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The Bulletin

A Publication of the
Boston Mycological Club
Since 1897

MYXOMYCETE POEM • A FAIR • TRICHOGLOSSUM FARLOWII
WHITE MOUNTAIN FUNGAL FORAY • FASCINATING DISCOVERY
MOREL OF THE STORY • RI BIOBLITZ • POISONING REPORT

*A publication of the
Boston Mycological
Club prepared
diligently, at times
relentlessly, by your
faithful Editorial
Board*

Zaac Chaves
Editor-in-chief

Susan Goldhor
Editorial advisor

Lawrence Millman
Editorial advisor

CONTENT
WANTED
Generously
submit your
contributions to:
BulletinBMC
@gmail.com

Summer is here and with it a glorious reprieve from drought. Mushrooms are plentiful. We are thus very excited to see these humid summers continue to nourish our forests.

This following issue contains many tidbits and tales to keep you and your friends amused. Remember to always keep *The Bulletin* out in the open for others to peruse. It ought not be stored in a drawer and certainly never discarded. If you must part with one, tuck it into a magazine stack at a nearby business, the more corporate the better. This will help us get many new members (and possibly some colorful letters to the editor.)

And you have continued to keep us impressed and, candidly, a little perplexed with the unique contributions in this issue. We have endeavored to fit this varied content in this *Bulletin* to the best of our abilities and hope you will enjoy the range of pictures, poetry, art pieces, and articles. Keep up your enthusiastic pursuit of fungi in all of their myriad forms. Every issue will be housed permanently in the Harvard Herbaria archives.

We encourage submission from any and all mycophiles and we make a concerted effort to publish from first time contributors.

The cover image depicts *Vibressea foliorum* photographed during the 2017 Rhode Island Bioblitz by Joe Warfel. We set a new record for fungi this year. You can read more about this remarkable foray in the article on page six.



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The Bulletin

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Letters To the Editor

Dear Editor,

I know I've never said this to you before so... Thank you for the latest issue of *The Bulletin*.

I can only imagine there is a lot of careful thought and consideration to editing and producing such a fine publication as *The Bulletin* has become under your guidance. Keep up the good work.

Thank you for your thoughtful layout in the current edition with my poem, *Leaves and Shadows*, opposite the page with a story of Larry Millman's. It is truly an honor to be published in *The Bulletin*... But opposite from L. Millman...twice an honor.

After seeing and reading my poem through our club's pub, I have had some near profound thoughts and feelings come to me. While walking in my favorite forest lately, but more correctly, a couple of weeks ago, I was overwhelmed by a sudden realization of how strongly I like and appreciate the study of mycology. It was only after the publication of my poem did these stirrings in me come to pass. I was impressed. The sharing of my thoughts through my poem brought me full circle in my own understanding of why I like studying mushrooms. I hope in my small way I have jump-started others into action.

You leave me

Shadowing you,

Jim McAuley

Hi Jim,

Thank you kindly for both your praises and diligent work and I am glad that you we could feature your piece in a way that gratified you. We too are grateful for your support. :)

Dear Editor,

I have gone to Russia to celebrate my grandmother's 100th birthday. She is a grand old woman who still goes into the woods to collect griby [mushrooms]. Yesterday she found a large batch of lisichka [chanterelles], which she told me was Lenin's favorite edible.

I'm writing to tell you that I'll definitely be back in time to attend Larry Millman's White Mountain Fungal Foray at the beginning of September. How could I miss it?

And how could I miss your presentation on dumpster diving there??

Spasibo!

Boris Arapov

Hi Boris,

I am impressed by you grandmother's legacy and very much look forward to seeing you at the foray. The talk is titled *The Ecology of Dumpster Diving* and will feature some of my more intimate scavenging/fungal mythologies some of which were recently published by University of Minnesota Press in the book *Fregans: Diving into the Wealth of Food Waste in America* by Alex Barnard.

Yours truly,

Zaac Chaves

Pleasant Peasant Musings

by Didier Gincig

Ah, to be a pleasant peasant
The presents this peasant pleases to enjoy are digging for potatoes
Foraging for mushrooms
Growing kale, chard, zucchini, and more,
Strawberries, blackberries, blueberries, raspberries
Merry days to toil enriching the soil,
This peasant's idea of a good time is gathering horse poop and maple leaves
Clippings and weeds
Participating in the miracle of creating conditions for alchemy for the Kingdom of Fungi
This pleasant peasant gives thanks for what he can't see

The conversations this pleasant peasant finds pleasant are about the land
Sharing virtues of what is done by hand
Shoveling in beauty I stand
Pleased to be an island peasant!

I don't want to be in the city, a lost peasant in a crowd
I don't want to be in traffic where no freedom of movement is allowed
Take me away from those city noises so loud
Drop me in the garden to harvest the bounty of food to both body and soul

I find my joys close to the ground
Where there are endless miracles to be found
Visible and invisible
Turning everything back to earth



The 2017 Rhode Island Bioblitz

by Lawrence Millman

At eighteen years, the Rhode Island Bioblitz is the longest running Bioblitz in the country, maybe even the world. This year's event took place on June 9-10 at the Snake Den State Park in Johnston, R.I., and true to its name, several denning ring-necked and garter snakes showed up on the premises.

