



Marge Hall Puella

Great Basin Indian Archive

GBIA 018



Oral History Interview by

**Norm Cavanaugh
June 20, 2008
Owyhee, NV**



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Interviewee: Marge Hall Puella

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P: My name is Marie Hall Puella. I was born in 1931 in Battle Mountain, Nevada. My mother was Bessie **Beeler** Hall. My father was Charlie Hall. My father was from Austin, Nevada, and my mother was from Battle Mountain. And I was born in 1931, so that makes me 76. I lived—the first four years of my life, I lived in Battle Mountain. I still remember a few things that went on in Battle Mountain. I remember my mother did housework for some white people. And I used to run away from my sisters, and I used to go to where my mother worked. And everybody used to get real upset at me. But it was the fun thing of running away and hiding from my older sisters, that was, I guess, made it fun for me. But anyway, I come from a big family of eleven children, and I'm the seventh of the eleven. [**Shoshone at 2:02**] August 6, 1931, [**Shoshone at 2:14**] *nemme, ne pii winho* Battle Mountain *naitthe, ne ape winhu* Austin *naitthe*. [**Shoshone at 2:25**] What else do you want me to say? [Laughter]

C: [**Shoshone at 3:03**]

P: Okay, that's...

[recording plays of a woman singing in **Shoshone at 3:09**]

Okay, I'm going to fast forward a bit.

C: So who's that singing, Marge?

P: Oh, that was my, *ne pii nap*. [That was my mother.] Bessie Beeler Hall. My mom always sang at home. And I always wanted to record whenever I came to visit. And so these were the few times that I did record her. The last time I recorded her when she was very clearly in her mind, and she, that was—my youngest boy was born in January, and that was the following August. So that was, let's see—1972. 1972. That was like 35, [3]6

years ago. Anyway, I can't remember. I'm not very good at math. [Laughter] Well anyway, she was able to remember things, and when I recorded her, in some of the recordings there were other people that were singing with her, which was Judy Jackson. The *late* Judy Jackson, I should say. But other than that, my mom always sang. My dad always sang. I wish I knew the songs that they sang by heart. I just have the few that I recorded.

C: Okay, you want to go ahead and share one of those with us?

P: Okay.

[Tape of Bessie Beeler Hall continues at 5:29; MHP sings along softly and periodically.]

[Stops tape at 7:52]

C: Can you share with us what she's singing about?

P: The first song that you probably heard was a handgame song. She was, we were getting set up and getting ready to record her, and I guess that song was on her mind, so she was singing it for my little boy. He was in a walker, running around on the floor. And so anyway, with that in mind, then the second song is, it says [8:32] *Tosam paiyanni*. I know what *paiyanni* is. *Paiyanni*, it's kind of a plant as far as I can remember. But so she's singing about this white sort of a plant, but I'm not sure exactly what it is, you know—because I don't know. If I know plant names in Shoshone, I don't know them necessarily in English, because I've never really studied or never really gone with somebody that really knows the plants. And you know, most people will know the Indian names for plants, but they don't know the English name, and that's my case. [Laughter] But *Tosam paiyanni* is a white, something white, some sort of a plant, I think. [9:35] *Tosaam paiyanni/ tosaam paiyanni / tosaam paiyanni / huumppin pa kateken*. It's

actually *huuppi*. But *huuppi* is a piece of stick, or a wood, or a something that's fallen in the water, and then it's flowing down, and then it comes to a place where it, you know, where it kind of has a, I guess, I think the English say an "eddy," where the water kind of goes like in a circle before it kind of goes on. But the stick is flowing down, and then it comes to this place, and then it goes on. That's what she's singing about. [10:16]

Huumppi, pa kateken. So, yeah. You know, the people long time ago, my mother tell us about this one man who sang songs. And his name was—now, I just know his Indian name—*Pia Sappeh, ne nanihan*. Which means "big stomach." And anyway, he sang songs, but he never repeated the songs. He never repeated a song. If somebody says to him, "Sing that song you sang in Battle Mountain," or in Owyhee, or Elko, wherever, and he says, "Why? The mountains, the river, the everything around me, is telling me a song." He had such a talent that he never repeated a song.

C: Wow.

