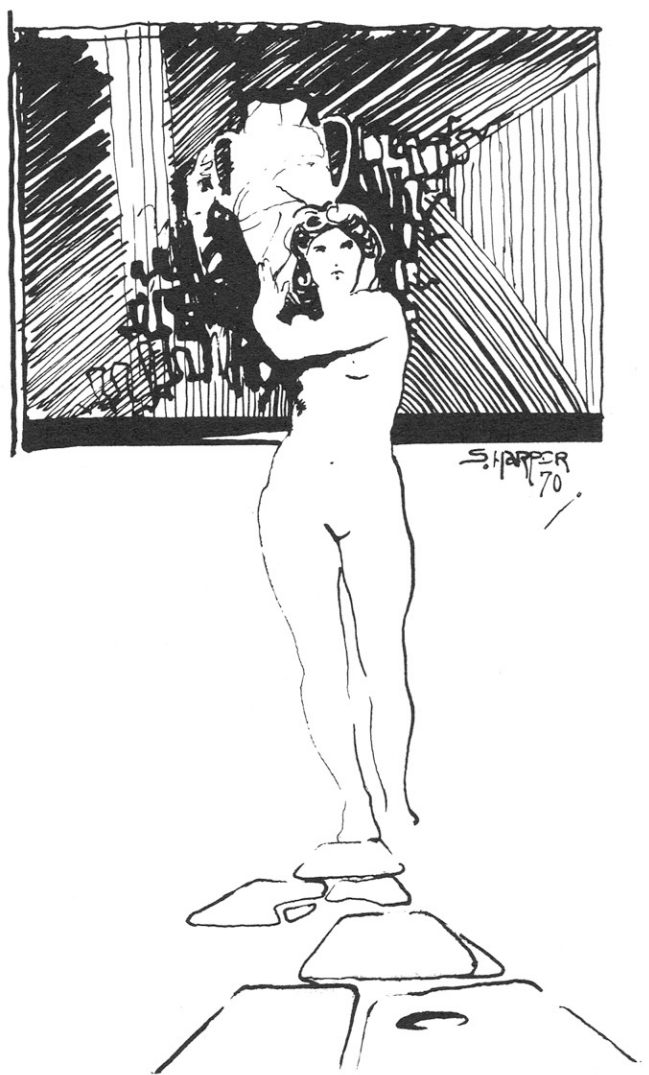
son. Originally he was depicted strong, brutal and greedy. Traits which endeared him to the early Norsemen.

Firday -- Frigga (Norse) Odin's wife and chief goddess she was patroness of love, marriage and fertility. Originally a moon goddess, she traveled in a chariot, drawn by two cats.

Thus, every week without realizing it, we continue to honor the planet Saturn, worship the sun and the moon and pay homage to war, storm, brute force and love.

Did you know -- 50% of the married people in the United States are Women? (Legally, that is!)

Did you know -- "Abracadabra" is a charm against sickness, which was first mentioned by a physician in the day of the Roman Emperor Caracalla, in the 2nd Century A.D.? It is believed to be either early Hebrew or Aramaic. Or possibly the Hebrew initials of their words for, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



Did you know -- The Three Wise Monkeys did not originate in Japan but China? They were associated with the blue-faced god Vajra, a fearsome god with three eyes and numerous hands.

Did you know -- How the Adam's apple came to be called that? The Adam's apple is the slight projection in the neck made by the thyroid cartilage. Myth has it that when Adam was tempted by Eve to eat the Forbidden fruit the first bite stuck in his throat. Now we, as Adam's children, have inherited this sign of the Original sin. (Ed. note: We now find that the Holy Scriptures never identified the forbidden fruit.)

Did you know -- that the practice of a tombstone on a grave was not originally, out of piety or remembrance, but out of fear? It wasn't out of respect for the dead but, for a superstitious self-protection against evil spirits.

Did you know -- Christening a ship, although it sounds like a christian ceremony, had nothing at all to do with christianity? It was practiced centuries before Christ as a means to appease the gods of the sea. In fact later figure-heads provided the same protection. The large dragon shaped figure-heads of the Norsemen were to scare away all demons and gods coming on their ship. Later still, beautiful figures of women were used with eyes wide, searching the seas in front of the ship for shoals and half-submerged rocks.

Did you know -- that the Ferris wheel was invented by a man named Ferris?

Did you know -- The first Olympic games were held in 776 B.C.?

Did you know -- About 50,000 thunderstorms occur world wide every day?

Did you know -- An elephants hair can only be cut with a blow torch? The strands are as tough as needles.

Did you know -- The war in Vietnam costs more than \$950.00 per second?

Huh! I didn't know that!!!

Baldwin Locomotive Works.