Our fungal team, which consisted of Emily Schmidt, Ryan Bouchard, *The Bulletin* editor Zaac Chavez, Keith Cowley, and yours truly, documented approximately 100 species over the course of 24 hours. We would probably have gotten 150 species if there hadn't been so much rain in the previous weeks. For while rain may be good for fungal growth, too much rain inhibits that growth, soaking the ground and saturating woody substrates.

Not surprisingly, a number of the species were ascomycetes. After all, the spring is a prime time for asco fruitings. In the summer and fall, their mycelia are outcompeted by the mycelia of mycorrhizal species, but not in the spring. For me, the most interesting ascomycete was *Vibressea foliorum*, a small sub-aqueous species that grows on partially submerged oak leaves. We found a hundred or so specimens in a marshy depression, none more than an inch high. This is not a rare species, but simply an overlooked one.

The basidiomycetes were mostly meadow and wood inhabitants. A number of them were Little Brown Mushrooms that refused to be identified at the species level. One surprise was *Trametes* (= *Pycnoporus*) *cinnabarinus* growing on birch rather than on its usual substrate, cherry. We also found the aecial phase of *Puccinia coronata* growing on glossy buckthorn leaves. This yellowish-orange cup-shaped entity gives the lie to the notion that rusts can't be beautiful; and since it was growing on an aggressively invasive plant, it also gives the lie to the notion that parasites can't be beautiful, too.

All thanks to David Gregg and Kira Stillwell for choreographing the 2017 Rhode Island Bioblitz, and for their belief that species inventories truly matter!



See *Vibressea foliorum* photograph on the front cover of this issue.



Puccinia sp.
 Photographed by Joseph Warfel



Puccinia sp., Up Close
 Photographed by Joseph Warfel

From the Archives

Come everybody, gather round; get ready for a treat;
The subject of my discourse is

THE MYXOMYCETE

I grieve to say the history with scandal will be rife,
For every Myxo is compelled to lead a double life.
At first, in piles of rotten leaves, in sodden logs or stumps,
Pretending to be animal, it crawls and creeps and clumps,
Then, ere it shifts to fungous form, it seeks the outer air,
And if your eyes are keen enough you're sure to find it there.
As animal, the shape it takes we call plasmodium (1);
Bacteria and yeasts and spores serve as its pabulum (2);
It eats them all and goes its way and waxes fat and strong,
Nor ever wonders whether such behavior may be wrong.
Its lack of moral scruple is without a doubt complete;
No conscience has been noted in the Myxomycete (3).
Anon its fruiting stage begins. Before our startled eyes
It hastens to transform itself into a fungus guise.
With curious excitement all its veins become suffused,
Its nuclei meiotically divide and are reduced (4).
Into aethalium, sporange, or curved plasmodiocarp
The change is sudden, quick, abrupt, distinct, decisive, sharp (5).
It gleams as iridescent orbs (6) or waves as feathered plumes (7),
Or livens up a bit of bark with particolored blooms (8);
Or turns a dingy fallen leaf into a beauty-spot (9);
But some of them, I must confess, are not so very hot (10).
The firm peridium dries and splits and through each tiny tear
Each passing breeze releases spores by clouds into the air,
Until some capillitial tufts, an empty stalk or two,
Are all that's left to mark the place whereon the slime mold grew.
But now the spores have dropped by scores in humid cul-de-sacs;
There each small cell begins to swell and soon the spore wall cracks;



Image adapted from *Ślązowiec* (Mycetozoa) by Józef Tomasz Rostafinski (1850-1928). 1875. Retrieved from Biodiversity Heritage Library. www.biodiversitylibrary.org.

Out slips a protoplasmic globe which squirms a bit and then
 Develops a flagellum and thus swims beyond our ken (11).
 It eats, divides, and eats again, but soon there comes a time
 When food tastes flat, and life like that seems scarcely worth a dime.
 Each lonely little swarm-cell seeks to find a fitting mate,
 And round and round they dance in pairs, nor ever hesitate (12).
 They closer press, the clasp grows tight, and soon the two are one,
 The nuclei fuse, flagella are retracted, and it's done (13).
 This is the new plasmodium. The cycle now repeats;
 It joins with others, crawls around, and eats and grows and eats,
 And in its time it fruits again, and so the tale is told
 Of this, as every living thing, forever new, though old (14).

 The morals of my tale are neither many nor profound,
 And since they are the common sort that everywhere abound,
 I will not waste your time and mine by trying to expound --
 Just help yourself to what you want and pass the rest around.

1. Cienkowski, L. *Jahrb. wiss. Bot.* 3: 400-441. 1863. 2. Howard, F. L. *Am. J. Bot.* 18: 461-477. 1932. 3. Piffenpuffer, A. *Morality in lower organisms*. N. Y. 1891. 4. Wilson, M. and E. J. Cadman, *Trans. R. Soc. Edinb.* 55: 555-608. 1928. 5. Fairly so at any rate. 6. Cf. *Lamproderma columbinum* (Pers.) Rost. 7. Cf. *Stemonitis fusca* Roth. 8. Cf. *Badhamia utricularis* (Bull.) Berk. 9. Cf. *Diachea leucopodia* (Bull.) Rost. 10. E. g. *Brefeldia maxima* (Fr.) Rost, which looks like something you may step on in the cow pasture if you don't watch out. The genus was named by Rostafinski to perpetuate his feeling toward Brefeld. 11. Jahn, E. *Ber. deutsch. Bot. Ges.* 22: 84-92. 1904 12. Silcox, Ella Leila. *Love life in the Protista*. Phila. 1895. 13. Wilson and Cadman, l. c. 14. "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return." -G. W. Martin

Continued on page 10

The Myxomycete - A poem by G. W. Martin.

