

It was never a long-term goal of mine to join WSDP. I tried out for the spot on a whim, after my friend Leslie Lomibao told me she was going to audition. I didn't know much about the station, except that I'd listened to Libby Saelzler's show before, and loved the 88 Escape. I signed up for an audition spot and interviewed before a very serious group of seniors, juniors, and station manager Dave Snyder. They asked tough questions. I gave lame answers, but I did it with enthusiasm. Apparently they liked that. I passed my FCC test and, in the autumn of my junior year, 1989, I joined the WSDP staff.

I began my career as a student broadcaster by writing and hosting news, sports and kicking out the JAMS on Studio 88. (Anyone remember Paula Abdul, Motley Crue or Milli Vanilli? Yipes.) Later, as a senior, I had a slot on The 88 Escape, spinning Wednesdays from 6 to 8 p.m. It made a huge impact on my musical tastes. That same year I was Sports Director, and hosted Sports Weekly every Friday with co-anchor Scott Wilson. The two of us did play-by-play/color for football, and boys and girls basketball. In the spring, WSDP walked into the Michigan Association of Broadcasters competition and walked out with a pile of awards. News, Promotions, individual DJ's -- we cleaned house. Sports Staff, including Scott, took a handful of plaques. I won Sports Broadcaster of the Year for the high school division. WSDP won station of the year. Other student stations quaked at our might. We were a first-rate operation.

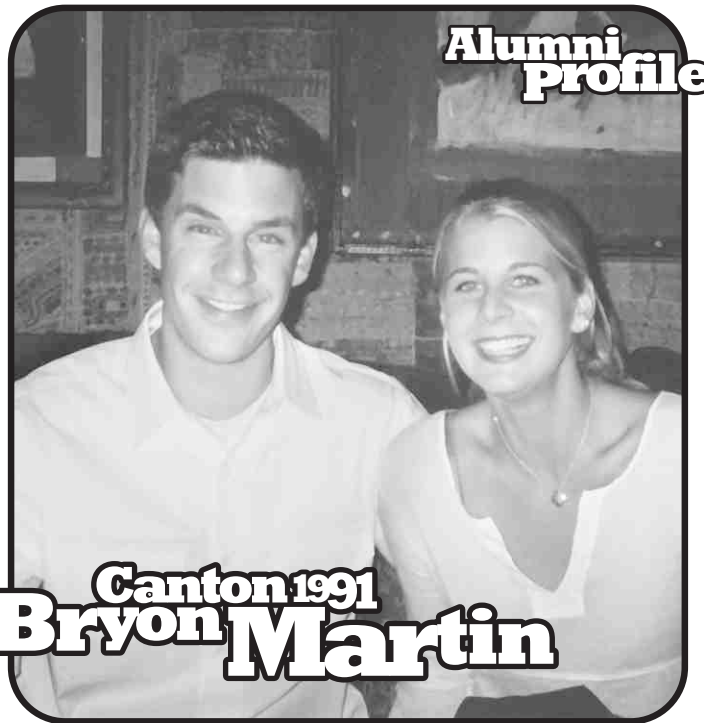
Some of my most vivid memories from WSDP involve things that went wrong or weird. I remember a broadcast of "Newsfile 5:30" that slowly disintegrated. Jen Lamb and I were reading the news. Bucky Farrow was the engineer. Jen was reading copy for a story with three actualities. Three times she set up the quote and looked to the engineer, Bucky Farrow. Three times Bucky hit play, and the cart spun in silence -- dead air. Bucky looked through the window into Studio B saying, "back to you," each time his voice a little higher, his eyes a little wider. Jen kept it together but I lost it, snorting laughter. We cut mic and went to a PSA.

There was the time the portable transmitter quit at an away football game. Scott and I cuddled up, he on my lap, sharing a phone receiver as a microphone. That photo circulated for a while. Asif Chowdhury used feedback to make improbable sounds. Eric Oberliesen ran around with pop cans stuck to his feet. And speaking of feet, Dave Snyder had a habit of kicking off his shoes during auditions. My eyes are still stinging. So much for the solemnity of the interview.

I graduated from CEP in 1991, and went on to study at EMU for three years, and at MSU for two. I graduated from State with a degree in English and Journalism. I spent a few years reporting, including time with Capital News Service in Lansing, and a summer as a political correspondent for various Michigan weeklies, a job that took me to the 1996 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. After that, I worked for three years as Editor at The Community Crier, in Plymouth.

I left The Crier in 1999, about six months before it was sold. I decided to take time off from newspapering to study law. I'll begin my third and final year at Wayne State Law School this month. I've spent the past summer in Los Angeles working for the Southern California Association of Governments. I spent lots of time hiking, biking, running and rock climbing. I take a lot of pleasure from outdoor

Bryon Martin with cousin Becca Sanders (Salem '96) at the House of Blues in Los Angeles for a Paul Weller concert



sports, and in the last two years I've backpacked in Pennsylvania, Canada, Virginia, New Mexico, California and tons of places in Michigan. In addition to school, I'll spend parts of this year working in public law and writing a paper about regional government and planning.

The connection between my life now and my time at WSDP might not jump out at you. But I learned a lot, like how a common interest can bring together people who don't have much else to talk about. In my day, WSDP put sports nuts, burnouts and squids in the same room, laughing about the same things. I don't know the names of today's CEP cliques, but I'll bet they still mix at WSDP.

I also learned to value work that I believe in, and that adds something to my community. I call it a good day when, at the end, I've got a feeling of accomplishment, a sense that I've made some sort of contribution. I first had that feeling at WSDP. It has returned to me as a reporter and a lawyer.

Finally, I learned that if you like doing a thing, chances are you'll do it better than you do other things. So go with your interests, even on a whim. You'll never know where it will take you.