S. HARPER
70

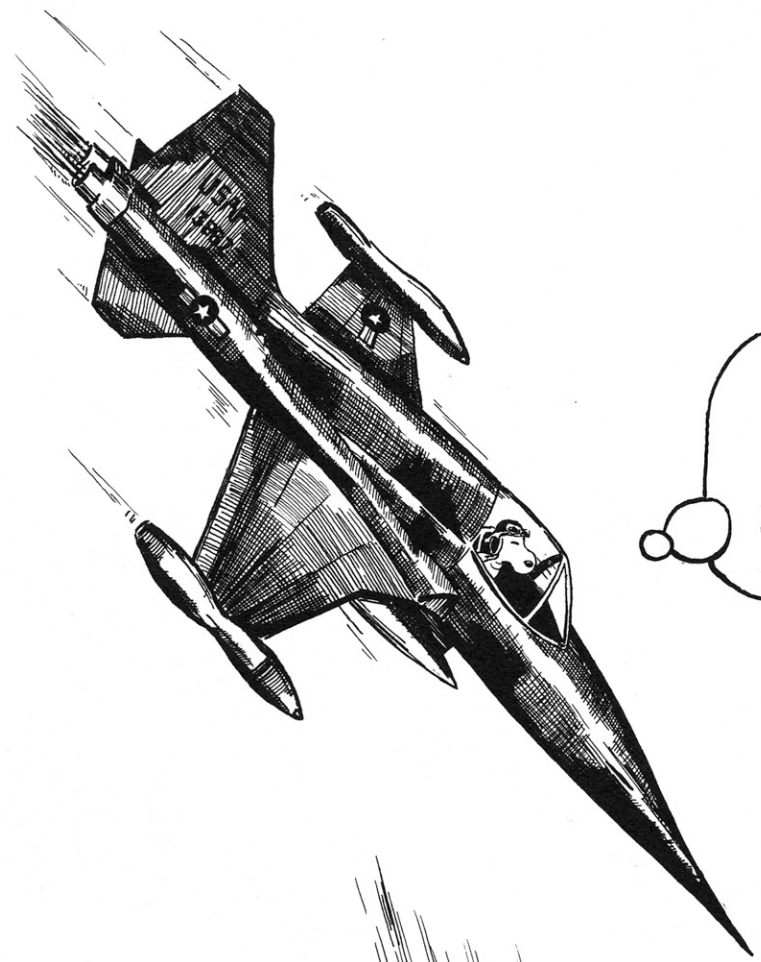




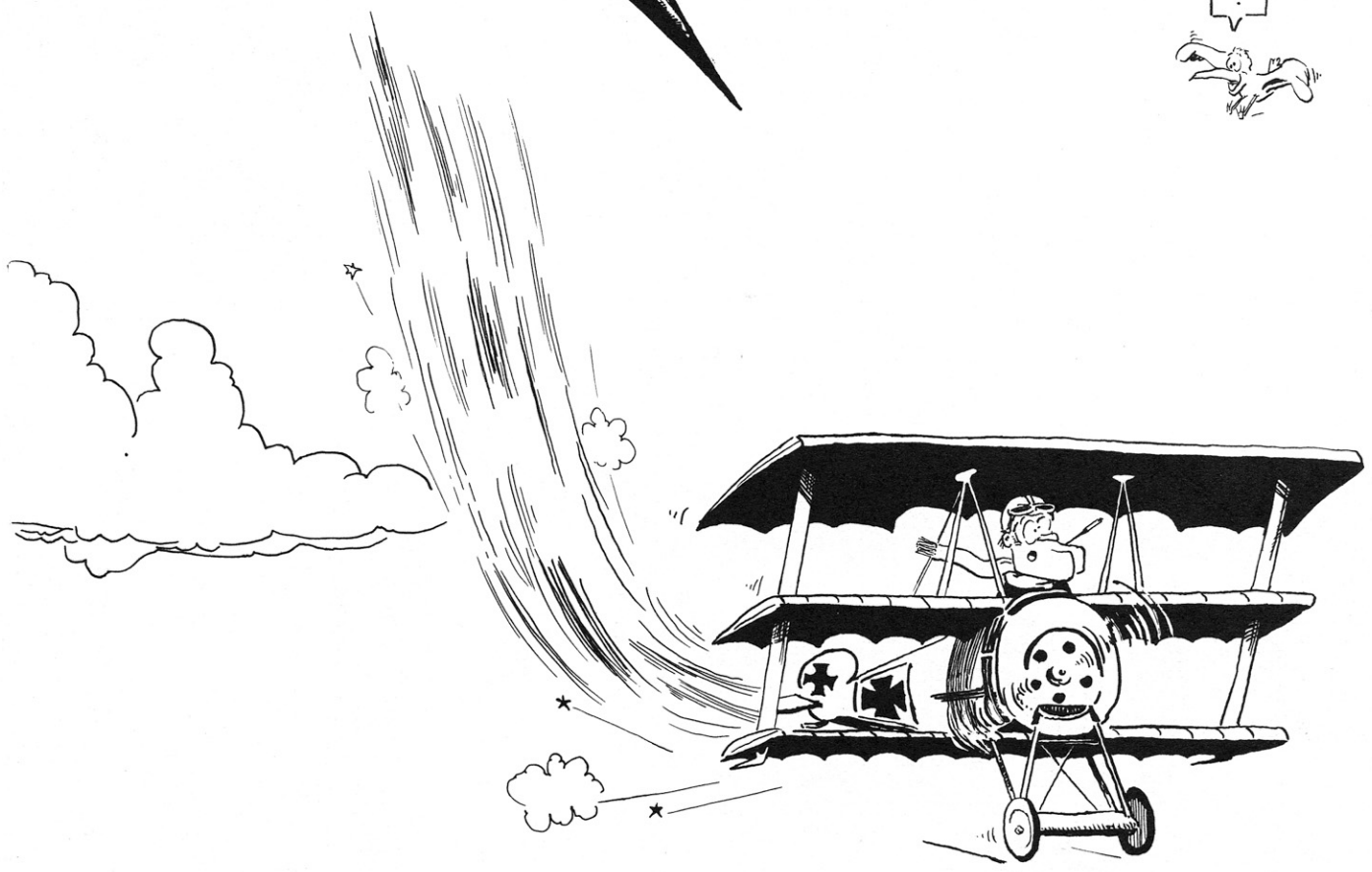
JUANILLO



Steve Hickman '70

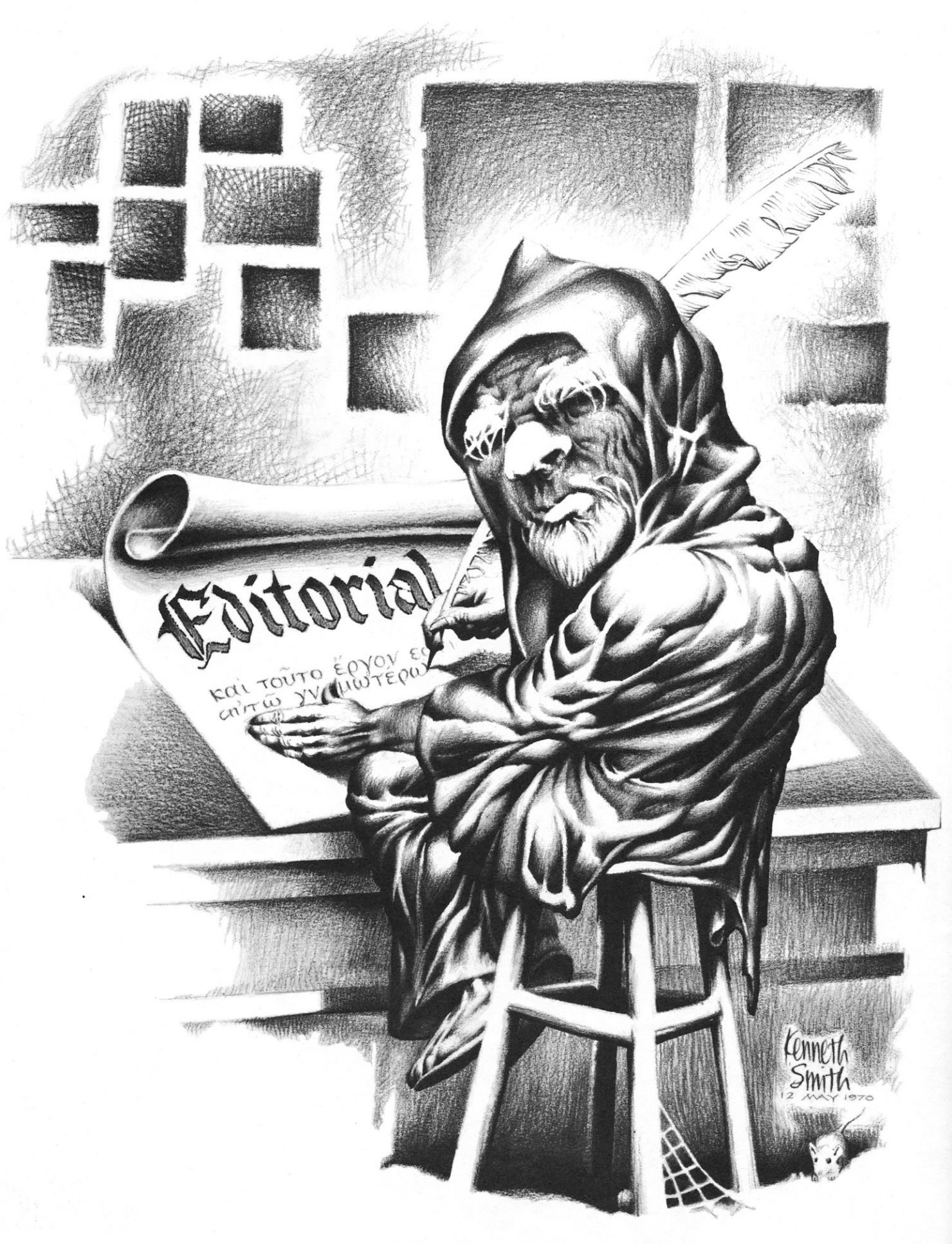


CURSE
YOU
RED BARON!