P: Yeah. But anyway. So you had to have a good memory in order to know some of his songs. So, you know. Yeah. I don't know which of the songs. My mother knew him personally, because she said it was in the early 1900s, when she was a young girl. My mother was born in 1898. So, in the early 1900s, she was under 10 years old. And so, but my mother had a good memory. And she remembered all those things. But anyway, my dad always sang songs, too. And of course, anybody that knew my dad knew that he loved to gamble. So he was, he used to sing *naaiyaw* songs. But I don't even have one song that he sang. Because I never—I don't know why, but I guess whenever I was home to record... He died in 1949, so this was before recorders and things were available. So, I don't have anything of his, except I've heard **Wilbur Shaw** has some recordings that

they'd—his father used to have a recorder of some kind. It, you know, it was audio. And he made records. So he has record, I heard one record, but it was so old and scratchy you couldn't really, you know, hear it. [Laughter] I did make a recording, but it didn't, you know, didn't turn out all that great. So, anyway.

C: So what do you recall, or what are some of the things your mom shared with you when you were growing up?

P: Oh. Well, I was actually fortunate enough that my grandma was still alive. Yeah, my grandma. So, we got to share a lot of things. But I don't know. My grandma was an orphan. Her parents died when she was only, I don't know whether one or two years old. And she was raised by a series of relatives. And she never really had one home or anything like that. So, not growing up in a stable home or anything like that, she didn't remember a lot of things, you know, like—she must have been born, like, in the 18, probably [18]60s, or close to 1870s. Because I know—and in counting back, I know that she had to be around in her thirties when she had my mother. And my mother was the youngest of four children. And her older sisters died in some sort of an epidemic. So she didn't know them at all. And then, her brother, who was, like, five, six years older than her, he died when he was a young man. But my mother had, was the only one that lived to adulthood. Yeah. And so, when she married my dad, and you know, the people—and her father was around. And of course, my mother and father, when they got married, they lived with, you know, they were part of the family. My grandmother and my grandfather. So anyway... But that's how people lived in those days. And they worked out on the ranches, the different ranches around Battle Mountain, like the Horseshoe, and the **Ellison** Ranch, the—what else? And Midas. I'm not sure what ranches are in Midas, but

my older sisters, they went to school part of the time in Midas. Midas, Nevada. The ranch school. And then, when they went back to Battle Mountain, Battle Mountain in those days was segregated. They had an Indian school for the Indian kids, and then they had a public school, then, for the white kids. And of course, they could care less whether the Indian students learned anything or not. So, I remember my sister saying they learned a lot more at the ranch school than they did in Battle Mountain. In Battle Mountain, I guess, they were sort of just babysat by this young lady who was supposed to be their teacher. But I don't know, I don't remember their names. And my mother always worked as a domestic worker for people in the Battle Mountain area. And then my dad always had a job out on the ranch. Because the ranches around in the Battle Mountain area aren't that far away from Battle Mountain. Yeah. And—but as I grew up, we spoke nothing but Shoshone at home. Although my older brothers and sisters all, you know, knew something of English or anything, when they came home, they never spoke English. So I never knew anything about English language, except “Yes” and “No,” by the time I started school. But, now that I think about it—that was just the way things were at that time. Everybody spoke Indian at home, and nobody spoke English. And so, when I went to school, it was, I liked school. And my brothers thought I was crazy because I liked going to school! [Laughter] But anyway, school has always been, it's always been enjoyable for me, because I like to read, and I like to—my downfall, of course, is math, but that came later. [Laughter] Yeah. But we, in the wintertime, we had, somebody was always around. Either somebody came to visit, and would come and stay with us—you know, some relatives from somewhere else. Like, I remember Alice Jackson. She came, and she would visit. And you know, she would tell us stories, and mostly legends, and

