Dr. Thiers to Speak at Winter Luncheon

—Ellen Menown

We are honored to have Dr. Harry Thiers speak to our group at the 7th annual Winter Luncheon Sunday, February 4th, 1996. We are very excited that the renowned mycologist, author of several mushroom guides and retired professor from San Francisco State University, has moved to the Midwest and will be visiting us in St. Louis. Dr. Thiers' presentation will focus on mushroom hunting in California.

As in the past two years, this year’s luncheon will be at John Burroughs School in St. Louis County. Details will be sent in a special notice. If anyone can lend a hand with the event, please call Ellen Menown at home (314) 966-2045 or work 537-2700. Some have volunteered, but we need lots more! I would appreciate it if those of you who have already volunteered please let me know (again) since I will soon start delegating duties. We also welcome prize donations for the raffle. I’m looking forward to hearing from you and seeing you at the potluck luncheon where everyone has traditionally gone “all out” to fix a special dish!

Date Set for Madness

Organizer Jim Winn has announced the 5th Annual Morel Madness to be held April 27, 1996 at Meramec State Park. Dr. Tom Volk of the Forest Mycology Research Center in Madison, Wisconsin, will be special guest mycologist. An authority on morels and mad enough to fit right in, Dr. Volk will speak Saturday evening on the lifecycle, ecology and cultivation of morels.

A big crowd is expected this year following the airing on PBS of the video shot last year at Madness by MO Conservation Dept. Jim is giving folks notice now in order to make cabin reservations at Meramec for Friday and/or Saturday (call the Park after January 1, 1996—314- 468-6072).

At Mingo this year, Dr. Betty Ivanovich explained that some mushrooms are infants, some adolescents, adults, sick or just plain rotten. Listening intently, left to right, are Christy Beckmann, Anya Vicopal, Jim Vicopal, Sara and Chuck Yates.

The Year In Review and Things to Come

—Ken Gilberg

1995 was an exceptionally good year for the Missouri Mycological Society even though the mushrooms dried up after July. We’ve had more forays and special events than ever before. The last issue of the Earthstar, #41, came out in August, pre-Mingo, and a lot has happened since. I haven’t had a chance to thank the people who made the activities possible.

The last issue came out so fast I never was able to write up the Fête du Champignon at Malmaison and publicly thank Gilbert, Simone and Norbert Andujar for a spectacular event. We reprint in this issue Christine Bertelson’s article about the Fête with her permission.

Thanks to Don, Gordon, Leland and the Ferrills for leading forays. Sorry I couldn’t make it to those outings but I have had little extra time. I’ve giving beginning and intermediate courses in mushroom identification at Shaw Arboretum and several presentations on mushrooms to civic and garden groups from Louisiana, MO to Springfield, MO.

I was immersed in fungi from August to September. In mid-August, Joan Collins, Jay Justice and I drove to the NAMA foray in Minnesota. For more about that, read Jay’s article this issue. Jay didn’t tell about our week of camping out in a well-soaked Minnesota state park where we ate mushrooms with every meal. One memorable dish was wild rice with seven different species of found fungi. There were more mushrooms than mosquitoes!

Then there was Mingo. It’s always a Continued on page 3
The Hawnting
— Don Dill

If you missed the Hawnting October 22 at Hawn State Park and Pickle Spring Natural Area, you really missed it! Not that the hunting was so good, mind you, but rather, what a beautiful place, what a beautiful day and what a beautiful bonfire! It was practically a mob scene for a foray. Over thirty people attended, not counting a couple of youngsters.

Fortunately, Bob Beckwith came to the hunt and found six Grifola frondosa (one looked to be over ten pounds). Twenty members and friends showed up for the Saturday evening dinner after which we all headed for the campground and the biggest and best bonfire you can imagine, tended by Bob Beckwith and Steve Farr. Andrea Vadner introduced us all to the proper ceremony for appeasing the great mushroom god with a sacrificial polypore especially kept from the Mingo foray. (This will no doubt, insure a spectacular foray for the '96 Hawnting).

Jay Justice did his usual great job of identifying our finds (see accompanying list) and answering the many questions which we all had. Special thanks to Barkha Bullin for keeping the species list and also to the new members who help make this such a super event. It was a great foray, but next year will be even better! See you there.

Pickle Springs Foray Species—10/22/95
Amanita bisporigia
Armillaria mellea
Armillaria tabescens
Clitocybe fragrans
Collybia maculata
Daedaleopsis confragosa
Ganoderma applanatum
Grifola frondosa
Gymnopilus sp.
Hericium erinaceus
Hohenbuehelia petaloides
Laetiporus sulphureus
Lentinellus urinans
Lenzites betulina
Lepista nuda=Clitocybe nuda
Lycoperdon pyriforme
Mycena galericulata
Mycorrhaphium adustum
Polyopus badius
Polyopus mori = Favolus alveolaris
Rhodocybe mundula
Russula sp.
Schizophyllum commune
Trichaptum biformis
Xylobolus frustulatus

Hazlit Park Foray

Leland Von Behren lead this annual outing October 15, 1995. At this and many of our summer and fall forays, dry weather reduced both numbers and species. Grifola frondosa
Plateus cervinus
Polyopus radicatus
Schizophyllum commune
Peniophora rafa
Lepiota josserandii
Stereum ostrea
Armillaria tabescens

Book Report

“Our group is hungry for knowledge,” reports Gordon White, book chairman and fast talking pulp salesman. Gordon and company sold over $800 worth of books at Mingo. The full inventory of titles will be available at the upcoming Winter Luncheon, discounted 10-20%, including a few copies of Arora’s Mushrooms Demystified.

