

Steve Curran

The head of advertising for a good potential client, Missouri Rural Electric Cooperatives, was a guy named Tom Curran. He was kinda slick, if you know what I mean, and had refused to buy us. One evening he held a block party at his home and invited Sue and me. One of the bartenders was his brother, Steve.

The next day, I called Tom, thanking him for the evening. The conversation turned to his brother Steve, barely out of high school; who it turned out had left home in Tulsa, moved to Jefferson City and needed a job. Tom asked me to hire him. Well, we were in no position to hire anyone but Tom made me an offer I couldn't refuse: If I'd hire Steve, he'd get me an order from MREC that would more than compensate me for my trouble. So I did. And, so began a 32-year friendship. Steve's now in St. Louis. He shares [memories of his time at Learfield](#).

I know now what I did in accepting this advertising contract was wrong. Several years later--and after Tom had been canned--I confessed my mistake to Frank Stork, the President of MREC.

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