

\$5000 Thursday

by Ardyth

You wake up one morning and your hair has grown beyond recognition over night. Hasn't that happened to every woman in the world?

My regular hair stylist could not fit me in that Wednesday and I was desperate. I picked up the phone book (this was years ago, before the age of the Internet) and started calling salons until someone said they had an appointment for me. In addition to a trim I decided to have a perm (like I said, this was years ago).

My hair was long and straight when I arrived at the salon. It was still long but wavy when I left. The next morning it looked perfect!

One of the local radio stations was running a promotional contest that month. In the morning they would announce what song to listen for. Later in the day the song would be played and the 10th caller would receive \$1000. The day after my perm the DJ announced it was \$5000 Thursday! To make it even more exciting the winning contestant would be the 50th caller. I made a mental note of the song (I think it was a James Taylor tune) and went about my day as normal, except my hair looked better than ever.

I worked at Commonwealth Title in San Diego and shared an office with two other gals. We had all arrived, we got our first cup of coffee, I accepted compliments on my new hairstyle, and the radio was turned on.

At about 12:30 the song came on. I don't know how many outside phone lines Commonwealth had, but it wasn't enough for \$5000 Thursday. If we were lucky enough to get a dial tone, we all just got busy signals at the radio station. Not only was every employee at Commonwealth trying to win, the entire city of San Diego was dialing that very same number.

At one point I left my desk and walked over to the title department. Gloria was on the phone, her fingers dancing a fast jitterbug over the phone keys. I asked if we were supposed to wait until the end of the song to call the station. I'll never forget her response, "I don't know, but I'm calling until I know they have a winner!" I did a quick about face and scrambled back to my desk.

Surprise! I got an outside line right away. I punched in the numbers (technology was past dial phones but before speed dial). Another surprise! I didn't get a busy signal; the phone was actually ringing! The DJ answered with the station call letters and didn't say anything else. I promptly asked if they had gotten the 50th caller yet.

That's when the DJ got excited and announced that I was the 50th! By the time I reacted with my screech of delight my officemates had already told Gloria and the rest of the title department of my luck and our office

doorframe was packed with co-workers.

What a great day that was; perfect hair and \$5000 to add to my bank account. My face truly hurt from smiling.

Later in the day someone told me that changing hairstyles brings good luck. I don't really believe in superstition, but I did just get my hair cut and restyled. Maybe I'll win the lottery!