Mushrooms Pilfered at Mingo

“Someone must have needed a laugh pretty bad,” lamented Betty Ivanovich. The above beautiful specimens were taken from the display table at Camp Latonka this year.

Perhaps it’s time to spell out a few guidelines. Naw—I figure anyone intelligent enough be in this group knows better. Possession of a mushroom goes to the person who collected it, plain and simple.
MMS Responds to Request

In an article in *Earthstar* #41, Rod Tulloss requested donations toward the distribution of back issues of *Mycologia*, the professional journal of the Mycological Society of America, to institutions in developing countries and to supply funds for subscriptions in future years. Rod said that “the majority of all macro-fungi are undescribed and estimates are that more than 90% of all fungi are unknown to science.” At a brief meeting at Mingo, the MMS board of directors voted to donate $500 towards this good cause.

The Name Game

—Dick Grimm and Bob Burrell from the Ohio Mushroom Log

Mushrooming today is like inflation. People just getting into it just have to deal with it in its present form. If you don’t remember when hamburger was 39 cents a pound, you don’t realize that $1.69 is too much! If you don’t remember when *Chlorophyllum molybdites* was once *Leptia morganii*, you don’t realize that was three names ago! Most of you newcomers aren’t quite so confused because you don’t have all the baggage of past and present names hanging around in your skull. Ah, but your time will come!

I was reading through an old tome of Atkinson’s (one of the early dukes) the other day. I recognized the pictures but the names were all foreign. They had even changed by the time I got into it! Someone once said that a picture is worth a thousand words. In mushrooming, it’s worth a thousand names!

Did you ever decipher some of those goofy names? The one above is a good example. *Chlorophyllum molybdites*. Sounds like dirty diapers filled with something green! Yuck! And how about *Lepista nuda*? It is almost embarrassing; it sounds like the name of a skin flick. Probably features the Italian Stallion, *Phallus ravenellii*. *Schizopodium commune* sounds like living quarters for dingbats. Have you tried the new soft drink sensation, *Agaricus silvacola*? Did you ever see Mary Lou Retton do a forward, two-and-a-half *Gymnopus spectabilis*? Or how about Julia Child baking a *Panus torulosus*? What do you make of *Climacodon septentrionalis*? A drop in temperature at the end of summer, maybe.

My wife asked me why they keep changing the names on the toadstools. I told her it was because we had learned all of the previous names and there wasn’t anything else to do. She said that sounded reasonable (my wife is a workaholic).

The guy who came up with the names *Melanocella melalucus* and *Auricularia auricula*. He was in Sing Sing at the time with a case of heri heri. It was only learned later that he also had chronic hiccups. Speaking of illnesses, *Clitocybe odorata* could be a condition a good shower would remedy. Like *Verpa bohemica*—he’s a guy that not only smells bad, he’s got indigestion. The lady next door can never find the volume control on her hi-fi, *Stereum fruticulosum* I am sure.

I dare not even speculate on what’s wrong with the guy who has *Podaxis pistillaris*!

I thought this fella Melzer had the solution for everything, but rather than solve things, they got worse! No wonder, it turned out his solution was in a bottle. Anyhow you squirt this stuff on some spores and certain kinds turn blue. It allows you to see things better plus toadstools react to it in different ways. Two more excuses to change names! Its unmerciful! Ah well, at least the folks just new to this hobby can remain sane for awhile. But with the present use of the electron microscope it will just be a matter of time before we all end up in the *Schizopodium commune* with a good chance of contacting the blue spores.

Year in Review continued from p. 1

great time and there are many to thank for putting on one of the most enjoyable of mushroom events ever. Thanks to the presenters and guides: Dr. Walt Sundberg, Dr. Andy Methven, Dr. Betty Ivanovich, Brian Akers, Pat and Ken Olson, Jack and Marty Toll. Thanks to Barb O’Brien, Mingo chairman and our new high-powered secretary, Brad Bomanz. Kudos to the talented kitchen crew: Claudia Joyce, Linda Roby, Linda Mueller and the chief cook Cathy Barbetti. And much appreciation to everyone else who helped make Mingo a success.

At our gathering October 1 at Missouri College, Dr. George Kobayashi, professor in both the Department of Internal Medicine and Molecular Microbiology at Washington University School of Medicine, gave a fascinating talk on fungal diseases to about 15 members. I enjoyed hearing of Dr. Kobayashi’s thirty year investigation of some omnipresent fungi which, when immunity is hampered, can start growing in humans and can often be fatal. I hope Dr. and Mrs. Kobayashi can join us again. (Carol Hazelpin sent in an interesting article about the fungal disease mucormycosis. A little too long to reproduce here, the article is in Discover, January 1995.)

Special thanks to Don and Claudia. They organized the wonderful Hawnting, helped at Mingo and contribute regularly to the Earthstar.