From the Archives

by Jason Karakehian

I will leave whatever pedagogy there may be on the subject of myxomycetes to Martin and his entertaining and instructive poem. For my own part, aside from a few introductory points on the subject, in this quarter's column I want to celebrate accident and the occasional benefit of habitual thinking (on my part) that, in this case, resulted in an unexpected rediscovery of this poem.

In January, I was looking at macro-photos of an unnamed organism that were posted to *Ascomycetes of North America*, a Facebook group that I subscribe to. The photos were by Kim Fleming, a skillful macro photographer from South Carolina who is interested in the natural history of any living thing that is smaller than two millimeters. They showed pale-brown bodies that looked like very tiny long-grained rice scattered haphazardly across the surface of some rotten wood. The bodies had a slit that ran from one end to the other, and opened to release miniscule, smooth, pale-brown, globular propagules that could be observed in light microscopy. Having a particular interest in groups of ascomycetes that share these characters to some degree - I wanted to examine what Kim had

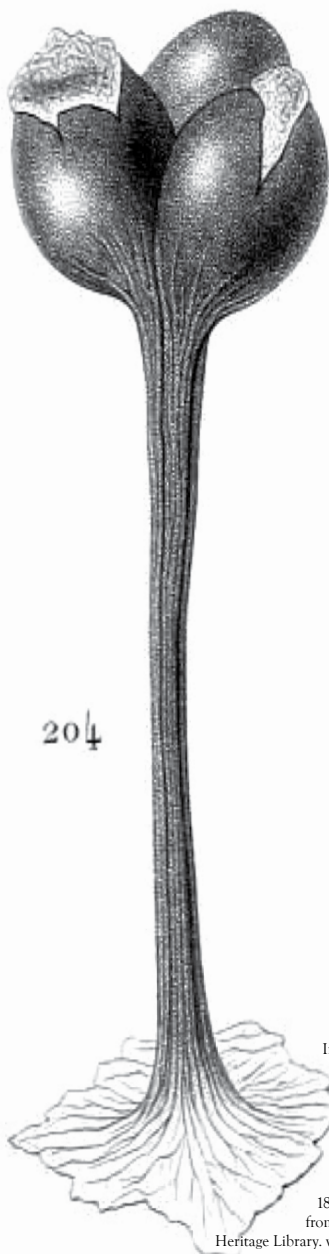


Image adapted from
Sluzowce
(Mycetozoa) by Józef
Tomasz
Rostafinski
(1850-1928).
1875. Retrieved
from Biodiversity
Heritage Library. www.biodiversitylibrary.org.

found. She kindly put a sample in the mail for me, but while this was in transit Kim worked the whole thing out with mycologist Steven Stephenson. They were not fungi at all but a slime mold, specifically *Licea biforis*. Slime molds are protists (like amoebae), and the term is colloquial for three not closely related groups of organisms: the myxomycetes (plasmodial slime molds), the dictyostelids (cellular slime molds) and the protostelids (protostelid slime molds) – each group characterized by particular developmental features. The myxomycetes are the largest, best known and most widely studied by amateurs. In one stage of their life-cycle, they look and behave in many ways as many fungi do; producing

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Licea biforis with *Perichaena depressa*(lower-left)

Photo by Kim Fleming, Donalds SC.

The Myxomycete; continued from page 11

fruiting bodies where spores develop and are released (Martin and Alexopoulos, 1969; Stephenson, 2010). They remain within the mycologist's realm of study by tradition; having been described in Pier' Antonio Micheli's (1679-1737) *Nova plantarum genera* of 1729, a treatise that is generally recognized as marking the birth of mycology, and they were classified along with gasteromycetes through the early 19th century until Anton de Bary (1831-1888) began walking them toward the door in 1866. It was de Bary's student, Joseph Rostafinski (1850-1928) who published in 1874-5 the first comprehensive monograph of myxomycetes (Ainsworth, 1976).

Having the name of Kim's find, I wanted to learn more about *L. biforis*. As I still haven't entirely internalized that one can simply query search engines for a fast answer for most questions, my instincts are to grab a printed book first, even when the laptop is open and right in front of me. Without thinking I leaned over and grabbed my copy of Stephenson's *Myxomycetes: A Handbook Of Slime Molds* (Timber Press, 2000) to thumb through and reference his description and illustration. I noticed a sheet of yellowed paper that had been folded in half and inserted behind the cover. The upper-right corner bore the stamp: "From the Mycological Reprint Collection of Frederick A. Wolf & Frederick T. Wolf," The paper was a memento from a trip that I made a few years earlier during a visit to the archives of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill for the purposes of

research on antebellum mycological correspondence between an obscure botanist from Boston and his Carolinian colleague. I was staying near the campus at the home of the University's retired botany librarian, Bill Burk, a mycologist, bibliographer and botanical historian. Bill is a man of subtle humor and a compact physique, and had probably handled more tonnage of books in his lifetime (as well as soil, mulch and stone in his exquisite garden) than I probably could in two. He also co-created the Triangle Area Mushroom Club (1982-2004) in the Chapel Hill



