

# Montana Journal

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### ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

### SHELBY CITIZENS ARE UP IN ARMS

Shelby citizens this week rose up as one man to go to the rescue of the Montana oil industry, appalled by the discovery that some 38,000 gallons of imported gasoline was used by Shelby consumers during August, while Shelby oil wells stood idle for lack of market. They found also that during the month of July Shelby consumed 46,456 gallons of imported gasoline—21,636 gallons from Wyoming and 24,820 gallons from California.

"It shall not happen again", announced a committee of Shelby business and oil men who this week formed an organization to see to it that Shelby people are appraised which filling stations sell Montana-made gasoline. They announced also that if there is a continued sale of much imported gasoline in Shelby in the future it will be proof positive that Shelby is populated only by pansies, since the town is united in the matter.

The two newspapers joined heartily in the campaign and the organization which sprang up in said to be well financed and able to carry on a campaign which will extend beyond Shelby. It will be carried to nearby towns and cities and systematically across the State.

### WORDS OF APPRECIATION

The Journal received countless congratulations on last week's editorial pointing out that the salvation of the Montana oil industry is in replacing imported gasoline with Montana-made gasoline. Lack of space makes it impossible to print all communications received. Throughout the week oil men and business men phoned and called at the office to give words of praise. Several long distance calls expressed approval.

"You should not stop," said one. "You should publish figures on Cut Bank and Conrad and Great Falls and other towns, and show just what people are doing."

"You have something," said another. "You pointed the way for the industry to do something about it."

"Unemployed pumpers and drillers have plenty of time and every reason to picket filling stations where imported gasoline is sold," said another, a business man of Great Falls.

Not all of the comments were so encouraging. Said one: "I think we ought to have a week set aside to be known as Gasoline Week." He is an oil producer and didn't know that ever since 1931 we have had an annual Montana-Made Gasoline week, proclaimed each year by the Governor of Montana. It was ever thus.

### BROADVIEW IS DUE TO PICK UP SUNDANCE SOON

BILLINGS—Broadview dome is drilling ahead at a little below 2,800 feet, according to J. W. Hackworth, field superintendent in charge of operation. They expect to pick up the Sundance or Ellis formation at around 3,000 to 3,100 feet. Mr. Hackworth thinks they have a good chance to bring in a good well in the Sundance.

ifornia accompanied by his geologist, Vernon King, both interested in Broadview Dome drilling, together with P. H. Halbritter, president of the company, will come by plane from Los Angeles when Mr. Hackworth tops the Sundance formation.

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**The Sunburst Says**  
Aunt Fannie: "Aren't you going to say the blessing, dearie?"  
Radio Age Child: "This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty!"

"What type of boy is Elmer?"  
"Well, the other night he had a parlor date. The lights went out at 9.30 and he spent the rest of the evening in the cellar working on the fuses."

Tool:—After one more kiss, I'm going to talk turkey.  
Girl Friend—Yeah, but when you get into the restaurant you'll order hamburger.

To start with, Burks does not cut a distinguished figure in his evening clothes. In a fashionable restaurant the other night, as he stood near the door waiting for his wife, a tall, pompous man came up and asked, "I say, my man, are you the head waiter?"  
As quick as a flash Burks answered "No, but I heard him tell a young man this afternoon that he wasn't taking on any more help."

"Yes," said the bumptious man. "I'm a thought reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."  
"In that case," said the Shelby waitress, "I beg your pardon."

Another guy who lives on the fat of the land is the girde manufacturer.

A tourist just returned from the West reports that the absolute in service was encountered by her at one filling station where the obliging attendant, after wiping off the windshield, checking the oil, tires, and filling the radiator, politely asked if the baby needed changing.

"What is the idea of the crowd at the church?"  
"An iceman is confessing his sins."

The preacher had just finished a sermon on the duties of wives to mother their husbands.

"I want every woman who will go home and mother her husband to stand up," he cried.

A little woman, who was known to be a trifle deaf, leaped to her feet.

"Ah," cried the preacher, "there is one woman who will mother her husband."

"Mother him?" cried the wom-

an, sitting down again. "I thought you said 'mother him'."

He: "I'm beginning to get stuck on you."