I apologize for overlooking anyone here—thanks to all who help. Our society is growing, very active, and there is much to do. We don’t need money. We need people to help and who don’t want to be asked. Please volunteer.

The Future

What’s to be? Right now our yearly calender is nearly full with events from Missouri to Mingo. There is talk of several new events but so far no one has stepped forward to take control.

Ellen and I are flying out to San Francisco early December to visit the Mycological Society of San Francisco’s annual Fungus Fair and also attend their annual holiday dinner. I want to find out more about their culinary group and how it operates. I know there is interest in a culinary group here but I cannot lead it.

The idea of making chapter groups of the Missouri Mycological society may come to fruition. Phil and Erika Roos talked about forming a Jefferson City chapter. Karen Allen of Springfield, MO wrote to join MMS and see if a group had jelled in Springfield after my visit there. A number of folks would like to get forays happening in that area. It just takes someone to get the ball rolling.
Mingo Species List
September 22-24, 1995

DIVISION MYXOMYCOTA
Arceria sp.
Filigeri septica

DIVISION EUYCTOTA

SUB-DIVISION BASIDIOMYCOTINA

CLASS BASIDIOMYCETES
‘HYMENOMYCETES’

Order Agaricales

Family Boletaceae
Boletus bicolor
B. curtisii
B. caespitosus
Boletinellus meraloides
Gyrocarpus castaneus
G. purpuratus (?)

Amanitaceae
Amanita chloronosma
A. bisporigera (?) (A. verna complex)

Lepiotaceae
Lepiota acutaesquarosa
L. americana
L. clavipolaris (yellow form)
Macrolepiota procera (Lepiota)

Tricholomataceae
Clitocybe odorata
Collybia dryophila
C. maculata
Holotrubia phaeoloides
H. mastrucatus
Hypholoma drymun (Pleurotus)
Laccaria ochropurpurea
Lyophyllum sp.
Marasmius capillaris (on oak)
M nigrodiscus
M. strictipes
Mycolena gelericulata
M. alcinila
M. leatana
M. haematopsis
M. luteolens
Pannellus stipticus
Tricholopsis decora
Xeromphalina campanella
Xerula furfuracea
Chiotulus prunulus
Leuocopailus sp.
Callistosporum luteolivaceum

Hygrophoraceae
Hygrophorus soridus

Russulaceae
Lactarius camphoratus
L. imperceptus
Russula pulverulenta
R. virescens

Pleurotaceae
Lentinus tigrinus
Lentodotia squamosum
Panus striigrosus
Pleurotus ostreatus

Pluteaceae
Chameota spaerospora
Pluteus admirabilis
P. cervinus

Cortinariaceae
Crepidotus sp.
Crepidotus crocophyllus
Inocybe fastigiata
Gymnopus spectabilis
Phaeoamarasnas erinaceus

Paxillaeae
Phylloporus rhodoxanthus

Agaricaeae
Agaricus placomyces

Strophariaceae
Naematoloma fusiculare

Coprinaceae
Coprinus micaceus
Psynthrya sp.

Aphyllophorales
Auriscalpiaeae
Lentinellus ursinus

Cantharellaceae
Cantharellus sp. (undescribed)
C. lateritius

Clavariacea
Clavacorona pyxidata
Tremelloderden schweinitzii

Corticiaceae
Merulius incarnatus (Phlebia)
Phlebia tremellosus (Merulius)

Hydnaceae
Hericium erinaceum
Hericium erinaceum subsp. erinaceoides
H. americanum

Hymenochaetaceae
Inonotus dryadeus

Phaeolus schweinitzii

Fistulinaceae
Fistulina hepatica

Ganodermataceae
Ganoderma lucidum
G. applanatum

Polyporaceae
Boletipus griseus
Laetiporus sulphureus
Lenizites betulina
Polyporus dehibitus (?)
(Micropurrellus)
P. radicatus
P. varius
P. biennis
Meripilus giganteus
Ichnomera resinosus
Grifola frondosa
Bjerkandera adusta
Trametes vesicolor
T. elegans
T. conchifera
The recent slew of crispy, sweater days left my kitchen cluttered in found foods and my family as hungry as bears. Boxes of persimmons sat next to boxes of Missouri’s banana, the pawpaw, as they blackened to perfect ripeness. Black walnuts bombed the back yard. The intoxication of freshly harvested herbs delivered in brown bags by friends filled the rest of the counter space. Then the **Grifola frondosa** awoke. It must have been the walnuts dropping that startled the mycelia. On my morning walks, I’ve been mindful of their coming out from hiding. My friend Linda can cackle like a chicken and call a chicken of the woods right out of a stump, but the hen of the woods is a slyer, slyer breed, needing to be sought out through a heavy fall of leaves. Suddenly, there they were, clump after head after clustered mass of fleshy brownish delight begging for harvest.

Hen of the woods is a mild flavored mushroom with a firm, pleasant texture that lends itself well to the heartier dishes finding their way to our table. After cleaning the grass, bark, rocks and other debris, cut them into bite size pieces and include them in your pot of beef stew, Stroganoff or beef tips and onions. Hen of the woods sautes well with onions, butter and green peppers according to Larry Stickney. It’s been successful combined with a cream sauce ladled over pasta at our house. For a hearty fall breakfast, cook it with sausage and dish it up next to golden scrambled eggs.

