

The Baargain Nooz

It must've been thirty years ago now: the phone rang, and in those days (pre-Caller ID), to know who it was, you had to answer it. So I did.

"I'd like the number for the Baargain Nooz."

"Excuse me?"

"I'd LIKE the NUMBER for the Baaargain N00Z!"

Okay, pause for explanation:

The [Bargain News](#) was (and is) the local classified ads paper. What [Uncle Henry's](#) is to Maine and New Hampshire, the Bargain News is to Connecticut. While most people search for things online now on places like Craigslist and Ebay, back before the Internet was a Thing there were Uncle Henry's and the Bargain News.

The caller sounded like an older woman. In fact, she sounded just like Clara Peller in the old Wendy's "Where's the beef?" ad.

"My son bought a car from you a few years ago. I have something I want to sell and would like the number for the Baargain Nooz."

Years before, my father – a mechanic by training and trade – like to buy old beaters, get them into running shape, and sell them. He did this frequently when I was a young critter. The ad would be placed (in the Bargain News), there would be a phone call, then more often than not a vehicle would show up in the driveway and thirty Bridgepuertoricans would pile out of it like clowns from a clown car, they'd look at the sale item, maybe haggle with my father over the price, then cash would be produced, he'd sign the title, and half would pile back into the car they came in and the other half in the new

purchase and away they'd go.

So, apparently, this lady's son was one of my father's customers years back, and she still had the contact information.

I told her to "hold on" and played 411-Information and looked up the number for the Baargain Nooz. What else was I gonna do?