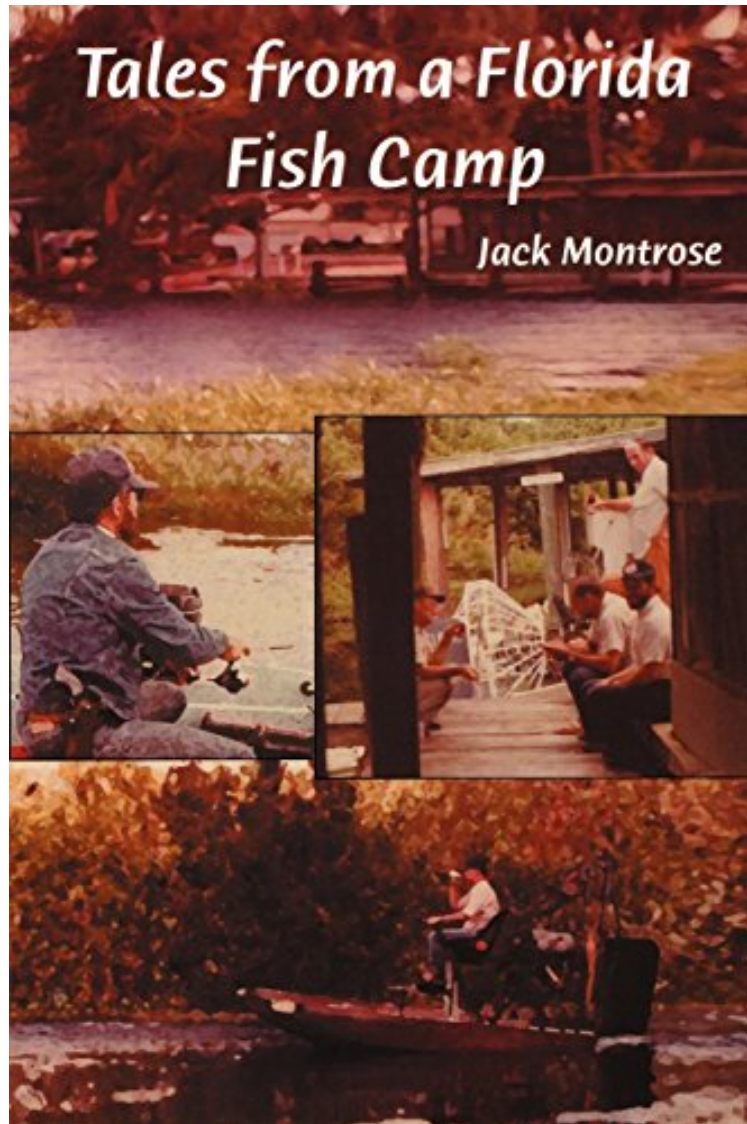


(Ebook free) Tales from a Florida Fish Camp: And Other Tidbits of Swamp Rat Philosophy

# Tales from a Florida Fish Camp: And Other Tidbits of Swamp Rat Philosophy

Jack Montrose

ebooks | Download PDF | \*ePub | DOC | audiobook



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#1769615 in Books Jack Montrose 2003-03-01 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.20 x .48 x 6.521, .70  
#File Name: 1561642762194 pages Tales from a Florida Fish Camp | File size: 34.Mb

**Jack Montrose : Tales from a Florida Fish Camp: And Other Tidbits of Swamp Rat Philosophy** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Tales from a Florida Fish Camp: And Other Tidbits of Swamp Rat Philosophy:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Learned some local history By Carl D This book was referred to me by a neighbor, we are local residents of the area where these tales are from. I learned a lot about the history here, in

fact the fish camp area is now a local park and I had no idea what was here prior to this (Lake Washington area in Melbourne, FL). A highly recommended read for anyone in the local area and an entertaining read for everyone else.3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. greatBy Jeffrey A. MastryA enjoyable, quick, easy read filled with tons of humor and a little area history thrown in. Once I started, I could'nt put it down. I smiled and laughed the whole time and wished it would'nt end. Books like this are few and far between.2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. FunBy tomFunny as hell.Nice easy read.Made me laugh out load at some of the crazy stuff that'smentions. Yes - I suggest this one!

Join Jack Montrose, a fish camp regular since 1965, as he reminisces about the good old days fishing on the St. Johns River. *Tales from a Florida Fish Camp* captures the atmosphere and humor of fish camps, where fishermen gathered to tell tall tales of their fishing exploits, play practical jokes, and relax over a cold beer. Here you'll find tales of more than just fish (though the ones caught were THIS BIG). you'll encounter snakes, gators, cats (ordinary house ones as well as a panther), turtles, manatees, a skunk, and lots and lots of bugs, as well as a few celebrities--including a baseball manager, a general, and an astronaut. The stars are more often than not the boats, and if the tale's about an airboat, well, don't expect the teller to have dry shoes. You're in for huge belly laughs as you read about fish camp contests, tourists, Yankees, and Flash, the hard-drinking, snake-chasing, spitz/bull-dog mix who was everyone's best friend. Practical jokes abound at fish camps: the author even got to be sheriff for a day when one of his buddies played a joke on him and some unwitting tourists.

