

Said he tried to buy some walnuts but couldn't find anyone that had any but just for winter use. I was sitting down there pecan picking one time sitting on a log and I saw this little old squirrel up in the pecan tree. There were a lot of pecans that year. And he'd get him a pecan and he'd come down the tree, but I couldn't tell where he would go after he hit the ground. He made five or six trips up there and got a pecan and come down. I guess he buried 'em. And the last--before I left I heard a little noise right to my left. And I looked over there and he wasn't a bit further than from here to Jim's boot there. He was scratching out a place there and put that pecan in there and then he covered it.

(Well.)

I said, "Little boy you're putting your winter food up." I said, "I'll not bother you." I just walked off and left him. (Words not clear.) He come up that there grove tree out here. He made five trips up and back--down and he buried those (words not clear) buried 'em in the flower bed and buried one out there close to that burner.

(Yeah.)

And he'd come started down with another one and saw one of these cats coming towards the barn; he froze awhile and boy, he got down off of that tree and around the house there went toward the bottom. Now he left from here but those sprouted and come up the next year.

(Well.)

Yes, sir. I saw a quail one time and a blue darter, (a hawk), was after him and when he hit the ground he just picked up a leaf and threw it right over his back and he wasn't amoving a muscle. The hawk soon flew away.

(Well.)