An interesting feature of **Grifola frondosa** is that it may have properties useful in combatting AIDS. The National Cancer Institute’s Developmental Therapeutics Program reported the mushroom as having anti-HIV potential (MTJ Summer 1993).

This recipe for sausage-mushroom rollups comes from my poet friend Carole Cohen. She loves it because the recipe calls for puff pastry and the rollups make a quick disappearance at any gathering with guests whispering, “Who made that?” I love it because the recipe makes enough to freeze some to wow guests at a later date.

**Sausage and Hen of the Woods Rollups** (serves eight)
1 pound of Italian sausage
1 pound fresh mushrooms

4 tablespoons diced onion
2 tablespoons butter
8 ounces softened cream cheese
1 package puff pastry (e.g. Pepperidge Farms)

Preheat oven to 375°


Roll thawed pastry into 3 separate rectangles (8 x 10). They will be very thin. Spread sausage mixture evenly on the dough. Tightly roll each section.

Bake rollups at 375° for 25 minutes. Take from oven, cool and freeze OR finish baking at 425° for 20 minutes. Cut into 1” slices. Serve hot.

**Grifola frondosa in Insalata**

—Ken Gilberg

Just about everyone at the Hawnting asked for my recipe of this salad and Claudia said I could add it to her column. I got the recipe years ago from an old Italian I met while foraging the woods in Staten Island. I had found a couple of beautiful hens of the wood, and he told me how to cook them. Here it is—and enjoy!

Tear the mushroom up into florets (it has a form similar to a cauliflower).

Throw away only the toughest part of the stalk. Parboil the mushroom for a few minutes. This will cook it mostly and eliminate any bitterness. Drain.

Sauté the mushroom in some good wine vinegar until it is absorbed by the mushroom pieces.

Transfer to a bowl and add extra virgin olive oil, some whole garlic cloves, chopped parsley, some green olives and salt and pepper. Let it sit at least over night, then remove the garlic cloves. It will keep for a couple of weeks if not consumed.

**Culinary Group Cooks at Mingo**

—I really enjoy our culinary workshop at Mingo each year and this year was the best yet. On Sunday, after a weekend of collecting, about 15 of us go into the kitchen to learn from each other and, at the stroke of noon, present a petite lunch of taste treats for all.

Dishes were made from what we caught at and/or brought to Mingo: Beefsteak mushroom carpaccio; Beefsteak mushroom and onions; Warm chicken of the woods salad with sun dried tomatoes and apples; Chicken of the woods—creme de tarragon; Oyster mushrooms (Pleurotus ostreatus) Tuscan style; Gorgonzola, brie, sauteed shiitake and oyster mushrooms; Shiitaki and sulphur hodgepodge; Morels and wild rice; Spaghetti squash and chanterelles; *Pasta negra y azul*, pasta with black trumpets and blue cheese.

**Mushrooms for Breakfast**

—Ken Gilberg

In France the breakfast cereal *Wheaties* is not made from wheat but with thin dried slices of *Agaricus bisporus*. Yes. It’s called “the breakfast of champignons.”
Formidable! Chef Runs Kitchen With Passion, Panache

—Christine Bertelson from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, August 8, 1995

In Simone Andujar’s kitchen at Malmaison there are three inviolable rules:
1. No smoking.
2. No perfume.
3. No substitutions unless the customer has had a bypass.

“I cook with the cream, the butter, the cheese,” Simone said, nostrils flared, eyebrows arched. “This is my restaurant. These are my recipes. If you are dieting? Stay at home.”

If you choose to come to Simone’s restaurant in St. Albans, prepare to blow your diet—if not your bypass—in a big way. I recently chose to blow mine at the Fete du Champignon, a six-course banquet for 110 mushroom lovers.

The afternoon of the party, the temperature outside was 103 steamy degrees. Simone’s kitchen was the wrong place to seek relief from the heat. She instantly conscripted me to stand over a hot stove and stir the sauce for the civet de lievre, a traditional Provençale rabbit stew cooked in red wine, tomatoes and whole green olives.

Simone had been working for two days straight preparing the feast. Her husband, Gilbert, Malmaison’s manager, had concocted an ambitious menu: grilled portobello mushrooms and crimini mushrooms with spinach bechamel, poached Alaskan halibut in chanterelle vodka sauce, penne pasta with trumpet-of-the-dead sauce; rabbit stew with ceps and morels, an eight-green salad dusted with mushroom powder and Spanish flan with sweet candy cap mushrooms.

The night before the fete, Simone had broken down and cried. As usual.

“Whenver I do a big party, I get exhausted and I have to cry. Then I just leave. I go to McDonald’s, get a salad, go home and go to bed. The next day I am fine.”

Everything Simone learned about cooking she learned, in one way or another, from her family. She grew up in Marseilles, raised on bouillabaisse and garlicky soupe au pistou. From her father, a meticulous man who laid out his vegetable garden with the precision of a Roman aqueduct, she learned the importance of planning and the pleasure of rebelling against it.