"*Tales from a Florida Fish Camp* is a unique book, one that will warm the hearts of readers of all ages. It will make you laugh one moment and feel sad the next sad that you didn't personally experience these captivating vignettes of a phase of Florida life that is rapidly vanishing. Jack Montrose has created an excellent book, and I predict it will be around and enjoyed for a long time to come." -Patrick D. Smith, author of *A Land Remembered* About the Author As a boy growing up in rural Ohio, Jack Montrose read and dreamed about one day fishing Florida's famed St. Johns River. Eventually he settled in Melbourne, with the headwaters of the St. Johns virtually in his backyard. As he became an adopted member of the society of fish camp regulars, Jack started to record the adventures and misadventures of his fellow "swamp rats." Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. That Tree is About 150 Yards At the time, some of the fish camp folks, myself not included, were becoming rather prosperous. This made little difference at the camp, where each person was treated for who he was, not what he possessed. However, all this prosperity, plus the simple fact that some people will bet on anything, contributed generously to the following incident. The main characters were Bob and Bobby, and, for some reason, I was designated as judge. It was one of those late fall days with most everyone at work and only a few of us gathered at the camp. With hunting season coming on, that quite naturally became the main subject of conversation. Each participant politely took turns recounting past accomplishments that, perhaps with age, had become a bit exaggerated. The usual things downing three ducks with one shot, bagging a deer on a dead run at two hundred yards through dense cover, hitting a large tom turkey at seventy-five yards on the fly, etc. It went on and on. If the first gentleman killed three ducks with one shot, quite naturally, the next storyteller claimed at least four. When we reached the point where Herb fired both barrels of his shotgun and totaled forty coots, it was time to change the subject. Someone mentioned the difficulty of estimating the distance to a target. Now most people cant judge distance worth a hoot, but that ability plays a very important part in hunting success. There followed an offering of various methods for estimating distance. Some were reasonable and others downright ridiculous. No problem with that unless you couldnt recognize the difference. Bob, the only serious hunter in the group, hadnt had much to say up to now. He pointed across the river to a cabbage tree and casually remarked, "That tree is about a hundred and fifty yards." Whether Bobby could estimate distance or not, we will never know, but he immediately replied, "There aint no way, thats only about a hundred yards!" Now the action started. Bob asked, "You want to bet?" Bobby said, "Sure, how much?" Now Bobby, at the time, carried a thousand dollar bill for just such emergencies. He whipped his big bill out, threw it on the table, and said, "Lets bet a thousand!" Bob rummaged through his billfold and pockets and came up with something in the neighborhood of eight hundred dollars. He asked if he could write a check for the difference, and Bobby agreed that his check was as good as cash. With the wager settled, we now had a slight problem. The tree was on the far side of the river, back in a marshy area, and there was no tape or other measuring device available. Furthermore, members of our little group didnt mind sitting around discussing how great they were in the outdoors, but not one wanted to get wet wading the snake-infested marsh. After much more discussion, recommendations, and rebuttals, the group decided there was no way to accurately measure the distance. Lets forget it and go on to other things. Bobby put his bill away; Bob tore his check up and crammed his money in his pocket. Since nothing had been determined, I was pretty sure more would follow. After a while Bob casually mentioned, "Im pretty good with a twenty-two. If someone throws a can I will hit it in the air with one shot." This sounded worthwhile to me because I would have trouble hitting a thrown can with a twelve-gauge shotgun. Bobby didnt hesitate. He jumped right on this situation and declared, "A hundred bucks says you cant." Bob quietly accepted, and with the two hundred dollars lying on the table we all went outside. Since I had been selected as the

official thrower and judge, I found a can and added a little sand for weight. With everyone ready, I chucked the can as best as I could and Bob touched off a shot. Not much noise from that twenty-two and I didn't see any reaction from the can. Everyone mumbled, "He missed," as I retrieved the can. To my surprise, I found perfectly neat little holes, dead center, through both sides. The can was passed around for all to inspect, then everyone went back inside where Bob collected his two hundred dollars from the table. Hitting a thrown can with a twenty-two rifle is no small feat, so Bobby, after thinking it over, announced, "You can't do it again!" With another two hundred dollars lying on the table, everyone returned to the scene of action. I selected another can, added the appropriate amount of sand and let fly. Bob fired the little twenty-two and, once again, there was no indication that he had a hit. Regardless, when I picked it up, this can also had a neat hole through both sides. As before, Bob cleared the table of the two hundred dollars, but this time he bought everyone a beer. Then he announced, "I can hit the can twice before it touches the ground." Bobby, now minus two hundred dollars, wisely declined. It is a matter of opinion, but for what it's worth, Bob would have hit the can twice, and that tree was almost exactly one hundred and fifty yards away.