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55 YEARS

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The hot dog vendor

December 17, 2008 - Front Section

I received an email from one of my publishers, Beverly Sullivan, that I found interesting and I wanted to share it with my readers...

There was a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He sold very good hot dogs. He put up signs along the highway and advertised in the newspaper 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 out.

But then something happened. His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio and watching TV? There is a big depression. The foreign situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse." Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college, he listens to the radio and watches TV and he ought to know." So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down his signs and canceled his newspaper ads 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."

Source: Adapted from an email, author unknown

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