

# PINE BEETLE DISCUSSED BY ENTOMOLOGIST

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Throughout the pine forests of our western states there is a constant loss of mature timber due to the ravages of bark-beetles. This loss may be confined to scattered trees throughout the forest if the infestation is but an endemic or normal one. But during epidemic conditions which occur from time to time, the loss often amounts to as much as 2 or 3 per cent of the total volume of the stand per year. One of the most important of these forest enemies is the mountain pine beetle (*Dendroctonus monticolae* Hopk.). This insect attacks and kills healthy mature sugar pine, white pine, yellow pine and lodgepole pine. Serious outbreaks have caused, and are still causing, losses of many thousands of dollars through the north-western part of the United States.

**Mountain Pine Beetle**  
The adult insect, which is a stout, black, cylindrical bark-beetle about one-fifth of an inch in length, bores through the outer bark and constructs a long, perpendicular egg gallery in the thin layer of cells directly between the living bark and wood. Along this gallery eggs are deposited which soon hatch into small grubs, or larvae. These white legless larvae excavate, at right angles to the egg gallery, short mines, which terminate in cells, where the transformation to the adult beetle takes place. The combined result of the tunneling of these egg galleries and larvae mines is a complete girdling of the tree, which causes its death. When the transformation to the new adult is complete, the beetles emerge through the holes which they construct in the outer bark. The principal emergence of the beetles occurs during the latter part of July and in August, when the attack of new trees takes place.

The Bureau of Entomology has developed methods of control for outbreaks of this insect which have given, for the most part, fair degrees of success. In considering the matter of control, it must be remembered that it is impossible to save a tree after it has been successfully attacked. However, the broods of the beetle within the tree can be destroyed, thus preventing their development and the subsequent attack of other trees. As the development of these broods, from the egg to the new adult, takes place between the bark and the wood, it is only necessary to remove the bark before the new adults are mature in order to kill them by exposure. This is accomplished by felling the trees and removing the bark from the infested portion of the trunks. These infested trees can be located by the faded foliage, the pitch exudations at the mouth of the entrance tunnels, or by reddish boring dust at the base of the tree. During control work or insect surveys, care must always be exercised to distinguish between the dead trees containing beetle broods and those from which the emergency has occurred.

For detailed information on this, or other forest insect problems, timber owners are referred to the forest insect field stations, at Palo Alto, Cal., and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The officers in charge of these stations are anxious to be of assistance to the timber owners with their insect problems.

**SAN FRANCISCO IMPORTS.**  
Lumber imports into San Francisco for the month of August totaled 128,666,000 feet, a gain over the month of July of 40,592,000 feet, according to figures compiled by the marine department of the chamber of commerce. The figures show a large increase over July. From interior points the figures show a total of 14,645,000 feet of lumber came in during August, as compared with 15,800,000 feet during the month of July. Coast ports shipped 15,269,000 feet to San Francisco during August and 11,781,000 feet in July. Oregon and Washington shipments totaled 98,923,000 feet for August and 62,433,000 feet during July. The imports from coast ports and Oregon and Washington were by water and from interior points by rail. The total lumber imports for the month of July this year amounted to 88,074,000 feet.

It is claimed that a new herb named *Hylockrum* will transform the most inveterate meat eater into a vegetarian. No missionary should be without one.

## LAMM'S MILL

Modoc Point.

Dear Mr. Editor:

You stated in last week's paper that I was probably shot. You are mistaken. I am not shot—just half shot, but this is not my alibi for not looking after my journalistic enterprises. The facts are these: I was recently promoted to a foreman's position and was given charge of a wheelbarrow, pick and shovel, with the admonition to keep them busy and if you ever tried this sort of a job, you well know why my articles were not forthcoming. At night time I could only think of where I would like to consign all lumber correspondence and other concerns that use these articles. —a of Lucifer, and should I have been able to get my mind on other subjects my poor body would have refused to transcribe my thoughts.

So now, Mr. Editor, you have my excuse and under separate cover (in the same envelope, to save postage) I am sending you my weakly offering.

I am, sir,

Your obedient and overworked correspondent,  
RICHARD WASHBOURNE CHILD

The devil's to pay again in our fair city and ye scribe has again taken up the pen in valiant defense of virtue and righteousness. Just as we thought we had this town reformed and had prepared to retire from active journalism and live with a memory of a great deed nobly performed, a certain bunch calling themselves an association, start a "to be continued" talk-fest card game and have inveigled some of our best converts. It is a gambling game, pure and simple, for they hold out a bright and alluring hope in the form of a prize. These poor dupes fail to see that only one can get the prize and then it will probably be some article from the popular Woolworth store.

However, they are caught and hog-tied with a card party every other Friday night and all of our glorious work in undone through the machinations of the Parent-Teachers' association. Charley Driscoll, the earl of Richmond, Bill Spangler, Gus Ollin, Samuel Rutledge Strife and our benign and lovable Dan Crumap have all fallen with a heavy sickening thud. Bill Spangler's Sunday school has gone where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her young. In other words, Bill's Sunday school died a-borning and Red Pygmalion is lifting his voice in mournful wailing because forsooth he will never be choir leader now. Red's youthful ambition has been crushed. Oh, what a fall there was, my countrymen. Poor Red is fast becoming dissolute. Mac reports that he is now spending all his money for birdseed. Gus Ollin, one of our able lieutenants in our moral crusade, has so far forgotten his decency and self-respect that he actually stopped the Iron Swede long enough to brag about capturing his partner's ace, even if he did have to trump it. But we want to say this to those who have stood fast: Never fear, for we are in this fight to win and never will we lay aside our pen until righteousness does prevail. Look up the hills in the morning and when you see the sun rise in all its glory, remember what Mark Anthony said at the unveiling of the Bunker Hill monument, "God reigns and the city council of Klamath Falls still hibernates."

What was that one about the absent-minded professor who, building a dog kennel, cut one door for the mother and nine smaller ones for the pups?  
—Mountain Goat

Sweet Little Girl: What time is it?

In the orchestra of life there are many qualified to play the harp.

Secretary—A man was just in here to see you.

Boas—Was he tall or short?  
"Both. He was tall, and he wanted to borrow \$10."

Man works from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done.  
Sad but true—I greatly rue it,  
But why the Sam Hill don't they do it!

Married man: You have only yourself to please.

Benedit: Yes, but you know hard that is.

"And the Mountain labored and brought forth a mouse."—Mountain and mouse both doing nicely, of course.

A man who had not been seen by his family for two years, arrived at home recently. He has promised in future to walk from the office instead of taking a bus.

Joe College: Half past four; I won't be long till morning.  
Sweet Little Girl: Goodness, no, or'll be worried. I should have been in bed an hour ago.

# BETTER— but still not enough

Several correspondents this week snapped out of their daze and sent in items. We are particularly grateful to the Lamm's Mill correspondent as his timely communication came just in time to prevent the purchase of expensive mourning. We had planned on a funeral wreath to drape on the radiator of the Star, and such items cost money.

There is, however, still no word from Pelican Bay Camps. We know for certain that there are some turkeys there and at last reports the Johnston boys were still drawing pay. The camp may be snowed in—we don't know.

At any rate the primary purpose of this ad. is to again advise various and sundry that any having grievances against the Lumberlogue, or news to give it, may find the entire staff at his desk in the Herald office every Saturday night between the hours of 7:00 p. m. and midnight—and maybe later.

Those with news of any sort are requested to call—those with grievances may continue to write or phone.

Remember—if things are happening in your camp or at your mill, and if these things do not get the proper amount of publicity—

All you have to do to get action is to get in touch with

## The Lumberlogue