

CHORD-INATOR

Official Bulletin of the Minneapolis Commodores Barbershop Harmony Society

DECEMBER 2024 - SPECIAL EDITION

WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CHORD-INATOR?

Yes, you are due an explanation. Our esteemed editor, **Shawn Hunter**, has decided to move on to other endeavors after six wonderful years managing the production of the Chord-Inator. He's still a very active member of the Commodores as a mainstay in the Lead section and continues to be fully engaged in quartet singing. Shawn is merely stepping aside to let another scribe try his hand at chronicling the very special entity known as the Minneapolis Commodores.

My name is **Mark Ortenburger**, and I've taken on the editorial duties for our award winning chapter bulletin (thank you editor emeritus, **Hardin Olson**). Hardin established and Shawn continued, the pattern of excellence that makes this a daunting challenge indeed. Please bear with me through whatever off-key notes might emerge as part of the learning process. My goal is to make sure that the voice of our correspondent contributors shines through as they share the story of our chapter as it unfolds.

The Commodores have the great good fortune to be led by a strong and vibrant leadership team that is fully prepared to carry this wonderful organization forward. 2025 is going to be an exciting year as we change and grow into a stronger and more vital part of the the greater Barbershop community and, equally important, the Twin Cities music scene as well.

In the spirit of the season, I've included something I wrote for the Chord-Inator in 2018 on the occasion of Hardin Olson's retirement from these pages. Given the changing of the guard and this special time of year, a tribute to the legacy of editors past seems like an appropriate inclusion in this abridged version of the Chord-Inator.

Now on with the show, let the fun begin, and yes it really is great to be a Commodore (come and find out).



Bright Was the Night (Before Christmas)

(From the 2018 edition of the CHORD-INATOR)

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE DEADLINE, REALLY LATE IN THE CONDO
HARDIN'S FINGERS WERE FLYING, RAT-A-TAT LIKE JAMES BONDO

SOME REST IN THE OFFING, AS RETIREMENT BECKONED
SIXTEEN YEARS QUITE A LOT, I HAVE EARNED IT HE RECKONED

SOME ARTICLES NESTLED, ALL SNUG PUT TO BED
WITH MELLIFLUOUS PROSE, THAT SOON WOULD BE READ

THE LAST "CHORD" IN PIECES, MORE WORK YET IN STORE
I'M LACKING A CLOSER, I NEED JUST ONE MORE

HIS LAST MINUTE BEGGING, FOR CONTENT WAS LEGEND
AS USUALLY HAPPENED, HIS DEADLINE EXTENDED

"WHEREFORE ART THOU MY MINIONS, I NEED STORIES" HE SWORE
"AND IT MUST BE OUTSTANDING, SO OUR READERS AREN'T BORED"

"I FEEL UN-CHORD-INATED, I DO HATE TO NAG
MAYBE SOMEONE WILL FIND ME, A NEW PADDOCK TAG"

WHEN OUT ON THE DRIVEWAY, THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER
HARDIN SPRANG FROM HIS DESK, TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER

TO THE WINDOW, HE DID FLY LIKE THE FLASH
CROSS THE FLOOR ALL A RUSH, IN RECORD TIME DID HE DASH

"IT MUST BE JIM E., WITH HIS TOO LENGTHY GRIND
HIS PLEAS FOR MORE SPACE, DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND"

WHEN WHAT TO HIS WONDERING EYES DID APPEAR
AN ELEGANT SLEIGH WITH EIGHT RISERS AREAR

A DRIVER SO JOLLY , HARDIN STOOD THERE IN THRALL
HE KNEW IN A MOMENT, IT MUST BE ST. PAUL.

MORE RAPID THAN PRESTO, HIS CHORISTERS CAME,
HE SANG OUT AND SHOUTED, AND CALLED THEM BY NAME

"BOB DYKSTRA AND RICHARDS, BOTH JIM AND THEN ANDY
PROOFREADERS COME JOIN US, NOW ISN'T THAT DANDY"

"NOW BASSES AND BARIS, THEN TENORS AND LEADS
ON BOMP AND THEN HALL PASS, MORE QUARTETS WE NEED"

"TO THE TOP OF THE RISERS, FILL THEM UP SHORT AND TALL
ALL THE WAY TO THE EDGES, BUT TAKE CARE AND DON'T FALL"

"NOW LET'S SOUND THAT B-FLAT, CAN ALL HEAR THE PITCH?
SING THOSE WONDERFUL CHORDS, WE'RE HERE TO ENRICH"

AND HARDIN AND JUDY, IN THEIR 'KERCHIEF AND CAP
HEARD A SONG OF GREAT THANKS, THEY STOOD THERE ENRAPT

THE COMMODORES SANG, WITH A MAGICAL FLOW
A LEGEND TO FETE, GRATEFUL HEARTS ALL AGLOW

HARMONIOUS THANKS, FOR A JOB SO WELL DONE
HOW LUCKY THEY WERE, TO BE PART OF HIS RUN

TOO SOON IT WAS OVER, AS THEY PACKED UP THE SLEIGH
A LAST TAG FOR OUR FRIEND, ERE THE CHORDS DRIFT AWAY

THE BEST E'ER THERE WAS, THAT SEEMS JUST ABOUT RIGHT
"BEST WISHES TO YOU,
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT"