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LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE

FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1967



WHILE I WIIZ AWAY (Note: This column was dictated by Harry Golden in the hospital where he is recovering from a gall-bladder operation).

And don't kid yourself, I have been away. And I shall I mulled this over, wonderbe away a lot longer than I supposed, another four or five weeks here and then probably into a self-care program run by the hospital wherein I can work for a few hours and check back in at night.

But I have a comfortable room in Charlotte Memorial. I overlook the broad lawn dotted with azalea shrubs and several law firms were that stretches to the everbusy parking lot. I am told the hospital itself from the outside is an architect's dream and from the inside a doctor's nightmare.

"Why?" I asked my doctor.

"Because in the hallways, you can hear patients belch," he replied.

"Maybe that's because of the hospital diet," I ventured. But he looked at me so sternly, I thought he was going to discourse on my ed to publish a story "Save weight again; so, in the words the Berlin Wall." of S.J. Perelman, I went away from there.

how an infected gall bladder substract the Jell-O from can take you away from th- my diet, the last of my gus-

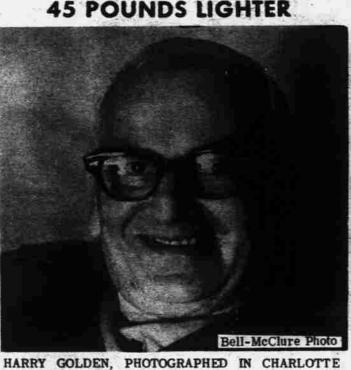
ings. When I came into the hospital, a day after Christmas, the Red Guards were tearing up all of China, When I read again I found large groups of the Chinese were tearing up the Red Guards. ing if I was focusing and then decided I was, All I could think of the situation was that they should all have a gall bladder infection,

When I packed my razor blade, bathrobe and slippers, I remember there was a

great to-do about William Manchester's book on the assassination. Mrs. Kennedy suing Mr. Manchester, a publisher, and Look maga-zine all of whom were represented by several more law firms,

Since then, however, I discover the whole issue has resolved itself into a suit between Look and several German publishing houses, I don't know whether it was my weakened condition or the speed with which law suits can deteriorate, but I fell asleep dreaming Look want-

I suppose if the doctor analyzes the quality and por-It's cruel and surprising tent of my dreams he will



(N.C.) MEMORIAL HOSPITAL IS CHEERFUL AND RE-COVERING. HE LOST 45 POUNDS THE HARD WAY, UNDERGOING AN OPERATION WITH COMPLICATIONS.

tatory joys.

If you think the Red Guards and battalions of lawyers der doctors behind the Wall. are hard-hearted and ruthless, you should deal with a grumpy doctor who has played handball and tennis all his I have already lost 50 pounds, life and skips lunch so he can attend to patients, I asked him wasn't it time for me to resume a regular diet and he said, "No."

"The hospital food is unappetizing," I said.

"I don't care if you never eat again," he answered. When I am fully recovered and not so much in love with

sleep I may devise a Golden plan to put all the gall-blad-Take away my Jell-O; I don't care.

The truth is that I am sick. And any work is fatiguing, immensely fatiguing. I can indicate what I want to say and my associate and son, Richard will often have to fill it in. He will by-line these columns from time to time. What I have to say about hospitals, health, and doctors, however, is right



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