

The Introduction to *RADIO ... My Love, My Passion!*

This book is primarily the telling of one man's love affair with radio broadcasting, which began in earnest 70 years ago, and my extended journey within that industry—which is only unique in that it has involved many twists and turns along the route . . . except that there was always the element of programming for a radio audience involved.

I've chosen to call it *Radio... My Love, My Passion*, yet it could just as easily be titled simply *The Adventures of Marlin*. By the time you get to the end—if you get that far without falling asleep—I think you'll understand why the latter title could be fitting.

It had its beginnings when a young boy became enraptured with the multitude of sounds that emanated from a small plastic box which had a couple of knobs and a funny-looking dial on its front—every time you turned one of those knobs, the sounds changed—a love affair that's still very much alive after all these years.

Encouraged by folks after sharing about events that took place over the years in the industry, I realized I had to get this all down in some form—for me and anyone else who'd be interested.

So, with this encouragement, I committed to sharing my story, not so much because I've lived a life that many will necessarily find interesting, but rather, because if I can plant some seeds that will inspire or help someone who's been contemplating entering the field of communication or journalism, this effort will have been worthwhile.

While today so much of what is called “media” is tied to pictures or the visual aspect via television and the Internet, we might forget that in 1946, it was sound as delivered through the air by the magic of radio, creating what is called “theater of the mind,” where the action and the scene were painted in your own mind, and which can still be effective when done well.

As I write this, it's been 60 years since I was offered my first paying job in the radio industry. I state it this way to be completely honest, as I have not been employed in at least one broadcast-related position continuously for all of those 60 years, although the total is around 50 years. There were two notable gaps, one coming during a portion of the 38 months I spent in the military, and the other during a fair part of the 1990s. Still, during those periods, even if not physically involved, my heart and mind were still totally connected to the radio industry and its goings-on . . . never did my love for it waiver at any time. I still wonder how many copies of *Broadcasting* magazine were being mailed to Thule Air Force Base in Greenland during the years of 1959 and 1960—I know there was at least one.

As much as anything you might call this an historical document, as so much has changed, especially in technology, from when I got that first job in 1956. The way we did things back then is considered almost laughable today. At that time the term “computer” was barely known and the transistor was a recent invention. Without those two developments, we'd still be living in what could be called the dark ages when it came to broadcasting and so many other areas of life. Today, we give little thought to how these devices enhance and mean to our lives. Furthermore, two terms that kids too young to go to school relate to, “Internet” and “social media,” were still more than 40 years down the road. And, who would have ever thought that as the calendar turned over to a new century, there'd be launched something called the Satellite Digital Audio Radio Service and that one of the two companies the U. S. Government would license to operate in the service would eventually be named XM Satellite Radio based in Washington, DC, and that in the year I became eligible to collect Social Security, I would be hired to be one of its many program directors.