





# COLUMBIA FANDOM

1967-1972

## *the last shot*

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### INTERIOR ARTWORK

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Bill Kunkel 4, 5, 7, 11  
Hank Luttrell 12, 17

THE COVER is a 40% reduction of a lovely painting by Joe Station. We think it came out okay, but it could have been better. You can't appreciate the color in this reproduction, of course, and the Big Huge mimeograph had a little trouble handling the black areas -- it can ink heavily enough, but the paper tends to stick to the drum, forcing me to print with a large top margin so that the paper strippers can work correctly.

### Columbia CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Terry Hughes, Rt. 3, Windsor, Missouri 65360  
Chris Couch & Claudia Parish (after Sept. 10) 1606 University, Basement,  
Columbia, Missouri 65201  
Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main #1, Madison, Wisconsin 53703

THE LAST SHOT was published by the 1972 Summer Columbia fandom. Mail can be sent to The Last Shot, care of Doug Carroll, 1109 Paquin, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

Weltanschauung Publication #50  
Reticent Press Publication #20

# COLUMBIA SUMMER

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What makes a fan center? Size helps (it is hard to imagine New York City not being a fan center), but it is obviously not necessary. What else? It's hard to say, because fan centers seem to develop in the oddest places. Why, for example, should Columbia, Missouri have developed into one? When you think about it, it's not that unlikely of a place. It is a college town, with a lot of young student-types, and it is in a state which seems to develop fan centers consistently (Poplar Bluff, St. Louis, and now Columbia). All it really needed was a little push. Well, with a few fans in the city (the Luttrells, Creath Thorne, and Jim Turner) and a few fans uncovered there (Terry Hughes and Doug Carroll) as well as a lot of fringe fan friends, a fan center was born. That story will probably be told elsewhere. What I want to talk about in this article is what one does when they live in a fabulous fan center.

I guess a lot of people have never been lucky enough to live in a fan center, so they don't really know what you do when you live in one. It's not just the presence of a lot of fans in a small area that makes a fan center. If the fans were all gafia, or they hated each other and never spoke to one another, then you really couldn't call that place a fan center (unless it were New York City). No, in a fan center, the fans have to be hyperactive, and be good enough friends to work on fannish projects with one another. And that is what we do here in Columbia. I'm not going to tell you everything we've done in Columbia in the four years I've lived here, but I will tell you about the activities of the last few months.

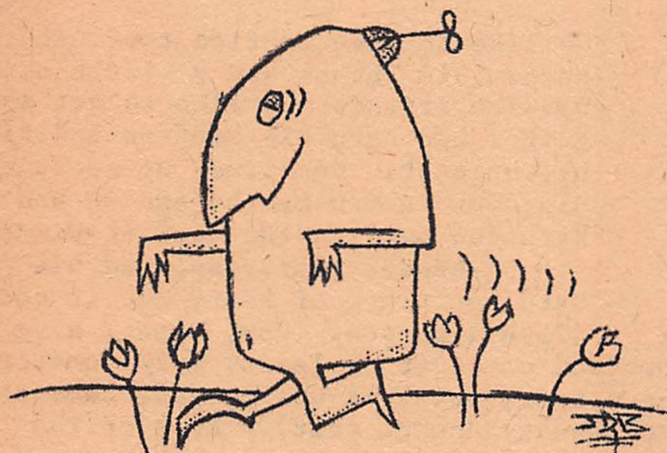
Here in Columbia we are vaguely organized as something called MoSFA. At one time that was an official university organization (the Missouri Science Fiction Association), and it met weekly in the Student Union. Well, we are no longer so official, but the tradition of weekly meetings still continues. Now every week, everyone calls up our house and asks where the 'meeting' is going to be that week. Of course, they aren't real meetings, in the sense that most clubs have meetings. They are more like parties. We sit around drinking coke (sometimes wine) and talking. This summer, the 'we' are: Terry Hughes, Doug Carroll, Chris Couch, Claudia Parish, Jim Turner, Roger Vanous, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, and sometimes Creath and Ann Thorne.

Most of the time we meet either at the Luttrell apartment, or the Carroll-Hughes, etc. house. Doug is renting an entire house this year, and it is very big and perfect for parties. We have had several official parties there this summer (notably the house warming party), lots of meetings and even a couple of dinners (more about those later). Our apartment is a basement apartment with a smaller living room, but with a working television and two cats as added entertainment.

lesleigh luttrell

Meetings are held less frequently at the Vanous or Turner households. Roger is spending the summer in a little apartment in an apartment house. It is so small that it looks rather like a hotel room, with a very tiny kitchenette attached. I've seen a lot bigger places at convention hotels. Jim lives in an apartment at the very top of an old house which has been converted to apartments. He has a pretty big place, but it is so full of stuff, that it is almost impossible to get everyone in there. It would probably take an archaeologist to find anything that is in Jim's room. The main reason to have a meeting at Jim's is to listen to his new records. Jim buys several records a week (the owner of the local Discount records once told Jim he stays up nights trying to think of records to sell him), so there is always something new to listen to.. Not always something good, but Jim makes most of the musical discoveries in our group.

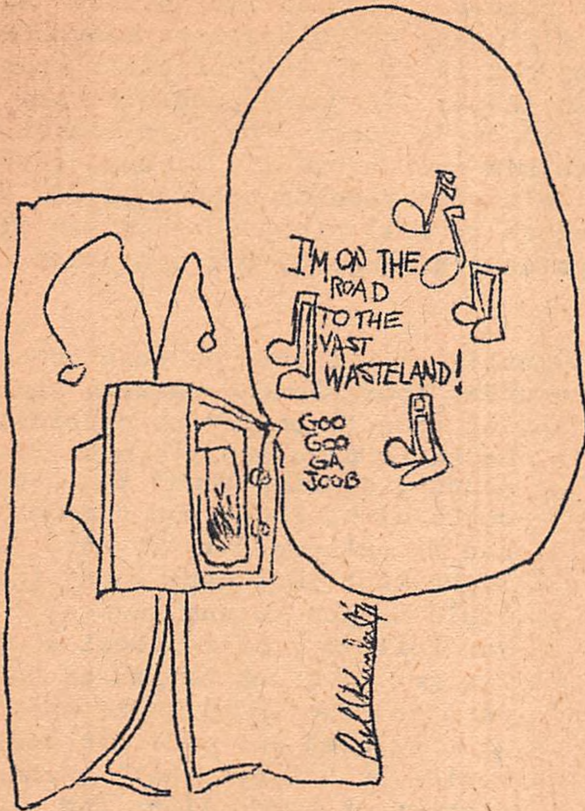
As I said, the main thing we do at our meetings is talk. We talk about fandom a lot, of course. We talk about records, comic books, movies, sometimes even science fiction. And we spend a lot of time listening to stories. Jim is, of course, the best 'story teller'.



