

# THE CRUTCHFIELD CHRONICLE

(Jefferson-Pilot Broadcasting's largest (by far) one-time-only tabloid)

VOLUME I - ONLY ONE

HAND-OUT

DECEMBER 2, 1977



CHC - CIRCA 1927



CIRCA 1933



CIRCA 1943



CIRCA 1955



CIRCA 1969



CIRCA 1977

## The Imprint Of That Voice Of Long Ago Is Still There

Charles H. Crutchfield is retiring.

That's the story.

It might as well have said that Carolinas radio is being suspended indefinitely.

The two, Crutchfield and Carolinas radio, are inseparable in the psyche of generations of Carolinians, North and South.

Many of us were reared with Crutchfield, WBT, cotton, cornbread and the family Bible as assurance that life would be more than tolerably sustained, during or after the Great Depression.

Our spirits were never so low, even in the days of 10-cent cotton, that we could not find solace in the bass-toned confidence of Crutchfield and the Briarhopper Boys that another day and Crazy Water Crystals would carry us through.

We were, thanks to his perception of our rural chemistry combined with a restlessness for a place in the sun, a family tuned to a dependable voice—WBT

It became our voice, our security blanket, our fireside patriarch, our bedtime solace, our morning tonic.

Forty-four years, beginning in 1933. Most of us think it cannot be and the youngest of us might say, "Who's he?", for the voice has not been commonly on the air



for some decades. Yet the imprint of it is there, for those with memories, in programming sensitive still to communities, large and small.

The Crutchfield public service imprint remains, if diminished in radio by modernity's decibled demands in music styles. To a larger extent it was transmitted by television, pioneered in his life's mid-season, as first, to introduce and sustain that medium's claim on fidelity to Carolinas' interests.

Crutchfield, unmistakably, was there, as both WBT, WBTB and

we—grew.

Program manager in '35. General manager in '45. Executive Vice President in '52, president in '63. And then, of course, city, state and national interests laid claim on time and talents as did the radio-television industry.

You would never know that this was the man who never figured David Brinkley, pleading for a job, could make it and so sent him on his way. Certainly he would not seem the sort who would let the difference between \$85 and \$100 a week for the services of not one but two people stop him from

By  
KAYS GARY

The Charlotte Observer

hiring talent. But Mr. and Mrs. Andy Griffith are, undoubtedly, glad that he did. They took their \$100 a-week ambitions elsewhere and managed to make it.

If Charles Crutchfield finished college his resume doesn't show it, but he has won his honorary doctorates and the accolades of multiple-degreed educators and leaders of government and industry for his contributions in all these areas. Even Brinkley, who dropped out of high school, would probably credit the Crutchfield rejection with much of the impetus supplied for his success.

Well, now he is retiring, the press releases say, but that cannot be as ominous as it sounds.

The calls letters, WBT-WBTB, are unchanged and—as long as they remain—the Crutchfield stamp will be upon them. With every station identification it will be there as long as there are people instead of computers calling the signals.

That means our Carolinas identity will survive, our security blanket will not soon be consigned to the ash heap and that Bill Bailey and his fine tooth comb will indeed come home, Briarhopper style, despite all the deserved doctorates on his wall.

### PROGRAM

Master of Ceremonies.....	Doug Mayes
Invocation.....	Jerry King
Toasters.....	Clyde McLean, Nelson Benton, Tommi Jones, Bob Lacey, Cullie Tarleton, Margie Miller, Larry Harding, Lester Staton, Pat Lee, Jerry King, Jim Babb, Grady Cole, Jim Patterson, Jack Schneider, Roger Soles
Presentation.....	W. J. Jorgenson
Response.....	C. H. Crutchfield
Closing Remarks.....	Doug Mayes
Adjournment.....	



Contributed by Al Munn

# THE CRUTCHFIELD CHRONICLE

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## EDITORIALS & OPINION

### Crutchfield: A Man Of Guts And Conviction



STEWART SPENCER

BY STEWART SPENCER, EDITOR

The Charlotte News

Now and then an institution will be identified with the name of one man. So it is with Charles H. Crutchfield, Jefferson-Pilot Broadcasting and, indeed, radio and television broadcasting in this region.

Charlie Crutchfield has been on board since the days when WBT was a single radio station owned by CBS. He has shepherded the company's growth from those early days until today, when its operations touch four major cities and embrace eight stations and a production and data systems division. He presides today over a company with a reputation not merely for health but for quality—quality of programming, quality of personnel, quality of concern.

Charlie Crutchfield's influence has reached beyond the everyday world of his work. In the broader field of broadcasting in general, he has maintained a keen and articu-

late interest in the credibility of television as a medium and as a provider of news. He has maintained an outspoken interest in the obligations—and the virtues—of the American business system.