She: "No wonder. Your eyes have been glued on my legs for the past hour."

Doctor: "I will examine you for ten dollars."

Patient: "Go ahead. If you find it, I'll give you half."



## Geophysics vs. Doodlebugs

**W**E are this week issuing a special publication to our members on the subject of geophysics in Montana. There is no question about the importance of geophysics to the oil industry at large. Most of the important new fields of the last five years have been brought in as a result of geophysical surveys. But this fact means nothing to Montanans unless geophysics are applied in Montana. This bulletin tells something of the application of geophysics to Montana.

The tremendous success of geophysics has given an odd turn to the oil industry, having given birth to a great number of "doodle bugs." A doodle bug is a mechanical instrument, commonly known as a diving rod, that works on the same principle as a ouglt board or planchette—a device that is supposed to answer questions. Only certain people can operate a ouglt board and likewise only certain people can operate a doodle bug.

The modern doodle bug looks nothing like the old forked willow wand of years ago. It is now a stainless steel outfit with impressive-looking gadgets. No matter how shiny they are, there is only one answer:

### THEY ARE ALL FAKES.

The Securities and Exchange Commission at Washington, D. C., is not conducting a crusade against doodlebugs but is definitely heading off every promotion which is based on such "mechanical oil finders" as come within the category of doodlebugs. The members of the commission have gone exhaustively into the subject. They have had demonstrations of all kinds, with geophysical and other experts present. In every case a "forked stick" type of doodlebug has been found fraudulent, even if it is inexplicable.

Recently the commission headed off the Herman Hanson Oil syndicate of North Dakota. Said the commission of the company: "It places reliance upon the use of a pseudo-scientific diving instrument described in the evidence as a 'doodle bug,' such as that considered in La Luz Mining Co., I. S. E. C. 217 (1935). However much this registrant or any other registrant believes in the reliability of a 'doodle bug,' we hold that any registrant which bases predictions upon such an instrument must clearly and without camouflage show that the diving instrument is not considered by any recognized authority to be of any use whatsoever in locating oil or other minerals."

The doodlebug in this case was that of George W. Perry, whose letterhead identifies him as "inventor and sole owner" of "Perry's Mineral Indicator, a proven scientific instrument of unlimited scope and utility." He reported: "Taken altogether I have never before surveyed such remarkable petroleum deposits as the instrument shows this entire area of land to contain and I predict that development will quickly prove these lands the greatest oil field the world has ever known."

It is a strange fact that competent business men who will refuse to invest in any speculative enterprise of ordinary merit will plunge into a company which has a "doodle bug" pool. The diving rod operator never finds an ordinary pool; he always finds the "mother pool" where hundred-thousand barrel oil wells are to be the rule. Those seem to be the odds that appeal most to a certain type of speculator.

Nor is the mild insanity confined to business men. We know competent oil operators in both Kevin-Sunburst and in Cut Bank who rely on a doodle bug. In those fields it is not a bad idea. None can see into the ground, and one location is about as good as another, so long as

the operator stays within proven contours. If the operator would choose a corner of his lease and drive of golf ball as far as possible in on his lease, drilling in the spot where the ball comes to rest, he will have just as good results as with the doodle bug.

But it does not end there. When the "bug" hits it right in a proven oil field, the operator is tempted to follow it out onto the plains. And there is where the "bug" comes to certain disaster. No oil field has been brought in within the confines of Montana with a doodlebug as a guide. To show the accuracy with which they work, a doodle bugger announced that a well located northwest of the Rimrock pool, near Kevin, would be a 90-barrel well. That was the first time anyone had been able to put him "on the spot," by getting his prognostication BEFORE the completion of the well. These "bugs" always remember their prophecies AFTER the well has come in. In this case, he had no escape—and he had a lot of people believing in him. The well was a dry hole. Then some other operators went a mile beyond the dry hole and brought in a good well—proving that the "bug" knew nothing more about it than did the tramp who happened by the well just at meal time.

These doodle bug operators are students of geophysics, as a rule. They explain their "instruments" in terms of geophysics. Some of them talk of the "magnetic principle," referring to magnetometers. Others tell of the "radio principle," which they know is applied to amplify vibrations set up by seismic disturbances. All of them point to the record of geophysics in finding oil fields, in other states, where no surface evidence of structure is to be found.