He tells us about his most famous drunks, stories about the people he works with, about the roommates he had in college. It is hard to believe that that many funny things could happen to one person. Would you believe a story about someone who got so drunk he passed out and when he woke up he found obscene slogans painted all over his body? Would you believe that someone once stopped at a red light and saw to their horror someone coming out of the the trunk of the car in front of them, and throwing up on their car? Would you believe a doctor exists that offers to do stitching for other doctors because he enjoys it so much?

Jim has told us all these stories, and a lot more besides. They may sound pretty unbelievable, but if you want to believe in the existence of someone like Jim, you have to believe most of his stories too.

Another thing we often do is go to movies together. We are all big movie fans. Any week there isn't any movie in town that Jim Turner will go to is a very bad week for movies. The rest of us don't go as often, but we make an effort to see the movies we want to see. A few months ago, several of us went to see a free showing of "Night of the Living Dead" at the University, and then piled into a van to go out to a theatre and see "The Boyfriend." We passed up a chance to complete the evening with a late show of Chaplin's "The Circus" at another theatre (we went to see it several days later) and went home and watched an Abbott and Costello movie on television instead. We get together at least once a week to watch a movie on television together, usually on Saturday night. Every Saturday night in Columbia, there are four movies on television — Tales of Terror, The Best of Hollywood, and The Saturday Night Double Feature. And most of the time the movies are pretty rotten; but we watch them anyway. After all, it is something of an accomplishment to have seen every halfway scary movie Universal made in the '40's and '50's.



A lot of times people come over here when there aren't any movies on, or when it is a long time till show time, and read comic books. We have a pretty nice collection of funny comic books, as well as a large number of other varieties, which we have for sale or trade. So every once in a while you can walk in our living room and see Chris, Claudia and Terry sitting around reading Little Lulu comics and giggling. Those parties are a lot of fun for me, since I've usually already read the comics and sit around timing the giggles. (Later on in the evening, everyone will be sitting around giggling with no comics in their laps.)

We like to have parties too. And dinners. Jim Turner has a circle of non-fan friends who like to get together and have big dinners and divide up the cost. Sometimes we go to those dinners. A few months ago we had a barbecue over on the roof at Jim's. Jim barbecued spareribs, and his roommate got a keg of beer, and it cost \$2.50 a person. Now, when I have

dinners, I don't charge people to come and eat. Or at least, only sometimes. We did charge a little for our Easter dinner, but that was because hams cost a lot (we couldn't afford a real Boone County Ham at that). Most of the time we have something a little cheaper, like fried chicken, or barbecued hamburgers. I don't like to cook really complicated things; I'd rather have a lot of food. That way I can watch Jim Turner eat enough food for three people and Terry eat about one-third of a meal, and wonder why Terry has gained more weight this summer than Jim.

Now when we have something we officially call a party, it isn't much different from a meeting. The main difference is that alcoholic beverages and snacks are prerequisites for parties, and they aren't for meetings. The last party we had was Hank's birthday party. We had cake and ice cream (of course), and Jim passed around a bottle of Rebel Yell bourbon. I don't see how people can drink that stuff when they are eating ice cream, but a lot of them did. Hank opened his presents, and was amazed when I made him try on his new pants to find that they actually fit, and didn't hang around him like a sack. He couldn't understand how anyone could afford to make pants like that since he didn't think anyone else in the whole world had a figure like him. We finally figured out the pants were made for speed freaks, who are pretty thin and like to wear their pants tight (these pants are not really tight on Hank.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.

# PEDALLING DOPE

CHRIS  
COUCH  
&  
CLAUDIA  
PARISH



I've always wanted to learn how to ride a bicycle. My parents would never buy bicycles for the three of us, not because they were cruel and heartless, but because there was really no safe place to ride them around our house. Narrow back roads in a rural area where the speed limit was the official state maximum of 65 just are not good places for small kids to ride around on. My grade school friends who had bicycles all lived in the subdivisions that were just beginning to be built around our house, and could them there in relative safety until they felt ready to tackle the roads. But our house was very isolated. I tried to get one of my friends to teach me how to ride one. He took me and his bicycle to the top of a large hill, put me on the bicycle and said, "Just ride down. It's easy." So I did. I was picking gravel out of my skin for a week. But I still wanted to learn how to ride.

When I decided to spend this summer in Columbia, I also decided that even if I did nothing else, I would learn how to ride a bicycle. Claudia agreed to teach me; a good thing too, since she's the only member of Columbia fandom who owns a bicycle. She kept her promise, and it was only a matter of a month or so before I worked up the courage to begin practicing.

The first problem was to find a place to practice.

"You can learn to ride out in the streets, Chris. That's where every kid learns how."

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"Kids learn lots of things in the streets, Claud. That doesn't mean I have to too. Anyway, what about all those cars."

"Don't be afraid of them. I was only afraid of them until I got my license and knew what it was like to be a driver."

"That's why I'm afraid of them."

I really wanted to learn to ride on the bottom of a dry swimming pool, but I couldn't find any. Finally, we compromised and picked out a nice parking lot.

It really was nice, too. It's right across from the Hospital, and is just perfect for bikes. The blacktop is nice and hard, with no holes in it, and it has two long slopes, one easy and one marvelously steep, around a large and flat central area. It seemed best to come down in the late evenings when it would be cooler, and when there would be almost no chance of anyone except us being on the parking lot. Finally came the day when Claudia walked her bicycle and me down to the lot for my First Lesson.

"Claudia, this bike looks kind of odd. Isn't there supposed to be a bar here, right under the seat?"

"It's a girl's bicycle; they're all like this."

"Boy, I'm glad no one's around to see me riding this."  
"Don't be ridiculous. Now it's very simple. You just get on it and ride. Now if you want, I'll hold the seat and run with the bicycle, to give you a start. The idea is that you won't know when I've let go, and you'll keep riding on your own."

"Claudia, I think I'll know when you let go."

"Well, try not to notice."

"How about if I close my eyes?"

It wasn't actually as difficult as I had thought it might be. Bicycle riding is easier when you're older, I think. You're larger, and so don't have as much trouble balancing as a tiny kid, and you're not as likely to hurt yourself if you do fall. So it was only about three or four pairs of bluejeans later that I was quite able to manage riding about the parking lot on my own. I did have some difficulties with Claudia's bike, though.

"Chris, you sure look funny when you ride. You look like a bird, all hunched over. I keep thinking your knees are going to get caught in the handlebars."

"It's not my fault your bike is too small."

"At least you could quit shutting your eyes and gritting your teeth all the time."

