

## CHAPTER X-1



### GREEN, GREEN, IT'S GREEN THEY SAY...

In 1960 the offices and studios of WSBA Radio were located in an attractive red brick building, sitting alongside a country road just north of York, PA. The grounds were beautifully landscaped and manicured – a lovely setting indeed.

Bucolic even.

Visitors entered the property via a circular driveway, in the center of which stood a tall flagpole proudly displaying the Stars and Stripes.

Parking was on either side of the building, behind which stretched a sixty-acre pasture featuring a large herd of Brown Swiss milk cows placidly ‘grazing in the grass’ that surrounded (*hit the echo button*) ‘The Four Towers of Power’ - WSBA’s four-tower directional array.

#### ***May I Help You***

On entering the building folks were greeted by a cute receptionist seated at a large wooden desk. Behind her was a spacious office where several similar desks were arrayed and occupied by members of the administrative staff.

These ancient but always-tidy desks gave the office a warm and friendly look. Yes, the desks were ‘well-used’ but ‘twas nothing a ‘touch up’ of paint couldn’t fix.

#### ***Caretaker***

The janitor and general ‘clean-up guy’ at WSBA was a gentleman named Roy, a man with a commitment to following directions.

To the letter.

#### ***Can You Say “Sherwin-Williams”***

One Friday in May of 1961 the Station Manager appeared carrying cleaning rags, brushes, a can of turpentine and a couple gallons of paint.

A soft mint green it was.

It was 'touch up time' and Roy was on deck.

### ***Huddle Up***

Roy was instructed to paint the desks and "all other wooden surfaces" in the office and restrooms 'over the weekend'.

He started late that Friday and finished late Sunday afternoon.

### ***Monday, Monday...***

Around 8:30 Monday morning the office staff arrived to find their desks shining brightly with that look only 'newly-paintedness' can provide.

But...there was a problem.

### ***...Can't Trust That Day***

Apparently believing that 'things are where they are for a reason' Roy left whatever he found on the desks *ON the desks*...and simply painted the 'open' surfaces.

Yep.

So...in addition to the newly painted areas, each desk had the unpainted 'shadow' of whatever had been sitting there when the painting started...

...a stapler, a Scotch-tape dispenser, a sleeve of Life-Savers, a pencil, a telephone, a box of Kleenex...whatever.

Each 'shadow' was surrounded by a fresh coat of paint.

A nice soft mint green.

### ***A Sticky Situation***

On up in the morning one of the ladies in the Traffic Department - we'll call her 'Janet' - excused herself to use the facilities.

After a few minutes a muffled cry was heard, emanating from the Ladies Room.

*"Help! Help! I need some help! I'm stuck."*

See...the rest room commodes featured wooden toilet seats, and Roy, ever the stickler for following instructions...well...

...Roy painted the seats.

He painted 'em last thing on Sunday.

They were *almost* dry by Monday morning.

Almost.

But not quite.

Janet was being held prisoner by the sticky paint on the toilet seat.

### ***All's Well...***

The office folks quickly rushed to Janet's aid.

Five minutes later, accompanied by the faint scent of turpentine, Janet emerged from the Ladies Room with a red face...

...and (presumably) a fanny of a different color.

I never actually *saw* the fanny but I'm laying eight-to-five on 'soft mint green.'