Consequently, the ambiance of her kitchen is more Julia Child than Jacques Pepin.

From her mother she acquired a prodigious generosity in the kitchen, coupled with moral outrage against waste.

“When company came we put on the dog,” Simone said. “Then we ate the leftovers for a week. The first night it would be stew. The next night she would add some beans and water and it would be soup.”

Her brother, Claude, and her husband, Gilbert, taught her the rest. Still, there are gaps.

“I cannot cook eggs,” she said with a shrug. “I cannot bake bread. Baking is science. Cooking is an art.”

Simone’s first taste of American food was, predictably, a disaster. The newly wed Andujars had just arrived in New York City with one suitcase, no English and $20 between them.

For $1 they bought a sandwich and a root beer at an automat.

“It had the sweet pickle and the white bread and some kind of dried-up beef,” Simone said. “I threw up, naturally.

“I thought, ‘Americans eat this?’ I couldn’t believe it.”

Like her sublime sauces, Simone’s personality is earthy, colorful and complex. She talks incessantly as she cooks, shouting orders to her staff, whom she refers to collectively as “my dah-leengs” or “my beh-bees.”

Over time, the darlings have developed an instinctive feel for her moods, which can shift in a heartbeat from bossy to joyful to ferocious to loving.

Her work ethic—she is as inexhaustible and strong as an ox—puts those 20 years her junior to shame. That includes her titan son, Norbert, a bodybuilder with a taste for tattoos and earrings.

So what is it like to work for this formidable female?

“She thinks of all of us as her children,” said a young man chopping haricots verts into uniform lengths for the next night’s chicken dish. “That can be good, and that can be bad.”

“She definitely has a temper,” said another. “But whenever we do something wrong she yells at Norbert. She blames him for not teaching us the right way to do something. She can’t believe that if we knew the right way, we would do it the wrong way, which we probably did.”

In fact, teaching—not cooking—is Simone’s great ambition.

“I want these kids to make me proud,” she said, grabbing a darling by his apron strings. “I want them to say, ‘I work for this lady and she taught me something.’”

Memoirs of a Meandering Mycologist in Minnesota

—by Jay Justice from Arkansas Fungi

For the second time in NAMA’s history the Minnesota Mycological Society was the host club for a NAMA foray. The first time was in 1988. The 1995 NAMA foray had about 200 participants and was held at Bemidji State University in Bemidji, Minnesota. Bemidji is located in the northern part of the state, not far from Itasca State Park, one of the oldest state parks in the nation containing Lake Itasca and the headwaters of the Mississippi river. The foray was named the Mary S. Whetstone Foray in honor of the woman who founded the Minnesota Mycological Society in 1899. The theme of the foray was “Women in Mycology.”

The foray began Thursday night with lectures about plant communities and mushrooms expected to be found in the areas selected for the collection trips.

Daylight hours on Friday and Saturday were filled with lectures and field trips to nearby woods. Friday, I went on a foray to Lake Itasca State Park and got back to the campus in time to hear Coleman McLennaghan give a talk on the genus Pholiota. Saturday, I was a participant in D. Tom Volk’s workshop on polypores.

Others took in talks such as Dr. Hal Burdsall’s “Changing policies of the Forest Service toward collecting in National Parks and Forests”, “Mycorrhizal mushrooms of aspen woods”, “Biodiversity and conservation issues in the Midwest” and “The genus Tricholoma” by Dr. Clark Ovrebo.

Of course, the mushrooms on display were the reason many came to the foray. I saw and photographed mushrooms such as Tricholoma sulphurescens, (a pure white Tricholoma that stains yellow), Lactarius salmonicolor, (a beautiful Lactarius yellow-orange in color), L. deterrimus, (which has a pale orange-buff cap and slowly bruises green), and the small, but unique stalked tooth fungus (Aruticalpium vulgare) which grows on fallen conifer cones.

If you have never attended a NAMA foray, I would recommend considering doing so in the near future. NAMA’s forays always contain opportunities for its participants to see old friends again, gain new friends and learn a lot about mushrooms and mushrooming. To put it another way, if the motto of NAMA is “A world of wonder at our feet,” then surely the mission statement of NAMA’s forays would be “To teach people how to discover the fun in fungi.”
General Forest Health

—from Forest Health Update. Missouri Dept. of Conservation, Forestry Division

A variety of extreme weather conditions left a mosaic of stressed and vigorous trees. Bottom land areas along the Missouri and lower Mississippi were again flooded this year at depths in some places greater than the 1993 flood. Trees which survived the previous flood were left in a weakened condition and are now showing signs of severe decline. Symptoms include dieback, breakage, thin crowns, discoloration, butt swelling, bark sloughing and an increase in secondary insects and diseases. Overall mortality rates tend to vary with flood duration, such that rates of 20-30% are common along the western part of the state, while portions of the upper Mississippi saw up to 95% mortality. Sensitive species include all conifers (particularly white pine), dogwood, hard maple, hackberry, walnut, black locust, hickory and upland oak species.

Regeneration in these areas has been strong following the 1993 flood. Extensive spring rains the next two years have contributed to rapid growth and establishment of new stands of cottonwood, maple, sycamore, and hackberry. However, young trees were killed on sites flooded again this year. Seed sources, while not as high this year are still good, so a new stand is expected next year.