RANDY BROECKER 1970



Editorial

ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΕΡΓΟΥ ΕΣΤΙΝ
ΑΙΤΙΩΝ ΣΥΜΠΛΗΡΩΣ

Kenneth
Smith
12 MAY 1970



With this, the first issue of This Is Legend, I welcome you to the timeless land of imagination. Infinite pleasures await you.

I believe that legends, myths, folk-tales and beliefs of people around the world need to be told. The myths of most people are similar to the extent that with some legends only the names have been changed.

A good example is the tale on page 43 of "The Story Telling Stone." If the title of this story were changed to "Chicken Lickin'" most people would recognize it.

As the editor of a fanzine it makes it possible for me to write on subjects that I find interesting (I hope the readers do to) and delete what I don't like. I don't mean Political or Social comments. Maybe the articles on the Indians could fit into either category but I've always felt a close kinship with the first Americans. In this publication I'll restrict myself to their legends and stories and not their plight.

After reading issue #1 you will see that you won't be over-burdened with text; nor will you have to go through another index or checklist. That is not my intent!!! There are enough of those type of publications. Dealers and fans are producing 'zines on Marvel, E.C. and "Golden Age" comics; checklists and indexes can also be found in abundance. So, if you like good artwork and light reading, this is the fanzine for you.

Now!!! A couple of plugs....

These are publications that I'm familiar with and feel they should have as much publicity as possible.

SPA FON, #5 \$2.00 Order from: Rich Hauser, 1414 N. McKinley, Apt. 3, Champaign, Illinois 61820. This is the 'zine basically responsible

for getting me interested in doing a fanzine. If you don't have your copy yet you'd better hurry because there aren't many left. Rich tells me SPA FON #5 will be out of print by the first of the year.

Newfangles, 20¢ per issue or \$1.00 for sub. Order from: Don and Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060.

All Comic Comments, 10¢ per issue or \$1.00 for a sub. Order from: Gary Brown, 5430 West 6th Court, Hialeah, Florida 33012.

Both the above are newszines and I can't say one is superior to the other. I subscribe to both. (What I miss in one I get in the other.) Abyss, is a project (see page 57) written and drawn by Mike Kaluta, Bruce Jones, Berni Wrightson and Jeff Jones. Each artist will have a strip in the 'zine and it should be a great publication.

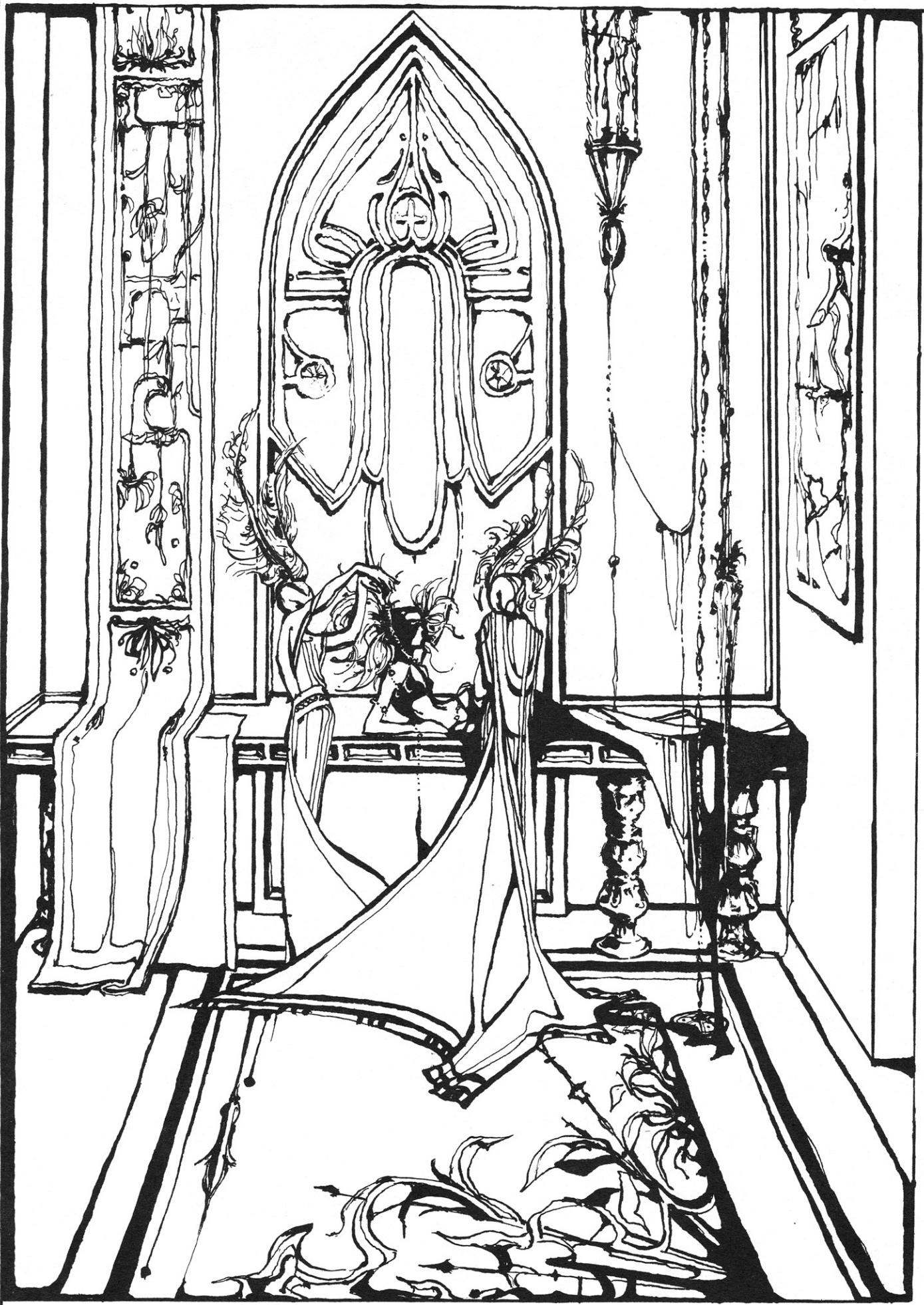
One final item. Recently, at the D.C. con, Berni Wrightson had a drawing stolen and I would like to make all fans aware of it and to ask that you keep a watch out for it. The drawing was one of Berni's favorites and is described as follows: Three amazon type females, dressed in loinclothes, with feathers in their hair and armed with bows and arrows, are scaling a cliff. In the background is a modern city. If any of you have any information about the whereabouts of this drawing please contact me and I'll forward the information to Berni. He'll be grateful and so will I.

