

THE PLASTIC POETRY CORNER

A Selected Compendium of IPMS/  
Chicago Sprue Stretchers' Ryhmes,  
Limericks, and Writings

-1989-

As Edited by Roger Flockquill\*  
(with help from Peter Deeohsill\*)

\*that's an in-joke


Dear new editor,

While I don't pretend to be a poet, I would like to add my best wishes and God Speed in your new job.

As a long time aviation enthusiast, pilot and IPMSer, I hope you will follow in the footsteps of your illustrious ~~cry baby~~ predecessor and continue the series on Serbo-Croatian cockpit colors 1920-1931 and those profiles of F-14's in those pretty grey colors. I also liked and will truly miss the picture of Mr. Hall on the first page. Is that his suit or did he just borrow it for the picture? What? Mr. Hall is gone? Oh, no. Who's minding the store? No one? Who's your favorite Bee Gee? I like Maurice. Do you think that he sounds like Flipper? How about some reviews of kits that are no longer available? Do you think that you could number the journal backwards because I always start at the back and read forward so I won't get so depressed.

Oops, sorry, but I've got to go now.

Yours without rhyme or reason,

  
"Rod" McEwan

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The PLASTIC POETRY CORNER has been printed by:  
LaRue Publishers,  
A Division of LaRue Industries  
LaRue, Ontario

## UPDATED JOURNAL

We got these ideas  
we think that they're great  
to send up the new kid  
in a much safer crate.

We've been thinking and thinking  
both day and both night  
to help give the new Journal  
more snap and more bite.

The first thing we do  
is drop the page count  
say eight or twelve sheets  
'tis enough effort to mount.

We scrap the dumb front  
who needs all that color?  
replace it with grey  
it's not that much duller.

And now for the big one  
it won't cost a dime  
just send out blank pages  
at least they'll get there on time!

DEAR GEORGE

Leader, leader, at the top:  
Any way that you can stop  
the tumble downwards of IPMS  
Would all of us sure impress.

With lack of mags and membership,  
The society is just a crimp  
With lawsuits, quittings, and the like,  
We who've paid will take a hike.

Can you turn it all around?  
Get plastic knees up off the ground?  
To ineptitude make no excuse  
And once again you'll get our dues.

Forget the past of Rob and Fred  
(One's a jerk and one is dead)  
Chart a course that's straight ahead!  
Get the JOURNAL right on track  
And many more will come on back.

So that's the question asked to you:  
Can you do what you must do  
To boost up our society  
And stop its plunge to memory.

ODE TO DAVE

New guy, new guy,  
Who are you, guy?  
Will you give us all a glue, guy.  
Did you come out of the blue, guy,  
To replace the other schmoo, guy?

Will the JOURNAL get to you, guy?  
Make you want to sniff some glue, guy.  
Make you say that you are through, guy.  
We would all say "Gee, adieu, guy."

And now well note our readers' cue, guy:  
The mags that come our way are few, guy,  
With substance like a pile of goo, guy,  
For which we pay ourttwenty-two, guy.

Make the contents good and true, guy,  
Send along what we are due, guy;  
Or off to Stealth with you now, too, guy,  
And we'll say "hi" to yet a new guy.

## TERMINAL ILLNESS

For years he did toil  
'midst friend and 'midst foe  
though he thought he was working  
with Shemp, Curly and Moe

With dedication with verve  
and sometimes with guile  
he'd run your submission  
and flash a pained smile

But now it's all over  
we'll miss his great wit  
he's thrown up his arms  
"I quit, I quit, Oh I quit  
No, I really mean it this time...  
I quit. Who do I quit to?.....

OH, NEW GUY

Oh, new guy  
Oh, new guy  
Oh, what is your name?

Will we now get a Journal  
or will things stay the same?

We all paid our dues  
our chapter is well

We've survived IPMS  
We've lived through their hell

We bought the decals  
we bought all the brass

We bought the whole line  
does that make us an ass?

