

**FAMILY MEMBERS REMINISCE ABOUT LANPHEAR
ESCAPADES
6/03/97**

In this final chapter on Jerry Lanphear, native Adirondacker, I am guided by two people who were near and dear to him. They are daughter Marcia Roblee and grandson Jamie Roblee.

Jerry and Mary Lanphear only had the one child. She remembers being "daddy's little girl" and striving to please him and follow in his footsteps. The fishing came naturally, but hunting was not to be. Jerry had to wait until grandson Jamie came along until he had a full partner.

Marcia remembers her dad away much of the time with guiding and related activities and herself looking forward to his return. Dad was the easy one of the parents, but he became really upset with her on one occasion. He caught her looking down the barrel of a gun from a perch on top of the freezer.

Jamie spent every summer with the grandparents and he joined with his mother in reminiscing about Gramp's escapades and quotable sayings. They both said two things about Jerry were etched in their memories and these things were confirmed by everyone who knew him - he enjoyed whatever he was doing and his sense of humor never left him.

Jamie recalled asking him one time what he liked to do best and Jerry's answer was whatever he was doing at the time.

A fella once asked Jerry how he kept a deer from smelling him and he answered, "I shoot it."

One of his jokes backfired when Jamie was very young. Jerry placed a big zucchini among the cucumbers and let Jamie discover it. Jamie let go with an expletive describing the size of it that shocked Gramp.

Jerry was, of course, a good shot, so thought nothing of downing a sheep at 300 yards in British Columbia. The guide, quite surprised, blurted out, "You hit it." Jerry replied, "What do you think I shot for?"

Putting a new spin on an old Will Rogers remark, Jerry used to say, "I never met a man I didn't like, only a few I hate."

Gramp loved to argue, but settled one very quickly with two hunting friends who had become lost. When he caught up with them they insisted they knew where they were. His retort was, "Who's lost here, me or you?" Naturally, they were.

Brother Frank pulled a good one on him when he filled Jerry's lure pouch with bass spinner baits, which he hated and didn't discover until he was way back in on a favorite trout pond.

I started this series on Jerry because I thought being the great guy he was, he deserved some recognition. It is still true, but I have since thought that much more good will come from the articles down the road a few years.

When great-grandson Jerry Wesley Roblee reads them he may have some insight into his namesake which he might otherwise not have had.

These last words are to you Jerry Roblee: You can be proud of your great-grandfather and may you live to match him.