I'm looking forward to hearing your comments on issue #1 and some of them will be published in the next issue. Send your L.O.C.'s, good, bad or indifferent but if you want a reply please send a SASE. It may not be a long reply but I'll try to answer.

So, 'til next ish...Enjoy!!!



RANDY BROECKER 1970



bonnie moore



-JUANILLO-





AKMINKA 20



Kenneth Smith
7 July 1969





FRANK BRONKHORST

THE GARDENER

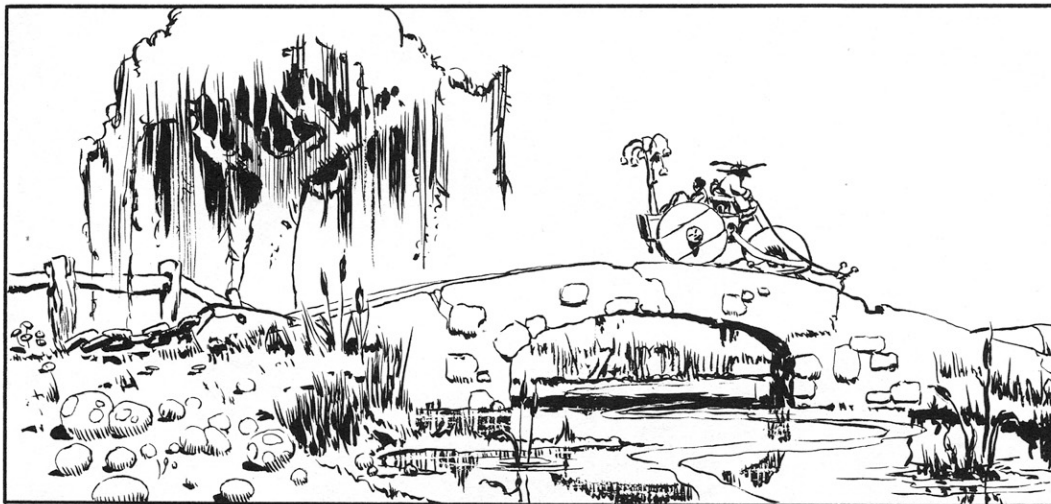


"I DON'T CARE JUST HOW OLD I AM," THE PRINCESS POLTED, "AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY OF YOUR 'WHY'S' OR 'BECAUSE'S'... I DON'T WANT TO GO AND I WON'T LIKE IT IF I DO AND NOTHING YOU SAY WILL CHANGE MY MIND 'CAUSE IT'S MADE UP!"

"DON'T BE SILLY," SMILED THE DWARF WHOM ANDROMEDA HAD CALLED CLOVER EVER SINCE HER MOTHER, THE QUEEN, HAD BROUGHT HER TO THE GREAT WOODS WHEN SHE WAS AN INFANT. "YOU ARE SIXTEEN AND I'VE TOLD YOU ALL YOUR LITTLE LIFE THAT AT SIXTEEN YOU WOULD RETURN TO THE PALACE... SO ENOUGH OF WORDS." "BUT I WON'T LIKE IT!"



"OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T... THEY TELL ME ALL THE YOUNG GIRLS DRESS UP IN SOFT DRESSES WITH FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIR AND DANCE WITH YOUNG PRINCES ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!"



THE CART CLINKED DOWN THE FORESTED PATH, AND DROMEDA'S BELL TREE TINKLING WITH EACH BUMP AND EACH NOTE WAS A COLOR, AND EACH COLOR A SONG.

"DO THEY REALLY WEAR FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIR?"

"YES, REALLY."



"THERE, ON THAT HILL, SUCH FLOWERS AS YOU MIGHT FIND IN PLENTY, THE PALACE GARDENS ARE BRIMMING WITH SUCH, ONLY BIGGER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL... GO, PICK SOME FOR YOUR HAIR."



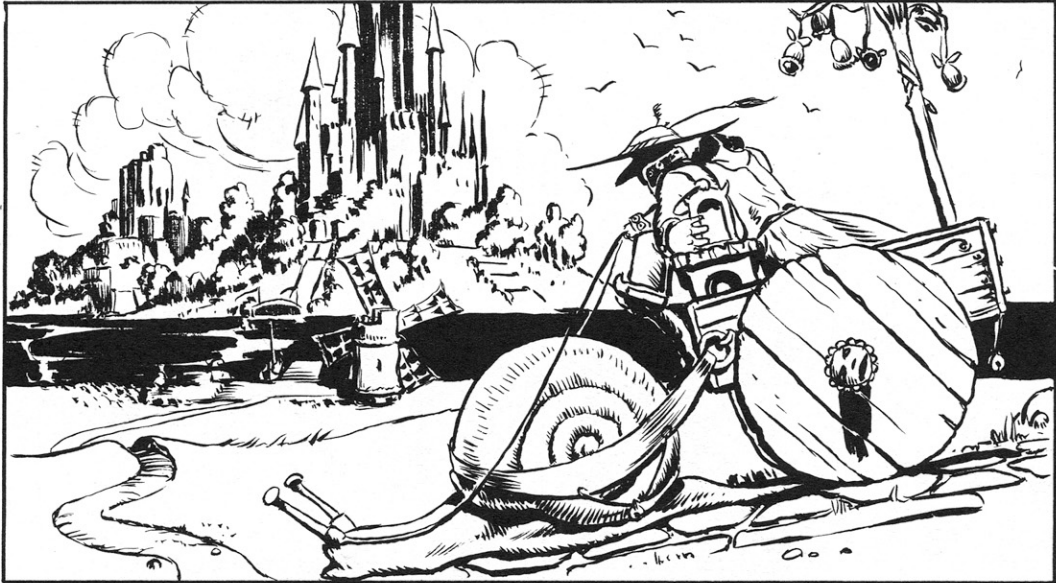
"IF IT PLEASURES YOU, CLOVER, BUT NOWHERE COULD FLOWERS BE MORE GRAND THAN HERE, AMONG THE TREES AND SHRUBS!"



"YOUR EYES ARE BLIND TO THAT WHICH YOU'VE NEVER SEEN, DEAREST ANDROMEDA. THE PALACE ABOUNDS IN SHRUBBERY, THE TREES GROW AS IF ENCHANTED. IN TRUTH, IT SEEMS MORE LIKELY THAT THE PALACE WAS SET AMONGST A MAGICIAN'S FOREST THAN THE FOREST PLACED AROUND THE PALACE. YOU WILL CRY WITH JOY!" "I THINK NOT."