We know things are rosy  
no mistakes ever were made

Oh yeah, let me see  
has the printer been paid?

So new guy  
Oh new guy

a helping hand we will give  
if only you'd tell us

Just where do you live???

Oh Dorothy, Oh Dorothy

Please

take me

back to Kansas, TOTO.

I'm tired and I

Want to

go back to the farm.

I've seen OZ

and he dresses like

Bill Devins



## Modeling

There they were, a million models, stacked against the wall,  
And with my trusty credit card, they were all within my beck-and-call.  
Ripping open that clear wrapping thats on so tight,  
I huff and puff, scratching and tearing with all my might.  
Finally, the box innards lie agape and totally exposed.  
I inspected the parts and finally realize, "I've been hosed!"  
But remember, as you hack away at the sprue with your trusty number eleven,  
You didnt die, but this sure is HEAVEN!!!

## E 6003

For twenty and some years, I have been "E 6003"  
In the IPMS, that number belonged to no one but me.  
Faithfully, the dues have been mailed in to be marked 'paid'.  
Hell man, I was a member of the IPMS, I had it MADE!  
Year after year the publications came, and everything was fine,  
Contests came and contests went, but I knew that part of the IPMS was mine!  
But then the storm clouds gathered, and problems in the IPMS grew.  
Tempers flared, eyes flashed, fists clenched, and the s--- flew.  
But the Board prevailed, and in an attempt to the membership invigorate,  
Member E 6003 received a letter saying "Your dues are not up to date".  
A Xerox copy of the cancelled check was to the Board immediately sent,  
Who replied somewhat belatedly, "Your membership isnt broken, but decidely bent.  
Eighteen volumes of the 'Update' are, up to '89, complete.  
But for 1989, after receiving only two issues, I must admit defeat.  
But in its infinite wisdom, the Board will finally prevail,  
And eventually I will receive my membership renewal form in the mail!

## FUTILITY

Type, type type!  
The fevered fingers thrash  
The cold composing keys!

Blue line, half-tone, 3 column run  
To name but a few of the Editor's terms  
Mingled with sweat  
And long hours of work.

Words, words, words, and more words  
Varied thoughts demanding to be heard  
All need to be juggled and craftfully arranged  
Amidst articles and art supposedly to inform.

Many strands to be wound together,  
Fitted like puzzle pieces to form a whole.

Now stop and think of all the trees  
That died for this crap.

## OLD DICK COLE

Old Dick Cole  
Was an editorial soul  
And the JOURNAL was his domain.  
He wrote and he wrote  
All those words he did smote,  
But it all came out looking like chow mein.

## A LIMERICK

There once was this guy at our JOURNAL  
Whose wisdom would fit in a kernel.  
His literary composing  
Left all readers dozing  
And now we'll just wait for the funeral.

## FOR THE J. ED.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue;  
You're the new JOURNAL editor,  
How long will YOU last?

## WITH APOLOGIES TO THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered weak and weary  
Over the fate of our ailing IPMS.  
With modeling mayhem that I dread  
And dull JOURNAL articles that I have read,  
I am reminded of all the tricks & tips still in my head,  
Most of which I sent to Cole  
When he cried out to any soul,  
"Send me something, I have nothing left to edit!"

And so I thought of mags of old,  
Q's and U's once filled with gold,  
And stories of a society once well run so long ago.  
I ask myself why I must pay  
These rising dues so they can play  
With all that cash and make me feel an ass.

They now reply to angry mobs  
"So what's the beef? We do our jobs.  
If only we can count on your next membership fee.  
We're gonna get better, just give us time;  
Our group and mag will be sublime.  
Hey, by the way, you want a brass palm tree?"

To this outrage I now do plea:  
"I'll free these hooks you've set in me;  
And chart my course for some other plastic shore.  
With opportunitites now lost  
In inverse square just to the cost,  
Quote this modeler: NEVERMORE."