Myxomycetes: A Handbook Of Slime Molds
by Steven Stephenson and Henry Stempen

area (Burk, 2014). When the University decided to dispose of its mycological reprint collection¹, Bill salvaged it in hopes of redirecting some of it away from the recycling bin and into the hands of some interested organization or individual. When I arrived at his home it was impossible to avoid the stacks of boxes that occupied a good deal of square footage in a living room that would have been spacious if they weren't taking up most of it. He joked about my going through all of them, and I complained that I could not take another object into my life, and since neither one of us was kidding the other, by the next day I had a plan for going through at least three boxes every evening after supper until I left a week later. So every night I pulled dusty literature on fungi and biographies of dead mycologists, and drank beer with dirty hands as Molly the cat lounged on my stacks of keepers. In the end I shipped three heavy boxes back to Boston, and I spent the next week filing the reprints away in the basement "lab" and "library" at home.

The first lines on the paper that I had in hand:

Come everybody, gather round! Get ready for a treat!
The subject of my discourse is
THE MYXOMYCETE.

The next few lines:

I grieve to say the history with scandal will be rife
For every myxo is compelled to lead a double life.

As I read, in my mind the cadence of it fell immediately into an old-school hip hop beat, but having been weaned on classic rock, 80's pop, and then Goth in college, I didn't have the talent and it came off as cheesy science-rap. There was no name attached to the poem, and some lines had numbers in parentheses that referred to footnotes (or perhaps illustrations) that were not there. I could have typed a few lines into a search engine, but without thinking I defaulted once again to the analog pathway – I should directly ask a person who might have an answer or a

¹ Reprints, or off-prints, are a reproduction in pamphlet form of a particular paper that was published in a scientific journal. Usually an author could purchase a dozen or so from the publisher and traditionally they would be mailed out to libraries and colleagues, usually with "With the compliments of the author ..." or something like this appended to the cover page. The BMC archive had boxes of reprints and entire journals, such as *Mycologia*, in its holdings. These reprints and journals were additional literature and supplementary to the more generalized books in the Club's library. When I became archivist some years ago, the low-hanging fruit in my efforts to organize the archive was the Club's reprint collection, and since nearly all of this material is now available online, or in the Farlow Reference Library of Harvard University, I culled these and disseminated them to the membership through our annual Christmas "Duff Sale" and ultimately to the recycling bin if there were no takers. In this way the Club archive now contains only original documents, and is a fraction of the size of its former bulk.

Continued on page 14

clue. I brought the poem in to the Farlow Herbarium and Reference Library at Harvard to ask our Club's science advisor, Donald Pfister, who directed me to his long-time colleague, Meredith Blackwell, an expert on myxomycetes who had earned a Ph.D. in their study under thesis advisor Constantine John Alexopoulos (1907-1986) at the University of Texas, Austin. She recalled that the poem may have been connected to mycologist George Willard Martin (1886-1971) who was at the University of Iowa for nearly a half-century and who was a leading authority on myxomycetes. Martin had collaborated with another Iowa professor on the subject in the 1920's and '30's, Thomas Huston Macbride (1848-1934) and with Alexopoulos in 1969 (Lentz and Benjamin, 1971). Furthermore, Meredith suggested that the poem may have been reproduced in a Mycological Society of America (MSA) newsletter. After finally querying the first few lines of the poem online I got an immediate hit. Indeed, the poem was by Martin and published complete with footnotes (and Martin's interesting commentary) in the December, 1960, MSA Newsletter, Vol. 11(2): 38. It is reproduced here by permission of the MSA and the editor of *Inoculum* (the current name of the Society's newsletter).

I don't know why the copy of the poem that I salvaged from Chapel Hill did not contain footnotes or the author's name, but examining it closely now, I see that it appears to be typed and not printed. Furthermore, there are a few minor inconsistencies in punctuation from the version published in the MSA newsletter.

Meredith emailed me the following charming story, which gave me the idea that the poem could be the subject of my next column. It is reproduced here by her permission.

I've been looking through letters from way back ~1966 in this case. Here is the acknowledgement from the author. I had extra time with Martin, because on the way to the lab, on a day he was staying with Dr. Alex [in Austin], I passed Dr. Alex's car at the side of the road with a flat tire. He had a really old car. I headed to the nearest service station and found him and Martin. Dr. Alex had me take him to the lab and entertain him until he got in to the lab. I completely forgot I had a copy of the poem, but it's probably the reason I had an inkling who wrote it.

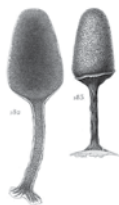


Image adapted from *Śluzowce* (Mycetozoa) by Józef Tomasz Rostafinski (1850-1928). 1875. Retrieved from Biodiversity Heritage Library. www.biodiversitylibrary.org.

Meredith also supplied scans of her copy of the poem along with an accompanying note that is printed on University of Iowa, Iowa City, Botany Department letterhead. These documents indicate Martin wrote the poem around 1943. It is fitting to close this quarter's column with Martin's own words of collegiality to her, which again, she has kindly allowed me permission to reproduce here.

