Edward Stobie Billy April 26, 1896-July 2, 1996
He lived to be 100 years old.

- Born April 26, 1896, Edward, lived most of his life at Dog Creek and Canoe Creek. He worked as a cowboy, rancher, and trapper, working much of the time at the Gang, Empire Valley and B.C. Cattle Company ranches. In summer he ran his own herd of cattle and horses.
- At 18 Edward married his 16-year-old sweetheart Mary Lucy Sampson of Canoe Creek. The couple made their home on Dog Creek Mountain. They had five girls and nine boys, but only three of their children lived to adulthood.
- Edward loved fiddle music and dancing and was always the first one ready to go to a dance and the last one to leave.





Bear and Beaver's Children

Told by Edward Billy of Dog Creek and recorded by A.H. Kuipers in A Report on the Shuswap with a Squamish Lexical Appendix, 1989 p 72

Beaver and Bear were partners. Bear’s youngest child was called Tcekqíqenkst, Little Stiff Finger. Beaver had two children, the name of the youngest was Tceq7eméy̓e, Breast Child.



Bear and Beaver were
travelling looking for food.
And then Bear killed Beaver.
She cut off Beaver's breast.
She came and told the beaver
cubs, "Put your little brother
to sleep, put him to sleep!
Your mother is coming."



She stayed around and told them that a number of times. The children went off to bed and covered themselves with their blankets. I don’t know if their blankets were made of beaver skins.



She told the children to sleep. Little Tceq7eméy̓e was smart enough to look through a hole in his little blanket.





Tceq7eméy̓e's mother's breast was taken to be roasted on a stick near the fire. Then Tceq7eméy̓e said; "Oh, my mother's breast, my mother's breast!" "Oh", said Bear, "…cover your little brother's face, cover his face, he's having a nightmare. Cover your little brother's face, cover his face."



Tceq7eméy̓e listened to what Bear said to her children, and this is what she said; “You will make soup for the beaver cubs, they will eat and be full of blood, but you will pour your own soup down your shirts. You’ll take them to the water, wrestle with them and kill them.” ”





The next morning Bear went out, the bear cubs made soup and ate their fill. But the beaver cubs just poured it down their shirts, but the bear cubs were full of food.