His energies have been poured as well into volunteer work for his city, his state and his nation. The list of his involvements consumes two, long, single-spaced pages. They touch the arts, education, religion, commerce. Everywhere they reflect commitment, everywhere concern.

A person who knows him well uses these words to describe him: Grasp, sensitivity, genuine human concern, conviction, guts.

He is, says this person, a man "to whom people instinctively turn, and in whom they feel confidence...."

It is the ultimate mark of Charlie Crutchfield that the people who know him best admire not only his achievements. They admire him. And they will miss him greatly in his retirement.



Mr. Crutchfield receives gavel as incoming president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce from George Broadrick in December, 1970.

## What Others See In CHC



WILEY

"Through the years, you have been a courageous voice for enhancing the service which the broadcast industry renders to the American public. Your support and encouragement for a high moral tone in programming is particularly to be commended." —Richard E. Wiley, Chairman, Federal Communications Commission.



STANTON

"The story of CBS is the story of strong leadership among strong affiliates—affiliates led by men who were willing to take a stand and fight to develop a new industry, to give it standards, to give it direction. And you, my friend, were one of the outstanding leaders. I will never forget how you not only stood with me, but put your shoulder to the wheel when the going was rough." —Dr. Frank Stanton, former president, CBS, Inc.

"Charlie Crutchfield is easily one of the ten greatest men I have ever met." —Evangelist Billy Graham.



GRAHAM

"There is no deep-throated, dulcet-toned baritone to replace you; there is no Toscanini-at-the-Typewriter to fill the void. Broadcasting is not as good as it should be, but it is far better than it would have been without Charlie Crutchfield to keep it in the right direction." —Jack Harris, president, KPRC, Houston.



HUNT

"You're retiring? After only 48 years in the business? What happened to the old Crutchfield who always welcomed a fight, and just when he's needed most? We go back a while together, and the association is treasured here." —Sol Taishoff, Chairman and Editor, Broadcasting Magazine.



JONES

"When you spend 48 years working, you build a monument to leave behind. Your success in broadcasting, especially at WBT, is your monument. You're a special person to all of us." —Governor James B. Hunt, Jr.



ERVIN

"In an age when the titmice and the great auks of the media have been following the fashionable thought of the self-proclaimed and self-appointed intellectual establishment, you have dared to be unfashionable. You have absorbed a great lesson of history, and that is that alchemy, burning heretics, the divine right of kings and the necessity of fending off witches were all included at one time or another in fashionable thoughts." —Syndicated columnist Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"As a result of what you have done, you have rendered services of the highest value to our section of the nation, and have become a living legend in the broadcasting field." —Former U.S. Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr.



McFARLAND

"Every time I think of you (which is often), I feel better about America's future. Your work is a real, discernible force in America and for America." —Dr. Kenneth McFarland, author and lecturer.

"Your comments, perceptions and criticisms through the years have done much to fashion the conscience of American broadcasting. Never before has that conscience been so much needed." —Arthur R. Taylor, former president of CBS, Inc.

"Your personal integrity shone through every position you took, and when one differed with you on policy it was a difference with an honorable man." —Dr. Wesley H. Wallace, Chairman, RTVMP, UNC.



# It All Started Way Back Yonder In 1929

(Editor's note: The following is a script of a tape-slide presentation at Southern Pines on October 11, 1977 when Mr. Crutchfield was presented the Earle Gluck Distinguished Service Award by the North Carolina Association of Broadcasters).

BY LARRY HARDING

When the man we honor today began his radio career, three out of four Americans now living hadn't yet been born.

Charles Lindberg, only two years earlier, had made the first trans-oceanic flight, and the same year a pot-bellied, pigeon-toed "man-boy" cracked 60 home runs to become the idol of a hero-worshipping nation.

Wall Street crashed that year, hurling the poor into deeper poverty and many of the rich out of skyscrapers to suicide.

Dwight D. Eisenhower was an obscure first lieutenant in an



A. HITLER

equally obscure Army, while across the Atlantic a former German Army corporal of uncertain ancestry was dreaming maniacal dreams which—when realized—would come within an eyelash of snuffing out the lights of humanity.

The year was 1929, and radio itself was a new-fangled creation—scarcely more than a half-dozen years old. Few could envision its phenomenal growth and the role it would play in shaping the thoughts, actions and ambitions of a nation composed mainly of merchants, millworkers and farmers.

Down in Spartanburg, South Carolina, a wavy-haired, deep-voiced youngster strolled into a radio station WSPA, spoke a few words into a shiny new microphone and began a career which was to come within two years of spanning a half-century.