One evening towards the end of July I came home from work and changed my shoes to get ready to go over and spend the evening at Lesleigh and Hank's. My work shoes are old tennis shoes that are rotting from having water and



garbage spilled on them; I always change shoes as soon as I get home from work. I strolled out onto the porch, and asked Claudia, who was out there swinging, "Who's bicycle is that?"

"It's yours, It's for your birthday."

"Really!? It's fantastic!" It is, too. It's a huge red bike, made in England. It's a three-speed, and has hand brakes. Claudia warned me that it wasn't in the best of shape, and needed to be worked on, but I could ride it until we had time to take care of it. And I did. With my marvelous new bike I was soon riding around on the back streets of Columbia. Even when Claudia pointed out that there wasn't much more traffic on the back streets than in our parking lot, it failed to dampen my pride in my new-found freedom. I still walked the bike across large busy streets. Claudia kept urging me to ride on them — "Aw, go out and ride in the traffic." Finally one day I came home and told her, "Guess what, Claud. I actually rode down College for a couple of blocks in the traffic."



"That's pretty neat, Chris. I'm proud of you."

"Actually, it was pretty scary. I was going to walk the bike across, but the handbrakes stopped working."

That was really the turning point, though, and I started riding my bike back and forth to work every day. With this added wear another small fault in the bike showed itself; the back tire was leaking air. Since Claudia's tires needed a bit of air as well, she decided it was time to show me how to master this small but necessary skill. So we organized an expedition out to Providence Road, a large street with lots of filling stations. Claudia led me into the first one we found, and we rode up next to the air pump.

"This is kind of an odd nozzle. Have you ever seen one like this before?"

"Claudia, you're supposed to know how to do this. The only thing I've ever filled with air was a balloon." So Claudia knelt down next to her bike, and pressed the nozzle down on her tire's valve.

"Claudia," I asked after a few moments, "do you always let all the air out of your tires before you fill them?"

"This doesn't seem to be working too well, does it. Here, let me try your bike." She then proceeded to let the air out of the tires on my bike as well. Seeing that there was nothing else to be done, we walked our bikes with their flat tires the six blocks down the street to the next filling station, one with a conventional air hose. I strolled a discrete distance

away, and pretended not to know Claudia. She ignored the small group of people who stood out in front of the station giggling, and I ignored her snarling at me.

Everyone likes riding down hills on a bicycle. At the very least they'd prefer to ride down hills than up them. I had developed a strong predilection for riding down hills on the steep slope on my parking lot, so one day Claudia told me she'd take me out to Quarry Road, where the steepest hill in town was to be found.

We had to ride only a short way down College Ave, past the University chicken farms, to arrive at the top of Quarry Hill. "That's the steepest hill I've ever bicycled down," Claudia told me. I could believe it. It looked quite perpendicular to me. "Let's go down. You can go first." I gulped once or twice, put my feet on the pedals, and started down. It was marvelous. By the time I got to the bottom, it seemed like I could hardly keep my eyes open for the wind. We rode into a small park at the bottom of the hill, and around a drive in it, braking all the way.

Then it was time to go back up. Claudia went first, and made it about a third of the way up the hill. I came up behind her, and ground slowly to a stop at about the same place. "You don't have to stop just because I do."

"Oh, I just thought I'd be nice and walk up with you," I replied.

It was a long walk, and when we got to the top of the hill, it seemed a shame to expend so much effort, and then just go home. So we rode down again. This time I leaned forward into the wind as far as I could, as if that might help me to go faster. It took even longer to go up the hill this time, and so of course there was nothing to do but go down it again. We decided not to brake when we got down to the bottom, but to see how far our momentum would carry us. Down and down we went, past the small park, around a long curve, and up to a narrow wooden bridge without turning our pedals once. We were almost stopped and were hoping to get across without pedalling. Suddenly Claudia started pedalling furiously. I looked up, noticed that a car was almost on the bridge. There wasn't room for anything but that car, so I decided to pedal furiously as well.

Claudia managed to ride a little bit of the way up the hill as we went back, but I just resigned myself to walking my bike up. We rode back up College, about three times as far as it had been when we came down. It took only about three bottles of Coke before we decided that we were no longer thirsty.

When I first rode my bicycle to work, I rode it around the back of the Hospital and parked it on a rarely-used section of the loading dock behind the kitchen. I said this was so it wouldn't get stolen; actually it was so all the people who get off work at the same time I do wouldn't see me make two or three false starts before I could get going. But my confidence increased, and Claudia bought me a chain with which to lock my bike, and so I decided that it was time to park out front, with the experienced cyclers.

It always feels good to change out of your white uniform at the end of the day and back to your civvies. Especially it feels good to take off the hairnet and let your hair down around your shoulders. So I was feeling quite

# COLUMBIA FANDOM

## A BRIEF CONCISE HISTORY

by Hank Luttrell

In 1967 St. Louis fandom had been bidding for the 1969 worldcon for about a year. For most of that year, I had been going to school at the University of Missouri at Rolla, but had transferred to the UofMo. at Columbia for the '67 school year. The Columbia campus is a big one, with lots of students -- a little over 20,000. I thought that was probably about enough to start a science fiction club. My motives were numerous. I thought it might result in recruiting additional help and support for our worldcon bid -- we all worried a lot about the worldcon bid in those days. I thought I might make some friends; I didn't know too many people at the university. I thought it might help to keep me from studying -- anything that did that was certainly worthwhile.

Anyone who has had anything to do with a large bureaucracy knows what dealing with them is like. In order to receive University recognition for the club (something which I thought would be an advantage at the time), I had to fill out forms in triplicate, write a constitution which was for ever after ignored (though the U. probably still has a copy on file), gather signatures, and appear before committees. I remember almost blowing the whole thing when I said that I thought it would be okay if people not associated with the University joined the club. I had read the University regulations for University recognized clubs carefully, and they hadn't forbidden this -- but the committee informed me that it was still against the rules, even if the rule was unwritten at that time. I guess I forgot anyway, though. Jim Turner was the first to drop out of school and he of course remained an important member. And later I remained a member after I dropped out. But I'm getting ahead of the story.

Both Jim Turner and Creath Thorne were already students in Columbia. Creath in those days was already something of a BIF, while Jim was a neo who had only been associated with fandom briefly some time earlier. Creath and Jim really hadn't had much contact with each other before MoSFA (the Missouri Science Fiction Association, of course) was formed. Jim had tried to visit Creath once in Creath's home town, but some sort of accident had prevented Creath from meeting Jim at the bus station. Later, however, they did meet-- briefly. Creath still recalls that incident with shock. Creath had called on Jim at Jim's dorm room. The room was. . .well, a mess, much like the infamous current Jim Turner apartment. Jim was perched in the middle of it all, hungrily eating two pork chops, one with each hand. Creath says he didn't stay long. In those days, Creath hated rock music and Jim was into campus

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politics. How things can change over the years.