TIME PASSED QUICKLY FOR ANDROMEDA, AS SHE LET HER MIND WANDER WITH CLOVER'S WORDS, A CERTAIN CURIOSITY CREPT INTO HER THOUGHTS LIKE A MISCHIEVOUS SPRITE DANCING ON THE BORDERS OF THE UNKNOWN. "ANDROMEDA! BEHOLD THE PALACE!"

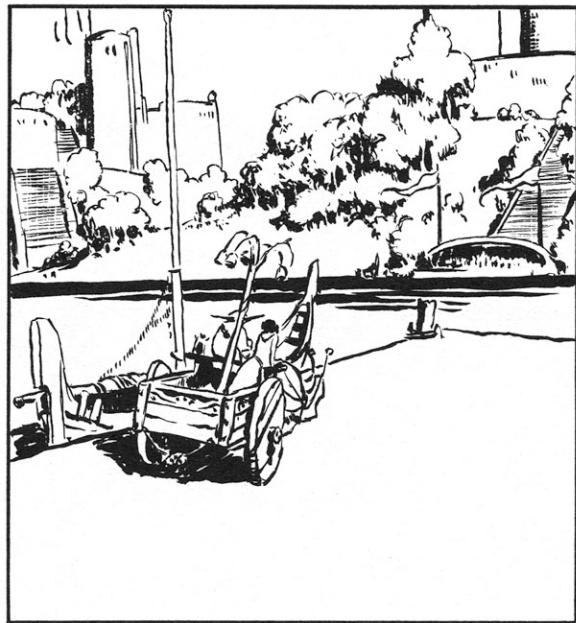


CRYSTAL TOWERS, ACHINGLY HIGH, SCRATCHED THE SKY. AT THEIR BASE, A CINNEBAR FOREST, SPLASHED YELLOW AND BRIGHT ORANGE, SPREAD LIKE A GIANT'S LAWN DOWN TO THE MARBLE PIERS.

"OH, IT IS BEAUTIFUL!"



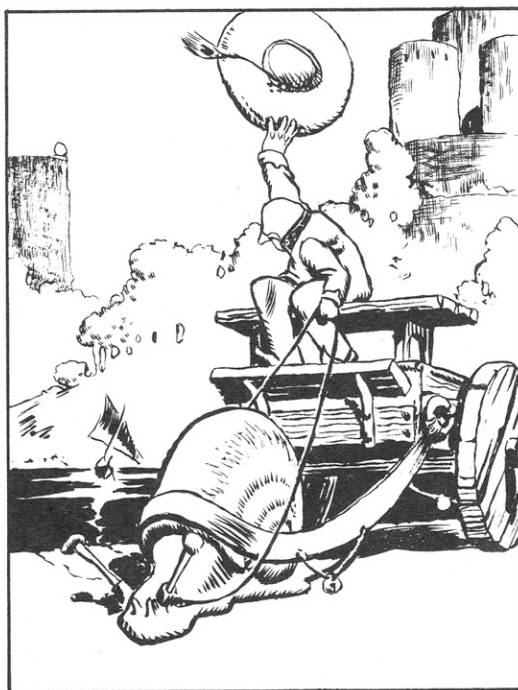
"AND MORE BEAUTIFUL STILL, ONCE YOU WALK AMONGST IT'S WONDERS. SEE THE BANNERS YONDER, ACROSS THE WATER? THERE YOUR MOTHER AWAITS YOUR HOMECOMING."



"FAREWELL, MY PRINCESS,
MY LOVE TO YOUR FAMILY."
"YOU COME NO FARTHER?"
"NO, I MUST RETURN HOME,
THE FIRE NEEDS WATCHING
AND I MUST NOT NEGLECT
MY GARDENING."



CLOSER TO THE PALACE AND
FURTHER FROM THE DOCK,
AND THE PRINCESS LOOKED
BACK NO MORE.



THE BOAT SET SAIL AND
WAS OFF WITH THE WIND.
"FAREWELL, GOOD CLOVER,
FAREWELL."



"FLOWERS GROW AROUND
THE PALACE," CLOVER THE
GARDENER MUSED TO HIM-
SELF, "MANY MORE AROUND
THE WALL, BUT IN ALL
THEIR EARTHLY BEAUTY,
SHE'LL BE THE FAIREST
OF THEM ALL."







When the first white men came from across the sea, the red man had already been here for centuries. He had a culture and a social structure all his own; many parallels have been drawn between these cultures and other primitive aborigines but his was, for the most part, a more complex and demanding arrangement.

Immediately upon learning there were "pagans" in the New World many of the religious organizations of Europe sent missionaries to "convert" these same savages to christianity. In fact the word "savages" is a New England corruption of the word commonly used in Europe for most aborigines which was "salvages." Which denoted that all such people were lost and seeking salvation.

This was not the case! Nearly every tribe in North America believed in only one god. Generally he was referred to as Tonka Wakan or Manitu and was believed to be the supreme being. But these poor, ignorant heathens had to be made aware and in many cases forced, through threats of starvation and death, to accept Christianity with no choice in the matter.

This column is not to judge the moral or ethical right of one man to impose his beliefs

on another man, but bring to the readers a look at the old Indian legends and myths. The red man believed that each and every animal had its place in his society and an animal was usually adopted as a tribal or clan totem and this animal was believed sacred.

At times you can draw parallels between their legends and some of ours for when you deal with mythology you'll find most people will have similar beliefs.

People all over the world love to hear a good story. They would stop work or delay a war to listen to the travelling bards of ancient lands. The bard of Europe was a story-teller. Whether he sang his story or with dramatic effects told of the wonders of far-off lands and people. He was a respected and protected member of society. He belonged to no clan, no tribe, no man. He was given the best food, the best wine and the most comfortable bed. People came from miles to hear his stories. He would stay a few days telling news and legends then he would travel on.

The story-tellers of pre-Columbus North America were little different. The people

loved a good story. So the men who travelled were protected among all tribes in all lands. In fact a story-teller of one tribe was honored at the campfire of a tribe at war with his own.

Each tribe had their sacred ground for the story-telling. The Seneca indians had a large rock which legend told them at one time had given them the old stories. We call this column as they called that rock --

THE STORY TELLING STONE.¹

THE SKY HAS FALLEN² -- One time Coyote met a turkey, and he ran and said, "Oh, the sky is falling." The turkey said, "How do you know?" "A piece of the sky has fallen on my

R&K



tail. I am looking for a hole to save myself." "May I go with you?" "Come along." As they went they met a rooster, and Coyote said, "Oh, the sky is falling." The rooster said, "How do you know?" "A piece of the sky has fallen on my tail. I am looking for a hole to save myself." "May I go with you?" "Come along." As they went they met a lamb, and Coyote said, "Oh, the sky is falling." The lamb said, "How do you know?" A piece of the sky has fallen on my tail. I am looking for a hole to save myself." "May I go with you?" "Come along." As they went they met a goose, and Coyote said, "Oh, the sky is falling." The goose said, "How do you know?" "A piece of the sky has fallen on my tail.



