

on, and still maybe do better than these. That's the way they were picked, out of these out-going members. And they would tell them, "This is our life right here. We cannot go through this world without joining any kind of a clan--any kind of a band. By doing it we can teach you maybe how to hunt, how to raise a good family, and--" They went as far, maybe, as far back as how to hunt these little things that little boys do from the beginning, clear on up to when they become teenaged, and then how to select a mate, and not have too many children unless you are able to take care of them. Everything what these old men already saw in life, and what they know, maybe through experience, that's what they taught these young ones. And my father said that was the best place to send a boy that maybe was an orphan boy. He said they make the best men in there--in the clan--because they listen. They're eager to learn, because it's something they don't hear about. Maybe their grandmothers are raising them, their old parents are raising them, and this is the place where they learn. He said that's the way everything was run. Everything went good. It was this brotherhood love. (How old would a boy have to be to be eligible?)

Well, my little grandson, Edward, is at the right age to join a clan. He's eleven. Even my grandson, John, could. He's about nine. And if it was still good in that way, I'd make him join. He'd learn right there. If there were any good men left in there to talk that way. But, like I say, all of them good men are gone. All the good men are gone. There's no more good men.

(Back when all these were still going strong, were there ever any boys that did not join clans?)

Well, some. You hardly ever find them, except once in a great while,