15 April '66

Dear Mrs. Blackwell:

The enclosed treatise was written nearly a quarter of a century ago, so do not expect it to reflect more recent developments.

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed my brief visit to Austin and my appreciation of the friendliness I found there.

Sincerely yours,

G. W. Martin.

Acknowledgments: Jaclyn Jones, Bill Burk and Meredith Blackwell for reviewing my manuscript.

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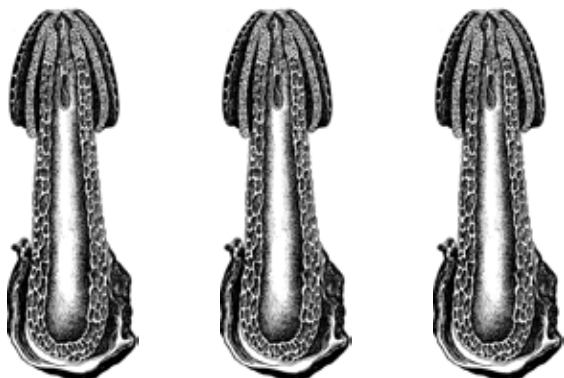
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George Willard Martin (1886-1971)

This photograph was taken in 1946, three years after he wrote *The Myxomycete*.

Photograph courtesy of the Archives of the Farlow Reference Library of Cryptogamic Botany. Harvard University.



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Mushroom Apocalypse: A Book of Fungal Fiction

Whimsical, satiric, and sometimes even outrageous, *Mushroom Apocalypse* is Lawrence Millman's 16th book and the first ever book of mycological short stories. In its pages, you'll encounter (among other characters) a pair of foodies who contemplate eating a mushroom cloud, the Dalai Lama as a magic mushroom aficionado, and a Russian czar named Ivan who's a terrible mushroom identifier.

The book can be obtained (postpaid!) by sending a check (or cash) for \$16 to Lawrence Millman, P.O. Box 381582, Cambridge, MA 02238. Be sure to ask for an inscription!



Cover Image *Mushroom Apocalypse*
by Lawrence Millman


The Fourth Annual White Mountain Fungal Foray

by Lawrence Millman

I would like to extend a hearty invitation to BMC members to take part in this year's White Mountain Fungal Foray, to be held September 1-3. Mycophiles of all types, from absolute beginners to individuals who can distinguish one species of *Russula* from another, will be present at this event. As in the past, we will be focusing mostly on fungal ecology (what is that mushroom doing in its particular habitat?) as well as on taxonomy (what, in fact, is that mushroom?).

This year's roster of experts will consist of yours truly, *The Bulletin* editor Zaac Chavez, Pioneer Valley Mycological Society director Dianna Smith, and master chef Luke Smithson, but it will also include two new individuals, Tom Bigelow and Jennifer Talbot. Tom is the President of the New York Mycological Society and an excellent field mycologist. Jennifer, who teaches at Boston University, is studying the effects of climate change on fungi. Indeed, she'll be giving a talk on how climate change is affecting fungi in New Hampshire.

Unlike other forays, where registrants are billeted in urban dormitories, the White Mountain Foray takes place at the World Fellowship Center in Albany, New Hampshire, where you can step outside your abode and immediately be surrounded by (not concrete!) mushrooms. And if you get tired of mushrooms, you can always go canoeing or kayaking on Whitten Pond, which is no more than a ten minute walk from your abode. Of course, you can always go hiking in the nearby White Mountains, too.

Here's a special offer for BMC members: a select person will have his or her registration free waived and also get 20% off their room and board. If you'd like to apply for this scholarship, please write me a brief letter outlining your interest in fungi. My email is: L.Millman@comcast.net> For further information about the White Mountain Fungal Foray, contact the World Fellowship Center at 1-603-447-2280 or visit their website at <http://www.worldfellowship.org>. 



A View of Mount Chocorua From the White Mountain Fungal Foray
 -, The Bay State Monthly, Volume 3, No. 2, published May 1885, released February 2006, via Project Gutenberg.

MushroomLog

By Christopher
Neefus



\$4.99(on iTunes)
 Version: 1.3(4)
 Size: 26.9 MB
 Rated 4+

Description

MushroomLog is a feature-rich iPhone App designed to keep track of when and where you find wild mushrooms. You can log single observations, like when you spot a chicken-of-the-woods during a drive along a back road, or you can use it to track where you go and what you find on a mushroom walk with your local mycological club. In addition to mapping the location of each observation, it lets you record the common name and scientific name of the mushroom, what the mushroom was growing on, the habitat where you found it, how plentiful they were, and how confident you are in your identification. You can save pictures of each mushroom. The App builds a database of your foray locations, where you walked on each foray, each mushroom observation you made, and the pictures you took. Later, you can retrieve and map the track and observations from your walks or search your observation database by species, location, a range of dates. Getting Started tutorials and a complete User Manual are available on the MushroomLog support site.

