



BOB MOODY

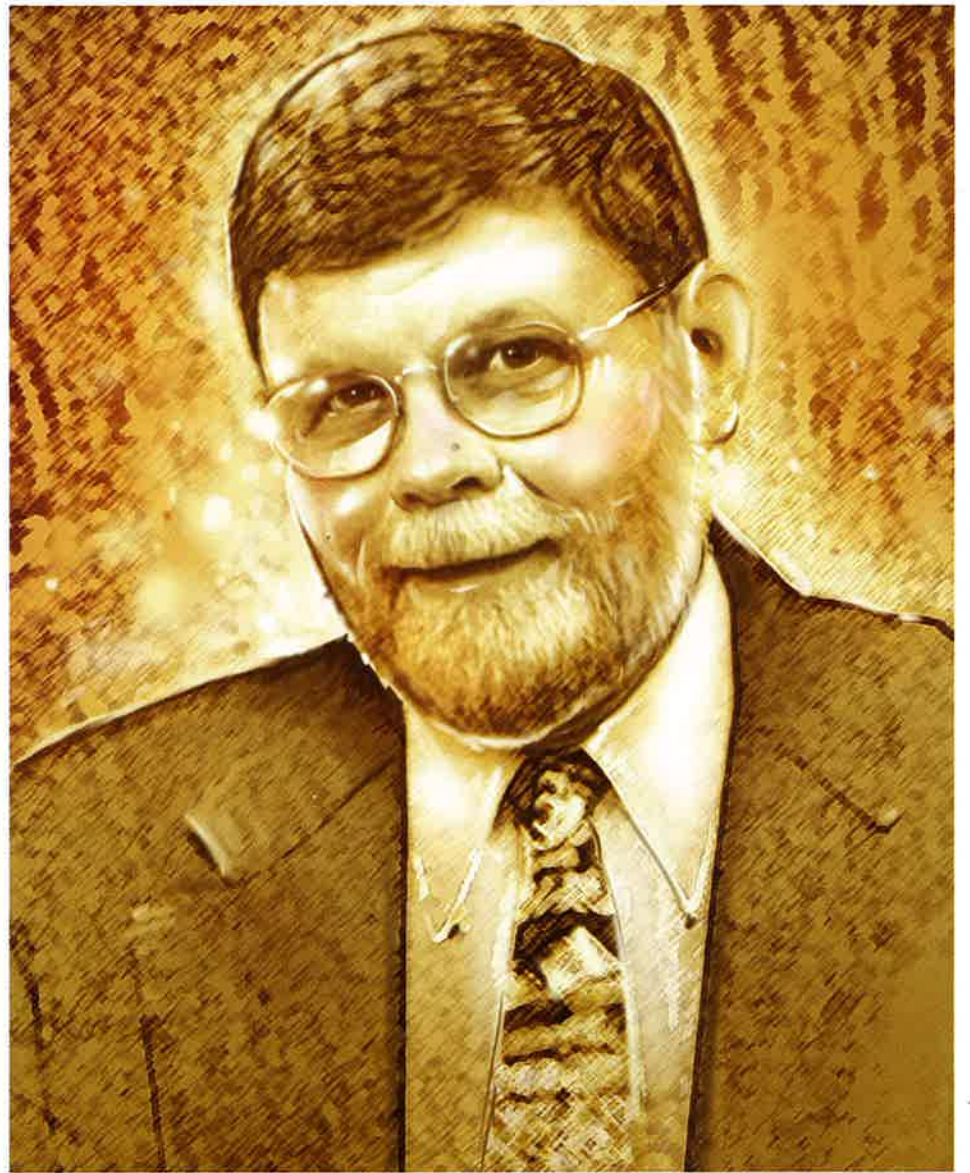
Getting It Over The Plate



Bob and Elton John

After being encouraged by his school classmates to try his voice professionally, Bob Moody was only 16 when he got his first shot at radio, working for the late, legendary Buddy Deane at KOTN/Pine Bluff, AR in 1967. A major and pioneering Baltimore TV/radio personality, Buddy made a profound impact on Bob, showing him a horizon that stretched far beyond a life in small-market broadcasting. From those modest beginnings, Bob advanced quickly to larger markets,

landing a coveted gig at CKLW/Detroit before programming KRMD/Shreveport, WAKY/Louisville, a defining decade at WPOC/Baltimore, Group PD for Nationwide Communications, VP/Country for McVay Media and now VP/Programming for Regent Communications, overseeing many market-leading Country stations. Bob is a world traveler, but is just as happy to find a good minor-league ballgame to catch while on the road. While his induction to the Radio Hall of Fame recognizes 40 years of achievement, Bob keeps a modest perspective, with many of his most valued principles rooted in smaller market radio.



My first Country job was between college semesters in the summer of 1970 at KCLA/Pine Bluff. My dad had always played Country music in the house, but I wasn't a big fan. At KCLA you picked your own records, and I'd just look for something with an interesting title and put it on the air. One day I found this Mickey Newbury song, "She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye," by Jerry Lee Lewis. I played it and thought, "Wow. This is something completely different." I think the people who make the marvelous songs we have are our secret weapon in this industry and they don't get enough credit.

At the end of the summer, PD Shelby Cooper, who called himself "The Old Blabbermouth," called me into his office. "Son, you're a pretty fair Country DJ," he said. "There's just one problem with what you do on the air. You don't make enough mistakes." Well, I got indignant. I was 19 years old and in my mind the whole

object of the game was to be professional. So I thought, "What an old fool." But Shelby went on: "You know, people in everyday life — they trip over their tongue, start sentences and then go back and start again, or forget what they were talkin' about. Listening to you, you're just too perfect...it's like it's rehearsed. Son, my motto has always been, 'If it smells, it sells.'" And I thought, "What a moron." It took me about 15 years to figure

use as little voicetracking as possible in our company, and I've been smellin' ever since.