## THE CALL

We remember when Dick Cole put out The Call:  
"We need more material or the JOURNAL will fall!"  
So the group sent out all of our modeling stuff;  
But Cole just shrugged and said, "No; it's not nearly enough."

How could that be? We were all just amazed.  
Those guys at the JOURNAL must all be just crazed.  
Nine hundred pages of modeling galore,  
But all they kept saying was: "Send us some more."

Now Dick Cole is gone and the new guy is in;  
We trust that his head is not shaped like a pin.  
But sooner than later the JOURNAL will stall;  
And sooner than later we'll get a New Call.

### A LIMERICK

There once was a man in Nantucket  
Who built every tank, plane, & truck kit.  
IPMS he did join,  
But when asked for more coin  
To the E-Board replied, "Hey, now, just f\*\*\* it!"

### ANOTHER LIMERICK

The IPMS took all of my twenty.  
In return I was promised to get plenty.  
But the JOURNAL's so late,  
The next delivery date  
Is set for the turn of the century!

### FAREWELL TO FRED

Hey, Fred, how's it going?  
I know: you're ineptitude is showing.  
I'd worry, leaving office knowing  
The Society has terminal red ink flowing.

Hey, Fred, what do you say?  
Sent out any more brass palm trees today?  
Just heard that you can't stay  
Driving the society is such disarray.

Hey, Fred, please say that it's so.  
You've resigned and are ready to go.  
When you leave, take Dick Cole in your tow:  
Maybe now the society will grow.

### YET ANOTHER LIMERICK

I've heard of the 'plastic man' Hall  
Who thought he was so on the ball.  
"What a deal!" he had thought,  
"Just look what I've bought:  
All these things that we really can't sell!"

### ON THE ROAD AGAIN

A young modeler named Robin O. Howard  
When hitching a ride was no coward.  
"In your camper I'll ride,  
Manly men on all sides.....  
I just hope that I won't be deflowered."

## WHERE HAS MY HOBBY GONE?

I was down in my room building a model, you know, just having fun; Because at this point in my life, my hobby and I are close to being one.  
Even though I've enjoyed slapping plastic together for many, many years,  
It's only been the last three or four where I've really enjoyed the company of my peers.  
We have fun and laughs and talk about tips and kits,  
But it's the changing attitudes of the hobby at large that's giving me fits.  
Now I think I'm an average guy with a fairly even temperament.  
So I don't need some arrogant pinhead telling me "You won't grow if you do not experiment."  
You're probably saying that's true, if you don't try you won't grow.  
And I agree but I won't say it to someone I've never met before and don't even know.  
I've met some of the more well-known builders and they seem distant and aloof.  
Although they were polite, they seemed to talk down to me, make me feel a goof.  
When questioned about certain tips they looked at me with scorn.  
It was like I was asking for a pint of blood or maybe their first born.  
But now the prevailing thinking in the hobby is, to me, well... it makes no sense:  
To most I've met modeling is their way of Life; they're really too intense.  
Doesn't anybody just build for fun? Build just so they can relax?  
It seems that if your kit isn't down to the last nut & bolt, it will sustain some verbal attacks.  
Most everyone's an expert now, most everyone thinks they know it all.  
But guys like that act petty, to me they seem so small.  
For years the hobby enjoyed scores of excellent publications.  
But the ones that are left run ten year old article duplications.  
In this hobby Hope springs eternal;  
That can even be said after leafing through the latest IPMS JOURNAL.  
There's a publication that seems to living of past glories.  
The reason it isn't so good, says Dick Cole, is that no one will send him their stories.  
Well, there Dick's wrong because I know we sent him a ton;  
But I guess Dick thought they were useless because he didn't even run one.  
I'm tired of all this backstabbing and back biting;  
I'm tired of all the political infighting.  
I just want an answer to a question I've been asking for so long:  
When will modeling just be for fun again? Where has my hobby gone?