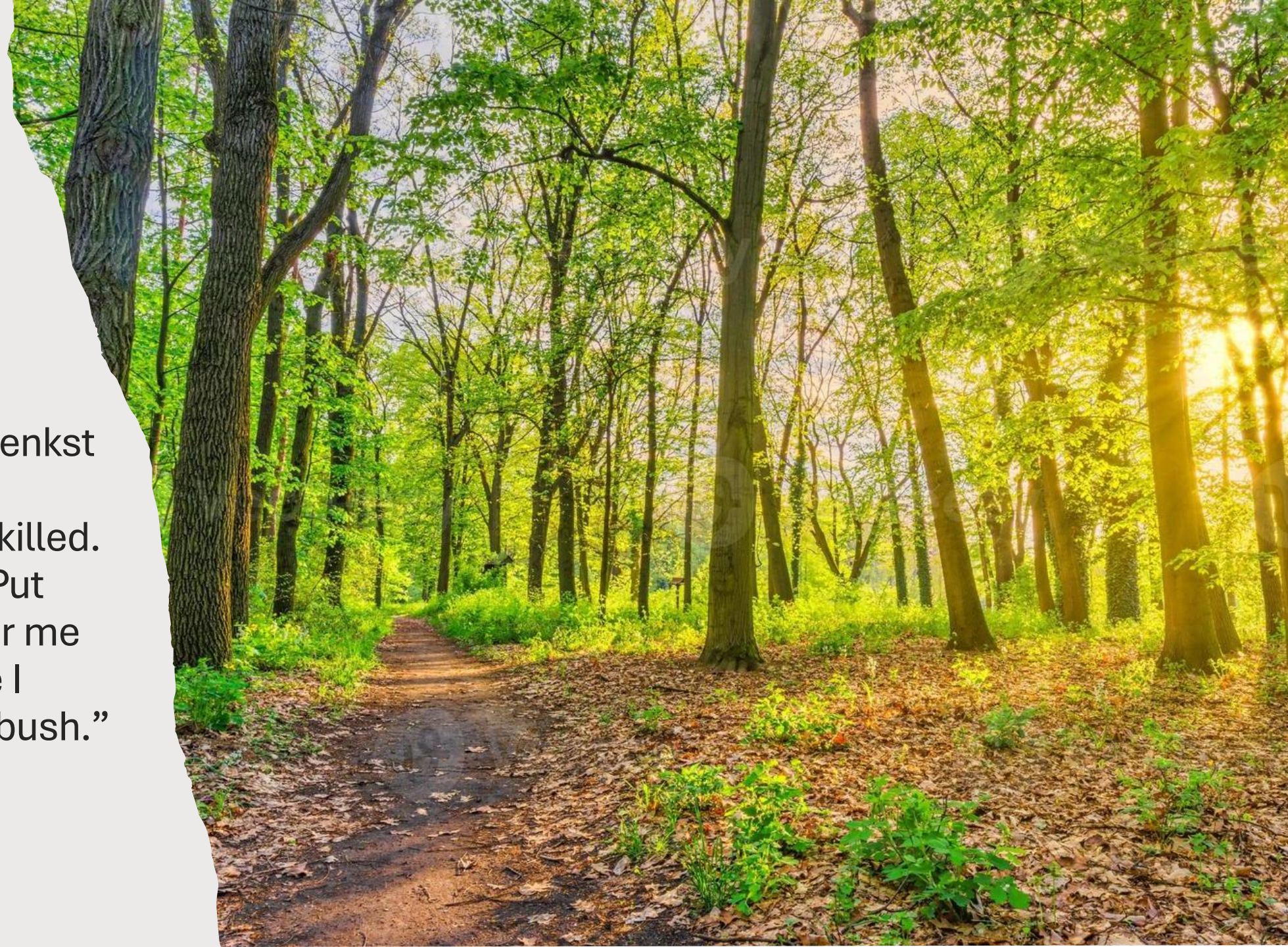


Oh here they went, the bears were going to their death, but the beaver is at home in the water. They wrestled, before long the eldest one was killed, they pushed him underwater and he died.





And soon Tceqíqenkst was pushed underwater and killed. Bear had said, “Put them on a spit for me over there where I come out of the bush.”



They took Tceqíqenkst and roasted him, putting him on a spit where Bear came out of the bush on her return. Then the beaver cubs made their getaway. They went and crossed a large creek, putting a log across it for their passage, and as they got to the other side, the sat down.



They told that log, “When Bear comes to cross over, when she’s in the middle, you will break.” Then they sat down; there came Bear, she came out of the bush, oh, there on the spit her child was roasting, and she thought it was Cekmaye.



She came there, oh, she ate; Meadowlark perched on a branch near her and told her; “Tweet, tweet, that is Tceqíqenkst”





“Ah, that’s what my children have roasted for me”, so she said in her ignorance and ate. Presently, Meadowlark told her once more, “Look at his little hand.”