In 1971 I applied for a job at KKEG/Fayetteville. They told me, "We pay everybody the same: minimum wage — \$1.65 an hour." I said, "Well, I can't work for that." The guy said, "Really? Well, then, how much do you want?" I thought about it for a minute and answered, "Two dollars an hour, not a

migrant laborer picking oranges. My point is that I don't care how much talent God gave you, if you can't get it over the plate, you won't make it. That was a great motivator and focus for me.

It's difficult, if not impossible, to be an interesting on-air personality if you're not an interesting person. As jobs have become more time-consuming, I run into people who haven't

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out he knew what he was talking about and I should have paid attention at the time. You can be too perfect, and that's one problem with voicetracking. Nobody ever makes a mistake, so it starts to sound canned, sterile. So we

penny less." The guy said, "Well, let me go ask the boss, but I don't think he's going to go for that." In about an hour he called back and said, "I don't believe it, but he said OK. We'll pay you \$2 an hour." The first day I showed up at the station, which was in a house trailer, you had to be careful when you walked in because if you jumped up, the needle would fly off the turntable. As I was getting ready to go on the air, I noticed all these people arriving, standing around in the corner and over by the door. It turned out they were gathering to see this guy who was so good that he was making \$2 an hour.

Working at CKLW in the '70s was a lot of fun. Its cume was in the top 10 in North America. Herb McCord was the GM, my PDs were Bill Hennes and Les Garland, and the airstaff was incredible. When an act came to Detroit, they'd send limos over to the station to take you to the show and backstage with all the artists. I'm glad I couldn't pick up CKLW in Arkansas as a kid, because if I had known what I was getting into I'd have been scared to death. A CKLW documentary aired on the Canadian History Channel. Now when you show up on that, you *know* you're old!

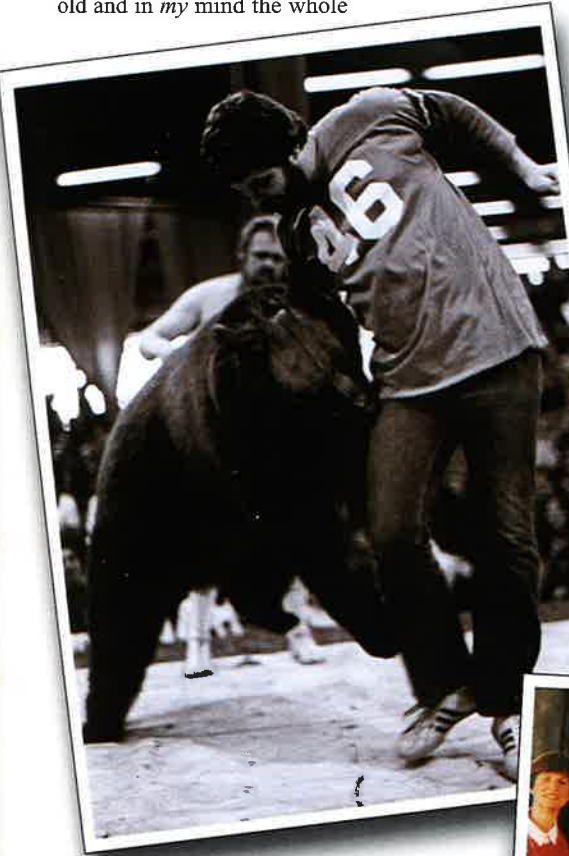
My office in Baltimore had a photograph of a minor league baseball player named Steve Dalkowski. All of the major league scouts from the early '60s say he threw a baseball faster than anyone they'd ever seen. The problem was that he couldn't get it over the plate, and so he never made the big leagues. They found him years later as an alcoholic, working as a

read a book for 10 years or who brag about how long it's been since they've taken a vacation. Those people are just so one-dimensional that I think they have difficulty relating to the audience. So I've always kept a series of outside interests to puts things into perspective.

For example, I have a fascination with James Boswell, biographer of [famed British essayist/critic] Dr. Samuel Johnson. In 1990 I became Honorary President of the Auchinleck Boswell Society in Scotland, and was the first one who didn't have a title or initials after his name. So they asked me how I wanted to be "styled." I thought about "Robert Moody, AM & FM," "Duke of Earl" or "Robert Moody of Timonium, MD." They ended up making me "Esquire."

It means an enormous amount to be inducted into the Radio Hall of Fame. To be honored by your peers — people that know your strengths and your weaknesses — is one of the greatest things that's ever happened to me. What I'm most delighted about is going in with Larry Daniels. Putting me in the Hall ahead of Larry would have been kind of like sending Pee Wee Reese to Cooperstown ahead of Babe Ruth.

I am excited about the technology we're starting to deal with, where you'll be able to listen to Internet radio stations in your car, including those we're producing, and HD Radio. To be a content provider over all of these new platforms is very exciting. As an industry we'll be very foolish if we don't take advantage of the fact that we own the microphones, own the good voices, and that we know how to do this. If we're smart, there are going to be a lot of opportunities. **CAC**



Bearly Sane: Moody wrestles a real, live black bear at the Detroit Armory in 1975. "I did not want to hurt that bear, but he cheated!" Bob said after losing. "I cannot tolerate a carnivore that cheats!"



Beer Run: With fellow inductee Larry Daniels (above); and at the production of a WPOC/Baltimore television spot with (l-r) Kay Kinnard, Alan Jackson and Laurie DeYoung.

