

## Answer an Ad in a Newspaper

*November 13 2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
Stars and Sun date 34969*

This begins as a challenge. Historically, our family seldom responded to an ad in their Newspaper, either here in Colorado, or in earlier Pennsylvania years . Added today, this fact; all of our children have ceased buying the daily paper.

They stay in touch to make sure we are still alive; know they will never read it in the Denver Post.

Factually, in a review with Barbara, we concluded we have never answered any ad in a newspaper.

However, in response to the children's urging, we have recently gone On-Line and searched for and bought a breakfast table with four chairs, plus expansion leaf. It was a a bargain. But we learned to regret buying it, almost immediately, for it had been painted badly by the prior owner, the new coat washing off.

Beyond that I have two decent experiences with newspaper ads.

The first reaches back to 1948 when I came to Denver. Metro Denver was exploding with new residents. These were single, young boys and girls. Their immediate need, a place to sleep. Just a room. Maybe in time an apartment, but tonight, a room.

When a new friend arrived it became our task, find them a clean living space near ours, at a reasonable rate. So how best to proceed with this search? Our choice.

Take them to the Rocky Mountain Newspaper office, await the first available paper of the morning, read the ads; if nothing new, the same event in the afternoon at the Denver Post. We learned to prefer the News; they had more ads. Both worked for us.

Leaping forward to 1962, the Zirkelbach's bought a Volkswagen Bus, white roof, green and white trim body. Loved it.

We drove it across the country three different years visiting friends and relatives in the east. Never an accident, but boy the incidents! Every mile something for the children to remember.

But then the day; the family upgraded to a sedan. No trade in. Instead, our ad in the Denver Post. Respondents came in small tribes. Our children loved the interviews; the potential buyers were near their age, carefree, ready for adventures we hoped our children might avoid. There was more than a hint of marijuana about their clothing which might be described as outrageously and ingenuous in assortment, style and color.

The first group that looked more presentable thought our asking dollar was "cool". They had cash. A sale was agreed; handshakes all around. In they piled, baked out of our driveway, disappeared. But not before our children wished them as much enjoyment as those windows had given the Zirkelbach family.

We, waving from our driveway, they from the VW windows. the new owners drift south in a haze, with our former wheel-house.

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With the arrival of today's Denver Post, sections can be tossed ...all ads. That's not the case with TV; their annoyances can't be avoided.

One I find uncomfortable is the ad for Heritage review. "I thought I was German; a gene study discloses I'm part Indian, Icelandic, Gothic." So my question?

Is this an attempt to denigrate women? For genes in any individual, only one comes from the male., and one from the female, but if the husband is not the father, the gene pool is degraded within that family. Because of this fact of nature, the only possibility of the offspring not being of the family rests with the female. So in a longer review, this question; How did their grandmother and her mother find time to have so many trysts when they were raising those large families?

With us, Barbara's mother was all about her family.  
And Mom's mother died in childbirth,  
Mon the last of six children.