

Mayk Klinsóon Mi Etín Ha

MIKE CLEANSO AND HIS ELDER SISTER

William Joseph

Hoyyám k'awí Maykín mi etín ham ennaaní yank'óyt'omatoy K'ademmanáan.

Long ago Mike and his elder sister went to pick blackberries from K'ademmá.

Han sewdí inee'é, k'əyím yeséyt'omatoy.

While they were going around at the river, the enemy happened to come across them.

Han méet'omatoy.

They caught them.

Han waasán, took'óyt'omatoy komowím k'awná, Sukkú Yamaní komowím k'awná.

They kidnapped them, and took them to the south country, the country south of Mt. Diablo.

Hac'e miydí c'iyím k'awím yakká íst'omatoy.

They stayed there about four years.

Han bəhəpím payelí laylayín huyok'ok'óyt'omatoy.

She kept taking all kinds of food away and hiding it, little by little.

Han lahewín, miim payelí meen uk'óyt'omatoy.

When they ran away, they took that food and went.

Han Sukkú Yamaní notownáaní ipínt'omatoy.

They came on the east side of Mt. Diablo.

Han momdí idáwt'omatoy.

Then they came to the water.

Han kuyéem pottó wakkayí siyéet'omatoy.

They made a boat out of tule.

Han m̐im wakkayní hettát'omatoy.

They crossed with that boat.

Han wonón, hinmittidikín sewí ipínt'omatoy.

Afterwards, they put it back in the water and came to a river.

Han wítteem sewí unón m̐im, K'ademmám Séwc'ey m̐iyém písín...

Going up one river, and thinking that it might be the American River,

... Koosóm Sewí unót'omatoy.

they went up the Cosumnes River.

Hac'e kapá hiním towáktowákt'omatoy póombokkanodí.

A bear's eyes shone in the moonlight.

M̐iyém banak'á c'aa unowóot'omatoy m̐im manayé.

That morning she told the boy to climb a tree.

Hac'e unót'omatoy manayím c'aa hipinná.

The boy climbed to the top of the tree.

Han ét'omatoy c'aam labisíkk'ooyuc'é...

He saw trees stretching in a black line,

“Em ní c'aam wonóm labisíkk'ooyuc'é, míc'ey nisée sewím,” hát'omatoy.

“I see trees stretching in a black line, that may be our river,” he said.

Hac'e idáan iyéet'omatoy.

He got down and they went on.

Han iyéen, maawíkím, tímboom okóm yakká iyéet'omatoy...

They went along for about five or six days,

... wíkpay poohó iyeehahát'omatoy.

once in a while they went at night.

Han idíkt'omatoy misé sewdí.

Then they came to their river.

Han K'ademmá pet'oná iyéet'omatoy sewím hoydí.

They went straight towards K'ademma along the river.

Han henanát'omatoy hipíwná.

They shouted and shouted across to the camp.

Hac'e hipíwpémisém pinín, "Homokím henám," hát'omatoy.

The people in the camp heard it, "Somebody is shouting," they said.

Hac'e wakkayní huttáat'omatoy.

They took them across in a boat.

Hac'e esak'án misé tuulémisém, wót'omatoy.

When their relatives recognized them, they cried.

Han hiwnáaním déet'omatoy.

Others laughed.

Han huslát'omatoy.

They had a Small Time.

Han hanc'ók' mîim etikutóm taawéyt'omatoy...

Both he and his elder sister talked the Lower Country language,

... miyáatín henímt'omatoy, mîim peením...

they talked that way, those two,

... taaweyín miyé esák't'omatoy c'iyím k'awí isín, miyáan henímt'omatoy miyé.

they knew that after staying there for four years, therefore they talked that.

Han beyím k'awí woonóy Maykím.

Mike died not long ago.

Han m̄i etik̄im woonót'omatoy hoyyám k'awí...

His elder sister died long ago,

... maac'amní maawik̄im huyéen hokapé, woonót'om m̄im...

over one hundred ten years old, she died,

... K'ademmađi boomitihim m̄im.

she is buried at K'ademmá.

Han m̄i etik̄ihé Pusuunedí bomitt'omatoy...

He buried his elder sister at Pusúune,

... Saklentá tosimnáandí, Wollokóm Sewín K'ademmám Sewín ha estodí, Pusuunedí.

on the south side of Sacramento, between the Sacramento and American Rivers, at Pusúune.

Han m̄i əsəwím c'iyim huyéem k'awí əlləmím, isím heyák' weté.

His younger sister is over eighty years, and is still living.

Han Toom Klinsóom woonóy miyém tuulém, c'iyim huyéem aynó miyé əlləmín woonóy.

Tom Cleanso of that family died, he died over eighty years old.

Han wek'awim beyí Nisenáaním Pusuunén K'ademmán hadí...

The Indians at Pusúune and K'ademmá are gone now,

... lok'oyéem Nisenáaním wek'awí miydí, ham wítteem Pameelám isím miydí.

the many Indians there are gone, Pamela is the only one living there.

M̄im miyém.

That is that.

PEOPLE

Mike Cleanso	Pamela and Tom's older brother. He was also known as "Captain Mike"; Bill Joe says he became one of the "richest chiefs around" as an adult.
Mike's elder sister	Pamela and Tom's older sister, who was kidnapped as a child along with Mike. She lived to be over 110 years old!
Tom Cleanso	Pamela's other older brother, who grew up at Pusúune. Also known as "Blind Tom", he became blind as a child.
Pamela Adams	One of the two Matriarchs of the Shingle Springs Rancheria, who lived at K'ademamá. She was the only one of the Cleanso siblings who was still alive when Bill Joe told this story.

PLACES

K'ademamá	A Nisenan village on the American River. Mike and his elder sister lived at K'ademamá when they were kidnapped.
Pusúune	A Nisenan village at the confluence of the Sacramento and American Rivers, roughly where Discovery Park is today.
Sukku Yamán	Mt. Diablo; the Nisenan name means 'Dog Mountain', and it is where the people first got dogs.
Saklentá	Sacramento

BILL JOE'S NAMES FOR RIVERS

Nisenan speakers from different areas often have different names for rivers and places. These are the names Bill Joe uses in this story. Have you heard any other names for these rivers, or do any of these names sound like the names of other places that you know?

K'ademámam Sew	'American River'
Wollokóm Sew	'Sacramento River'
Koosóm Sew	'Cosumnes River'

ABOUT THIS STORY...

This story was told by William Joseph, a.k.a Bill Joe, a Nisenan man from El Dorado County, to Hans J. Uldall in the 1930's and adapted by the SSBMI Language Department for Huslá 2023. In this story, Bill Joe talks about Pamela Adams and her siblings. Pamela Adams is one of the Shingle Springs Rancheria's two Matriarch, and this event from her family's history was clearly known and talked about by other people in the region, such as Bill Joe.

If you have questions about the story, please contact language@ssband.org.