different things. There were some people that told stories that were, you know, interesting. I remember the late **Mattie Bacon**. She used to tell us about her experiences when she went to school in Stewart. And she used to keep us laughing all night long, because she told it in such a funny way. Like, one time, she and some other children ran away from school. I don't know why they ran away from school, but in those days, boarding schools, they were very strict with the kids. And you had to sort of toe the line as far as discipline, and being in school, and all of the other stuff. But anyway, they ran away from school and got caught just a couple of miles out of, away from the school. Because Stewart used to be right in the middle of the desert. But now, it's all, you know, buildings all around it. But anyway, I guess the night watchman or whoever went and caught them, and herded them back to the school. He wouldn't let them ride in the car. They had to walk in front of the car, and he drove the car. [Laughter] Then they got back to school. That was their punishment for running away. And so anyway, when I went to boarding school, it was in 1945. And never having been away from home, or never having gone anyplace, here all of the sudden I was in California. [Laughter] And anyway, but there were other people from this area that were there, so there were people that I knew. And it was an okay experience, except that I just knew I didn't learn hardly anything there. One of the, I know, I remember one of the teachers that was supposedly teaching math, which was my worst subject. And he gave us—we were supposed to be freshmen in high school, and here he would give us addition/subtraction problems, and he would put it on what pages to work on, and then he would say, "Okay! Do your assignment." So then—and he sat down at the table, and put his feet up on the desk, and then he would read the paper. And of course, we passed notes, we whispered to each

other, we did everything *but* do the work that he assigned us, because he never asked for the papers to be graded. I don't know what kind of grade I got, because I never handed in a paper. [Laughter] That was just the way the people that worked for the government at that time, that's the way they did things. And so, he was just waiting to retire, to get his retirement, I guess.

C: What boarding school did you go to in California?

P: It was Sherman Institute, in Riverside, California. That was before they started the Sherman as a high school. But now, it is like a high school. And so, I assume that they get the regular high school subjects. Yeah. So I don't know, you know, I haven't been there. So... Yeah. And we used to have to work half a day, and then go to school half a day. That was, everybody did that. But one of the things that they did was, I guess, if they left everybody in one class, it would be too large a class, so they had about a A, B, and C. So if you were freshman, you were either in A, B, or C. And so the A students had regular high school subjects like regular English, and they had algebra, they had whatever else. Math, whatever else they had. So you had like four solid subjects, and then the rest of the day you worked. Some people worked in the laundry, some people washed the dishes, some people cooked, and you know, different things, just to keep the school running.

C: So did your brothers and sisters also go there, or they were...?

P: Well, yeah, one of my older brothers went to school there for about a year and half. But he ran away and he came back home. He never went back. But my older sister Isabelle, she graduated from Sherman in 1945. And then, I never graduated from there, but you know, I graduated from high school. It took me five years, but I did graduate. [Laughter]

C: So was there a school here in Duck Valley at the time?

P: At the time, after my freshman year, they started a school here. And then I did come back in the middle of the year and go to school here. But, then I went on to Tucson, Arizona, and I graduated from, there's a Presbyterian school in—*was* a Presbyterian school in Tucson. It's now closed. They closed up in 1960. So, but other than that, it took me five years because of going to Sherman, and I knew I didn't know anything, and then I came back here, and I put myself as a freshman again, and then, you know. So. I think I lost a year, a year and a half, by going to Sherman. So anyway, I'm sure other people had different experiences as far as schooling's concerned, in Sherman. I don't know.

C: So in terms of when you were growing up, the languages, were you guys allowed to speak your language in the boarding schools, or...?

P: You could, they weren't strict with that at the time, in the 1940s. But when people were going to school in the 1920s and [19]30s, that's when they wouldn't allow kids to talk their native language. But by the time I went, they weren't strict like that anymore. Yeah. And I think by that time, you know, they had—what was it, that Dawes Act where they didn't want the kids to learn about their native language? So the whole thing did a 180-degree turn where, before they weren't allowed, and then all of the sudden they were allowed. And so, you know, it's... That was the difference. Yeah. But I do remember some of the stories the older people told that went to school in the early 1900s, probably early 1920s, where they said that in Stewart, they had this one lady who taught—I don't remember whether it was math, I think it was math—that taught. She had a big rubber hose sitting next to her. And if she didn't like the answer that this child gave, then she hit them with the rubber hose. But those were stories that I heard growing up.

C: So are there any family stories or customs that your mom shared with you?

