

but it was far enough away from me that I did not get hurt. The time that I did get hurt was at one of the popular springs around today in the Bell and Trenton area.

P: You do not want to name it. Okay.

W: Some friends of mine came by and asked me if I wanted to go shooting dynamite with them. Of course, they knew I shot dynamite. Now, I did not like to shoot it in the springs. Sometimes it would help; it would blow out all the logs and everything and disintegrate them and cause damage. But sometimes if it was too low and deep in the spring and burst in the bottom of the spring, it might have a tendency to cave it in. I never knew that it would do that, but I was always afraid of it. Anyway, these two friends of mine-- they were farmers, and they were a lot older than I was-- came by the house asked me if I would mind shooting the dynamite. They said they knew where we could get a lot of fish.

P: Mullet, right?

W: All kinds. This spring had a long run before it got to the river, and the river was real low. The spring run was full of fish: mullet, big bass, red belly, shell cracker, brim, and everything. They said, "We will get this other guy (who was a neighbor), and we will go down to the mouth where it dumps into the Suwannee. We will get in there with limbs and everything, and we will cut them and just drive all these fish. We will come back up beating on the water, wading and swimming." Of course, it was so low at that time after you got up just a little ways that they did not have to swim. They could just wade to beat on the water.

P: The water was only about to your hip?

W: Yes. So they were going to drive all these fish up into the spring, and they said, "You go up in the spring and get in one of those big cypress trees." Somebody had nailed boards on them [for steps] because they had shot them there many times before. That was the way the old-timers did it. Richard [Franz] can tell you all about this. They had nailed boards on the trees and climbed up to the top of them and shot these fish out from the trees. So I said, "Okay. Fine with me." They knew I had the dynamite, which by this time was getting kind of hard to get. Eventually it did get hard to get. You could not get it unless you had a reason, like blowing out stumps and so forth.

P: Yes.

W: So I went with them. We went down there, and I went on to the spring. I think this was on a Friday afternoon; it was afternoon in the summertime. They walked all the way back around to the river. They started their driving. I could