

THE HOT DOG STORY

For those who think we're

"Going to the Dogs"

THERE was a man who lived by the side of the road and he sold hot dogs. He was very hard of hearing so he had no radio. He had trouble with his eyes so he read no newspapers. But he sold good hot dogs. He put signs up on the highway telling how good they were. He stood on the side of the road and cried, "Buy a hot dog, mister?" and people bought. He increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger stove to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him. But then something happened. His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio? Haven't you been reading the newspapers? There's a big depression on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse. Everything is going to pot." Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son has been to college, he reads the newspapers and he listens to the radio, and he ought to know." So the father cut down on his next meat and bun orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand out on the highway to sell his hot dogs. And his hot dog sales fell almost overnight. "You're right, son," the father said to the boy. "We certainly are in the middle of a great depression".

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