P: Yeah, we have some. [Laughter] Well, you know, when we were growing up—because we were a family of girls, and the old custom with the Shoshone people was, when a young woman had her menstrual period, they had a place, a house next to the main house, so that there would be a place for the girls to stay, because in the old Shoshone custom, they were considered—they didn't want anyone with the menstrual period to be with the rest of the family, mainly as a protection for the menfolk. If it was a family, and everybody was women in a family, which probably wouldn't happen, but, then there wouldn't be any need to have a menstrual house, because everybody would be there. But anyway, that was the custom, and that's the custom that we followed. Until I grew up and moved away, that's what we did. And the idea was that the menfolk would be able to hunt and fish and do all the things that they need to do to contribute to the family's well-being so that everybody would have enough to eat, and all that sort of stuff, and that's... And you know, the Jewish people have the same custom. If you, I don't know how much of that they still—and I know that it's not the reformed Jews, but it's the, I don't remember their name—anyway, there's the old—Hasidic, I guess. But anyway, it's the Jewish people that hold onto the old, old traditions. Yeah. And they consider women that's menstruating to be unclean. And so, I don't know. I just know the Indian sense of it, and it's, to me it makes sense. Because, for the survival of the family, and it was something that had worked from time immemorial, probably. It's just something that they had done that had worked. And even to this day, people that go to Sundance, you know, women menstruating and pregnant women are not allowed at a Sundance. Because it—as my nephew said, you can feel it right away when somebody is pregnant or having their

menstrual period, he said. If you've been dancing, he said, all of the sudden you just feel real heavy. You can hardly move your feet. And so there's a purpose, a reason behind all of that. But he said when everything's going good, and your feet are just flying over the ground, and you don't feel tired, you're just going. Because that's what you have to do. [Shoshone from 32:26-33:03]. It's kind of like a shield. And so anyway, it protects you. And [Shoshone from 33:12-33:28]. Anyway, that's how they keep healthy, and keep their minds clear and in the right way. I was just saying that you have to get up, like, in the morning, and not be lazy. That was the big thing, not be lazy. And take your bath, and do your prayers, and [Shoshone at 33:56], and then you have this shield around you for the day, and nothing evil, or nothing bad, or nothing anybody says, or whatever happens, it's, you're protected for the day. And so, that was the one big thing that she always told us. And the other thing, too, is, of course, not to lay in bed. Because that was a sure sign of laziness. And if you grew up like that, then you would probably not be very ambitious to learn something. So she would get up—when we were growing up, everybody had to be up and dressed and washed up, and have breakfast, and then we'd all go off to school. And every meal, it was my grandma or my mom that would say the prayer. And we always said—she called it “*nanittsawain*.” *Nanittsawain* just means to ask the Creator to bless the food, and, it's almost like a Christian prayer, only we just did it, it was always *nemme Ape*, that means “our Father.” And so, that's how we grew up. And one of the other things was, let's see... I remember the one, because we were girls, and she always used to say, “If you have a friend, don't make a path to your friend's house. Don't go over there and visit all the time.” That just was, a way, if you grew up like that, then you would just tend to, start to gossip, I guess, and just waste your time, instead of doing

things you should be learning, like whatever—like, my mom used to make cradleboards for babies. But she didn't know how to weave the shade. But she would make her cradleboards, and then, when it came time to use it, then she would ask the late Julia **Prentiss**. She usually made her shades for her. And she was a very good weaver. But anyway, things like that, that you can learn at home rather than going off to somebody's house and hanging around, where you were likely to be more of a problem than... So anyway, that was just a way of learning how to become industrious, how to become useful, how to learn how to do things when you're young. And what else did she tell us? Oh, my mom never did that. But you know, people came to visit her, and she enjoyed them, and they talked about whatever they wanted to talk about. But I remember one of the things: she never would gossip in front of any of us kids, because she knew, I guess from experience, probably, that kids, when you talk about something in front of them, they're going to go and repeat it to somebody else, and then pretty soon, the story gets worse than what it really started out to be. So that's one of the reasons that I know from experience with my children, you couldn't say, whatever, that was in the family, a secret in the family—or not a secret, necessarily, but something you don't want everybody to know. The first thing they do when they get to school is they tell their teacher, they tell everybody; and one time, one of the teachers said, "Oh, I know everything about what happens in your family!" And I said, "Oh my God!" [Laughter] So anyway, that's just how kids are, because they want to be able to talk about something. And then, that's the thing that they can talk about. And let's see, what else did my mom say? Oh, dear.

C: Was there any stories, like animal stories she told you guys when you were growing up?