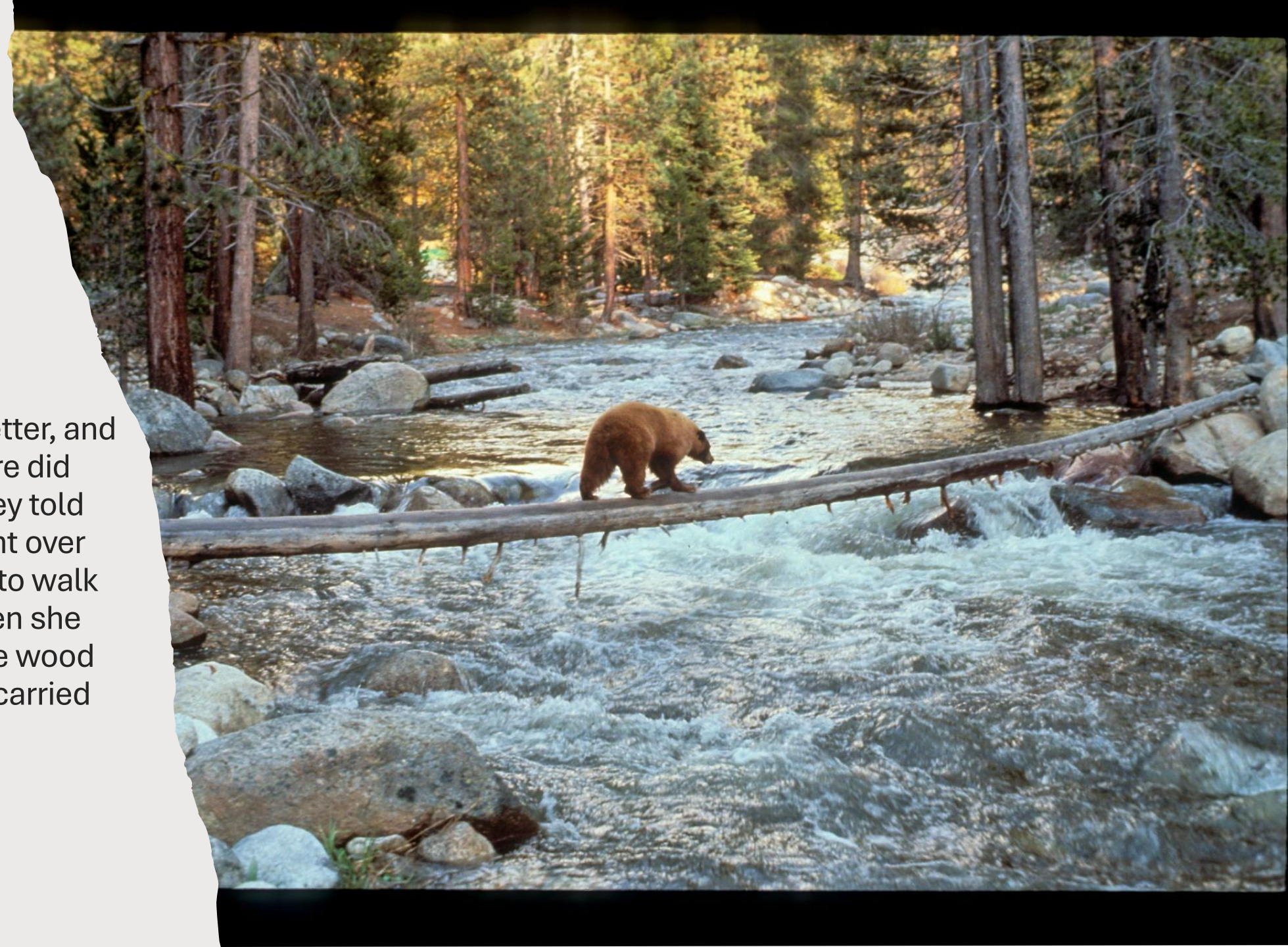
Oh, then she threw it away, she roared as she threw it away and rushed about. She lashed out around her and looked for the tracks of the beaver cubs.

She went along and came to the bank of the big creek, and there Tceq7eméy̓e and his elder brother were sitting. She addressed them again, trying to fool them, “Your mother has arrived, she has arrived, come back home.”





Ah, but they knew better, and then she said, “Where did you cross over?” They told her, “We crossed right over there.” Bear started to walk over the log, just when she was in the middle the wood broke and Bear was carried away by the stream.





The End