Pac NW Collection: views of Montana (i.e., line drawings), 1868 bk by A. Stewart
uses of term "Montanian": North Pacific Views, p. 70 & p. 72)
THE OBJECTIVE OF ALL DEDICATED COMPANY EMPLOYEES SHOULD BE TO THOROUGHLY ANALYZE ALL SITUATIONS, ANTICIPATE ALL PROBLEMS PRIOR TO THEIR OCCURRENCE, HAVE ANSWERS FOR THESE PROBLEMS, AND MOVE SWIFTLY TO SOLVE THEM WHEN CALLED UPON.

HOWEVER...

WHEN YOU ARE UP TO YOUR ASS IN ALLIGATORS, IT IS DIFFICULT TO REMIND YOURSELF THAT YOUR INITIAL OBJECTIVE WAS TO DRAIN THE SWAMP.
"You're still a good-looking old coot, you know that?"

"The old part I do, yeah."

*Splick.* Her second snap of the shutter caught me by surprise as it always did. After all these years, why didn't I know that the real picture Maria wanted was the one after you'd let your guard down.
No sooner was the camera away from her eye than she started in on me again. "I'll tell you another thing while I'm at it, Jick."

I was all too sure she would. Only one other person was anywhere in
Getting up from the bumper of the Winnebago, I asked Maria, "You had about enough of this?" Of course my words meant the calf roping and the rodeo, but more than that, too. Maria ignored the more and answered, "I figured you'd want to stay and learn how to catch veal."
Home ground. What is there about it that owns us?

This was the next evening, after I had deposited Mariah and the ever popular Riley back in Helena and into their centennial stuff again, still wondering to myself what brand of fool I was for turning the BB around with goat bait the way I’d done. how things now stood was that when she and he finished their historical looking, they were to catch up with me in the Two country by a rented car, and in the meantime I had a day or so to reassure myself that my ranch had not gone to utter ruination in my absence. Along that line, I got the
bright idea of camp tending my sheepherder on the way home to the ranch, so I phoned Kenny for him to read out the list of provisions needed and bought them at the IGA in Helena before leaving. Now the grocery boxes and I were progressing toward the site of my earliest remembering years, west along English Creek.
The Bago rumbled across the plank bridge of English Creek, its main channel and north and south forks like a handle and tines to uncover the past with. They were all in memory and nowhere else now, the English Creek people of my younger years. Marcella's folks, my in-laws...
through Kenny? How long could I? If only...but that other try, my oh so bright idea of handing the place over to Riley and Mariah, had refused to become more than if. Jesus, but I wished now for twenty years off my age. Hell, I'd settle for five. Yet even if I had some age
it just as well as I did. But what was I supposed to be, the Mister Fixit of anything that bothered anybody any more? I was about to tell them I had to get to getting toward Helena, when Kenny crossed his arms
"Like I told you, I'll be back and forth every so often from this trip. Tell Shaun I'll have word for him sometime then, one way or the other."
You got another think coming, went through my mind but not out my mouth.

"Had other things on my mind, for a while there," I told her.

"But I figured I'd better get in here and see what you've been up to."
Already I had dodged Mabel on card parties and square dancing at the Senior Citizens' Center. Winter was coming and she would have all the time in the world to think up her next strategies.
empty McCaskill homestead on the North Fork. "And here's another thing historical for you," Good Help brayed on to Riley, "every goshdamn bit of schooling I ever got was in a one-room school. These kids today--"
"You ought to know, this goshdamn flag is the story here," he informed me in uncanny echo of Good Help Hebner. "If you ever manage to get it in the air."
big hair (TV newscaster's hairstyle)