

Ode to Our Founders

IBC Founder's Day

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By
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Beer ye Beer ye, gather near to hear me. There's tales men and beer.
From glen to glen there and back again, to our founders near and dear.

Some time ago as legends grow, five warriors parched and dry,
Bemoaned the facts their urinary tracts could not a drop let fly.

Their desert isle of one square mile, had not a trace of beer nor ale.
What passed for swill from a radiator grill, would gag a humpback whale.

Bones, it seems was a man of schemes. He posed a question vague.
None had thought of this novel plot. "Why don't we buy a keg?"

"Let's leave this rock in quest of stock, where the beer is actually brewed."
The band of brothers left their mothers and agreed that Bones was shrewd.

Every now and then, Bones led his men as they wandered too and fro.
Like Moses smelling roses to many a brewery on skid row.

At that fabled joint on Ballast Point, their senses were accosted,
They drank their fill of golden swill until their shoulders were exhausted.

Morton was the first, to aptly quench his thirst and proclaim it fit for soul.
"This brew is medicinal and chemically vicinal. We men have met our goal."

Doc Morton dared as the conference aired as physician in attendance,
His speech impaired when he declared, "We've found our independence."

Then Muncy chimed as the alcohol climbed, "We need a kegerator."
And he staked his claim on the path to fame and became the liberator.

The last of the dregs from the first of kegs to be followed by so many,
Was consumed in style by our friend erstwhile, Naval Commander "Crenny".

“Big Oly” mused as he became confused, “It appears we are a Club.
If that’s true we need to fund our brew to make it cheaper than a pub”

“The problem lies, we must devise, since our funds are so austere,
A novel way for others to pay and provide us with free beer.”

The men agreed to their noble creed and launched their Ponzi Scheme.
And men like us jumped on the bus to continue with the dream.

So hoist’em high and shout to the sky and give yourselves a cheer.
Let’s toast those five who did connive, a way for us to buy their beer.

Poem Stranger