

THE HOT DOG: A SUCCESS STORY

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pg. 84



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With a pedigree running back 3,000 years he can say, without fear of contradiction, that he has conquered both king and commoner.

By MEYER BERGER

IT was front-page stuff a few weeks ago when King George VI attacked a hot dog at the Little White House picnic at Hyde Park. Wires burned with plain and fancy descriptions of the event and wireless, radio and cable carried the word around the world.

A certain amount of snobbishness and deplorable condescension went into much of this reporting, and you were apt to get the impression that His Majesty had conferred an honor on something low-born; something with no background to speak of. The general journalistic attitude seemed to be that the hot dog should have wriggled with delight at the experience, as if it had come by the Order of the Garter or the V. C.

Snooty and unlettered folk may look at it this way if they choose, but they do the hot dog a sorry injustice and commit a grave social error to boot. The hot dog, if you don't already know it, can trace its family history farther than any living king.

ONE of the troubles, when you get to digging into the hot dog's genealogy, is that you find the going difficult after you have burrowed back around 3,000 years.

There the trail grows cold. Fact yields to light-headed fancy and giddy legend, and the honest seeker after truth runs into thick fog, dark roads and heavy dust.

"The Sausage Manual for Retailers," a sober and dignified literary work, boldly says that "a heritage of more than 5,000 years of continuous development, dating back to the beginning of recorded history,

lies behind sausage as it is made in the United States today." Conservatives, in the absence of specific proof, may shrug this off. Five thousand years sounds like a lot of baloney.

The manual goes on to say: "It (sausage) is known to have been popular in the days of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, and Homer mentions sausage as a choice food of the ancient Greeks in the 'Odyssey.' It likewise was mentioned on the stone tablets through which the world has gained its knowledge of the Babylonian Empire."

FEW scholars will probably remember anything in Homer that had to do with sausage; fewer could say with any conviction that they took their early hot-dog history from clay tablets. What the manual tells us may be so, or it may not. One purpose of this piece is to prove that no king, even of the far-flung British Empire, can stare the hot dog down when it comes to ancient family history; and 3,000 years ought to do it.

Starting at the top of the genealogical tree and working down to the roots may not be the accepted way, but when it comes to tracing the hot dog it is the smoother method. Figuring hot dogs at ten to the pound—sometimes it's seven, or eight; but we'll tell you more about that later—The National Provisioner, a thoroughly reliable journal, reckons that something like 3,000,000,000 hot dogs were eaten in the United States in 1937. This is conservative. The consumption for that year—a good one, by the way—has been put as high as 4,600,000,000. This

sumption of the various branches goes something like this: Hot dogs, 30 per cent; bologna, 17 per cent; pork sausage, 15 per cent; dry sausage (which covers a wide variety), 13 per cent. The total sausage production in the United States is somewhere around \$185,000,000 a year, or better.

There is more to the hot dog, incidentally, than meets the casual glance. The hot dog is responsible, in its humble way, for the fact that the United States uses more spice per capita than any other nation. Into any common, honest hot dog go paprika, pepper, nutmeg, coriander, cumin seed, ginger and black pepper. These sometimes vary, according to the manufacturer, but even kings are not all made of the same stuff.

ANYWAY, the first hot dog to bear the name is said to have appeared at the Polo Grounds in New York in 1900. Its coming out was sponsored by the late Harry Erasmus Mazley Augustine Stevens, who catered to large ball parks.

Another version has it that hot dogs got that name as far back as 1860 when a friend of Mr. Stevens, seizing on an unblanketed sausage which in a whimsical moment he had called a dog, burned his fingers. "Jingoneddies!" this history-maker screamed, "This dog is hot." Stevens, who had an ear for words, caught this right up, if the legend is true, and had his vendors sell the things as "hot dogs."

Another genealogist maintains that the late Tad Dorgan, Hearst cartoonist, first used the name in 1900 at the coming out. In any event, he immortalized hot dogs by using them in his comic strips and giving them little speeches, which was as close as they ever came to being human.

Mr. Stevens, if he had lived longer, would probably have raised a grand monument, somewhere, to the glory of the hot dog. He could have afforded it. He built his sizable fortune on the hot dog.

You hit an important fork in the hot dog's family tree when you get down to 1883, the year of the wedding of the hot



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establishes at the outset that the hot-dog family is numerous.

The average American does away with about eleven or twelve pounds of sausage a year. That means all kinds of sausage; all the kith and kin of the hot dog, and these are startlingly numerous—somewhere around 2,000 different branches of the family. The annual ratio for con-

dog and the roll. The match was promoted by Anton Ludwig Feuchtwanger, a Bavarian sausage peddler in St. Louis. He had found that the white gloves he handed to his customers so they might seize the dogs were apt to vanish. With them went the profits. The Bavarian and his gnaedige Frau brooded over this; gave their nights (Continued on Page 19)

(Continued from page 8)

state to which Europe has fallen. Of this new gulf between Europeans Lord Halifax is keenly conscious. Speaking to the Oxford Society of York in November, 1937, he said: "I often think how much easier the world would have been to manage if Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini had chanced to have been at Oxford. * * * They would have had a background of thought that would have simplified many international problems."

