

To tell you the truth I'm still not exactly sure who I am or even why I am; but after some strenuous sifting, well not all that strenuous, I came up with an experience which I think enabled me to gain a glimpse of what I am. In June of '77 I had just graduated from Orange County Broadcasting trade school – excited, rambunctious, and ready to land a gig. I had begun sending out audition tapes to various radio stations almost a week before I had graduated and continued to do so for a short time afterwards. It was late one afternoon when I received a call from a Steve Kessler, program director, at KAMP, a top 40 station in El Centro, CA – wherever the hell that was. Kessler got right to the point. He wanted to hire me as a weekend jock, but he wanted to meet first before finalizing it. I said sure, arranged a time, hung up and was off to the nearest gas station to buy a map and find out what metropolitan market I had landed a job in.

The fact that the map I had purchased located El Centro in the middle of nowhere didn't discourage me. I figured it may be a smaller city than expected, but still would be a good proving ground. I probably should have stopped thinking about what a glamorous place this might be, at that point. But I kept this vision in mind until I reached a sign which read "Welcome to El Centro." I took this to mean that I had arrived in the glamorous city of El Centro. As I looked around, I would see some kind of an industrial plant, a house, and lots of farming fields and desert. My disappointment eased a bit as I drove further into no-man's-land, for I could see up ahead that I was not alone in this derelict's paradise as Ronald McDonald was already there. As you probably already know, any town that has a McDonald's can't be all that bad. After downing a quarter pounder with cheese and a Coke, I drove some more and finally arrived at KAMP – "The Valley's Music Service."

I met with Kessler, who was hungry and wanted to go to McDonald's for lunch, he showed me the studios and we headed for McDonald's to chat. To make this long story a little shorter let's just say he was dazzled with my personality and I was hired. I continued working at that station for the next six months, before being hired in another metropolis – Palm Springs, CA. I had many good times in El Centro, more than I can remember, thanks to Mexican tequila, and I'll always remember it as an enjoyable experience. The point that I've been trying to make, the one that I learned from this experience, is that even though I had been disappointed at first and felt I had been hired to work in an armpit; I grew to like the place. I attribute this to my ability to adapt, or I should say that it was El Centro that gave me the insight to see that I do have an ability to adapt – no matter the circumstances.