When MoSFA first got started, I must have not been exactly aware that student organizations could use meeting rooms in the Student Union and Student Commons. Or something -- I don't really remember. At any rate, someone had apparently told me that student organizations could use the basement room in the United Church of Christ's Ecumenical Center. We must have met there most of the first year. One day the man who I always talked to about getting the room had a little more than usual to say to me, "Gee, this is a . . . science fiction club, right?" Could he think that science fiction was sacrilegious? Who had told him our secret? But no, instead he said, "Well, I know someone who might be interested in your club. He is on our board of directors." So I said, "That's okay, I'm not prejudice." No, I didn't say that. I said, "Oh?" "Yes," he continued. "Roger Vanous is his name." Roger has been a regular member since then. Many of you have probably met him at Midwestcons or Pecons. Lately, we've even gotten him to write a few things for fanzines. Roger teaches economics in the wilderness of Pittsburg, Kansas during the school year, and fools around with our computers here in Columbia during the summer, pretending that he is working on his Ph.D.

If the Columbia fandom of today has a reputation for fannishness and amazing fanzine production -- well, it hasn't always been like that. Why, Lesleigh and I didn't even get the fabulous Big Huge mimeograph until 1970. Mostly, that first year, all we did was sit around and have meetings. . . at which we talked. About science fiction. And about other things too, don't think that we were complete fools. Why, I remember one night when we spent most of the meeting talking about what we used to watch on TV when we were younger -- if that isn't a worthwhile subject, I don't know what is. We did show some movies that year for the student body, as we did again, for the next two years. And we did go to Rolla to hear Arthur C. Clarke speak. That was an odd night. About five of us left for Rolla in the afternoon. Once there, we were met by two of my old Rolla buddies (they read sf, of course). Clarke gave his usual "camous" lecture and we split for Columbia. But when we got back it was too late for the girls to get into their dorm -- curfew, you see. So someone said, "Why don't we go to Kansas City, it is only a hundred miles away!" So we did, and then came back. By then the dorms were open again for the morning. A nice pleasant country drive.

It was the second year of MoSFA, 1968, that some of the other people that you know through Columbia fanzines began to show up. That group included Lesleigh, then Lesleigh Couch, Terry Hughes and Doug Carroll.

What about Terry Hughes, whom John Berry calls a paragon of fannish skill, wit and know how? (Well, if he hasn't called him that exactly, I'm sure he would, maybe.) How did he become a Columbia fan? I recall Terry's first MoSFA meeting very well. I had asked a crowd of new MoSFA recruits (freshmen all) if any of them knew anything about fandom. Terry jumped up and said, "I read Trumpet!"

And then there is Doug Carroll. It took years of prodding by the other Columbia fans to get Doug involved with fanzine fandom. His start, I suppose, was a short letter which I published in Starling. A modest beginning to be sure but the letter got a rave notice in Locus. Success went to Doug's head, and soon the first issue of Cowboy Angel appeared, a spectacular critical success. John Berry devoted almost a whole column to it in Amazing.

Jim Turner has become something of a myth figure to the rest of us here in 11. Columbia, as pointed out by John Berry in his perceptive Amazing column. The best thing I can say about Jim Turner (among all the nasty things I could say) is that fandom isn't the only world in which Jim Turner is famous. Everyone in Columbia knows Jim Turner. Walk down any Columbia street and ask anyone if they know Jim Turner. Anyone will say, "Jim Turner? Big guy? Yay, I know him." Ask someone in your city, he might be known there, too.

Creath Thorne? Creath has always been a major strength for Columbia fandom. His relative few fanzines are treasured masterpieces. His columns and articles for Mota and Starling have always been some of the strongest material in the fanzines, and have often come in just when we needed them the most. Like some of the rest of us, Creath is going to be leaving Columbia soon, to return to Chicago to finish up his graduate work. These days find Creath in FAPA, and having trouble meeting his page requirements -- but then, one can't expect an important BNF\* to be hyperactive, can one?

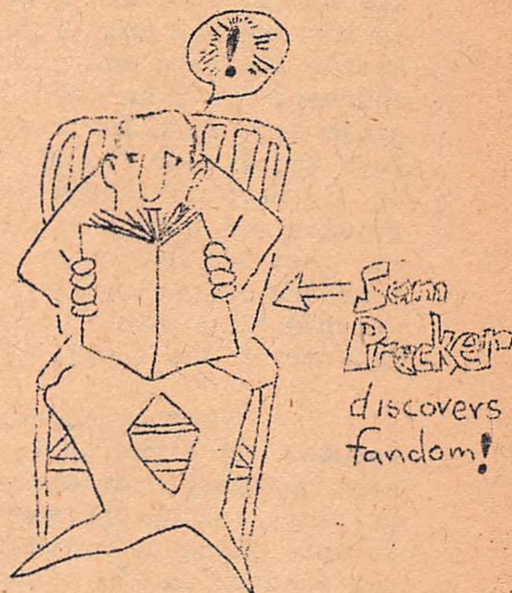
I asked some other members of MoSFA if they had any favorite stories that they thought should be included in this history. Doug suggested the Quivering Death Party. That topic hadn't occurred to me because Lesleigh and I weren't actually at the Quivering Death Party, we had to be doing something else that night. But it must have been something, because I kept hearing blood curdling stories about it for months afterwards. Now, Quivering Death is, as you may have already guessed, one of Jim Turner's evil alcoholic drinks. I think Terry has published the recipe in Mota -- it has lots of various glop in it. And apparently it works. Among the things that can be recorded in the public prints about the party are that Jim shot his musket at Roger Vanous, and that someone lost a shoe and either never noticed it or was too ashamed to own up to it, and that someone threw up in Jim's bathtub. Jim always suspected Roger, but Roger swears to this day that it wasn't him.

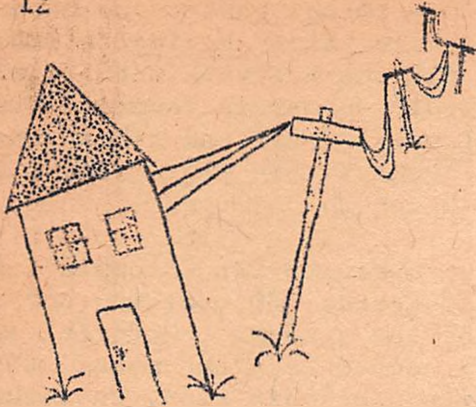
We've had a couple of Halloween parties. The first year it was at our house, and so many people came we almost swore off having any more parties of any sort ever again. But it was fun, and most of the people who came had gone to considerable trouble for a costume. If I remember correctly, that year we had two Forbushmen from Marvel Comics (one of them was Roger Vanous), a Roman left over from high school Latin class who looked like Terry Hughes, a hippy super hero (from an as yet un-published underground comic, I explained) and various other costumes.

