



Introducing . . .

Wilbur G., Expert on Everything

RM: Welcome to the page, ladies and gentlemen, where the excitement is palpable as we introduce the first Face of Montana, Wilbur G. Now, Wilbur, the G. stands for Grover, right?

Wilbur G.: I prefer being called Wilbur G.

RM: Sure thing, Wilbur G. It says in your bio that you're an expert on everything.

Wilbur G.: Capital Expert, Capital Everthing.

RM: Expert on Everything.

Wilbur G.: You got it.

RM: As an expert, you do know that everything has a Y in it, don't you?

Wilbur G.: Course I do, but I come from the south of Montana, where it's pronounced *Ever-thing*. Everthing. Of which I am the Expert on.

RM: That's a bold claim. I suppose you're an expert on women, too?

Wilbur G.: Like I say, Everthing and Everbody.

RM: Bet that comes in handy with the wife. What do you do when she tells you to take out the trash?

Wilbur G.: I take it out. I'm an Expert on taking out the trash. And making the beds. And doing dishes. Sweetie says I got it all.

RM: Not to be sarcastic here, but with all that expertise,

some people would think that you'd be an Expert on Excuses to women, too.

Wilbur G.: I am, indeed. I got a million excuses just waiting to pop from mind to mouth, along with a lot of other things.

RM: Some people would think you'd use one of those excuses to get out of doing household chores.

Wilbur G.: Some people ain't as big as my Sweetie. Nor as mean.

RM: So, how do you feel about writing the occasional energy conservation column for this magazine?

Wilbur G.: I feel fine. I'm a Expert on that, too, and I wrote about how anybody can do their own free energy audit at home. It's right back there on page 7 of this very *Rural Montana* magazine.

RM: True, but some people might doubt that you could be so expert as to be expert on everything.

Wilbur G.: What people?

RM: The readers of this magazine, starting with me.

Wilbur G.: I can prove it.

RM: How?

Wilbur G.: Ask me anything. Go ahead. Any topic.

RM: Okay, how about wolves?

Wilbur G.: Didn't you just

say for the last three months or so that you weren't going to talk about wolves after getting so many people riled?

RM: I'm not saying anything about them. I'm asking you, the expert on everything, to say something about wolves.

Wilbur G.: OK, I love wolves.

RM: Then you know it's pronounced *wolves*, not *woofs*, which is what you just said.

Wilbur G.: I also know it's spelled *w-o-l-v-e-s*, not *w-o-l-f-s*, which is how you spelled it not so long ago.

RM: How rude of you to mention it. Tell me what you love about wolves.

Wilbur G.: They taste real good, kinda like chicken.

RM: Well, that's enough wolf talk. About your expert energy audits—

Wilbur G.: I'm not done being an expert on wolves. On some occasions they can taste a little like lamb. Take it from me, Wilbur G., Expert on Everthing.

RM: I'm afraid that's all the space we have, Wilbur G. We'll look forward to your energy audit on page 7.

Wilbur G.: Now I have had it where it tasted like vial. And once when the kitty didn't come home—

RM: Page 7, Wilbur G., page 7.



The second Face of Montana is Kathy Nielsen of Libby, eagle fan and photographer.

Kathy says, "Last spring I was watching some eagles hunting along the Kootenai River near Libby. I saw a bald eagle swoop down on the river several times."

She couldn't see what the raptor was after. But the eagle flew over her, carrying something in his talons. She shot several pictures.

"I was in for a surprise when I got home and downloaded the pictures. What the bald eagle had been after was a Canada goose," she said. "It was a sight I'll never forget."

That's Kathy in the red jacket. And, no, it's not a camera lens, but a Meade 14-inch Goto Motorized Telescope for viewing the heavens. Kathy also founded an astronomy club in Libby.