The southwestern portion of the state received no to little rain between July and October with temperatures during the period staying in the high 90’s. As a result upland species on dry rocky soils are demonstrating severe heat scorch and wilt. Understory species are particularly hard hit as well as black and scarlet oaks. Scorch patterns follow contour lines leaving, green healthy trees on broad flat ridges and brown trees along both the north and south upper slopes. Roughly 30% of the trees have greater than 50% leaf loss in these areas. Because the leaf loss is relatively late in the season, most trees will recover. Those severely wilted and those previously stressed may see higher mortality rates over the next few years.

Warm weather in March prompted early bud break across much of the state. Cold wet weather in April and May then slowed leaf expansion leaving a long period in between where new shoots were vulnerable to infection by foliar fungi. The result was extensive defoliation of sycamore, ash, maple, and some oak. Most sycamore lost 90-95% of their new shoots and had to refoliate this year. Expansion of earlier infection sites killed many of the secondary shoots resulting in severe stress. Ash and maple fared better. Symptoms were confined to severe leaf spotting with minimal shoot damage. Few trees refoliated, so stress remained manageable. The same extensive rains that slowed leaf expansion during the spring contributed to rapid growth during the summer months, particularly among upland species in the north and eastern parts of the state. Here tree sources are looking good. The only species in these areas suffering higher than usual mortality rates are Scotch pine, due to the expansion of the pine wilt nematode.

More Raves On Morel Book

The following review appeared in The Mycophile, NAMA’s newsletter, September-October. I was especially honored because it was written by the editor and well-published mycologist, Dr. Harold Keller, an expert on myxomycetes, the slime molds. No, there aren’t many edibles in that group, but they are fascinating organisms. Let me know if you’d be interested in a presentation by Dr. Keller. He says Mingo is a hotted for them and he would love to collect there.—K.G.

This booklet represents the observations and experiences of 60 years of actual hunting morels in the Missouri River bottoms and the surrounding bluffs in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska. If I could only afford to buy one book about where, when and how to find morels this would be the booklet. It is a gold mine of information on the ecology of morels. When I started reading this booklet I could not put it down. In the parlance of outdoor hunters it is a “keeper”. I thought I knew just about everything when searching for dying or dead apple, elm or cottonwood trees that produce morels since these trees are also the best trees for Myxomycetes. My forays for morels in Kansas and Iowa taught me some of the lessons and secrets that Thompson reveals but it pales in comparison to the information in the following sections of the booklet: Apples, Cottonwoods, Elms, and the elusive Morel: Dutch Elm Disease and Morel; Elephant Ears and Beestakes; Masters of Deceit in Favorite "Pea Patches"; Rain, Shine and Mycelium and Bonanza years.

For example, conditions under which morels appear in great abundance is dependent on the living state of the tree. Generally healthy trees with green foliage are not very productive sites but they become more productive as they die (elms and apple trees) and some are most productive after completely dying (cottonwood trees). Elms that are completely dead quit producing morels after several years and the condition of the bark is often a telltale sign. “Each tree has its own shape and texture of morel and they never vary from year to year around the same tree.” Morels generally appear earliest on the south forest slopes, then east, then west and finally the north slopes.

There are some tasty recipes of creamed mushrooms, fried morels, fresh morels in puff pastry, morel pasta, grilled morels with fresh herb sauce, and the coup de grace is the roasted breast of pheasant with foie gras filled morels, leeks and truffles. Unfortunately spring morel season does not coincide with fall pheasant season in the Midwest. This booklet should be on the bookshelf or in the backpack of every outdoor enthusiast who enjoys hunting mushrooms.

A Note from Tommy Thompson

I received this letter and a copy of his hunting diary. It’s too long to reproduce here but the bottom line is Mr. Thompson bagged over thirty pounds last season.—K.G.

Thought you might like to read of my exploits last morel season. I kept a day by day diary of my adventures and misadventures. It was a very cool year, but I did very well considering. The trees of the bushel trees have gone and I doubt whether they ever return.

Due to the death of my daughter, I am just now getting around to a lot of unfinished business. The pain is easing, but it will never quite leave me.

I am very lucky—my health is still very good for an old man. Have hopes of tramping through the woods again next spring.

Even two old hunters like Glen and I are still learning some of the mysteries of the morel. One never gets too old to learn if an open mind is retained. We had never heard from any of the natives that live ash trees would produce morels—we certainly know it for a certainty now.

Sincerely,
Tommy Thompson
Justice Miscarries in Iowa: 20 Years for Growing Psilocybe

Steven Pencall of the Los Angeles Mycological Society comments:

I read this sad letter in the Fall 1995 issue of Mushroom the Journal from a man imprisoned in Iowa for cultivating Psilocybe cubensis. It is here reprinted with the kind permission of Mushroom editor Don Coombs.