The second year's party saw an amazing range of ambitious costumes. It was

\*Actually, Creath doesn't appreciate the term "BNF" -- considers it snobbish, with considerable justification. Perhaps I should have said that Creath is well known and respected.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.





# PALACES OF SIN

BY DOUG CARROLL

About four years ago I arrived in Columbia and settled in the dorm as regulations insisted. I remained there for three long years and actually enjoyed two of them. Old Cramer Hall, former residence of the notorious Jim Turner, is built of porcelain bricks which means it is a vast oven. It looks like old vomit. Here I experienced free flowing liquor, loose women, and fandom. Strangers would walk through our halls breathing deeply to get stoned. The Big Bust put an end to that. After the boys upstairs were taken away with their magic suitcase you had to be inside the rooms to get the sweet smoke. I had a procession of roommates. The first one lasted one day before I scared him off. He took a bus home to his mommy. Scotty was the second. He was a little strange. We didn't have one conversation in nine months. Eddie arrived in my second year. He became a good friend and still comes for visits. That was a wild and wicked year. We were demonstrating, wearing armbands, smoking dope and in general trying to save the world. Ah, yes, when we were young and foolish. My last dormie roommate was Allen from the wilds of Illinois. He was a good chap despite the habit of wearing ennie hoes.

I also tried to spend my summers in Columbia. An easy way to do this was summer school. During one of these episodes I lived in a girl's dorm which is the one and only experiment in coed living at M.U. that I know about. Beside the boys and girls we had lots of elderly teachers back for refresher courses, lusty and drunken sanitation workers and four nuns. Since it was a girls dorm with luxuries like ice boxes it all made for a fun summer. Illegal beer and liquor flowed, the beds were kept busy, and the nuns were kept shocked. We did have a housemother who looked after the dorm girls' morality during the regular semesters, but it is amazing how little she impressed some of the six feet two hundred pound sanitation workers. One evening she came up to find one of the workers strolling back from his shower with only a towel wrapped about him. She began to lecture him about how improper that act was. He removed the towel. The housemother didn't come upstairs again.

Another summer I rented a room in the local apartment house of ill-repute. It lived up to its reputation and I had a jolly good time despite some unsavory characters. There were parties of various types, one serious knifing, and enough good sex material to fill a soap opera for twenty years. We were going to write it all down and try to sell it, but we didn't want to get sued (or shot). After two weeks the manager gave me a homosexual roommate. Tom was a harmless chap who kept pretty much to himself. Occasionally he would wander in and say, "You really should eat me you know." I would stare at him with wide eyes and he would wander back out again without another word.

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Finally, I decided I needed to get into a real house to preserve my sanity. Looking about for someone I could stand for a year I selected Terry Hughes who is a nice fellow, but for preserving sanity he was a real bust. The house itself was a vast white mountain. The people living there were a little strange. They vacuumed their floor/my ceiling at two in the morning. Opening my door at six in the morning would often reveal the girls from upstairs lying in the hall in a state of undress with funny smiles on their faces. The ceiling fell in when the sewage line broke upstairs flooding the apartment with filth and a smell that lasted for weeks. To "fix it" the plumber poured acid down the pipe which also spilled into the room. These were just little things though. The real problem was Dixie. Dixie was the landlady and she had lived in the house when she was a little girl. (How Sweet) She liked to ask questions like, "Why are all you young people so destructive?" Her weird little ideas weren't so bad until she moved into the room next to ours with her retarded daughter. This was after she rented her own house out from under herself. She was always almost ready to leave for Hollywood, but something was always coming up and she just couldn't leave now could she? But we had good times too. The Halloween party was much fun. The regular meetings were always enjoyable. Many good people came to sleep on our floor. We would show silent movies on our walls. At one of these shows Jim Turner was sitting on the edge of my bed that did double duty as a couch for company. After about the third reel of "Intolerance" there was a mighty crash and the sound of Jim cursing. The bed had collapsed in the center leaving Jim on his back like a turtle with his feet waving in the air. Finally Terry and Hank Luttrell were able to pull him out of the wreckage of my bed. Jim went home without seeing the rest of the movie. My bed was never the same again so I had to move once more.

Now I've lived this summer in a new house on Paquin St. with Terry Hughes, Chris Couch and Claudia Parish. They will be out soon, but I'll still be here. Terry is going West and Chris and Claudia have found an apartment here in Columbia. I will be getting three new people in a few days who are Mike Novak, Rick Stoker and Joan Allen. A whole new set of tales is waiting to grow.

But the places I've loved and hated over the years can hardly match some other fannish residences. Jim Turner's place is three stories and can be reached by climbing six flights of stairs. Many times I've been carried up and a couple of times I've been dropped down those stairs. Once was at the Quivering Death party, but it didn't count because I didn't feel a thing. Once inside Jim's place the usual reaction is amazement that anyone could live in such filth, but Jim Turner isn't just anyone. With Jim's liquor consumption at its high level he has a fantastic bottle collection. They are all on the kitchen table which was last seen in early '71. There are old guns hanging about, and at times there are skulls stuck to the walls with bayonets for decoration. I have never been in Jim's Bedroom because I'm afraid to. I've heard rumors about the conditions there for years and don't wish to foolishly risk my health or head. Over this chaos Jim rules supreme in air conditioned comfort wearing his famous green shorts and nothing else. Our hero!

Creath and Ann Thorne are very conventional. They live in a quonset hut which they assure me is warm is the good old summer time. They take a lot of vacations to get away from their house. I've never actually been there except in a dream and then it looked too middle class for my taste!

Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell of course live in a dank basement apartment. It is tiny and Hank has to build foot tall dams of newspapers and fanzines to keep water out when the rains come. The place does have one good feature --- it is very lively. The walls are filled with termites and guests could amuse themselves by pulling hunks of wood off. In season the box elder bugs would join the meetings and add their bit to the conversation. There was also something that looked like a cross between a fly and a spider. We decided that was the result of some mad plot, but we couldn't decide by who. Now Hank has moved out and put most of his stuff in my house which makes things a little crowded. At least we will use up the paper on this last shot and all the other publishing activities in this last week. Something has to go.

Those are the places we've been. Who knows how long it will be before Terry has another home or where it will be? Hank and Lesleigh are off to the frigid wastes of Madison. I will stay here with the old traditions. Jim Turner will continue his rule. Creath and Ann will stay a while longer. Chris and Claudia will stay with the Columbia good life at least a while longer. Roger Vanous is within easy driving distance in Pittsburgh, Kan. Rick Stoker, Mike Novak and Mike Couch will be joining us in a week. This is a last shot, but we are getting ready to reload with new recruits. Columbia fandom lives!

