



Original HOBO BAND

INCORPORATED

NEWSLETTER

• SEPTEMBER 2007 •

Serving the Greater Hobo Population Since 1946

A Hobo Story

HOBOS BUM GASOLINE TO GET HOME

Twenty-some years ago I borrowed my dad's van to attend a joint job with the Millville Legion Band down in Millville. My companions, baritone player Sean Crouch and trombonist Donald Hoblitzell from Woodstown, went to the job with me.

Back then Route 55 had not been completed as yet. We turned onto 55 at the Elmer-Rt. 40 entrance. Being a relatively new driver at the time, I had no concept of how far you could drive on the yellow gas gauge light (meaning the gas tank was nearly empty). And being teenagers, of course we had very little money between us, if any.

The yellow light came on just about the time we got back onto 55 to head home. In those days driving to Millville from Woodstown seemed like driving to the end of the earth. I asked Don and Sean to check their pockets, the seats, under the floor mats and every possible place inside the car where money might be hiding.

We came up with about 50 cents between us. That was just a little less than the cost of a gallon of gas at that time. I pulled off at the first gas station on Rt. 40 (no longer there). The owner saw our rags and realized our dilemma. He gave us three dollars worth of gasoline to make it back to Woodstown. We sure were appreciative!



*Hobo storyteller Brian Smick on parade—
somewhere—we hope he found a ride home.*

UPCOMING ENGAGEMENTS (SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

Check the Web site (<http://www.originalhoboband.org>) for the latest engagement updates.
Click on the [MAP] if you need driving directions.

AUGUST

Friday, 8/24/07
South Harrison Township
Stewart Memorial Park
Downbeat 7:30 p.m.
67 Ferrell Road, Harrisonville, NJ

Saturday, 8/25/07 (no rain date)
City of Cape May Bandstand Concert
Downbeat: 8 p.m.

Thursday, 8/30/07
Shady Lane Nursing Home
Downbeat 7:00 p.m.
256 County House Road, Clarksboro, NJ
NOTE: Due to limited lighting availability, you may want to bring personal lighting for music!

SEPTEMBER

Thursday, 9/6/07
Pitman Summer Concerts
Downbeat 7:30 p.m.
Harvest Concert, Sunset Auditorium

Saturday, 9/8/07
Pennsville Septemberfest Parade,
Stepoff 11 p.m.
Pennsville (Acme) Shopping Center
Route 49 (Main Street)
Rain Date Sunday, 9/9/07

Sunday, 9/30/07
Rain Date Sunday, 10/7/07
Bordentown 325th Centennial Parade
Lineup at 1 p.m.
Stepoff ±1:30 p.m.
Finish 3-4 p.m.
(2 miles plus—wear comfortable shoes)

OCTOBER

Saturday, 10/6/2007, 9:30 a.m.
Maurice River Twp. Spirit Day Parade (2 mi.)
Line-up: Wipco @ County Road 616
Transportation provided back to starting point.
Rain Date: Sunday 10/7/2007

Please check the Web site or
Calendar Board in Hobo Hall
for the latest parade/concert
engagements.

HISTORY LESSON

Evidence has been found that William Tell and his family were avid bowlers. However, all the Swiss league records were unfortunately destroyed in a fire, and:
We'll never know for whom the Tells bowled.

MUSICAL QUOTE

Life has got a habit of not standing hitched. You got to ride it like you find it. You got to change with it. If a day goes by that don't change some of your old notions for new ones, that is just about like trying to milk a dead cow.

—Woody Guthrie

GOT A GOOD HOBO STORY?

GOT ANYTHING NEWSWORTHY?

Send it via email to the
Corresponding Secretary/
Newsletter Editor.

<nagable@comcast.net>

Lxii

(a Poem—take it or leave it)

Terence, this is stupid stuff
 You eat your victuals fast enough;
 There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
 To see the rate you drink your beer.

But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,
 It gives a chap the belly-ache.
 The cow, the old cow, she is dead;
 It sleeps well, the horned head:

We poor lads, 'tis our turn now
 To hear such tunes as killed the cow.
 Pretty friendship 'tis to rhyme
 Your friends to death before their time.