P: Oh, animal stories... There were lots of animal stories. One of the ones that I remember—and I don't know why I remembered that, but it's about *Itsappe*, Coyote. He, Coyote was walking. Of course, the story is in Shoshone. *Semme kia Itsappe miaken*. One day, Coyote was walking. So anyway, he met up with another animal. And this animal had some pretty rings on—because you know, the animals used to be people before they were reduced back to being animals. But anyway, they had fingers, and so this person, or the animal that he met had some pretty rings on his finger. And so, Coyote being Coyote said, “[**Shoshone at 40:29**].” So, that just means, “Oh! My, my, where did you find the pretty rings on your fingers?” And then he said, “Oh, over there!” He tells him exactly where it's at. And he said there's a big rock, and it's got all kinds of jewelry and rings and things on there. He said, “But, you can't take more than one for each finger. One for the left side, one for the right side.” Coyote agrees. He says, “Okay!” So he goes and finds the place where all of this beautiful stuff is. So he goes over there, he puts some on each, all of his fingers, and then he looks at it, and decides—well, he couldn't decide which one he wanted the most. So he decides, “Well, they all look so good, I guess I'll take all of them!” So he puts them all—I mean, he keeps them on after he puts them on his finger. Then he starts walking. And little did he know, but there was a big rock behind where this place is. And then when he was walking, and this stone, big stone, it started rolling slowly as he was walking along. And then, finally, as he got started sort of downhill, he decided that that rock kept on being in the same position behind him. It was rolling slowly—because he wasn't walking that fast. So he decided, “Oh, that rock is coming behind me!” So he decides, he comes to a hill, and then he's decided, “Oh, I'm going to run up the hill so it won't be able to run up, chase me, or come behind me.” So

he runs up the hill, and the rock starts to roll faster and faster, and keeps pace with him. And he really can't get away from the rock. And then finally, Coyote was worn out, and he couldn't go any further. And of course, the rock came along and rolled over him and killed him. [Laughter] And so, the moral of the story, of course, was, he was greedy. And when you're greedy, something terrible happens! In Coyote's case, he lost his life. And that's, I don't know why, that always stuck to my—when I heard Indian stories. But what else did I remember? Stories from... I remember that one about the, I know my mom always said that the story about the beginning of—the creation story, which is a different story. Well, maybe it's part of the same story, but it's just an ongoing, you go from one story to the next, to the next, to the next. You could stay up all night long listening. My mom said, the late Bill Hall, who was Mary Hall's husband, who was my great-uncle—my grandfather was Dick Hall, and Bill Hall—Dick Hall was the youngest of five brothers, and Bill Hall, who was married to Mary Hall, was the oldest brother. But anyway, I guess Bill Hall could tell legends. And my mom used to say that when he and Mary came to visit—because they lived in Beowawe, and they would come to Battle Mountain to visit—all the neighbors knew that he was a good storyteller, so they'd all start coming. And of course, everybody sat in one room and listened to his story. And she said, sometimes, before you knew it, it was daybreak, and everybody had to go home, because they had to let the storyteller sleep! [Laughter] But anyway, there's people that told stories like that, you know, that just made it sound so real, and so—although they were legends, and they just came alive when certain people told the stories. But I'm not one of them. Let's see, what other story could I tell? Well anyway, about—Coyote was walking, and he heard this, what was it? Oh, I can't tell that one because I can't

remember. Well, anyway. Well, let's see, what else was I was going to tell? Oh, I'll tell you about this cyclone story. This was a story told to me, but it was recorded by Judy Trejo. Judy Trejo, I don't remember where she's from exactly, but she's related to the Sams in Owyhee. So anyway, I guess in the Great Basin area, people were bothered by the cyclones. Cyclones aren't as big as hurricanes or tornadoes, but they are bigger than a regular dust devil. But they were numerous in this area, and they would come and, you know, blow things apart, and just bother everybody. But this was when the animals were people. And so, they finally got together the people that were in the area, which included the Owl, the Bobcat, the Bear, the Coyote of course, and *Huna*. *Huna* is badger. And Bobcat, yeah, all of those. So anyway, they all got together, and *Muumbitts*, of course being the wise owl, wanted to have this meeting. So she was in charge. So they all got together, and they said, "Oh, this cyclone is such a bothersome thing. We need to do something." And so, then they—different people said different things. And *Muumbitts* said, "No, that won't work." And then finally, somebody said, "Well, we have to contain it somehow. So we need a big bag to put it in so that we can carry it away, you know, so it won't be bothersome." So then they decided—well, *who* was going to do this? So anyway, one of the animals said, "Oh, I will." And I think it was—now I've forgot who. The Bobcat, I think. And so then, *Muumbitts* said, "No, no. You're too silly. You're going to get curious and open it too soon. We don't want that." So then, somebody else said, "I'll do it." And they said, "No, not you, because you're going to be curious, too, and you're not going to carry it away far enough." And then, so finally, they decided it was the Badger. And they said, "We need somebody that can get away fast after they open the bag." And so, the *Muumbitts*'s choice was the badger, because he could dig a