The 2015-16 Mushroom Poisonings Report

by Susan Goldhor

Chalk it up to my days on the editorial board of a (mostly) medical journal, where I was the only non-MD on the Board, privileged to enjoy many luncheon meetings where such appetizing topics as brain abscesses, radiation sickness, rare tumors, unnecessary amputations and so forth were discussed in detail. Only once (it was the brain abscesses) did I have to hastily excuse myself and run out of the room. Now, at a safe distance, I regard it as preparation for what some might see as an unseemly interest in bodily dysfunction. Which brings me to the topic of mushroom poisonings.

Every year or so, Dr. Michael Beug publishes his summary of those poisonings available publicly from North American Poison Centers and makes that summary available through NAMA. It goes without saying that I batten onto Michael's writings on this topic like a vulture onto a fresh corpse. They're fascinating, stemming as they do from the confluence of fungal chemistry and human stupidity; two topics which allow one to plumb limitless depths. You can imagine my excitement at seeing his report for 2015-16 appear on the NAMA website – or maybe you can't.

There are two things to keep in mind as you read.



Amanita bispori

Robert(the3foragers). 2014. CC BY-NC-SA 3.0

t

First, because of very incomplete reporting, with more on the internet and less from official sources, Michael is talking about less than 10% of all US poisonings. (*Amanita* reportings are probably the most complete because of these species' extreme toxicity and fame.) Second, the term *poisoning* covers a spectrum ranging from gastric distress to death. If the sufferer ate a mushroom, felt queasy and went to the ER, it's reported as a poisoning.

Michael divides his report into two sections: those who consumed (either accidentally or on purpose) poisonous species, and those who experienced adverse reactions to normally edible species. You will not be



surprised to learn that the *Amanitas* (which actually rate an entire report of their own) are the stars among the species known to be poisonous. The most toxic group, which includes *A. phalloides* and *A. bisporigera*, claimed 20 victims in 2016, causing one death and three liver transplants. Serious, although not deadly, poisonings from *A. smithiana*, which resulted in kidney damage and hospitalization, were suffered by foragers who thought they were picking matsutakes. (NAMA's *The Mycophile* showed how to distinguish these two species in the first 2017 issue.)

And did you know that several small *Lepiotas* contain amatoxins and have caused deaths? I didn't know this, but it is suggested that the entire family be avoided.

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Chlorophyllum molybdites is a pretty consistent poisoner each year, with at least two people mistaking it for *Coprinus comatus* this time. To quote Michael,

...if you ignore the over-all shape (broad and squat versus tall and slender), ignore the gill color (white becoming greenish versus pinkish becoming black) and a few other differences (moderately spaced versus crowded gills, meaty versus soft textured, etc.), you too can enjoy a few days of vomiting and diarrhea with the added bonus of chills, headache, salivation and excessive perspiration. Of course other people who consumed this mushroom consumed it because it was growing in their yard and they assumed that anything so delicious looking ... must be there for them to enjoy raw ... Those people learned that consumed raw, these mushrooms are even more vicious than when consumed cooked. Their vomit and diarrhea was quite bloody.

There are always poisonings from misidentifications. (Give yourself a hearty pat on the back for being smart enough to join a mushroom club. And now you know why we place so much weight on learning how to identify the darn things.) Some of these cases of mistaken identity are difficult to comprehend, such as the surprising number of folks who ate *Scleroderma* species thinking they were eating *Lycoperdon* or *Calvatia* spp. puffballs or (do they have noses? do they have taste buds?) truffles. There were also four incidents of poisoning by Jack-o-Lanterns (*Omphalotus* spp.), which were mistaken for chanterelles. As Michael says,



Chlorophyllum molybdites (G. Mey.)

Schwartz, Christian. 2012. CC BY-NC-SA 3.0 via Observation 95905 Mushroom Observer

When your 'Chanterelles' are growing in a large clump, and especially if you note that at night you can read by the light of your 'Chanterelles', it is best to assume that you have made a mistake in your identification and consuming the mushrooms will be an enormous mistake, but one from which you will recover — eventually.

I've met only one person who experienced such poisoning and he was violently ill for days. He was young and healthy. The effects on a child or a very old person may be lethal; an elderly woman who was one of those who consumed *Scleroderma* almost died.

All of these cases were accidents stemming from misidentifications. When it comes to the mind-altering species, we get into more purposeful consumptions, although the results can be just as devastating. Michael notes a psilocybin case where

...police were called to an apartment building to deal with a man who was destroying the apartment in his hallucinatory state. He fell to his death from the third floor window while trying to elude the police.

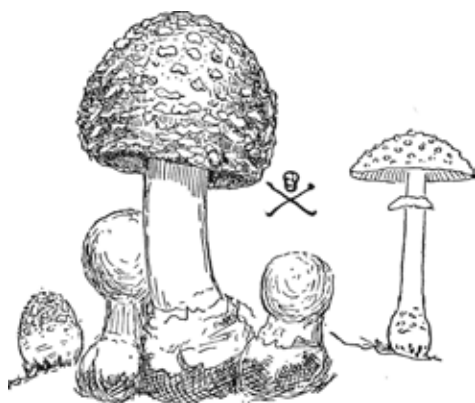
(This is not the first case of such psilocybin-fueled behavior.) Another group of hallucinogenic species is *Gymnopilus*; especially *G. spectabilis*. However, Michael interviewed a couple who became violently ill; hoping to get high, they had consumed the wrong species. A similar case involved eating a *Cortinarius* species thinking it was *G. spectabilis* (known familiarly as "big laughing gym").

