Francis Tidyman: (from Jan Bonnet)-- Mrs. T was the only person who unconcernedly could sit on a thumbtack, simply reach back and pull it out and sail on with the class.

--Denis Bonnet recalled a day Mrs. T arrived late for school, whipped off her coat, to reveal that she'd dressed in such a hurry she'd tucked one side of dress in her panties. Again, unfazedly yanked it down and went on.

--Den commented that he didn't feel he'd learned much from her, tho it likely was his fault. Jan said Mrs. T would peg students according to family--hard to live down reputation of others she'd had in class before. Said she called Mrs. T on it once, Mrs. T re-read her paper and upped from C to A, said, "Why, honey, I didn't know you could do that kind of work."

--Also from Jan: leaky fountain pens down front of Mrs. T's dress. And the way to avoid her qns in class was to ask her qns 1st—which produced long lectures which Jan now sees were educ'l in themselves.
Jensen house
kitchen 16', ds to locked portion
18-19' long
10' ceiling

our bedroom 8' x 15'
G'ma's is same, H.o c b 7' cld

Kitchen:

windows

cabinet

G'ma's bedroom

Stove
Facing North

Start 1 fancy foot hi
modelling, never carried
out. 1/2 moon 3 small
modelling applied used
Jensen ranch/4

Bunkhouse 50' west of house; another 15' to toilet

House fenced with cedar posts and tight woven wire

Gate with Gothic picket points:
Jensen ranch/3

Dimensions of house: kitchen, 16' from front door to closed-off front portion of house; 18-19' long

10' ceiling

bedroom Dad and I shared: 8'x15'

G'ma's bedroom the same, but with 7' ceiling

Linoleum floors; a wall drainboard, with mounted handpump

Walls, to hip-high, are 2" grooved wood; plaster-and-lath above

2 big Gothic windows looking west; tips of 2 reef-peaks visible

only one stove, the wood-burning kitchen stove
Sheep shed 120' long in both its ells, and 40' wide
about 7' eaves, going up to 12-14' peak?

75 paces uphill to where I would bat ball down toward shed

Back of the barn: 30 yds from where I set football in snow to
high thrust of roof used as goal posts

--on side of barn I had basketball backboard; 15 yds other
direction, I could throw football against boarded-up window of
shed (18"x27")
The only two trees on the ranch cowered in front of the house, trying to get out of the wind.

High bowl of hills all around, except narrow lip north toward Dupuyer & Valier

Hill up to bench road is $1\frac{1}{2}$ mi. long

Hill up to bench road is $1/5$ mile. Bench is absolutely flat, as are all other benches in view from there.

Extreme contrast of mountains, blue, gray and magnificent, against tan leanness of the ranch: two worlds. Walls and walls of mountains to the west, piled high and at angles; the ranch is all bench and coulee
Log barn built of squared and chinked logs to 12' up, then rough boards above. Barn is oddly Dutch pattern, unlike other barns in area.

Pump near barn; used to be a water trough there; and stark finger of old windmill, now near the house.
Old gutwagon on hill: jugs only about 18" wide; 6 jugs

Sulky dump rake on hill: 3 dozen curved teeth; iron wheels almost shoulder-high (about 4')
(running dump rake meant operating both foot and hand levers, with a team of horses to watch at the same time)
Jensen ranch

Total of the ranch:
--house
--bunkhouse with small shed next to it
--caved-in root cellar
--toilet
--barn
--big sheepshed
--long low granary shed
--boxy newer shed-barn
--graveyard of machinery on hill: old wagons, 2 sheepwagons, remains of mowers, rakes, gutwagon
--small reservoir out of sight SW of house; bow of earth holding back a pond
--just west of house, used to be horse pasture of 4-6 acres
Sheep trailing: 41 total miles by speedometer
Sheep trailing: route—

Up from Dupuyer, edged with Dupuyer and Sheep Creeks, to bench of Moser's farmland, speckled with rocks; down to rolling plains country before Kingsbury's; narrow lane to push sheep through, like ball of wool into bottleneck— one of the most desperate stretches of the sheep trail, fighting traffic and time. 1 day from ranch to Birch Creek, which also is resven edge.

--Beyond Birch Ck, land opens again, curving road (the old route); big benchland on horizon (Rocky Ridge?) to be crossed; at last start up it, hour or so just to get across (past white crosses of auto deaths), dangerous curves in road (I often flagged ahead, thought devised what I would say to each car); finally, long ramp of slope to Badger Ck 3 miles away.

--No choices of where to stop for night: had to move sheep from water (Birck) to water (Badger). Sheep would begin to sense or smell water, break into tired run. Few willows for shelter for them.

--Mtns always looming to the west
Trailing sheep to reservation:
--our summer land in sight soon after Badger Creek, a couple of ridgelines away. 3d and last day of trail, hilliest but shortest
--Then down Two Medicine Hill, with 2 bridges to cross, and up to our allotment (lease)

10½ mil. Birch Crk-Dupuyer; 11½Birch to Badger Cr.
Sheep trailing, south to north on USGS quadrangle maps:

--Dupuyer West (AMS 3T80 11NE Series V894): US 89 kinks twice to the west, but mostly runs due north.

--Roba?e (AMS 3T4.80 1SE, Series V894): US 89 mostly due north, curves west at Valier cutoff, then more sharply west again at Blacktail Creek, 2 mi. north of Birch Creek.

--Rocky Ridge (AMS 3T80 1NE, servies V894): US 89 now northwest'd, over Rocky Ridge (McTaggart's ranch should be on this map).

--Piegan (AMS 3T80 1NW, series V894)--US 89 straight NW, across Badger Creek.