CHC



ROOSEVELT



EISENHOWER



LINDBERGH

Charles H. Crutchfield moved across the Carolinas in those depression years of the late 20s and early 30s—going to Greenville, to Charleston, to Greensboro, to Columbia before landing one September day at WBT in Charlotte.

His pay, for 60 hours of announcing and related duties at WBT, was \$20.00 a week.

"When I was offered the job", he is fond of recalling, "It was a take-it-or-leave-it-and-let-us-have-your-decision-right-now kind of proposition".

"I took it", he said, "and was glad to get it. FDR had told us that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself, but those of us with families knew better. We feared an empty belly, and the thought that the federal government owed us a living had just never crossed our minds."

Crutchfield worked as if an empty belly gnawed at him constantly. Not content with announcing, he turned to programming, and discovered a natural flair for it. Instinctively, he knew what people wanted. He was a born showman, and a salesman of no mean ability.

"Charlie Crutchfield was the first man I know of", remembers former New York Times critic Johr Crosby, "to sit a listener down a microphone across from him in a studio and tell the man about the product." The result was not only that the man bought the "pitch"; so did the audience—and "personal salesmanship was born on radio".

Crutchfield's abilities quickly caught the eye of management, and he was made program manager. Quickly, the Briarhoppers were formed, with Crutchfield himself, "Charlie Briarhopper", as emcee.

Peruna, or "Pee-Rooney" as Charlie Briarhopper pronounced it, was an advertiser. "The stuff

sold like hotcakes", says Mr. Crutchfield. "My mother for example, who was a tee-totaler and wouldn't let even a glass of wine in the house, used to drink it like water. What she didn't know was that this 'Pee-Rooney' was about 40-proof. She—and about half of the Piedmont Carolinas—went around with half-a-buzz on most of the time, but they were happy—as were we all."

Other Crutchfield stories have



been told until they have the flavor of legends.

In 1935, Mr. Crutchfield—conscious that the few surviving Civil War veterans were now in their 90s—arranged to have a group come to WBT to be interviewed. Their appearance marked the first time the famous "Rebel Yell" ever appeared on radio.

Crutchfield, while busy building a talented staff, kept his hands in the announcing end. When President Roosevelt was late for his "Green Pastures" address in Charlotte, Mr. Crutchfield ad-libbed to the entire CBS Radio Network for 55 minutes awaiting the President's arrival.

He also decided to broadcast a wedding—the marriage of two former slaves, a 92-year-old man and an 89-year-old woman. After the ceremony, Crutchfield grabbed the groom by the arm, stuck a microphone before him, and asked him what his plans were. The groom replied:

"Young man, I'm gonna quit tom-cattin'—settle down—and raise me some young'uns to take care of me when I get old."

As Crutchfield continued to improve, radio underwent major growth at WBT. During the 10-year period from 1935 to 1945, the station went to 50,000 watts—full power... the Rangers Quartet went on the air, a full-time sports announcer, Lee Kirby, was hired... Sandy Becker was signed on... Russ Hodges was hired... the Johnson Family joined the staff, as did the Golden Gate Quartet and the Dean Hudson Orchestra... and Dr. J.S. Nathanael Tross, a Negro minister, was put on the air to promote better racial understanding. This was back in 1939—two decades before the national conscience awoke to the plight of blacks.

Interested in a new invention called television, Crutchfield applied himself to learning all he could about this new communications medium which was just over the horizon.

When it came of age, he was ready. He convinced the parent company—Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company—that TV was the way of the future, and coaxed what then were enormous sums out of the Greensboro firm.

WBTV signed on the air in 1949—the Carolinas' first television station.

Crutchfield's interests, which always had extended beyond broadcasting, reached full flavor after the advent of television. Public affairs and industry leadership occupied much of his time. He became a founder of the Maximum Service Telecasters, Secretary-Treasurer of the CBS-Television Network Affiliates Advisory Board, president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and a director of the United States Chamber, a member of the National Population Commission (appointed by the President) and chairman of the Communications Committee, Chairman of the Board of the Salvation Army, North Carolina Chairman of the Radio Free Europe Fund Drive, and a member of the Research

(Cont'd on page 8)



# Salant Recalls Correspondence With 'Thoughtful, Perceptive, Selective Man'

(Editor's note: Following is a slightly-edited talk given by Richard S. Salant, president of CBS Television News, at the October 29, 1977 meeting of the North Carolina Associated Press Broadcasters Association in Asheville).

I am here tonight for one reason only—one overwhelming, surpassing reason—name of Charles Crutchfield. Charles is, and has been for all these many years, a truly great broadcaster—a man who knows what broadcasting, and its special responsibilities are all about, and has dedicated his life to realizing his, and his stations', ideals.