\* \* \* \* \*

COLUMBIA SUMMER continued from page 4.

Another thing that happens when you live in a fan center is that you have a lot of visiting fans. So far this summer we have had visits from John Berry, Mike Couch, Leigh Couch, Mike Novak, Ulf Westblom, Per Insulander and John Agren (the last three coming all the way from Sweden). Visitors always want to meet all the Columbia fans and see them perform the way they would at a meeting or something. Usually we have a party or a meeting to oblige them. And of course the additional person(s) make conversation at the meetings that much more interesting.

You might notice that I haven't mentioned anything about fanac. Well, actually, much fanac isn't a real necessity for a fannish center. All you have to do is have a few people living there who publish occasionally, and get fans in other parts of the country to talk about you. We do have quite a few people who pretend to put out fanzines here, but so far this summer, the only genzine that has come out has been our Starling. A few apazines and other things have gotten published by dint of a little pushing from us. But nobody in Columbia does much in the summer. But when you live in a fan center, you can be sure, if not of having tens of fanzines published right under your nose, at least of having a lot of help when you do publish.

What are the advantages of living in a fan center? Well, there are the ready made friends for any new fans who move there. There is the fact that you can talk about fandom with your friends, and count on their cooperation in fannish projects. You don't have to keep a part of your life secret because it would be unexplainable to mundane friends. You can be sure that if you try to gaffiate, you will have a lot of people to nag you about it, and try and stop you. And you can get a lot of Egoboo. (Did you see the last of John Berry's Clubhouses in Amazing?) But mostly, you just have a lot of fun. The kind of fun that makes people get into fandom in the first place.



# looking back

by Terry Hughes

It is difficult to write something about Columbia Fandom for this Last Shot because it is a very saddening thing to think about the Missouri Mob breaking up and going their many ways. Oh, there will still be a fandom in Columbia (I hope!) but it just won't be the same as before for me since the Luttrells won't be connected with it and I won't be involved in it and soon Creath Thorne won't be a part of it. Being engulfed in waves of memories doesn't really make writing a light-hearted bit any easier. Another problem is that there are so many stories to tell about what has gone on during these 4 to 5 years; some of them are funny to retell, others are way too short, and some... well, you just had to be there and know the persons involved to truly appreciate what went on. Since we share so many interests (and disinterests) there are many stories which involve us all. (Excuse me while I wipe the tears out of my eyes.) Therefore, the chance of repetition is highly dangerous. This fanzine would be pretty boring if all it consisted of were five different accounts of the same event.

Since Jim Turner, Hank Luttrell, fledgling Chris Couch, and I all have been (or still are) dishwashers at one time or another (and Lesleigh Luttrell worked in the kitchen), an article extolling the virtues and benefits of that profession would seem in order but that aspect of the art has had quite a bit of wordage devoted to it already. Certainly, there were lots of funny things that happened during my 22 months of dishwashing before I passed the dirty plates onto another, but this isn't the time nor place for them -- I'll fill your ears with those at some convention. Besides dishwashing, most of Columbia Fandom is interested in comic books, but none of the members want their avid interest revealed. After all, who wants to be jeeringly called a comics fan? \*shudder\* I could recount -- in extreme detail -- how Jim Turner and others unleashed a wave of "liver" jokes one evening. Things like "I'm a believer.", "You said that deliverately.", and Jim delivered the coup de grace when he started singing "Old Man Liver." But those jokes drove me away screaming, so I won't subject you to them. No, instead I'll talk about one other subject that all of us have been, or are, connected with. The University of Missouri at Columbia is the school where Hank Luttrell, Lesleigh Luttrell, Creath Thorne, Ann Thorne, Jim Turner, Doug Carroll, Rick Stoker, Roger Vanous, Claudia Parish, and I all attended classes, and where Chris Couch will take a French course in the fall, and Mike Couch will in a matter of days begin his college education.

MU as it is called by many people (You might say it is called MU initially, if you like poor puns.), or Mizzou as it is called by drunks, football players, and other obnoxious people, has an enrollment of roughly 21,000. As is university policy, I spent my freshman year in a dormitory, which had eight floors with sixty students on a floor. Because of the large number of students, there is a wide variety of people, and on my floor most of the students were freshmen and all of them were weird (except for me, of course). They really

enjoyed playing pranks. They would set off fire alarms at 3am; they would throw wastecans full of water onto people on elevators as the dorrs opened; They'd set firecrackers off in the stairwells; they poured week-old cooked beans into someone's clothes drawer; in general they were not cool. One early morning as I groggily started out of my door to go to the community john, the joker down the hall played a sound effects record of a train roaring along, with its horn blaring, through his huge speakers. I hurriedly jumped back into my room, not bothering to think of what a train would be doing on the seventh floor. Dorms are still sexually segregated and some of the female students still have 'hours' -- which just made it more of a challenge to sneak girls into one's dormroom. Panty raids still take place in the dark of night instead of ending in the 1950's. Fraternities and sororities are still important at MU while they are dying on other campuses. The University of Missouri is behind the times and weak in most subjects, yet it was in its library that I saw the notice that caused me to go to a meeting of a college science fiction club and meet all those strange people. Yes, despite all, the University of Missouri is where I became a fan.

As far as college goes, MoSFA was divided into two sections. In the dropout camp Jim Turner quit first, just 5 hours short of a degree; Hank Luttrell dropped out after 3 years; Claudia Parish got tired of it after 1 year; and I left after 4 semesters and 7 days. In the other group Roger Vanous will get his PhD in economics as soon as he finishes his thesis; Creath Thorne will go back to graduate school in Chicago when he finishes his CO work in December; Ann Thorne just got her masters in English; Lesleigh Luttrell will miss the first few days of graduate school at Madison because of the worldcon; Chris Couch is taking a break from Columbia University to make some money but says he's going back; and if he isn't careful, Doug Carroll will graduate in December.

Only at MU: The memory is still very clear of sitting in one of my history classes while my professor read his lesson from the text and I stared out the window, watching the workmen paint the grass green...

