

## The Interview

It was the seventh door I had knocked on at this Coconut Grove apartment complex. I was still on the first floor with two more stories to go. I was brimming with optimism. After all, I was one of the best salesmen for the company. Here I was – selling magazines door to door, and making a good income for a fifteen year old kid. One Saturday I had made \$100, more money than my mother made in a week.

I had started working when I was eleven selling the Miami News on street corners making two cents per paper. I sold newspapers in front of the James City Drug store in Miami at the corner of SW 8<sup>th</sup> St and SW 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. I used that money to buy comic books and food – my mother was thrilled when I came home with groceries, even though I only bought sweets and foods that I liked to eat.

On that day in 1962, I was at the top of my game. At the seventh apartment door, a man answered. He had dark brown hair with a neatly pressed white shirt and glasses. He was polite as I gave him my sales pitch. He invited me inside.

“How about a coke?” he said.

We sat at his dining room table and he poured me a coke into a tall glass filled with ice.

“So, tell me about yourself,” he asked. “Where do you go to school?”

“Miami High.”

“What’s your name?”

“Robert Carr,” I replied dutifully.

“And what are you interested in?”

“History and archaeology.”

“I’m from New York,” he said, “and how about you?”

“My mother’s family is from Philadelphia and my dad is from Rochester, New York, but I was born in La Plata, Maryland.”

“Do you ever listen to WIOD?” he asked.

“No.”

“I’m a disk jockey. WIOD is in Miami Beach. You should try listening sometime.”

“Okay,” I said agreeably.

“And you know, I liked your presentation, so I’m going to sign up for a two year subscription.”

“Oh, great. Thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

“Can you sign here?” I said pointing to the bottom of the page of the contract.

He said his name then wrote it.

“Larry King. Don’t forget Larry King on WIOD.”

Robert S. Carr  
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