As all CBS affiliates know, Charles and I have had a running dialogue—as neutral a word as I can find—since the day I became President of the CBS News Division more than 16 years ago. In my capacity as head of CBS News, I had my first letter from him on February 10, 1961—less than a week after I became President.

And incidentally, in that letter Charles suggested that we do a closed circuit 5 o'clock newsfeed for affiliates' use in their local news. That suggestion was adopted and implemented. And it wasn't the last time that we adopted a Crutchfield suggestion.

That first letter, as I say, was dated February 10, 1961. The last—or rather most recent—one I had from Charles was dated exactly a month ago—September 29, 1977—a generous letter praising one of our news stories and the conduct of CBS News personnel, to which I replied on October 3, noting how welcome his letter was and writing "I'm a little disturbed—if you and I keep writing these love letters to each other, people might talk."

Well my remarks tonight aren't a love letter, but they are a declaration of love. And, Charles, if people want to talk, let 'em.

February 10, 1961 to October 3, 1977—that covers an awful lot of territory and an awful lot of history, little of it good, most of it bad. In preparing for this evening, I reread all the correspondence between Charles and me that remained in our files during that entire period. And so I relived the period and the terrible traumas through which the country went and the awesome problems and responsibilities that the events of those years placed on all in journalism, particularly on us at CBS News.

In our correspondence, Charles and I managed to touch on a great part of that history and those problems and that responsibility. And, the letters



SALANT

and wires dealt with the raw nerved issues—Vietnam and Watergate. It covered so many things—the Haynsworth appointment; Martin Luther King; political, student and civil rights demonstrations; the Voice of America; the use of the word "goddam" by some of the interviewees in news broadcasts; nudity—more or less; bysynosis; who would get copies of which of our letters; the difference between news reporting and editorializing; whether it is proper ever to include background, interpretation and analysis in hard news—I think yes; Charles knows no; and so on, and so on, and son on, down, or up, to the earth-shaking issue of how much per foot CBS News ought to charge in selling news library film to CBS affiliates.

Fundamental issues of the time and fundamental issues relating to good journalism—all were covered by that corre-

spondence—sometimes quietly and sometimes violently, some times philosophically and in good humor, sometimes emotionally and in ill humor, considerably more often than not. Charles and I disagreed—vigorously.

What surprised me—and it shouldn't have—as I went through what in one letter to Charles I referred to as "the longest dialogue in captivity"—is how often Charles took the time to write letters of praise about some of the things we did. That reminded me again—and I shouldn't have needed reminding—that Charles is not a knee-jerk, but however passionate in his beliefs, a thoughtful, perceptive and selective man.

In his letters, Charles was the master of many things—eloquence, wit, and perserverance—a nice word for stubbornness, outmatched only by my own stubbornness.

One of the paradoxes of the dialogue Charles and I had with each other was that each in our own way was, and is, dedicated to a war against advocacy journalism and to the preservation of what he and I both regard as the essence of good journalism—objectivity, accuracy, fairness, and freedom from bias. We both recognized—explicitly—that one cannot always

achieve those goals, but it is essential to try with all one's energy and dedication.

In going through all the correspondence, I didn't count the number of times—but there were several—when each of us wrote that this was the end, we'd never write again, and this was your final letter, or my final letter. But it was all too stimulating. It was all too important. It was all too good for each of us and so our farewell appearances were like Sarah Bernhart's—we kept on returning. The correspondence continues right to the present. For which I'm exceedingly grateful.

But no matter how tense and testy our correspondence became, a sense of humor never totally fled us. There was the time in June of 1968 when Charles wrote me, dropping a very important name in the world of business—but then he added "I am not trying to impress you with my name calling proclivities. I have some real bums for close friends also." And then there was the relatively short letter from Charles in April of 1971 in which he added a postscript praising one of our post-Presidential special analyses as well as a Severeid documentary:

"My secretary just said that she hopes your secre-

(Cont'd on page 6)



With Edward R. Murrow at Douglas Airport



With long-time friend Billy Graham



With U.S. Ambassador Charles 'Chip' Bohlen in Moscow



# What It Was Like In Radio -- Back In The 30s



ARTHUR WENIGE & RAMON BROS.

CHARLES CRUTCHFIELD ANNOUNCER



## FROM THE PAST

Clockwise, from upper left, as announcer in 1933; at WRDW in 1931; with the fabled Briarhoppers in 1939; a surprise birthday greeting; an offer from NBC which he could, and did, refuse; with famous animal trainer Clyde Beatty.