hole real fast and get away from the spot, wherever he was going to let it go. And so they finally got it contained. And then, every time—the Deer wanted to take it. And *Muumbits* said, “No, you can’t. You’re fast, but you’re soft-hearted. You’ll, when you hear the cyclone making noise, you’re going to feel sorry and let it out.” And anyway, whenever somebody said they would do it, a Bobcat and who else? Who was it? There were two animals. Anyway, they kept laughing at everybody, because they thought it was funny that these animals wanted to be the ones to take the bag. But when they decided on the *Huna* to take it, and then—on the way, while he was walking with the bag on his back, he met Coyote. But by this time, they had gone over the Rocky Mountains, onto the other side. And so, Coyote said, “What are you carrying?” And *Huna* said, “Nevermind. I don’t need your curiosity.” He was just trying to brush him away. Coyote wouldn’t have it. He kept on saying, “Oh, I’ve been walking for so long! Do you have something to eat? Maybe you have something good to eat in that bag.” And you know, kept on bugging him about opening the bag up. And then he just kept on saying, “Please please please, can I look in the bag?” You know, so he got tired of him. And so, he handed him the bag, and quickly dug a hole and disappeared from the area. And then, in the meantime, Coyote opened it, and there was cyclone. And cyclone was let go in the Midwest. And so, there’s no more cyclones here. [Laughter] I didn’t really tell it as good as, I had written it out. But I don’t have it written down.

C: We have a few more minutes left. What would you like to finish with? What you like the people to remember in terms of if you have any advice, or if you’ve have anything to say to the young people who are watching your [__inaudible at 53:16__]?

P: Hm... What would I say? Well, I wish I was very, very wise, so that I could say things that would be remembered. But the main thing that I can think of is for people to speak Shoshone to their young people, to learn. Because there's no way that you can translate the deeper meanings of the things that are said in Shoshone. It's, English is not a deep enough language. Because there are so many ways of saying the same thing, which would actually mean the same thing. Like, [54:08] "*Hakane e?*" "*E hakane?*" "*E hakainne haaiyo?*" "*E hinna hakani ne'a?*" You know, things like that. "How are you?" "What are you doing?" "Where are you going?" "*E hakape miaipe?*" Or you know, things that people just automatically think and say, but when you, I know I talked Shoshone—the kids—I had to just remember the things that they had learned, so that we could make sentences which were meaningful, but yet not with the depth of somebody that's really fluent in Shoshone. But that's the thing that I would like to see: the kids being more open to the language, and to learn as much as they can. Because those of us who are native speakers are fast disappearing. And I'm 76 years old. And the people that I know are within that age limit. So, before we know it, we're going to be gone, and there's not going to be anyone to talk to the young people, and to teach them. And so, unless we get together and really, really really really make a community effort, I have a feeling that the language is just couple of steps away from being totally lost. But anyway, one of the things I know that the Zulu people did with their language—because the young people had to know the language to know the way they carried on their customs, the way they did their dances, the way—because they're more ritualistic than we are as Shoshone. But anyway, so what they did was they had an immersion program. One summer, I guess a youngster had to go and live with a grandparent, and the grandparent had to speak

nothing but the native language to them. There was no English spoken. Nothing. So something like that has to happen here, so that we can totally—I mean, you know, at least *some* people would be able to learn, and be able to carry on with the language. And I told my Shoshone class, I said, “When you learn Shoshone, it’s your responsibility to pass it on to your children, or to whoever you are in contact with.” Because it is that, it’s really, really important if we’re going to continue with the Shoshone language.

C: Okay, have you got a song that you want to share for us, or a [__inaudible at 57:37__]?

P: Yeah.

[Plays tape of Bessie **Beeler** Hall singing at 57:41; sings along periodically.]

[End of recording]