Although we may disagree about whether Psilocybe cubensis and other so-called "magic mushrooms" should be illegal, nearly everyone should agree that Lewis Atley's sentence is draconian to say the least. In law there is a concept known as "proportionality"; that is, that the punishment should fit the crime. Receiving a 20 year sentence for cultivating a mushroom which has never been conclusively shown to cause either physical or mental damage while other criminals serve lesser sentences for violent crimes such as rape, robbery, assault—even murder—can hardly be said to be "proportional." The possibility that he might be extradited to Florida to face a life sentence for cultivation is simply grotesque. Although his letter does not address all the questions one might have about his case, it does appear that a gross injustice has been visited upon Lewis Atley.

"At present I am in the Iowa Department of Corrections doing 20 years for growing Psilocybe cubensis. The actual charge was "manufacturing of psilocybin." As far as I can tell, there is no mushroom against the law. In any case, I believe I will not ever get to argue the law is vague, because I should get out on double jeopardy grounds."

My purpose in writing is because I will soon be taken to Florida to face a possible "life" sentence for growing P. cubensis—"cultivation of psilocybin." This is surprising in light of the Florida Supreme Court's ruling in Fiske vs. State. (If you are not familiar with this decision, let me know—I'll send you a copy.)

The reason I got convicted here in Iowa is that I was unable to hire a lawyer and trusted a court-appointed to argue the fact that no mushroom (or frog or morning glory seed, etc.) is listed as a controlled substance. But without an "expert witness" to draw out the facts needed to mount an argument, the jury found me guilty. This, even after every state witness admitted that no mushroom was listed.

I do not want to have the same thing happen in Florida. There will be no double jeopardy fluke to get me out of there.

What I am seeking is: a) Contacts of possible "expert" mycologists/botanists who can testify to not only mushroom facts, but to the large number of perfectly legal plants and animals that contain controlled substances in the Orlando, Fla. area (or close); b) Any information available on "mushroom law;" c) Any contacts who might be able to aid me in the Florida battle.

California now specifically has listed species and mycelia "capable of producing a mushroom" that contains psilocybin or psilocyn. As far as I know, no other state specifically does. While federal law mentions no mushroom, the federal sentencing guide does. Funny how they have a sentencing guideline for something not listed as illegal!

Is Florida trying to test, and maybe overturn, the Supreme Courts ruling in Fiske? It would be a shame if the only state with a positive ruling on mushroom law were to re-criminalize "mushrooms in their natural state" because of my case.

At present I am in touch with some mycologists, professional and amateur. After 21 years of professional cultivation, everyone I was close to abandoned me to rot—scared for their own safety.

The state of Iowa took my car, money, furniture, dishes, coffee maker and dirty underwear, leaving me without funds. But since they did it in a "separate proceeding" for the "same offenses," my 20 years here will be vacated because of double jeopardy, I hope.

It is strange that the police in Iowa didn't testify to the reishi, shiitake or other species that I was growing. They just said "not enough data to confirm a controlled substance in such and such a sample." Of course, their expert was a chemist and the only mushrooms they could identify are ones marked "Libby Button Mushrooms—Caps and Stems." And then they might not know if they are illegal. Thank you. I hope someone can help me contact some Florida experts to help."

Lewis Atley #1074758A
IMCC, PO Box A Oakland, IA 52319

Teluride—continued from page 10

Boletus edulis were numerous and weighed up to two pounds. Huge brown Cortinarius species grew everywhere and made one mourn that they were inedible.

On the last day of the festival, tables were laden with gourmet mushroom delights for everyone to sample. The perennial favorite had to be the chanterelle strudel—so delicious and so popular that I did not even get a taste.

To end a perfectly wonderful time, that last evening the Alchemy Rhythm Band combined hypnotic, psychedelic music with a light show which cast surrealistic colored geometrics on dancers under a mushroom spell.

Teluride is a wonderful little town. A far drive or an expensive flight, but once there it can be relatively inexpensive. Meals are included as part of the conference fee. Rooms can be had for as little as $40, $10 will get you a campsite at the town park. Pink bicycles can be used for free, furnished by the city to navigate the town.

Am I going next year? Yes, if I can build up those frequent flyer miles or find some drivers to share the trip.

In 1994, 789 million pounds of mushrooms were sold nationwide according to the United States Department of Agriculture. Ten years ago, a little more than 500,000 pounds were sold.
Two Mushrooms to Hunt in Winter

After a good soaking winter rain or a snow melt, you may commonly find oyster and winter mushrooms on dead and dying trees, downed wood or stumps. A good place to hunt would be river bottoms. Flooding in past years has killed many willows, cottonwoods and elms, all favorite hosts of them both. Of the two, the oyster is the better tasting and is often found in great quantity. Last year, Claudia found a tree with over thirty pounds! Though these mushrooms are easily distinguishable, always be careful. The deadly Galerina autumnalis can also fruit at the same time.

Both Flammulina velutipes and Pleurotus ostreatus have figured in anticancer activities, not reducing tumors in this case, but perhaps stimulating immunity in the host. (Source: Mushrooms, Poisons and Panaceas, Denis R. Benjamin, W.H. Freeman and Company, 1995)

Winter mushroom Flammulina velutipes

This is not considered as good an edible as the oyster but, as MacIvaine writes, “it is a valuable species, not only on account of its continuous growth, but because of its plentifulness and excellent substance.” This is the wild form of the cultivated enoki mushroom or enokitake, the pure white, thin-stemmed, small-capped mushroom often eaten raw on salads in fine restaurants. It is cultivated in darkness and hence does not develop the pigmentation of the wild version.