## MANY FOLKS NOW SAY NEW PERU-NA

The Great New Cold Fighter often  
WINS A FIGHT WITH A COLD  
By Helping to Build Up Cold Fighting Resistance

SEASON'S GREETINGS from THE BRIARHOPPER BOYS  
Back row, left to right: Sam Briarhopper (Don White), Bill (Bill Davis), Elmer (Clarence Esters). Second Row, left to right: Minnie (Jane Bartlett), Zeb (Thorne Westerfield), Dad (Johnny McAllister), Charlie Crutchfield (Master of Ceremonies). Front row, left to right: Billie (Billie Burton), Homer (Homer Dry).



IN  
**1939**  
See The Great West  
and the  
**SAN FRANCISCO**  
**WORLD'S FAIR**  
Opens Feb. 18, 1939

TRANSMITTER  
T. ANDREWS PARISH

**WCSC**

CONTROLLED  
1880 KILOCYCLES  
FULL TIME OPERATION

"WONDERFUL CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA"

MA 1 32 NEW YORK NY JUL 18 1025A

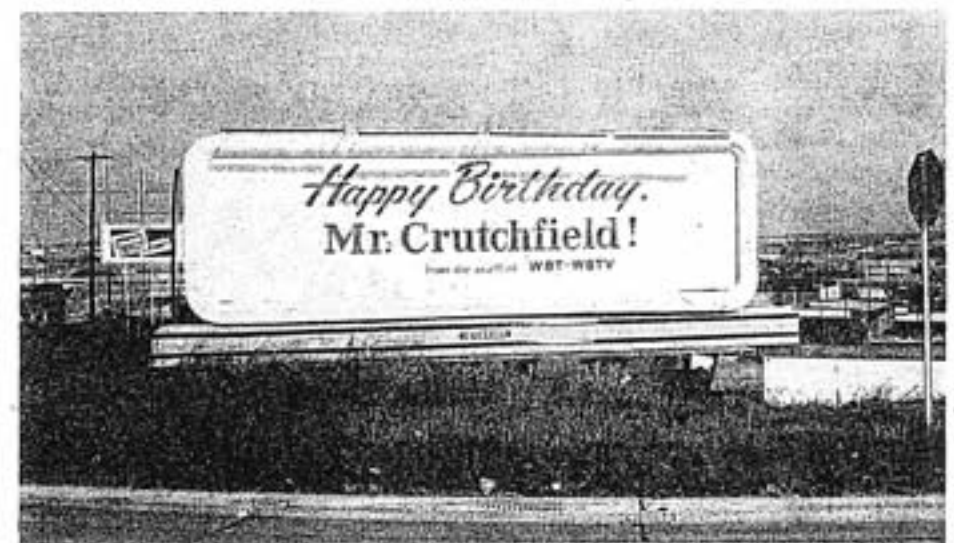
CHARLESTON, S. C.

C. H. CRUTCHFIELD=

STATION WCSC CHARLESTON SOCAR=

WIRE RECEIVED WILL EXPECT YOU SEPTEMBER FIRST TO BE ADDED  
TO THE ANNOUNCING STAFF OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING  
COMPANY ON THAT DATE WITH SALARY OF TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.  
MONTH ADVISE IF SATISFACTORY=

PATRICK J KELLY SUPV OF ANNOUNCERS NATIONAL  
BROADCASTING CO.





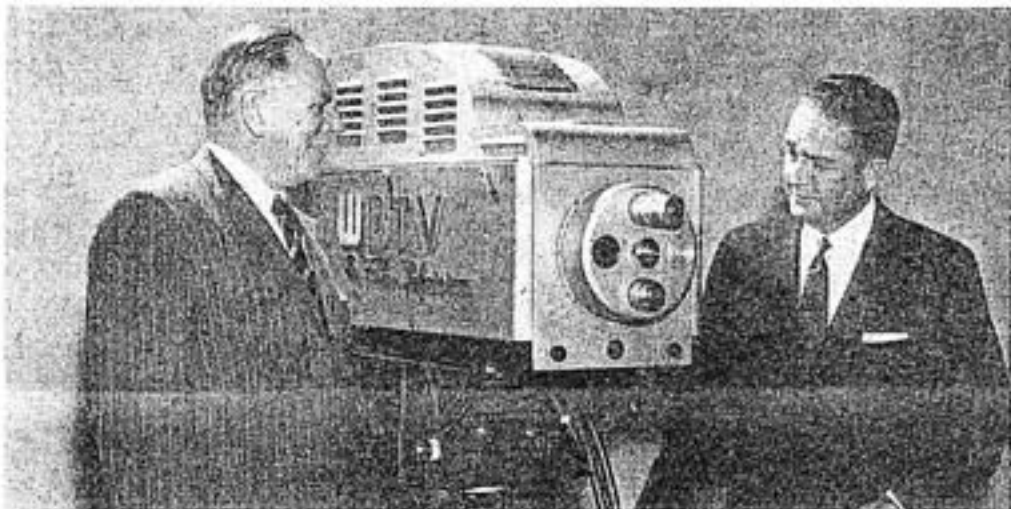
# A World Traveler...An Innovator... And A Winner