Moping melancholy mad:
 Come pipe a tune to dance to, lad.
 Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,
 There's brisker pipes than poetry.

Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
 Or why was Burton built on Trent?
 Oh many a peer of England brews
 Livelier liquor than the Muse,

And malt does more than Milton can
 To justify God's ways to man.
 Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
 For fellows who it hurts to think.

Look into the pewter pot
 To see the world as the world's not.
 And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
 The mischief is that 'twill not last.

Oh I have been to Ludlow fair
 And left my necktie God knows where,
 And carried halfway home, or near,
 Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer.

Then the world seemed not so bad,
 And I myself a sterling lad;
 And down in lovely muck I've lain,
 Happy till I woke again.

Then I saw the morning sky:
 Heigh-ho, the tale was all a lie;
 The world, it was the old world yet,

I was I, my things were wet,
 And nothing now remained to do
 But begin the game anew.

Therefore, since the world has still
 Much good, but much less good than ill,
 And while the sun and moon endure
 Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,

I'd face it as a wise man would,
 And train for ill and not for good.
 'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
 Is not so brisk a brew as ale.

Out of a stem that scored the hand
 I wrung it in a weary land.
 But take it: if the smack is sour,
 The better for the embittered hour;
 It should do good to heart and head
 When your soul is in my soul's stead;
 And I will friend you, if I may,
 In the dark and cloudy day.

There was a king reigned in the East:
 There, when kings will sit to feast,
 They get their fill before they think
 With poisoned meat and poisoned drink.

He gathered all that springs to earth
 From the many-venomed earth;
 First a little, thence to more,
 He sampled all her killing store;

And easy, smiling, seasoned sound,
 Sate the king when healths went round.
 They put arsenic in his meat
 And stared aghast to watch him eat.

They poured strychnine in his cup
 And shook to see him drink it up:
 They shook, they stared as white's their shirt:
 Them it was their poison hurt.

I tell the tale that I heard told.
 Mithridates, he died old.

—A.E. Housman

Remember?

CEREAL SHOT FROM GUNS

It made me wonder how such an ad could have appealed to the public back then. Was it the image that such an act brought to their minds? Surely, the voracity of such a statement came into question at some point. Cereal can't be shot from guns as we know them, can they?

My kidhood memories resonate with Sunday afternoons and watching Gabby Hayes pouring a scoop of wheat down the mouth of a canon then turning to the camera to warn us all to stand back from our "televisionary sets" because "here comes Quaker Puffed Wheat!"

Actually wheat and rice WERE shot from guns. Do a Google search for Alex P. Anderson, a.k.a. "Puffed Wheat Anderson"

In a life filled with strange and interesting details, Anderson developed a technique for breaking down the starch in rice and wheat grains and thus "puffing" them by about a factor of 8 by sealing them in a large "gun" and subjecting them to intense heat and pressure.

In Anderson's tests, the "gun" was actually a large drum that was super-heated with the mouth covered. When the proper time and temperature were reached, the mouth was opened and "the kernels flew around the room."

Anderson showed off the invention at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904 and it became something of a hit as a novelty AND caught the attention of an executive of the Quaker cereal company. Quaker company thought Anderson's process showed great promise - at the time cereal was considered 'health food' - and after acquiring the rights they spent a considerable

amount of money advertising the product to the Japanese - a total flop!

Americans, however, bought the idea and "shot from guns" has been moving kids back away from their television sets ever since.

SENIOR BREAKFAST

We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the "seniors' special" was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$1.99.

"Sounds good," my wife said. "But I don't want the eggs."

"Then I'll have to charge you \$2.49 because you're ordering 'a la carte'," the waitress warned her.

"You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?" my wife asked incredulously.

"Yes, the waitress replied, that's our policy."

Surprisingly calm, my wife said, "Then I'll take the special."

"How do you want your eggs?"

"Raw and in the shell," my wife replied.

She took the two eggs home.

