



Harry Golden's "Only In America"

HARRY GOLDEN IMPROVING HIS FANS JAM PHONE LINES

By Richard Goldhurst
His Son

CHARLOTTE, N.C., Feb. Charlotte Memorial Hospital is an important medical center. For every complication, there is a specialist who knows precisely what to do. And when my father was rushed to the hospital with a gall bladder attack, there were serious complications.

The hospital should well be proud. The patient survived.

And every day he is growing stronger.

For a while, his situation was critical; more than critical, grave. It was not the time a family would choose to have the telephones tied up by callers. But a local reporter, recovering from a minor illness, heard from his nurse that Harry Golden was a goner and he put it on the AP wire, as a good reporter should.

I shall not detail the list of people who called. But one of the volunteer receptionists at the hospital confessed shamefacedly to me she had opened all the telegrams datelined Washington because she wanted to know if the President had wired. He did. He got her vote.

THE PHONE RANG

The important truth was a lot of people in Charlotte phoned. This is my father's home town and I like to know he has real friends here; that he's a hometown fixture.

Elderly Mrs. Justice who lives next door, whose rain-spouts we have adjusted from time to time after severe storms twist them, came to ask about him, her voice quivering. Father Cuthbert Allen at Belmont Abbey College my brother's school; called to say priests and nuns there offered prayers. Rabbi Gerber came twice, his face as gray as Harry's. And Charles Raper Jonas, the Republican Congressman from Cklenbur County, called and

wired and wrote to ask about the health of his Democratic constituent.

There were others. One called to suggest the best thing for Mr. Golden was a teaspoon of castor oil to dissolve the clot and a mustard poultice to heal the bladder. Another suggested we play Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," his favorite; it would soothe him.

Charlotte is home. Home is where you get home remedies when you're ailing.

Harry came here in 1940. He was graduated from City College New York in 1924 and had gone bust twice, once in 1929 with the market, again in 1939 with the World's Fair. So he started over with a little newspaper, the Carolina Israelite, down South.

Much of his success is due to the fact he is a Southerner, if only by adoption. It is true he is a Southerner to whom the South is neither a dream nor a myth, as it is to some of Dixie's sons and daughters, but it is the real South he writes about and that makes it his real home.

When callers asked, "Whut about the paper?" Maureen said, "Whut about it? It's coming out on time. It's the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary issue. It's our Brotherhood edition."

Yes, it's coming out. And Harry's coming home.

The Carolina Israelite is published in two old houses, sitting side by side, on Elizabeth Avenue in Charlotte.

The first house, which we call "the manse" because of its broad veranda, contains Harry Golden's offices, his bedroom, and his kitchen. From these offices, surrounded by shelves of books, Harry edits and publishes his bi-monthly journal of per-

sonal opinion, writes his books, and sends off his column, "Only in America." He is assisted by Mrs. Maureen Titlow, his secretary, and me. Mrs. Titlow has worked here a long time; as she likes to put it; "... be-foa - ah we started expandin'."

Upstairs sit our two advertising salesmen. Next door, in the house Harry calls "the cottage" because it has no verandah, is our machinery: the graphotype which makes the plates, the speedomat which prints them, and sealer which wraps the Israelite for mailing.

While this sounds like the ordinary complex of any small publishing venture, still we are a tourist attraction. Charlotte is one of the convention centers of the South, entertaining delegates as varied as the textile manufacturers and the American Legionnaires. Some of the folks like to see the town. They hire a cab out to the Coliseum, which resembles a geodesic ice - cream cone; proceed to Douglas Airport where the huge bulldozers and backhoes forever plow to make more runways to

acomodate more jets; and then the cab driver, returning the conventioners to the Barringer, or the Manager, or the Downtowner, swings onto Elizabeth Avenue and points to the Israelite.

"See that place?" he asks, "that's where that immigrant feller works. That Harry Golden. He been on the Jack Paar Show and on the Johnny Carson and the Person-to-Person Shw and on the best-seller list."

Sometimes the visitors stop. We offer them a bourbon-and-water, a copy of the last issue, and a paperback edition of one of Harry's books. They give us their business cards and tell us what progress they have made in the morning seminar.

Not everyone holds the Israelite in the same measure of affection as taxi drivers, but there are enough; enough so that our four telephone lines were flooded when Har-

ry underwent an emergency gall bladder operation.

The operation was immediately complicated by a respiratory failure due to a minute thrombosis. A doctor performed a tracheotomy and put Harry under a res-

pirator. Later Harry's heart stopped; still later he suffered internal hemorrhaging.

All of us expect to stagger into the desert but few of us expect to find the silver spring. Harry did.

Local Moving Specialists
your time is our time ...
WESTERN VAN & STORAGE
FREE ESTIMATES 736-6606

Serving Licensed Nevada Casinos Exclusively



CASINO SUPPLIES

870-2782 3668 SOUTH HIGHLAND LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

In The Spirit Of Good Brotherhood



CONGRATULATIONS TO

JUDGE

"MR. BROTHERHOOD"

MOWBRAY

THE HOME OWNED.....
HOME OPERATED.....
DEPARTMENT STORE
IN THE HEART OF
DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

Store hours 9 to 5:30
Open every 9
Frying half



Free one-hour parking at
Cooper's Downtown Lot
118 NORTH 4TH STREET



**NEVADA SQUARE
CHECK CASHING
COMPANY**

2800 LAS VEGAS BLVD. SO.
TELEPHONE 702-734-6671
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89109

**Out of State
Checks Cashed
Immediate
Service
Open 24 Hrs.**

**QUINELLA BETTING
ON EVERY RACE**

AT

**ALL
MAJOR TRACKS**

BETTING
on all Sports Events



**Sammy Cohen's
SANTA ANITA RACE BOOK**

(On Strip—1 Block So. of D.I.)



PHOTO/RAMA

309 LAS VEGAS BL. S. LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY
382-6505 FRANK MITRANI