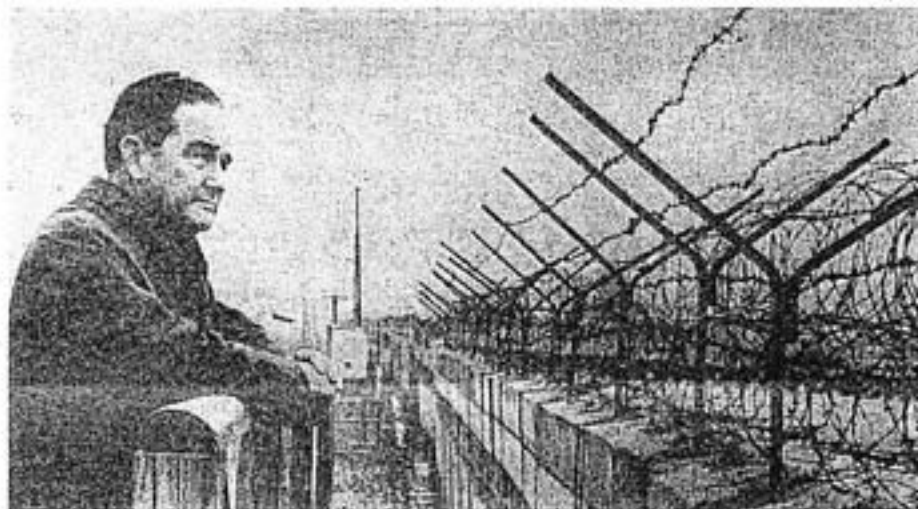
With Grady Cole after winning coveted Variety Award



Home From U.S. State Department mission to Greece



Showing off new color camera to Mr. Bryan



Barbed-wire barricade in repressive Moscow

## 'Have You Not Learned Great Lessons From Those Who Disputed The Passage With You?'

(Cont'd from page 4)

tary won't faint at the brevity of this letter."

To which I replied:

"Dear Charlie: I am dictating this letter flat on my back; my secretary—at a suitably removed distance—is taking the dictation flat on her back—we both fainted but we are happy."

It is impossible to reflect the full flavor of all of this correspondence—which I enjoyed even more in the rereading in the last couple of weeks. But what is important is that beside all the argumentation and the occasional excesses—usually mine—there emerges from the letters, after all, a deep respect which grew into genuine affection, and a commonality of objective in reaching for the best in journalistic practice and policy. I hope, and I like to think, that on the ultimate

principles of what journalism should be, Charles and I were in total agreement.

This exchange of correspondence was, in fact, good for me, good for all of us at CBS News. All thoughtful criticism is; Charles' was—most of the time—particularly thoughtful and particularly eloquent and so particularly good for us. As I wrote him on December 2, 1966, in response to one of his threats not to write me any more: And beyond this Charles expressed an inspiring and benign philosophy which, I believe, underlay all our discussions. Charles summed it all up in a letter dated June 28, 1969, to a friend with whom he disagreed, and he sent me a copy of the letter in which he concluded with the marvelous sentence:

"Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely."

And then in a letter on May 13, 1976, Charles wrote me this: "While in Miami several weeks ago, I ran across a little paragraph in one of the papers which I clipped and saved which goes this way:

"He has lived long enough to get his temper pretty well under control, and to understand that the world stage is not peopled only by villains and heroes, but mostly by well-intentioned persons doing the best they can. In such a maturing process, one's jugular instincts tend to dry up. A man sees efforts one way by the blazing light of the noon day sun; in twilight, the shadows are softer."

And then Charles went on to write: "I am now in twilight, and find this to be so true and yet, I have never viewed our differences as personal ones—only professional. I like to

think that we have done battle in the sense that Walt Whitman had in mind when he wrote: 'Have you learned lessons only of those who admired you and were tender with you and stood aside for you? Have you not learned great lessons from those who braced themselves against you and disputed the passage with you?'"

Indeed, I have learned great lessons from you, who have braced yourself against me and disputed the passage with me.

I found that there was an enormous amount to be learned in re-reading our correspondence—immensely important lessons about such fundamental things as human relations; the nutritious benefits of free and open dialogue; the workable relationship between a network news organization and the affiliates which, after all, can be constructive and educational and even en-

joyable—without surrender of the essential prerogative of either side; the teaching—somewhat surprising—that friendship and mutual respect can not only survive, but be nurtured by vigorous disagreement.