--White Man Coulee (AMS 3T80, IVNE, Series V894): US 89 northwest, flattening its route westward; the Two Medicine and start of our allotment here. (Kipp Lake is next qdgle map to the north).
Reservation land:
3.4 mi. in from highway, near start of our camp sites: wind, palomino grassland, rocky soil, bunchgrass; rolling country and benchland in three directions (3 infinities?); pitched, tilted country; we clung to highest ridgeline, as if escaping ocean of grass.
reservation allotment—ridge we lived on—from USGS qdgle map:
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North

Ridge on reservation allotment on USGS map is 4500-4600' high; about 3 mi. long, running ENE-SW
coulee squiggling to Two Medicine is about 1 1/2 mi. long. It is not Kipp Coulee, which is south along US 89 (on Piegan qdgle map)
Two Medicine R. is about 150' below cliffs
curlews (?) hovering like helicopters; make a fast twittering sound as if underwater, a yackety sound; gawky neck; hover with just slight tremble of wings over the creek

Swifts (or mud swallows?) flowing around barn and sheds

We ex scared a sagehen out of trees in front of house; she strutted nervously on top fence board as we edged around—clucked scoldingly at us.
The resvtn spring:
--trickling pool about 4' long, deep enough to scoop \( \frac{1}{2} \) bucket at a time without roiling.
--stock reservoir 50-60 yds downhill; now mucky with footprints
--spring under small brow of land, like weeping eye
--spring site about 5 mi. from highway
Jensen Ranch, from USGS Pendroy quadrangle of 1941 (N4800-W11215/15)

--ranch buildings are in section 15, T27N, R7W

--20 miles west to mountain peaks

--elevation at ranch bldgs 4400'

--coulee at ranch bldgs runs NE-SW, as does ridge where the road is
Jensen ranch: grass lacked phosphorus
--alkali sinkholes
Sheep trailing:
--the move was throw of the dice: regardless of weather and all else, there was no stopping or turning back
Francis Tidyman

--from Palins' postcard album: her 10th birthday in 1910

Father's name Alex Carson; she still has brother Paul Carson at Townsend
Valier High School originally had sunken gym in the middle of school; later floor raised, and it became the study hall.
Bill's grandfather homesteaded, and founded a rich ranch. Mine homesteaded too, and the result has become pasture inside a cattle company's fenceline.
Bill's targets now as a YOUNG Republican are the cities and their seething problems. I've fallen away from the livestock market and farm subsidies.
The band splintered
Sheep pushed by storm along Kipp Coulee, more dangerously deep and steep as it goes; along the long crawl of canyon they battered themselves.
Coulee dodging, veering deeply, minor canyon trying to find its way thru prairie
poor roads, problem for kids driving to school bus. (Sometimes be intentionally late, so there'd be excuse to drive to Valier)
The bus carried a mix of us from tiny first-graders to seniors such as Charles, bigger than all but a few grown men in the county, and it made for a big-against-little teasing I hated to be around. It cut both ways, and for a while I was the target of a tough little half-breed who spotted my crooked front tooth and shouted at me, Beavertooth! Beavertooth!
There were scuffles every day, friendly or in tentative enmity. For all his dimsightedness, Chas. was powerfully built, a rangy frame with hands like stallion hooves. The usual hit was on the arm muscle just above the bicep, and Chas. could knock you numb for half a day.
Dad fired Chas. Trafelet: I worried about how this would affect me—maybe worried about Chas' brute strength as well—but he passed it off without mention, very nearly without embarrassment on either side, a major feat.
morphadike
they became my second family, and my first to live in a home, in a steady pattern
Short and square-set, Gertie eyed the world with a steady waiting look
Harold would fling Indian's beer bottle high as a rocket
Like so much else with Tom, the difference in our ages was just right—he was at work in the station by the time I was spending long study hours.
my running starts (chasing lambs) off running board
Bear Medicine and Running Crane, who looked like their names
Now it was my turn to watch Francis Tidyman, and to take my signals of language from her.
At least one of them came from a family more disarrayed than mine, and had to live wherever charity let him.
Harold's story of Toussaint Salois, where Dad goes deer-hunting (p. 57)
Facing North ADD

7 Block ranch material in '58 Valier annual
Characterize high school class: average physical size, amenable
I was 18, and had slept in the same bed, shared the same room, with my father for the past dozen years.
grasshoppers on resvtn
One or the other of us stood the .22 against the rear bumper of the Jeep one day at the waterhole, and forgetfully we backed the Jeep over it. It bowed the barrel several inches out of line. Dad studied it, slipped it into the Jeep frame for a pry, and jimmied it straight again, shooting as exactly straight as ever.
Dad had me stay home each summer until after shearing, because of my skill as corral wrangler.
Reservation: trailer like living in a small boat
the rain booming down on the roof

(roof of trailer on reservation?)
the reservation: size stretching itself out of all proportion
If I wanted to dwell on something— and being a worrying child, I did— there was always this: all that corded the three of us together was bloodline.

The three of us, corded together by bloodline and not much else.
Reservation did strange things to us: Dad once began reciting Hiawatha. As with songs, he could remember only a stanza or so, but I stared at him as if he had arrived from the moon.
Twin thin paths of road across resvtn
Nothing plentiful but sage and wind.
At Sullivan's store in Dupuyer, ranchers and farmers would pay once a year.
A letter of exploitation mixed with explanation to NU; back came assignment to the least expensive dormitory on campus, and to a job to earn housing dormitory kitchen job to earn my meals.
In storm scene, include lambs and the toll on them
Also: Dad abandoning Jeep at coulee
the Indian tribes had gone to pieces under white push