

(Yeah.)

He's an old soldier, Civil War soldier. They had a pretty nice place.

(It must have been a beautiful place at one time.)

Yes, he had a real pretty farm there. 'Course it wasn't much of a big farm, but had pastures out there. Grow anything you wanted. Land was good.

(And then right on about a half-mile east of there, people by the name of Roberts have that place now. Now there's a little cemetery back in behind their house there and the three stones there. There's a Sally England, a Jackson England, and then one of their children. Now what can you tell me about Sally England?)

SALLY ENGLAND IDENTIFIED

Sally England was an old, old, lady--Indian woman, full blood and she lived there at that place in a big square log house, it was hewed logs. And I know I ate dinner there with 'em one day and they had--what you call these things, mushrooms.

(Yeah.)

And I was passing on there, her son was out in the barn lot, putting the horses up and he said "Jess stop and eat dinner with me," said "I got mushrooms. Bet you never did eat any." I said, "I sure will." I got down and tied my horse and went in eat mushrooms with 'em.

(Well.)

At Sally England's home.

(Well.)

And she and her son lived there, Mark, Mark England.

(Mark England.)

Lived there with his mother. And if I'm not mistaken there's a little cemetery there somewhere, where as I remember, that's been a long time ago.

(That's right, there is.)