I am looking for a hole to save myself." "May I go with you?" "Come along." At last they came to a hole and, when they were in, Coyote turned and ate the goose. When he had eaten the goose he ate the lamb. When he had eaten the lamb he ate the rooster. When he had eaten the rooster he ate the turkey. He ate them all up and these animals never came out any more.

HOW THE CHIPMUNKS GOT THEIR STRIPES³

A grandmother and granddaughter were living together. They had a skin blanket, but it was old and a good deal of the hair was worn off.

The two women went to the forest to camp and cut wood, and they carried the blanket to cover themselves with at night. They had been in the forest only a few days when they found that their skin blanket was alive and was angry. They threw the blanket down and ran toward home as fast as they could go. Soon they heard the skin following them.

When it seemed very near the grandmother





began to sing and her song said, "My granddaughter and I are running for our lives, My granddaughter and I are running for our lives."

When the song ended, the women could scarcely hear the skin following them, but not long afterward they heard it again. When they reached home the skin, now a bear, was so near that as they pushed open the door it clawed at them and scratched their backs, but they got in.

The old woman and her granddaughter were chipmunks. Since that time Chipmunks have stripes on their backs, the result of the scratches given by the bear.

BAT⁴

Once there was a war between beasts and birds. Bat was on birds' side. In the first battle, the birds were badly beaten. As soon as Bat saw that the battle was going against them, he crept away, hid under a log, and stayed there till the fight was over.

When the animals were going home, Bat slipped in among them.

After they had gone some distance, they saw him and asked one another: "How is this? Bat is one of the men who fought against us?"

Bat heard them, and he said: "Oh, no! I am one of you; I don't belong to the bird

people. Did you ever see one of those people who had double teeth? Go and look in their mouths and see if they have. If you find one bird with double teeth, you can say that I belong to the bird people. But I don't; I am one of your own people."

They didn't say anything more; they let Bat stay with them.

Soon after, there was another battle; in that battle birds won. As Bat's side was getting beaten, he slipped away and hid under a log. When the battle was over and birds were going home, Bat went in among them.

When they noticed him, they said: "You are our enemy; we saw you fighting against us."

"Oh, no," said Bat, "I am one of you; I don't belong to those beasts. Did you ever see one of those people who had wings?"

They didn't say anything more; they let him stay with them.

So Bat went back and forth as long as the war lasted. At the end of the war, birds and beasts held a council to see what to do with him. At last they said to Bat: "Hereafter, you will fly around alone at night, and will never have any friends, either among those that fly, or those that walk."

¹Each issue will contain stories and legends from North American Indian Mythology.

²The Sky Has Fallen, Zuni, Southwest U. S. Copyright 1935, Columbia University Press.

³How Chipmunks Got Their Stripes, Seneca, Iroquois. Copyright 1923, 1951, by Jeremiah Curtin Cardell.

⁴Bat, Modoc, California. Copyright 1912, by Mary Alma Curtin.







RANDY BROECKER 1970



Kenneth Smith
25 NOVEMBER 1969





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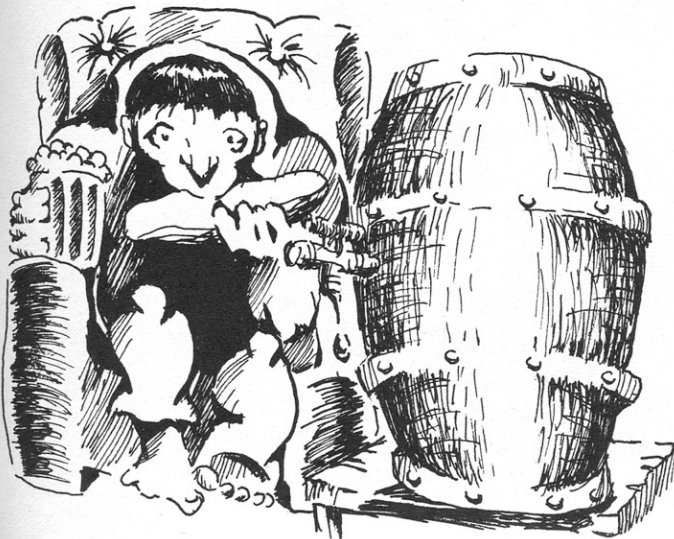
RANDY BROECKER 1970

TROLLS COME FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN HILLS IN WHICH THEY LIVE. THEY WOULD LIVE IN GROUPS LIKE HUMAN FAMILIES AND WERE VERY GOOD NEIGHBORS TO EACH OTHER. THEY LOVED TO PLAY AND BE JOYFUL!

NOT ALL, BUT MOST TROLLS WERE VERY SHORT AND UGLY. THEY ALSO OFTEN HAD HUMPED BACKS AND CROOKED NOSES. BUT, WOMEN TROLLS, FOR THE MOST PART, WERE VERY ATTRACTIVE.



AFTER A HARD DAY, TROLLS WOULD LOVE TO BREW ALE AND EAT FRESHLY BAKED BREAD THAT THE WOMEN FOLK MADE THAT DAY.



THE TROLLS WERE VERY RICH AND OFTEN HAD HOUSES MADE OF CRYSTAL AND GOLD. TROLLS COULD ALSO, IF THEY WANTED, MAKE PEOPLE RICH.