+++ Terry Hughes +++

+ + +

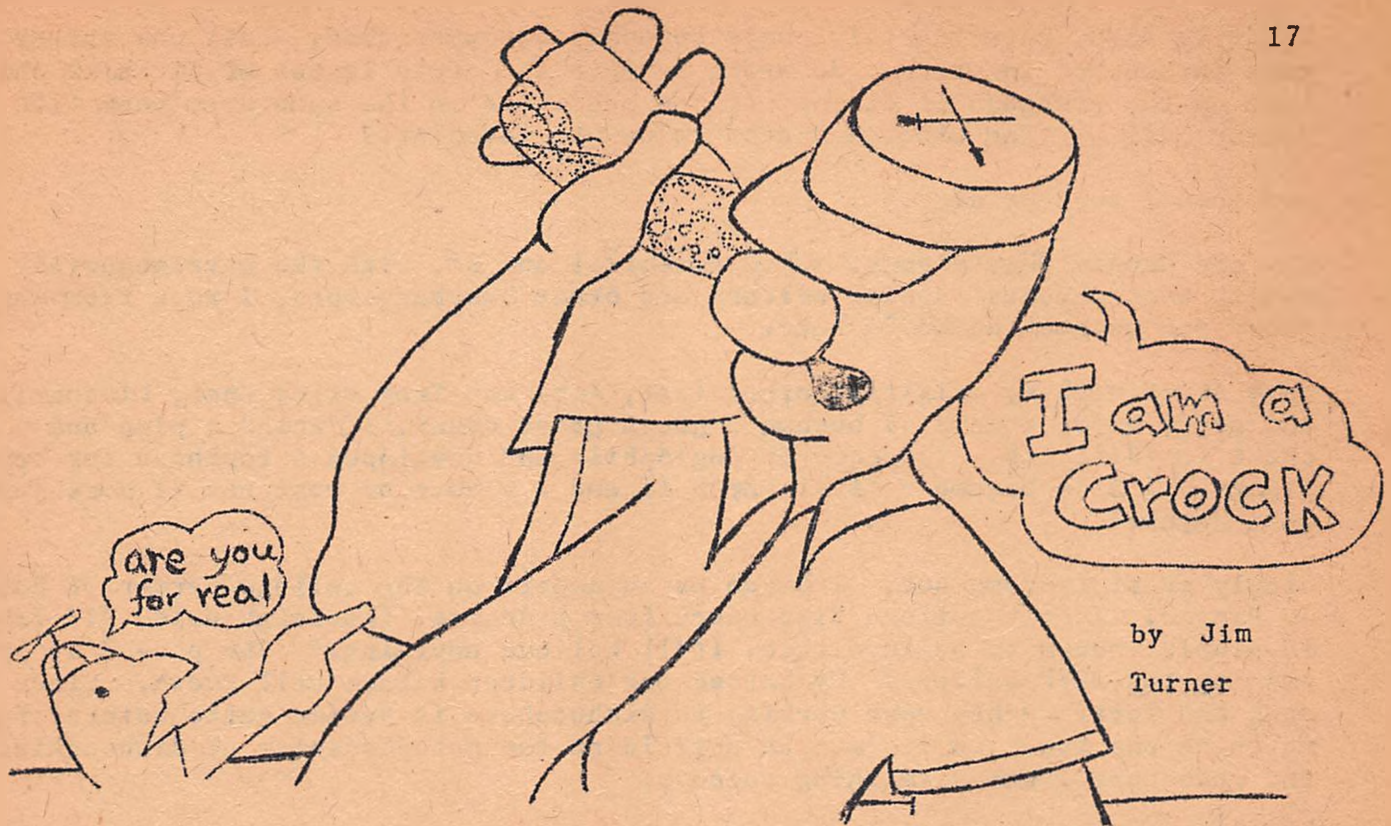
PEDALLING DOPE Continued from page 8.

jaunty as I clocked out, and sauntered out the main entrance with the rest of the recently-freed crew. It was but a moment's work to kick up the kickstand, aim the front wheel of my bike down the hill, and jump on. Splat. I fell right over, skinning myself slightly on the Hospital parking lot and doing incalculable damage to my ego. I hadn't moved an inch forward, since I had forgotten to unlock the chain from the spokes of my bicycle's wheels.

I was in a bad spot. But I was cool. Without so much as a glance around to see if anyone were laughing, I picked myself up, righted my bicycle, carefully unlocked the chain, and started for home as fast as possible.

I bet nobody even noticed.

+++ Chris Couch &  
+++ Claudia Parish +++



I remember it all so well, that golden fannish time in which I first came into nonexistence.

The Luttrells had been married less than a year and Columbia fandom as we all know and love it was just picking up steam. Hank and Lesleigh revived Starling in spring of 1970, Bill Merrill and Roger Vanous began working on a fanzine-that-never-was (Belmont's) there was plenty of active members, we were an official University of Missouri student organization and there was no end to our potential glory.

Sometime around then it was suggested that if we were going to go anywhere in fandom at all we were going to have to have a hoax. Everybody laughed and agreed and the matter dropped for that week. It came up again however in the following weeks. A combination St. Valentine's Day and Fannish Hoax Party was held at the Luttrell apartment.

St. Louis fandom had at that time a lapsed hoax, Becker Staus, originally conceived and foisted off by David Hall, one of OSFA's charter members. Becker Staus was a handsome, winning fellow, tall and slender, with fair hair. He was witty, whimsical, poetic and (sometimes) sarcastic. Sweet Becker (as the letterhead on his personal stationary proclaimed) was, in fact, an idealized portrait of Hall himself, as some fans suspected. As the months passed, Staus became more and more real, joining Apa45, publishing Quagga, and getting on the Cult Waitlist. He was even in attendance at Ozarkon 1, cleverly impersonated by Hall's friend John Turk.

Finally, Dave Hall gaffiated and Staus lapsed into the twilight zone of former vice presidents and other hoaxes and that was the end of him. Thinking over the career of Becker Staus, Hank Luttrell remembered another, less well known hoax of Hall's, a personality intended originally as a foil for the more personable and attractive persona of Becker. And so I, JIM TURNER, was born.

My early days, unfortunately, were somewhat circumscribed. Hall was rather more interested in Staus. He wrote me into the early issues of Sirruish and kept up the pretense of living with me and Staus in the same dorm room (104 Cramer Hall -- "The Blasted Heath" to we who loved it.)

And then I sort of died.

But old Hankie bhoys thought I had potential and so, with the entrepreneurial spirit that directs fanzine editors and other babybuggerers, I rose from the grave and became the MoSFA hoax.

They stuck with my original corpus (fat, lazy and from Pilot Knob, Missouri) and added a few things: I became a great gross drunk, affected a pipe and a penchant for dialects. I became an Anglophile and developed a fondness for bag-pipery. I also became a Civil War buff and a viewer of westerns (I worshipped John Wayne.)

Slowly my story came out. I began as an expert on the college career of John J. Pierce. I quit college five hours from a degree. (Lesleigh said, "If fandom is stupid enough to believe this, it'll believe anything." She proved it by winning the DUFF ballot.) My hatred for children became well known. Since Hank and Terry Hughes were working as dishwashers it became quite natural for me to be one too. So I wrote an article on the metaphysics of dishwashing and once more I was a smashing success.

The big hitch in getting people to believe in me was in actually having people met me and be duped into thinking I was for real. Midwestcon 1970 was coming up so the Luttrells and Terry began to cast around for someone unlikely enough to impersonate Jim Turner.

