

Harry Golden's "Only In America"

HARRY GOLDEN IMPROV-ING; 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 rainspouts 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

PHOTOGRAPHY

382-6905 FRANK MITRANI

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; "...befoa - 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 graphotyle 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



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writes his bos off his colin America."
by Mrs. Mauhis secretary,
s. Titlow has long time: as ut it; "...bestarted exs off his coline accomodate more jets; and then the cab driver, returning the conventioneers 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 immi-

onto Elizabeth Avenue and points to the Israelite, "See that place?" he asks, "that's where that immigrunt feller works. That Harry Golden. He been on the Jack Paar Show and on the Johnny Carson and the

Person-to-Person Shiw and

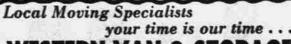
on the best-seller list,"
Sometimes the visitors stop. We offer them a bourbonand-water, a copy of the last issue, and a paperback edition of one of Harry's books. They give us their business cards and tell us what progress they have made in the morning seminar.

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 Harry underwent an emergency gall bladder operation.

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

FRIDAY, FEB. 17, 1967 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.



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