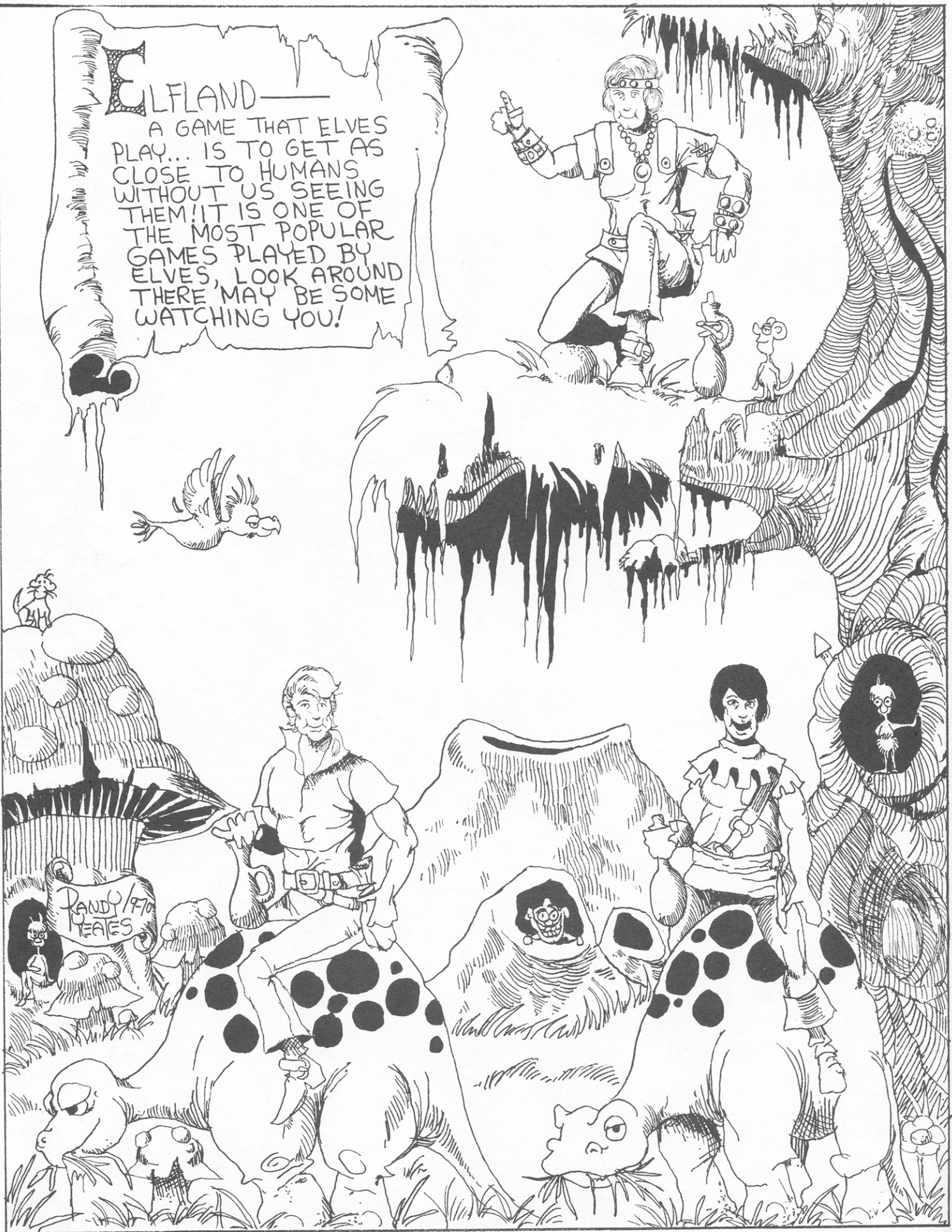
ON THEIR BAD SIDE, TROLLS SOMETIMES WOULD STEAL HUMAN CHILDREN. SO WHEN YOU MOTHERS SEE A SMALL HUNCHED MAN AROUND YOUR YOUNG ONES, DON'T BE ALARMED, BUT KEEP THEM CLOSE. FOR HE MIGHT BE A... **TROLL!**



9/70
nyd:ll
THE END

ELFLAND

A GAME THAT ELVES PLAY... IS TO GET AS CLOSE TO HUMANS WITHOUT US SEEING THEM! IT IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GAMES PLAYED BY ELVES, LOOK AROUND THERE MAY BE SOME WATCHING YOU!



RANDY BAOECKER 1970

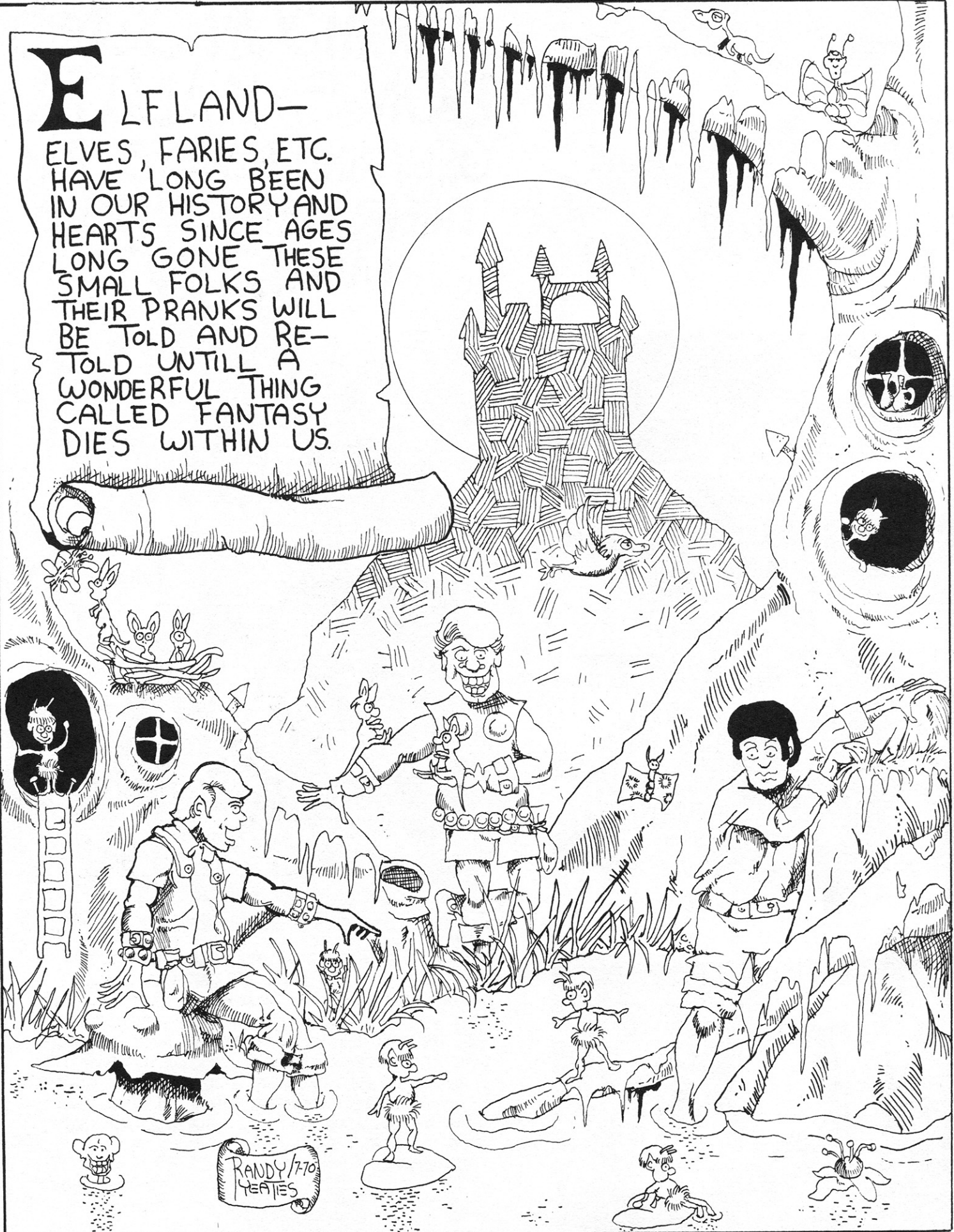


JUANILLO



ELFLAND—

ELVES, FARIES, ETC. HAVE LONG BEEN IN OUR HISTORY AND HEARTS SINCE AGES LONG GONE THESE SMALL FOLKS AND THEIR PRANKS WILL BE TOLD AND RE-TOLD UNTILL A WONDERFUL THING CALLED FANTASY DIES WITHIN US.