They thought at first that they had written themselves into a corner and that they never were going to come up with anyone so preposterous. And then. . . Junior!

Junior Lee Hinkle was -- still is -- a janitor at the same hospital where Hank and Terry worked. He weighed over four hundred pounds, and a thick, bushy mustache and could lie like a sonofabitch. So, one day at lunch, Hank and Terry decided to find out more about him.

Junior was thirty-four years old -- a bit long in the tooth for Jim Turner, but passable -- and, amazingly, had been born in Silva, Missouri, not terribly far from the legendary Pilot Knob, and knew the area well. His formative years had been spent in Wentzville, Missouri where he had been expelled from high school for organizing a soccer game on the parking lot of the local Burger Chef. There hadn't been anything terribly wrong in the game itself except that instead of a ball they used a human head stolen from the lab of the nearby osteopathic college. Junior was very proud of this story and told it in great detail. . . several times. We will spare fandom.

The problem was whether or not Junior could keep up the hoax when he started drinking (which he was rather wont to do.) He seemed to think so, explaining that he had two friends who sold insurance and that he would ask them for pointers. Convincing him to actually be Jim Turner had been no problem when it was explained that free liquor would be available. Besides, as Junior explained, the chance to lie to so many people was too tempting to pass up.

Junior really enjoyed lying, so much that his Burger Chef story was originally doubted. But Lesleigh went down to the State Historical Society in the University Library and looked it up in their file of state newspapers. It was quite true. There was, however, no way of verifying some of his other stories. At various times Junior claimed to have a little brother who had killed a lot of gooks, a cat that could shit sideways (nobody was sure how the cat did this and nobody was anxious to find out) and a Winchester forty-sixth hex-barrell (whatever that is) '73 rifle that his grandfather had killed two men with in 1891. He claimed to have been very drunk at his father's funeral and was unable to remember exposing himself. Junior was a natural.

MoSFA did meet Junior's sister Susie Lynn Boon. Susie Lynn had gotten married when she was fifteen to a neighboring boy, her childhood sweetheart, in 1951, but the "chinks killed him over there in Korea." Since then, she had been married once again and divorced. She had been passing through town when Junior had been having one of his fannish orientation sessions and that was how all came to meet her. She was a traveling cosmetics salesman in northern Missouri and Illinois and did fairly well at it. She had a high opinion of Junior and said that he could have been a professor or something if he'd only gone on. She presented him with a fifth of Old Yellowstone and went on herself.

Junior did appear to be fairly intelligent. He read tons of fanzines, got himself on the Apa45 waitlist, and even did some research on his other supposed hobbies.

He did all right at Midwestcon. On Friday night he sat up most of the time talking to Andy Offutt until he got too drunk and had to be led away by Terry. Saturday he kept pretty much to himself and claims he doesn't remember anything from that day except talking to Jack Chalker for a long time.

Junior was a smash at Ozarkon and would have been a bigger one had not fate forestalled him. He had the idea to take Doug Carroll's wheelchair and go down to the bar where he would have a few drinks and then leap up yelling "I'm cured! The Lord has worked a miracle!" Then he would fall over and pass out. Examination showed, unfortunately, that he couldn't even get one, let alone both of his elephantine buttocks into the chair. Doug wasn't enthusiastic about the idea either.

At PeCon the following spring it was Jim "Junior" Turner who sang "Okie from Muskogee" while everybody else was singing "Coming Into Los Angeles."

Everyone in the meantime was busy writing Jim Turner articles, publishing his Apa45 zine Pigge and one issue of Godfrey Daniel, a genzine. Jim's Lovecraft parody "The Call of Oxydol" was written mainly by Lesleigh and Doug Carroll. All the ethnic slurs came directly from Junior who was just asked his opinion of various minorities and Doug and Lesleigh just stuck them in wherever. Pigge was mainly the work of Terry Hughes. All of the insults to John Kusske and Richie Benyo were the results of brainstorming sessions in which lists were made of people Jim might like and dislike. Among the other people we thought he'd dislike that he never got around to insulting were Linda Bushyager, Arnie & Joyce Katz, Forry Ackerman and Dick Geis. On the list of people we wanted Jim to be on good fannish terms with that we never got around to cultivating were Leland Shapiro, Dave Hulvey, Frank Lunney and W. G. Bliss. At PeCon, Junior discovered a budding friendship with Mark Riley. (Blue Petal remarked in an apazine that Jim reminded him of Mark.)

Godfrey Daniel was founded when andy offutt wrote an article about Jim. MoSFA realized that Jim Turner had been far more successful than anyone ever thought he would be. (Hank, in fact, thought Junior was a bust.) And so there you have it.

Everybody enjoyed working on Jim Turner and it's a shame he's ending. But with so many of the people who worked on him leaving Columbia forever, it was felt that it just wasn't practical to continue with him.

Ha Ha, fan-dumb! We really put one over on you.

(@actually, Jim probably isn't completely dead since he was such a handy pen name for anything offensive we wanted to put in print. Somebody that useful never really dies.)

Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell  
Terry Hughes  
Doug Carroll  
Roger Vanous  
Chris Couch

\* \* \* \* \*

COLUMBIA FANDOM continued from page 11.

also well written up in Terry's Mota, so I won't go into too much detail here except to mention that we had a genuine BEM, a convincing harem dancing girl, a policewoman, a Vaughn Bode' lizard creature and female companion, a Cowboy Angel, and various comic book celebrities. Late in the evening, Jim Turner lost control and bit someone.

Chris Couch is the most recent recruit to Columbia fandom's roster of notables. His coming here was just what you might expect. When a little town like Columbia gets a good fan scene going, you can count on the big city fans to move in on it. Chris comes to us from New York fandom, of course, and before that from St. Louis -- he is in fact Lesleigh's brother. (Back in the days of the St. Louis Worldcon bid, people had trouble sorting out the names and people in the Couch family. I suppose they still do.) We don't mind Chris' moving in on us, though, even if he has taken my job at the Hospital. After all, he brings a touch of urbane sophistication that was probably lacking from our group before.

Lesleigh and I have just gotten in Fapa, but I would like to deny the ugly rumor that we are planning to fold Starling. In fact, look for better things once we get settled in Madison, Wisconsin. We will have Lesleigh's Duff report, and other surprises, too (surprises to us, too.)

Which brings up the final topic. Lesleigh and I are moving to Madison. After the Worldcon, Terry will be travelling north, possibly to live in the northwest for a while. Creath and his wife Ann will be leaving soon. This is the last time this particular group of people will have a chance to do a one shot together, so why don't we?





THE LAST SHOT  
c/o Doug Carroll  
1109 Paquin St.  
Columbia, Missouri 65201

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