

**NOT EVERY ADIRONDACK GUIDE COULD PITCH LIKE
LANPHEAR
5/27/97**

Most of us in our lifetime will have firmly fixed in our mind at least one person who personifies our ideal for a particular activity or profession.

In my case, Joe Louis, Mickey Mantle and Walter Cronkite are people who can, never be duplicated or surpassed in their chosen fields. Jerry Lanphear has long occupied a similar place in my mind.

Jerry, like the others I mentioned, possessed several other attributes in addition to their particular skill. If the person is lacking in character, they do not fulfill my criterion of being an effective role model, perhaps the greatest benefit of their fame. Deeds alone do not qualify a person as a role model.

One of Jerry's best traits was his enthusiasm for whatever he was involved in. His recreational activities were not limited to outdoor sports such as hunting and fishing. He also I was an accomplished baseball player and golfer. I was privileged to overhear a conversation one afternoon in the Maple Diner between Jerry and owner Jake Berkowitz about local baseball legends. It was a rare opportunity to avail myself of some early local history I would otherwise never have been aware of.

I was particularly interested in learning of the games at Camp Kill Kate sponsored by the Garvin family. Jerry, like some of the others, was given a job at the estate so he would be available to play. Some of the other locals were well entertained in exchange for their participation. The visiting teams were paid for their time.

Jerry played third base and pitched. He had a wicked curve that moved them away from the plate and a floater that had them swinging before it was halfway to the plate, Brother Frank had a legendary burner that only the bravest dared face.

Of all the pursuits he was known for, Jerry's forte was his guiding prowess. He naturally gravitated to the profession that led to his eventual caretaking job at North Point.

Taking his guiding seriously, he was not bashful about upbraiding an errant sport if he got out of line. His sense of humor was without question his trademark.

Howard Burkhardt once sent a despondent friend on a fishing trip with Jerry and he returned a new man.

Friend Rod recited many instances of the humor that constantly punctuated Jerry's activities. Loons had always been a part of Jerry's life and he did not share the awe of them that many do. Whenever he saw or heard a loon he would quote the broadcast advertisement promoting a prominent environmental group: "Only the very lucky get to see a loon."

He must have read a novel as a youngster that made a lasting impression him. The title was *Nat Hurley, Boy Trapper*. Whenever Jerry finished a good beaver set or was satisfied with a completed piece of work he'd say, "That's a Nat Hurley."

I believe the same term applies to you, Jerry. You were a Nat Hurley.