Moving to normally edible species, undercooking (or no cooking) was responsible for a number of poisonings, as was the consumption of old and somewhat spoiled mushrooms. (Honestly? If you were so lucky as to get enough *Hydnum repandum* for a meal, would you store them in the trunk of your car for a week before cooking and eating them as one deservedly miserable subject did?) And, at least one person was poisoned by consuming cooked *Suillus* that had been frozen raw. (Just today at a Farmers' Market, a BMC member heard a potential customer insist that if the mushroom farmer there didn't give him a taste (raw), he wouldn't buy the product. I'm happy to report that the farmer passed up the sale.)

Keeping in mind that mushrooms are veritable cornucopias of weird chemicals and can cause idiosyncratic reactions in certain individuals (as can gluten, lactose, shellfish, strawberries, etc.), such as the well known rash that raw shiitake causes in about 5% of the population, with some folks developing a rash just from handling raw shiitakes, we probably should not be surprised that occasional poisonings were reported for a wide range of mushrooms that you and I have eaten and enjoyed

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Seton, Ernest Thompson. The book of woodcraft. 1912 via Flickr Commons: Internet Archive Book Images



asymptotically. Presumably we cooked them well and ate them while fresh, but so did some of the sufferers — we just had the right personal biochemistry.

Michael has strong feelings about morels:

As has frequently been the case in the past, *Morchella* species were cited in so many cases that were they not so delicious and so commonly eaten, I would be tempted to call morels poisonous (and have everyone send their morels to me for proper disposal). For most people, morels are definitely poisonous raw or only lightly cooked.

But in addition to those who ate raw or lightly cooked morels, there were a number of cases where people eating cooked morels became ill. I don't plan to give up on morels; there are far more of us eating morels safely than are having bad reactions. But there are also those who definitely tempt fate,

Consumption of a meal reported to be of morels, *Helvellas*, and *Gyromitras* led to the person vomiting fifteen times. Another person who consumed 'morels and *Gyromitras*' vomited and had abdominal pain.

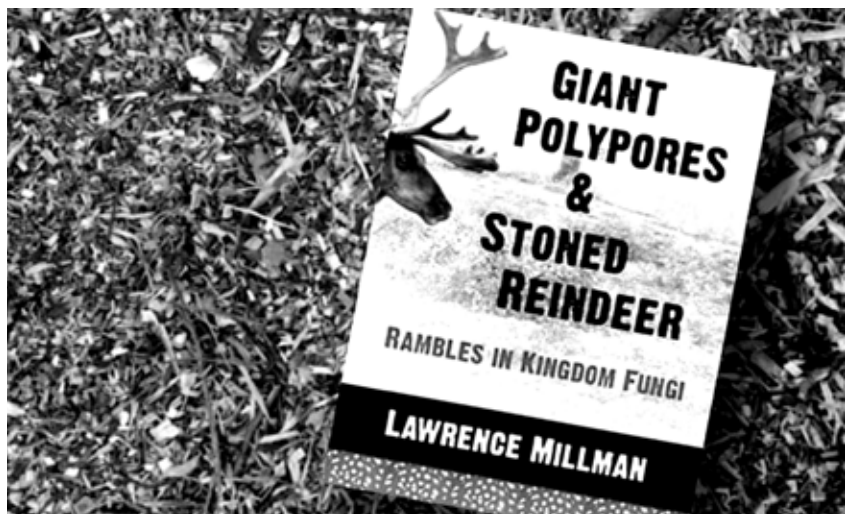
Gyromitrin is a toxin analogous to rocket fuel. Though its admirers claim that boiling drives the toxin off (what other toxin can poison the cook?), each year sees deaths from this delicious mushroom whose toxin is stored asymptotically in the eater's liver until it reaches lethal levels whereupon . . . yup. You guessed it. And *Helvellas* are not much better; hard to ID and likely to contain gyromitrin, although in smaller quantities.

And finally, for the dog lovers among you, every year the greatest number of deaths from mushroom poisoning are of dogs. Dogs (especially puppies) tend to take everything in their mouths and to swallow

most of that. Dogs seem to find *Amanitas* attractive (people who have eaten them also say how much they enjoyed the meal, prior to their liver transplants); are likely to eat their mushrooms raw and often spoiled (what do you expect from an animal that thinks manure is a treat?), and since most dogs weigh a lot less than most people, it takes a lot less of any poison to form a lethal dose. Keep an eye on what your dogs pick up from lawns or woods, and be prepared to quickly pull any mushrooms out of their mouths.

A very special thanks to Michael Beug for spending so much time and effort to amass the nation's mushroom poisoning cases, year after year and — of course — for giving me so much innocent pleasure by doing so. The above is a summary of what I considered the most salient points. Should you wish to read the full reports, you can do so at: http://www.namyco.org/toxicology_reports.php

And keep in mind those Monday evening ID sessions in the Herbaria, after every foray!