WHEN Lord Halifax went to Germany in the hope of an understanding he knew little of the country, past or present. He had not been there since the war and had paid only fleeting visits in his youth. He did not speak the language. India he knew and to a great extent understood; but that strange new Nazi State nearer home lay farther beyond the intellectual and emotional reach of an educated Englishman—and of many an educated German, too.

Even educated Englishmen, even English squires who have studied at Oxford and attained the distinction of becoming Fellows of All Souls College, have their faults and possibly their insular and caste prejudices. Those faults have played a singular and not inconsiderable role in the strangely varying British foreign policy of recent years—as when certain distinguished Fellows of All Souls, on many occasions, openly encouraged that German expansion to the east which Britain eventually decided she must check even at the risk of a European war. But those faults and prejudices were not the ones which characterized the German Fuehrer, who had not only missed the Oxford influence but was made of different stuff and dwelt in a different mental world.

Thus it was far more than mere personal incompatibility which divided those two interlocutors at Berchtesgaden—Lord Halifax, the English squire, descended from such historic families as the Courtenays and the Greys, one of the best representatives of the "governing class," a diplomat and statesman who in India had tackled the greatest single imperial problem; and Hitler, son of a small Austrian functionary but now unchallenged master of Germany, a man without "family" (as Dr. Holmes would have put it) yet with more power than any other individual in Europe, a man who had not even been abroad (save on formal visits to Italy) and knew nothing of the world outside Germany, a newcomer hurled into the center of the European stage by what Ortega called the revolt of the masses.

ON the one hand the traditional aristocratic England, not greatly changed, with its characteristic virtues and shortcomings; on the other hand a strange mixture of the traditional militaristic Prussia and of a new revolutionary nationalism with nihilistic and collectivist—almost communist—tendencies. It is hardly surprising that neither understood the other.

In this meeting one might perceive more than the gulf between two ruling classes, one very old, the other very new; more even than the gulf between two nations. For there the older Europe, so long the principal bearer of



Lord Halifax and Neville Chamberlain.

Western civilization, encountered the new Europe of fascism which frankly seeks to replace that inherited civilization with something very different.

The contrast was accentuated by the fact that Lord Halifax personified not only gentility but gentleness. "He has a human touch reminiscent of Lincoln," said a friend.

IT is because of this quality that Lord Halifax is not ambitious or pushing. He was content to play a secondary role when Anthony Eden was Foreign Secretary. He was willing to take over the Foreign Office at a moment when the Prime Minister had assumed personal charge of foreign affairs. He loyally supported Mr. Chamberlain throughout his adventure in "appeasement" which failed to appease, and continued to support him when he applied in Poland's case exactly the opposite policy and reasoning from those he applied

in Czecho-Slovakia's case. But it has been widely believed in London that Lord Halifax has supported the second policy with greater enthusiasm than the first—that all along he has been one of the Ministers who favored a firmer tone and faster rearmament at home.

"He is less dour and more supple than the average Yorkshireman," said one who knows Lord Halifax well. "He is less doctrinaire and more practical than Lord Cecil, for example; but he lacks the dramatic qualities and vocabulary of a Lloyd George or a Churchill. Some think he lacks their vigor also, but he can be very determined when his mind is made up."

Yorkshire labor leaders say Lord Halifax is the greatest asset of the Conservatives in that county because workers and farmers esteem him highly for his fairness and integrity. At Garrowby Hall, his country house in the picturesque Yorkshire

wolds—a red brick structure built piecemeal around a cobbled courtyard and standing in a hilly park—he leads the life of a country gentleman who loves nature and likes to hunt. Until he went to India he maintained his own pack of hounds, but since his return he has hunted with the local Middleton Foxhounds (of which he is joint master). He plays tennis and likes to read detective and ghost stories.

LORD HALIFAX much prefers Garrowby Hall and Hickleton Hall (the gray stone Georgian mansion which his family has occupied since 1829) to that historic room at the Foreign Office. But that endless chain of red boxes has bound him to Whitehall, even on some week-ends when London is half deserted.

He has usually been there, watching the wavering lamps of Europe, from about 10 o'clock in the morning until 7 or 8 at night. Then the relentless red boxes have pursued him to his town house in Eaton Square, where he has spent evenings perusing their disquieting contents. He must appear frequently in the House of Lords to answer questions for the government and he must spend much time receiving visits from Ambassadors and Ministers.

One morning recently the Russian Ambassador waited impatiently in the room adjoining the Foreign Secretary's—a reminder of the British Government's final acceptance of the doctrine that Europe's peace (in the West and the East) was indivisible. That acceptance revolutionized British policy during the tenure in the Foreign Office of the tall, thin Yorkshireman who paved the way for peace in India and has striven to perform a similar service for Europe.

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