

Steve Mays and KBOA

One of the fascinations of my life is how relationships begin, develop, and last. And, more importantly, I'm fascinated how important they are to our mental and emotional health. When I was 29 I drove to Kennett, deep in Missouri's boot heel to sign those folks up on the Delta/Net. The owner was a guy maybe 10 years older than I named Charlie Earls. He was a smooth, sharp businessman and we instantly hit it off. Over the years, Charlie, his wife, Scottie and their son, Scott, became wonderful friends.

Getting KBOA on the Delta/Net proved to be more work than I bargained for. The station manager was a veteran broadcaster named John Mays. He also served as their farm director and appreciated the big dollars the station got in ag business. They had--as we say in the biz--a big stick because they had a great frequency and large coverage area. Eventually John and Charlie capitulated, however, and joined up.

John's kid worked there. He was a D.J. Had been to Southeast Missouri State where he'd earned a theater degree and now was spinnin' hits. His name was Steve. On one of my trips I'd heard him on the air driving in and told John and Charlie--jokingly--I wanted Steve to come to Jefferson City. He was good. That was 1974 probably, and he came to work for us in 1984. Steve will tell you about his first appointment in Jefferson City with me. I forgot completely and stood him up.



Today we're close friends. He's responsible for this blog. He's responsible for much of our creative efforts on all networks for some 25 years. He and I have started all kinds of ventures together at Learfield, some successful and some not. Today he leads our "new media" efforts. He and his wife, Barb, are among the many deep relationships that bring meaning to living. He's one of the reason I like coming to work in the morning.

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