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High-Octane Need Still Is Urgent

A shortage of 100-octane gasoline that would hobble combat operations of United States and Allied air forces has been a constant threat since Pearl Harbor.

Even though new 100-octane plants are now beginning to go into operation, the race to increase production as fast as the demand grows has not yet been won.

The 100-octane program went through a crucial period when few new plants were coming into production and means had to be found to meet the mounting demand by "squeezing" additional production out of existing facilities.

Had it not been for the ability of the petroleum technologists to do things which amazed even them, the air forces would have been definitely limited in the power and scope of their attack in 1942 and for the first eight months of 1943.

How serious a shortage we faced is indicated by the fact that at the end of 1942, a year after Pearl Harbor, new plants were contributing only 14 per cent of our daily production of 100-octane.

Thirty-nine per cent of our production then was the result of conversions and improvising or what was called the "Quick 100-Octane Program." This had accounted for 62 per cent of our increase in production. Without this it is easy to see that we would have experienced a serious shortage. About 16 per cent of our production gain was attributable to an increase in the amount of tetraethyl lead added to the product.

By July 1 of this year the "Quick" program was producing 44 per cent of our total production. Fifty-nine per cent of our total increase had been achieved through the "Quick" program.

By the fall of 1943 this situation had begun to change as new facilities in the 1942-43 100-octane plant construction program were completed. When this program is completed early in 1944, production from new plants will greatly overshadow the production of the "Quick" program, though that program will continue in full force. Some minor expansions were still being made in this program late in 1943.

NEVER MIND THE WEATHER

"You'll really marry me, darling?" exclaimed the enraptured young man. He proceeded: "And when we are married, the dark clouds will roll away, the sky will—"

"Don't make it a weather forecast—kiss me."

The Sunburst Badger Says—

Did you hear about the two rabbits who went away in the woods and had a hare-raising experience?

A bunch of the boys were having a spot of poker in the dispensary. Came a knock on the door.

"Who comes there?" yelled one of the pill-rollers.

A quiet voice answered: "This is Rigor Mortis. May I set in?"

AT LONG LAST

It happened during the rush for gasoline ration coupons, and the

scene was an American high school. The white-haired teacher at the table looked up and grinned at the man standing before her, application in hand.

"Well," she said, "after all these years, I'm finally able to give you an 'A'!"

ALMOST A. W. O. L.

A group of soldiers were relating their experience on Guadalcanal, each trying to outdo the others in expressing his early fears.

"The way I dug my foxhole," said one, "was something to see. Each time a shell burst, I dug deeper and deeper into that hole. Finally, I heard a voice above me. It was my lieutenant yelling down:

"Thompson, Thompson! If you dig two inches deeper, I am going to charge you with desertion!"

There once was an oil man, named Morning,
Who refused to heed any warning,
He drove on the track
Without looking back
And they're mourning this morning for Morning.

E. Byers Emrick

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Without Tremor in Voice, Nor Tear in Eye

Soon the children in the schools and churches will be singing the familiar Christmas carols—"Peace on earth, good will toward men." There will be many sad faces and heavy hearts in the audience that will hear those messages of hope. Throughout the land there will be many vacant chairs in homes whose glow filters out upon the still night. Mothers and fathers, sisters, and brothers will move with restrained steps, hushed voices, and thoughts absenting to loved ones on land, on sea, and in the air in the four quarters of the globe. The family patriarchs, ruffling their hair in the warming light of the fire, will lapse into meditations of rationing, taxes, and the course of things to come. Perhaps only the children—the 30,000,000 youngsters who will be our citizens of tomorrow—will be able to chase entirely the Gremlin thoughts from their minds and live the Christmas of 1943 with spontaneity and abandon.

To us men and women who already have used a substantial part of our allotted span of life, it is confusing that the material security and the peace of mind, so long anticipated for enjoyment in our advancing years, seem farther in the distance than before. In this bewildering there are a few weak souls who would throw out the Christmas tree, that symbol of hope, and erect in its place a wailing wall where they could spill their tears and lamentations. But they are outnumbered by others, strong in spirit and firm in purpose, who hold tight to the tattered cord of hope, faith, and charity that will lead them out of the dark labyrinth in which the whole human race has been thrown.

There is cause for rejoicing this year—not the boisterous, carefree celebrations of past Yuletides, but for solemn, fervent, spiritual jubilation over the progress made during the past year by the forces of Good over the forces of Evil. The tide of time rolls fast against those who sow hate and discord. Perhaps before the earth has coursed its way in space to another Christmas the tyrants will have been swept from their shaky thrones. Then with full joy unrestrained can we sing our Christmas carols without tremor in voice, nor tear in eye.—Christmas greeting note received by Landowners Royalties Co. from Grover C. Stevenson, secretary, Montana Petroleum Industries Committee.

Landowners Royalties Company

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