



# Farewell to dear friend

By FORREST CLELAND  
Staff Writer

I plan to play golf at Loon Lake this year, but things won't be the same. "Zeke" will no longer be there, with his quiet manner, his ready smile and his refined humor.

When I drive up to the tree-shaded combination post office-pro shop, I'll miss his annual warm greeting and his good-natured kidding if my waistline had eased during the winter or his congratulations if it had waned.

Death claimed Zeke last March while he was on a shopping trip for supplies for the tiny golf shop that was a major part of his life. He and Ed Rickemar, a Tupper Lake friend, had spent the night in Binghamton after a day-long shopping tour. They stopped at a restaurant next day on their way home and Zeke was fatally stricken there while sitting at a table.

He was the victim of a heart condition which he had suffered for a number of years, following a stroke in 1969. He was buried in Beth Joseph Cemetery near his winter home in Tupper Lake.

The youngest of four boys and the last of his family to die, Zeke had never married. With no near relatives surviving, he typically left the bulk of his estate to Temple Beth Joseph and the Mercy General Hospital in Tupper Lake.

Harry Pimstein, who was always affectionately called "Zeke," was as much part of the Loon Lake Golf Course as are the forest-bounded fairways, the lush greens and the rolling hills that characterize the spot which affords one of the most magnificent views of the Adirondacks in existence. For nearly 40 years he held sway over Loon Lake, selling clubs and equipment, distributing free advice along with golf balls and tees.

Always the gentleman, Zeke easily managed the golf course and its pro shop while he attended to his duties as postmaster during the summer months for the resort colony of Loon Lake.

A couple of years ago, Zeke referred to himself as "the only combination golf pro and postmaster extant." I, for one, have never heard this claim challenged, nor have I every heard of anyone else sharing the two jobs.

Zeke thoroughly enjoyed both roles, for they gave him the opportunity to meet people, which he dearly loved to do. It was a rare thing to drive into the hillside parking lot and not see several young people sitting on the porch of the clubhouse-post office chatting with him or with each other.

condition of the course and when Zeke suggested that the golfer buy some insect repellent, he could be sure Loon Lake's black flies were out in force.

But what Zeke dearly loved to do was to sit and reminisce about the halcyon days of his beloved and once nationally renowned summer resort, where presidents brought their ladies for a vacation in the cool Adirondack summers and where lavish parties were commonplace.

It was my privilege several summers ago to sit in Zeke's well-appointed apartment on the second floor of the golf shop and listen — I didn't really interview him — while he told of the days when train loads of wealthy vacationers from New York City arrived to spend a week or two at the then-famous Loon Lake resort, and showed photographs of the huge hotel there that has since burned and has not been replaced.

While he talked, a stereo supplied a soft background of symphonic music from his extraordinary collection and his eyes half-closed as his memory drifted back through the years.

When he had finished, the music heightened the nostalgia his words created and I felt as though I had, for a brief period, lived in another world an in a different time.

Yes, I'll continue to enjoy golf at Loon Lake, but as I climb the hill from the 18th green to the clubhouse, I'll be mentally saying goodbye to an old and dear friend who won't be there again.

## Lighter Side

By GENE BROWN  
Ottaway News Service

When you buy a used car, the first thing you should do is turn on the radio and check out the push-buttons. If all the buttons are punched into rock stations, it means the transmission is probably shot.

Drove to Binghamton, N.Y., the other morning and returned the same evening (400 miles R.T.) with the speed control at 60 miles per hour, the unofficial limit. Interstate 84 and U.S. 17. State Police are definitely giving summons to those going above 60. Was able to get gas but no windshield wash.

In a "G" movie, the hero gets the

wister. "Has anything been written about alcoholism?" I asked with my customary caution "No," said editor LeBaron Baker. "Yours will be the first. Mr. Wister was drunk for 19 years, but he's clear as a bell. He also cures alcoholics." Ten months I slaved over that book. A few weeks before Doubleday beat the drums for "The Glass Crutch," one of Wister's patients had a novel published. It was called "The Lost Weekend."

When World War II was over, I meditated. And what I meditated on was what it would be like to build a house and write a book about it. An old friend, Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus burst into flames over the idea.

So I bought a corner lot on Fayette St. in West Englewood, N.J., and built a huge, white, concrete home and kept a daily diary. The builder said it would cost about \$23,000. He wanted cost plus 15 per cent.

Well, if you are a fast and sure thinker, never hesitate when opportunity kicks down the door. I would write the book; the royalties would pay for the house. My perspicacity was frightening.

The house went up. I was writing and writing and writing, and the builder was writing and writing numbers. The metal window sash had to be imported from Belgium of all places. When it arrived, with a heavy customs duty, it was stamped: Made in Pittsburgh.

But, you can't win 'em all. I was halfway through the book; the builder was all the way through me with a bill for \$43,000, when Straus said, "Hold it. Stop the book."

"Why?" I said. "How can any nut half-build a new house?" "Because," he said, "a book is coming on the market next month called 'Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House.'" That may be the only time, when we moved in, that the bank moved in with us. Bankers are abrupt people about money.

A short while ago I bought two dozen narrow gauge ties at a sale. Now all the guys are wearing four-in-hand sweaters.

### Flying High

Two executives changed jobs, and I saw a story in it. Lewis Dymond of National Airlines went west to become president of Frontier Air Lines. Bud Maytag of Frontier moved east to become president of National.

I went to Denver to do the story. The Bishops bought ten \$1,000 Frontier bonds because Frontier was about to buy a lot of new jets. It was good thinking — combining a story with a sharp investment. The jets got off the ground but the bonds didn't.

Last autumn we needed a new car. "Get a cheap one," my wife said. "You crazy?" I said, not expecting a response. We got a big