There may even be a more cosmic lesson to be drawn out of all this—that if nations were only like Charles, respect for the views of others, disagreement without bullying, discussion without surrender of basic beliefs can, after all, bring peace in our time and universal brotherhood does not depend on total agreement or abdication of basic beliefs.

I'll leave it at that—you can take it from there if you wish. All I can say now is that I am grateful to you, Charles. I am admiring. Never stop writing—with that special Crutchfield vigor and robustness.



# Reminiscences... Recognition... & Just Plain Fun



## THE HUMAN TOUCH

Hardly the formidable man that some think he is, Mr. Crutchfield loves good times and a good joke—especially when he's the target. Across the top, a surprise package is unveiled as the staff gives him a surprise birthday party. At right, Jack Phipps recalls his first meeting with The Boss. At center and at the bottom, CHC relives the past at gala WBT birthday party. At left, Mayor Belk proclaims today "Charles H. Crutchfield Day".



## BY JACK PHIPPS

Back in 1933, I was very happily employed at WBT as nighttime receptionist and standby musician (the network lines failed often in those days and, upon being buzzed by the engineers, I'd dash to the studio to play the piano until the lines were restored).

The reception room was more like a living room than anything else. There was of course a plug-in switchboard in one corner and, angled off from it, the desk (with typewriter) where I sat facing the door and the elevators. Otherwise, there was a comfortable sofa slipcovered in a flowered fabric, plus several armchairs, and the indirect-lighting lampstands shining against the white ceiling and the daringly-painted raspberry-colored walls gave off a pleasant glow.

It was a favorite place for the wives of night-working WBT personnel to gather, since, in those early Depression days, it was better than staying alone at home and, anyway, the radio station was probably the most exciting place in town.

So, one evening a couple of those wives and I were chatting away when the elevator doors clanged open and into the reception room strode a cocky, nattily-dressed young man who introduced himself as Charles Crutchfield.

He took charge immediately. He'd apparently already been hired, but he pulled out a blank application form from his pocket and, motioning toward the typewriter, said: "Here, how about filling this out for me; my writing's not so good." I kinda flushed at this, but, having been reared to be "a good, obedient boy," I complied while he turned his attention to the two wives, who visibly melted under the spell of his deep sonorous tones and movie-star gaze.

I thought "this kid can't last." I don't think he would have, either, if his wife hadn't shown up a few days later to bring him into line. And she took him over for sure several weeks afterwards when, without consulting her, he paid two dollars for a pair of swim trunks. From then on he had something like 50 cents a week to spend. It must have been good for him because he settled down to be a right decent fellow. I even got so I liked him.



## City of Charlotte, North Carolina Proclamation

WHEREAS, Charles H. Crutchfield has been chief executive officer of the Jefferson-Pilot Broadcasting Company for 37 years; and

WHEREAS, his contributions and the contributions of the WBT stations have added immeasurably to the quality of life in Charlotte and the Carolinas through outstanding news, editorials and local programming; and

WHEREAS, the efforts of Mr. Crutchfield have brought the company to a position of pre-eminence in the broadcast industry and focused national attention on Charlotte; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Crutchfield retires on December 31 after faithfully serving the WBT stations and his community, state and nation since 1933;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, John M. Belk, Mayor of Charlotte, do hereby proclaim December 2, 1977 as

"CHARLES H. CRUTCHFIELD DAY"

in Charlotte, and commend this observance to our citizens.

WITNESS MY HAND and the official Seal of the City of Charlotte this 28th day of November, 1977.



*John M. Belk*  
John M. Belk  
Mayor



Many thanks to Carolyn Biltcliffe and Della Tinsley for setting type for this tabloid, to Hank Warren for sizing the photographs, to Monta Maki for the paste-up, to Harold Huss for printing it, to Mr. Jorgenson, Leonis McGlohon and Tommi Jones for all they did in arranging this evening and to Paulette Wright for handling so many details so expertly.—Larry Harding