This description of the winter mushroom is from Walt Sundberg’s Mushrooms and Other Fungi of the Land Between the Lakes: “The texture of at least the lower part of the stalk is suggested by another often used common name—the velvet stem mushroom. The velvety stalk, viscid (sticky) cap, clustered habit on hardwood logs and stumps, and preference for the cool to cold temperatures of late fall and winter for fruiting are diagnostic of this white-spored mushroom.”

Oyster mushroom Pleurotus ostreatus

The oyster mushroom is a favorite edible that can be used in almost any recipe that calls for button mushrooms. The oyster is now commonly available in supermarkets but I find the taste somewhat bland compared to fresh wild specimens. When first picked it has a delightful anise scent and flavor which seems to disappear after a few hours. The oyster is further described in Walt’s Land Between the Lakes book: “Although the often fan-shaped, smooth cap may vary from nearly white to dull gray (sometimes with brownish cast), the white gills and lilac-tinged spores clearly distinguish the oyster mushroom. It can become 20 cm or more across. Some specimens have an eccentric (off-center) or lateral stalk, but normally it is absent. Gregarious to clustered and often overlapping on hardwood logs and stumps, it fruits in spring, summer, and fall, whenever rainfall is abundant.”

—Ken Gilberg

NAMA Collection Policy

There’s been a lot of talk lately about picking regulations, especially in the Northwest where mushroom collecting has become big business. The National Forest Service was looking to establish a picking policy and many NAMA members wanted a statement of where NAMA stood. At the foray in Minnesota the board made this proclamation:

The North American Mycological Association (NAMA) is a nonprofit organization of professional and amateur mycologists that includes over 65 mycological societies in the United States and Canada. NAMA is committed and dedicated to the promotion of scientific and educational activities related to fungi.

NAMA supports the protection of natural areas and their integrity. We advocate the sustainable use of mushrooms as a resource and endorse responsible mushroom collecting that does not harm the fungi or their habitats.

Dog Poisoned by Amanita phalloides

—From Mycological Society of San Francisco’s Mycena News, Sept., 1995

A dog was taken to the Lake Veterinary Hospital in Oakland, CA on August 21, after ingesting mushrooms growing in the backyard. Norm Andersen of the Mycological Society of San Francisco was called in to identify the mushroom and found it to be Amanita phalloides. The mushrooms were growing on a watered lawn under an oak tree. The dog did not survive.

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Wild Mushroom Conference-Telluride '95 —by Pat Shaw

Tucked away in the high Colorado mountains, the tiny avant-guard town of Telluride hosted the annual wild mushroom conference. The conference this year was the largest ever, over two hundred people, drawn from every area of the United States. The mushroom people were characterized by a local as "those very smart, weird people" unique among those other visitors to Telluride—the film makers, the jazz musicians, etc.

The first wild mushroom conference was held in 1974 in Denver in response to a growing concern about mushroom poisoning in Colorado. The conference moved from year to year until it found a permanent home in Telluride in 1980. 1995 marked the fifteenth year for this most unique and exotic mushroom festival.

It is more than mushrooms that makes this conference notable. In the words of Art Goodtimes, local organizer for the conference, "the Telluride Mushroom Festival dares to explore the furthest reaches of the social, psychological, and spiritual implications of mushrooms."

Thus the first topic, introduced by Gary Linoff, took the audience "through the looking glass" as Gary proceeded to trounce the taxonomy and classification of mushrooms which he had so carefully helped to build. He pointed out that taxonomy and classification were artifacts that existed for our comfort rather than in fact. Gary was like a playful child as he pointed out the immense complexity of the relationship of the mushroom to nature and to humans. Their changeability in different regions and the intricate symbiosis with other living beings ultimately defied simple classification.

Quoting frequently from Alice in Wonderland, Gary set the stage for other exotic topics introduced along the way. Topics such as "Psilocybin Mushrooms: Sacraments Leading to an Ecology of Consciousness" by Paul Stamets and "The Mycelial Mat and the World-Wide Web" by Ralph Abraham.

Stamets clearly communicated his enthusiasm and awe of mushrooms and their relationship to humans. Originator of the company "Fungi Perfecti," which sells everything one needs to grow gourmet and medicinal mushrooms, and the author of numerous books about the same, Paul has traveled the world investigating the care and feeding of mushrooms. "In our lab," he said, "I feel we are really the servants. Tons of mycelium like a giant synaptic web. Mushrooms, the great recycler. I wonder if we are not employed by the mushroom-being, enlisted in a holy mission." Paul pointed out that five new species of Psilocybe have recently been discovered—always in areas that have been ecologically compromised by man. Once a relationship has been set up between man and mushroom, man’s perception of nature is changed—changed from that of a taker, a dominator, to a steward, a protector. "Mushrooms are intelligent," he clearly said.

The mushrooms of Telluride were very beautiful and abundant. On daily forays into the mountains, mushrooms as big as plates were everywhere. Amanita muscaria, in bright red speckled caps, shone from alongside stream beds. Lizard-backed Hydnum imbricataums were tugged in the foliage like misplaced crocodiles. And the delicious Continued on page 8