It is true that geophysics offer the first "look into the ground" that has been provided to scientists. But geophysical instruments DO NOT LOCATE OIL. All they do is to reflect structural conditions. In other words, vibrations can be reflected off a hard surface, like an echo. A man standing close to a cliff shouts and the echo will come back to him quickly. Another man standing a long distance away shouts and there is a greater elapsed time before he hears his own voice echoed back. If the first man knew the exact distance to the cliff and measured the time of the echo, he could tell the distance the second man was standing from the cliff, if he had the exact measure of the time required for the sound to return to the second man.

With this homedy principle in mind, it is apparent that if the speed of vibration through the earth is known, it is possible to measure the distance from the surface of the ground to a competent formation such as the massive Madison limestone. Where the Madison lime is arched up in an anticline, the "echo" comes back much more quickly than from spots where the lime is in normal horizontal position. Thus structure can be determined. These vibrations travel at the rate of 3,000 to 5,000 feet per second, so it requires very precise instruments to measure the elapsed time. It requires the drilling of shot holes and the firing of charges of dynamite; it requires delicate instruments which will record the slightest of vibrations; it requires even more precise instruments to magnify, these vibrations so that they can be traced on a chart, not by anything so clumsy as a needle but a tiny ray of wavering light which records its travel on a photographic sheet.

No doodle bug artist can successfully represent that he "uses geophysical principles." It is true that the "doodle bug" is a mysterious thing. So is a planchette.

A planchette is constructed by cutting the top of a cigar box into the shape of the heart. Two tiny casters are fixed on the lobes of the heart-shaped board and a pencil is inserted through a hole near the point of the heart. Two people hold the tips of their fingers on the heart and ask a question. After a time the board will move and the pencil will start writing. It will answer many questions with alarming accuracy and frankness. The man who can explain that, can explain a doodle bug. An occult scientist can explain both. He will add that the "bug" has no knowledge beyond the opinions of the people whose minds are concentrated on the subject.

A big company man recently took a doodle bug operator out with him to a block of wildcat leases. He did not tell the "bug" where they were going nor where the lease block was located. But when they crossed the first lease in the block, the "bug" became restless. He had his instrument in the hand. The forked arrangement was pointing downward. "I don't know where your wildcat is," said the "bug", "but no matter where it is, I advise you to stop and begin taking leases right here. This is the greatest oil pool I have ever seen." The big company man, who knows better, was half inclined to believe it.

Which reminds us of the story of the doodle bug that was reputed to have nearly wrecked a sleeping car with its antics as the train approached Helena. The owner of the "bug" returned to the spot, near Winston, where he recorded the greatest oil pool in the world, Swaboda, the nationally known physical culture exponent, financed the well. It was drilled in the spot designated and revealed a splendid place for hardrock mining, but granitic rocks and petroleum do not mix.

The Journal related about a doodle bug that worked in the office. The "bug" did not record the attraction: whether it was oil, gas, water, gold or silver. We heard a "solution" to the mystifying performance. It was explained to us: "Below that office is the office of a former president of the First National Bank. He was in his office that day. Many people have said that he has a heart of gold. The doodlebug registered that gold."

Whereas most of us laugh at the doodle bugs, a great many others take them seriously and in highly petroliferous country such as Montana it is not impossible that if enough wells are drilled, someone is going to bring in an oil field on a doodle bug location.

But meantime we wish to warn our members not to confuse geophysics with these diving rods. Our new publication on his subject does not deal with doodle bugs. This was an after-thought. The publication describes our personal observation of geophysical methods and gives something of the results obtained. The man who has the advantage of geophysical prospecting in Montana has the greatest advantage that man has known in the oil industry. Geophysics strip off the vast sheet of glacial moraine from Montana and reveal the arched beds which constitute possible traps for oil. Not all of them contain oil, it is true, but inasmuch as geophysics have explained why many wells drilled heretofore did NOT find oil, we have reason to believe that oil prospecting in the future will be far less hazardous in the future than it has been in the past.

This bulletin contains confidential information and is available only to members. If any member has not received his copy, he should call the oversight to our attention, by sending in the attached coupon.

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