# CHC Chronology

July 27, 1912:	Born in Hope Arkansas	(Sun goes into full eclipse)	Oct. 14, 1947:	Elected Board Chairman of Salvation Army	(Gen. William Booth turns over in his grave)
July 28, 1914:	Receives cap pistol for birthday	(World War I breaks out)	July 15, 1949:	WBTW signs on the air	(Jefferson Standard stock drops 18 points)
Nov. 11, 1918:	Receives shotgun for Thanksgiving	(Armistice signed ending WW I)	July 6, 1951:	Goes to Greece on State Department Mission	(Turkey threatens to resign from United Nations)
May 30, 1924:	Finishes grade school	(President declares day of National Thanksgiving)	Feb. 7, 1952:	Elected Exec VP	(Grady Cole threatens to quit)
Sept. 5, 1927:	Makes high school football team	(Medical insurance rates triple in South Carolina)	Nov. 3, 1953:	Elected Better Business Bureau President	(Mafia members go to the mattress)
Oct. 14, 1929:	Begins work at WSPA	(Stock market crashes)	June 7, 1954:	Elected to School of Journalism Foundation at UNC-Chapel Hill	(SAT scores show immediate decline)
Oct. 14, 1930:	Fired from WRDW in Augusta	(Station manager receives letter of appreciation from President Hoover)	Aug. 16, 1956:	Selected to tour the Soviet Union	(Cold War intensifies. Khrushchev has heart attack)
Oct. 14, 1931:	Fired from WCSC in Charleston	(Cannon at Ft. Sumter fired for first time since Civil War)	Jan. 16, 1959:	Named Chairman, Radio Free Europe Fund Drive for North Carolina	(Communists claim "censorship"; Threaten a second Berlin Blockade)
Nov. 10, 1931:	Marries Jacquelyn Williams	(City of Spartanburg erupts in mass protest)	Feb. 5, 1963:	Elected president of company	(Grady Cole quits; Mr. Bryan takes extended overseas trip)
Oct. 14, 1932:	Fired from WCOS in Columbia	(Ft. Jackson troops come to town for first time in 12 months)	Dec. 3, 1968:	Invited to join London Dinner Club	(Club becomes known as Pineville Dinner Club 3 days later)
Sept. 12, 1933:	Hired by WBT as staff announcer	(Grady Cole threatens to quit)	Nov. 4, 1970:	Elected to Jeff-Pilot Board of Directors	(Overnight, Mr. Soles ages 10 years)
Sept. 19, 1935:	Named program WBT manager	(Grady Cole threatens to quit)	Dec. 16, 1971:	Elected president of Chamber of Commerce	(Six national firms renege on plans to relocate in Charlotte)
June 8, 1936:	Begins emceeing Briarhoppers	(Peruna replaces grain alcohol as Carolinas' favorite beverage)	Mar. 14, 1974:	Appointed to National Population Commission	(Becomes grandfather for fifth time)
Aug. 16, 1938:	Arranges for "Rebel Yell" broadcast	(Thought it was a Bourbon commercial)	Feb. 13, 1975:	Elected to U.S. Chamber Board of Directors	(New York Stock Exchange drops to record low)
Dec. 7, 1941:	Does first foreign affairs commentary	(Japanese bomb Pearl Harbor)	July 9, 1977:	Announces retirement from broadcast company	(Engineers set off giant fireworks display at Spencer Mountain)
Dec. 11, 1942:	Does second foreign affairs commentary	(Germany declares war on U.S.)	Dec. 2, 1977:	Attends retirement party at Radisson	(Staff Ecstasy Index hits all-time high; Jorgenson, Babb do nip-ups)
April 1, 1945:	Named acting General Manager of WBT Radio	(CBS sells WBT to Jefferson Standard Life)	Dec. 31, 1977:	Finally retires	(Or will he?)
Feb. 6, 1946:	Named permanent General Manager of WBT	(Joe Bryan lights a candle)			

## Activity...Involvement...Service Highlight CHC's Career

(Cont'd from page 3)

Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters.

He was sent to Greece on a State Department mission in 1951, and in 1959 was the only broadcaster in the nation selected to tour the Soviet Union.

Activity...involvement...service—all have characterized his 48-year broadcasting career.

Recognition has come his way—and honors.

He is a charter member of the North Carolina Broadcasting Hall of Fame—joining—among others—Billy Graham, Edward R. Murrow, Grady Cole, Andy Griffith and Kaye Kyser... San Francisco State University bestowed on him its Broadcast Preceptor Award—the only broadcaster in the nation to be so honored... the Charlotte Bar Association selected him for its "Man of the Year" award...

Appalachian State University gave him an honorary doctor of humane letters, and invited him to

give the commencement address... the Charlotte Advertising Club presented him its "Silver Medal Award"... the Charlotte Exchange Club singled him out for its "Book of Golden Deeds Award"... the Civitan Club gave him its Distinguished Service award and the Radio-TV Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention, searching the entire nation for a man worthy of its first "Abe Lincoln Railsplitter Award" for broadcast pioneering, reached into Charlotte, North Carolina and tapped Charles H.

Crutchfield for the honor.

The North Carolina Association of Broadcasting is proud to have with us tonight one of the great names in the broadcast industry. Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the Jefferson-Pilot Broadcasting Company and the recipient of our 1977 Distinguished Service Award—Mr. Charles H. Crutchfield.