DON'T MESS WITH SENIORS --

They've been around the block more than once!

(You were warned about articles like this one...)

STUPID PRODUCT WARNING LABELS

In case you needed further proof that the human race is doomed through stupidity, here are some actual label instructions on consumer goods:

On a Sears hairdryer: Do not use while sleeping (that's the only time I have to work on my hair).

On a bag of Fritos: ...You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside. (the shoplifter special?)

On a bar of Dial soap: "Directions: Use like regular soap." (and that would be—how???)

On some Swanson frozen dinners: "Serving suggestion: Defrost." (but it's only a suggestion).

On Tesco's Tiramisu dessert (printed on bottom): "Do not turn upside down." (well, duh, a bit late, huh)!

On Marks & Spencer Bread Pudding: "Product will be hot after heating." (...and you thought...?)

On packaging for a Rowenta iron: "Do not iron clothes on body." (but wouldn't this save time?)
On Boot's Children Cough Medicine: "Do not

drive a car or operate machinery after taking this medication." (We could do a lot to reduce the rate of construction accidents if we could just get those 5-year-olds with head-colds off the fork-lifts.)

On Nytol Sleep Aid: "Warning: May cause drowsiness." (and I'm taking this because...)

On a Japanese food processor: "Not to be used for the other use." (somebody out there help me on this; I'm a bit curious.)

On Sunbury's peanuts: "Warning: contains nuts."
(talk about a news flash)

On an American Airlines packet of nuts: "Instructions: Open packet, eat nuts." (Step 3, uh, fly Delta?)

On a child's superman costume: "Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly." (We'll have zero liability issues...)

On a Swedish chainsaw: "Do not attempt to stop chain with your hands or genitals." (...was a lot of this happening?)

ORIGINAL HOBO BAND MARCHING SONG

**WE ARE THE BOYS OF THE HOBO BAND
YOU'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.
WHENEVER WE GO OUT TO PLAY
THE PEOPLE SING AND SHOUT!
WE'RE OUT TO PLAY GOOD MUSIC
AND WE'RE OUT TO HAVE SOME FUN,
WE PLAY FROM EARLY MORNING
UNTIL THE SETTING SUN.**

Chorus

**AS WE GO MARCH - ING
WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO P-L-A-Y !
YOU'LL HEAR US SHOUT - ING
THE PITMAN HOBO BAND IS ON ITS WAY
(IS ON ITS WAY)!**

*(Does anybody know the tune? Anyone?
Helloooo...Is anyone out there?)*

Original
HOBObAND
INCORPORATED

SINCE 1946
CONCERTS • DEDICATIONS • PARADES
P.O. BOX 31, PITMAN, NJ 08071
(856-589-0506)

<http://www.originalhoboband.org>

STAMP
HERE

ADDRESS LABEL
HERE

FOLD HERE

SEPTEMBER, 2007

ORIGINAL HOBObAND NEWSLETTER

PAGE 6

OFFICERS FOR 2007

PRESIDENT: Rich McKee

VICE PRESIDENT: Jill Wiese

RECORDING SECRETARY: Bob Schultz

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY: Nate Gable

TREASURER: Henry Ryder

DIRECTOR: Siegfried ("Sig") Johnson

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: ("Brother") Phil Blackman

SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: ("Super") Steve Wagner

BUSINESS MANAGER: Alan Weinstein

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER: Bev Williams

LIBRARIAN: Leah Cole

FIRST ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN: Frank Cole, Sr.

SECOND ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN: Bob Hitman

TRUSTEES: Walt McCleary, Larry Moore, Pete White, Matthew Murray, Bill Lamb

September Birthdays

Hoagland, BrianSept. 6

Owen, BarrySept. 27

Gable, MirellaSept. 28

CALLING ALL WIND PLAYERS/ DRUMMERS

The Original Hobo Band
rehearses every Thursday
evening at 8 p.m. at Hobo Hall,
Lams Rd. & Holly Ave.
(next to J. G. Cook's Restaurant).
Come on over and sit in.