RANDY 7-70
YEATIES



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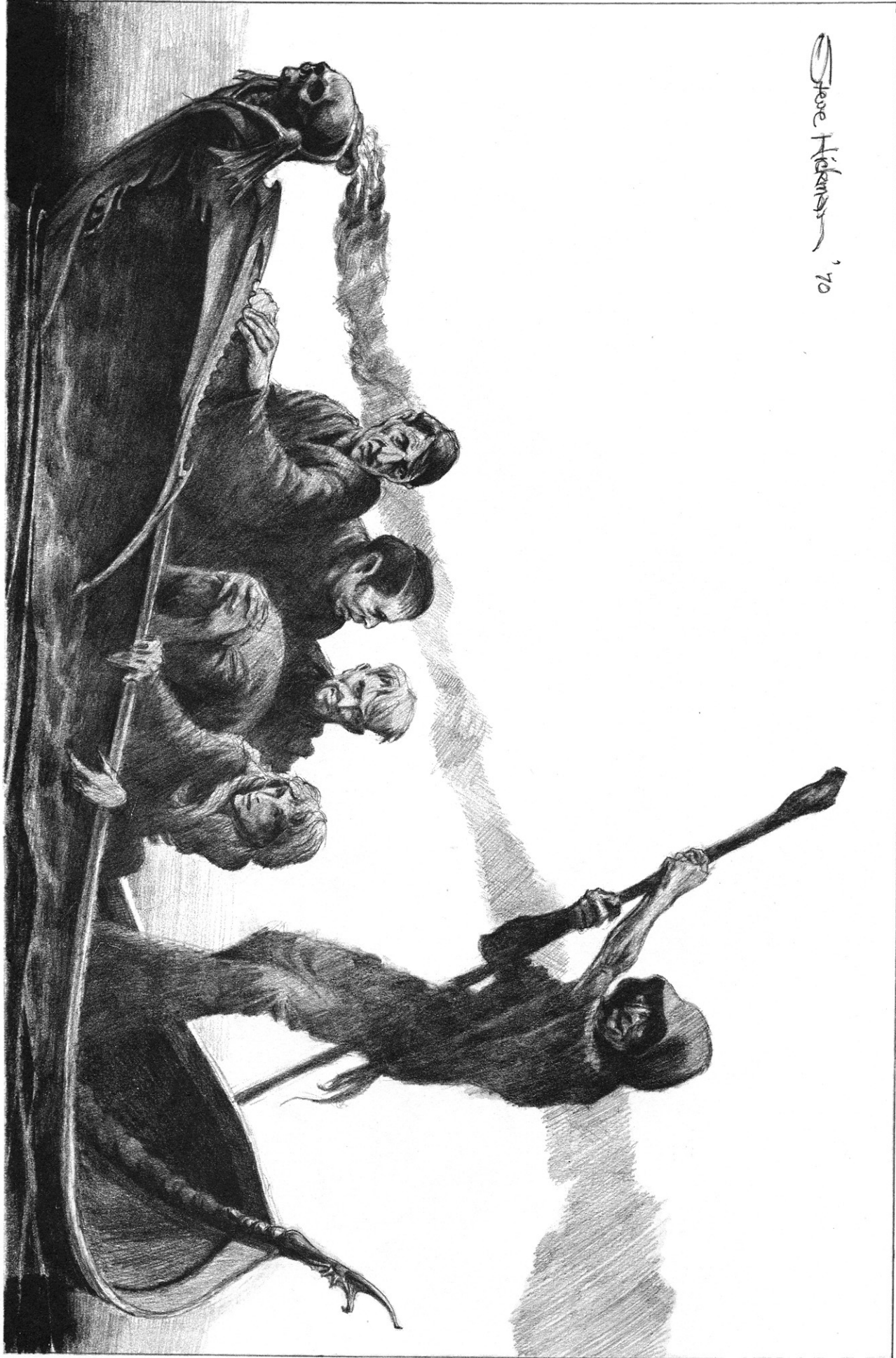


BLACK BEARD

1718 - BLACKBEARD'S EYES
CLOUDED WITH FEAR AND
CONSTERNATION, FOR HE KNEW
HE'D MET HIS MATCH. LT.
MAYNARD WAS THE BETTER
SWORDSMAN, AND AN EX-
CLAIMATION POINT THRUST INTO
THE PIRATE'S NECK PROVED
IT. BLACKBEARD'S HEAD WAS
HUNG FROM THE EQUISPANT'S
END!



Shane Hixson '70





The Last Word

There you have it! The product of many, many hours of work on the part of the artists and staff.

I would like to apologize to a young man for the error I made in spelling his name in my first ad. Bob JUANILLO, I apologize. As a great man once said, "Spell it correctly! Its the only name I've got to my name. So to speak." Bob is a fine artist and a fabulous talent. When I first contacted him about some art work he asked what I'd like to have, then proceeded to do the drawings just the way I wanted them. I think most of you will agree that his Temple of Venus is a beautiful piece... of art. Thanks, again, Bob.

I just can't say enough about the artists who have done work for issue #1. They have exceeded my expectations in just about every way. I hope the readers enjoy the work done by the amateurs in this issue. I think they deserved the opportunity to be seen. In fact all artist are cordially invited to submit work for publication; be they Talented Young Artist or Old, Old Pros. All material must meet exacting standards as to quality; this I'm sure you can tell from issue #1, and be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The only restriction on subject matter is that it must meet our "legendary" format.

Coming Up

Issue #2 is shaping up to be a very exciting edition. Jeff Jones has a painting finished for the cover. It is a rendition of SCHEHERAZAD. I'm not sure yet if there will be a cover story or not. I've been in contact with a couple of artists about a strip for the story but haven't commissioned anything as yet.

There will be more artwork by: KEN SMITH, the master of fine line and logos; STEVE HICKMAN, the Virginia Dare; (Ken and Steve both have some beautiful things coming up in future Warren publications. Watch for "em.) MIKE KALUTA, Warlock of Lockhaven; FRANK BRUNNER, the Wicked Witch of West 84th Street; BOB JUANILLO, the instigator of insidious insinuations; GRAY MORROW, who will be great as usual. Others to look forward to: Steve Harper, Bruce Jones, Steve Fritz, Ken Kelley, Randy Broecker and BERNI WRIGHTSON. There are several artists who have mentioned interest in doing art work for "THIS IS LEGEND". Such as: Mike Royer, Tom Sutton, Mike Cody, Hal Shull and Al Williamson. There are others I have contacted but haven't heard from yet; I hesitate to list their names until I do.

THIS IS LEGEND #2 will be out April 1, 1971. Do to printing and postage cost the price will be \$2.50. This will include 1st class mail.

Special Thanks

As I close issue #1 I'd like to say a special thanks to Frank and Ellie Frazetta, also Ken and Rosie Kelly for a delightful visit to Frank's home after the New York Comic Art Convention. It was a great pleasure seeing all those Frazetta originals. These are truly Beautiful People. ... Thank you!!!



JUANILLO