

hear them coming--blam! blam! blam!--splashing on the water and hollering and whatever, driving all the fish. Then here came all the fish a long ways ahead of them. Fish were filtering into the springs real slow. I could see some of them. I was way up at the top of a high cypress at the mouth of the drain where the spring boiled up and started out. This huge cypress was there, and it had the cleats on it that somebody had nailed so you could climb up it. I went up higher than anybody else. People did not go up that high to dive out of it. I sat down on a limb, and there was another limb right up over me. I had my bait, and, of course, I started smoking when I was about ten or eleven years old, so I had my cigarette, my Prince Albert there ready to light off. There there was no problem there. I had my matches to light my cigarette with, and I lighted off my cigarette. [You light the dynamite with a cigarette] instead of an open flame because the open flame might distract you some way when it started spewing.

P: You always light the dynamite with a cigarette?

W: Right, with a cigarette or cigar, because it was just sitting there doing nothing but burning. You stick that fuse to it, and then you could tell right away [if it had lit]. If you had a match with an open flame, it would make some degree of noise or something like that.

Anyway, I was sitting on the limb, and they came driving all the fish in there. A bunch of them got in there, and I figured that was as good as it was going to get. They were probably about fifty to eighty feet, I would say, downstream. The spring had filled up with fish, so I raised up (I would not shoot them sitting down), caught this limb up above me, and lit my dynamite and pitched it. I had to gauge my fuse just right because I was throwing it long way, see. I wanted it to go under the water a little ways.

P: Right.

W: As I was watching it go down, I grabbed the limb up above me as soon as I turned it loose. I was leaning against the trunk of the tree with my left shoulder. As soon as I turned it loose, I put the cigarette in my mouth and reached up to grab the limb up above me. Well, what I grabbed was a wasp nest that big around right over my head that I had no idea was there. I did not even know what it was until I heard the noise. By the time I heard it, I knew what it was--I had been around so many of them in my time--and they were popping me all over my head, face, shoulders, and everywhere.

Well, I could not do anything but just jump. I mean, there was no way I could stay in that tree, not with that many wasps all over. By that time they were all over me. [Break in tape.] I said, "You cannot see these stings on me yet.