Giant Polypores and Stoned Reindeer

Giant Polypores and Stoned Reindeer has gone into a second edition! To get your signed copy of this remarkable book of fungal musings, send a check for \$22 (postpaid) to:

Lawrence Millman
P.O. Box 381582
Cambridge, MA 02238

A Russian Mushroom Fair

by Lawrence Millman

Stephen Graham was an early 20th century English travel writer whose books focused mainly on Russia. I commend those books to you, but the reason for this article is the chapter entitled “A Mushroom Fair in Lent” that appears in his book *A Vagabond in the Caucasus* (1911). “The pious Russian eats no meat in Lent,” observes Graham. So what does that individual eat? The answer is...mushrooms, of course.

Graham begins his description as follows:

About mid-March the Moscow peasants’ Mushroom Fair takes place, and there is a grand turnover of greasy roubles and copecks at that busy market. The country peasant has awakened from his winter sleep to go on his first adventure of the year, for as yet his fields are deep in snow and Jack Frost will not be vanquished for another month. The mushrooms that, with the help of his wife and children, he gathered in the autumn are all frozen together in the casks at the back of his izba [log dwelling]... The track of the road is an even wilderness of snow. Yet the peasant who comes to this fair [in his sledge] battles gaily forward.

Now Graham himself arrives at the Fair with his Russian companion Nicholas:

We kicked our way through the deep snow on the uneven ground, with the merry crowd laughing and chaffering. There we found many fat, rank, jolly, laughing Moscow women buying, sampling and tasting, dipping in a huge vat of soaking mushrooms and taking a Rabelaisian mouthful from a great wooden spoon, or holding a dripping yellow-green mushroom between a fat thumb and forefinger. There were also women in charge of the stalls – peasant wives, laughing, healthy women. The wind blew fresh against the rosy cheeks of a gay crowd, for the market was truly half a revel and a game... What an array of clumsy casks, all these full of very mushy-looking mushrooms soaking in oil or vinegar. Then there were the chains of dried mushrooms, tied as we tie daisy-chains in England.

Graham finds a mushroom-toting vendor who lives in the vicinity of Tolstoy’s estate and, hoping for some first-hand information about the novelist, asks, “How is Tolstoy?” The man’s unintentionally funny answer: “Who is Tolstoy? A wrestler?”

And here is how “A Mushroom Fair in Lent” concludes:

Happy, rude, contented Russia! All these old-world folk are like grown-up

children playing shop with mushrooms! What careless laughter rings about the snowy fair; what absurd wit and earthy humour! Crowds of jokes are about — mostly of the low Chaucerian kind. Indeed, one cannot help asking how much this fair has changed since the fourteenth century.

The reader himself cannot help asking why our own North American mycological events are not one thousandth as much fun as the fair Graham describes in his book....



Fig 21. - Costume of a Vilain or Peasant, Fifteens Century, from a Miniature of "La Danse Macabre," Manuscript 7310 of the National Library of Paris. Lacroix, Paul, Manners, Custom and Dress During the Middle Ages and During the Renaissance Period. Paris, Curator of the Imperial Library. Released Feb 4, 2004. Via Project Gutenberg.



Trichoglossum farlowii

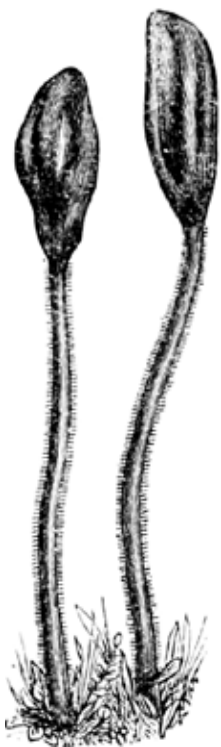
Who's in a Name

by John Dawson

Trichoglossum farlowii (Cooke) Durand, pictured on p.515 of Bessey's and Fischer's *Mushrooms of Northeastern North America*, is one of several black earth tongues that can be distinguished from one another only through microscopic examination. Its specific epithet (and that of at least 28 other species listed in the *Index Fungorum* database) honors William Gilson Farlow (1844–1919), a pioneer American algologist and mycologist for whom the mycological herbarium and library at Harvard University are also named.

Farlow was the son of a prominent Boston businessman who was active in public life. His father served in the Massachusetts legislature, was at one time president of the Handel and Haydn Society, and was active in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. William shared his father's interest in music and natural science and was an outstanding student in the Boston public schools and at Harvard, which he entered in 1862. An accomplished pianist, he was urged by John Knowles Paine, professor of music at Harvard and a prominent early American composer, to become a professional musician. But instead, Farlow became a protégé of the botanist Asa Gray (author of *Gray's Manual of Botany*), who advised him to obtain a medical degree, since it was difficult then to earn a living as a botanist. Farlow heeded Gray's advice and entered Harvard medical school in 1867, the year after he received his B.A.

An outstanding medical student, Farlow “won a coveted appointment as surgical intern at the Massachusetts General Hospital” at the end of his third year of study.¹ But though he fulfilled his internship brilliantly and received his M.D. in 1870, Farlow never wanted to practice medicine, and so returned to Harvard to work as Gray's assistant, succeeding Horace Mann. He spent the



Trichoglossum

Engler, A. et. al. *Die Natürlichen Pflanzenfamilien* nebst ihren Gattungen und wichtigeren Arten, insbesondere den Nutzpflanzen, unter Mitwirkung zahlreicher hervorragender Fachgelehrten begründet. 1897 via Flickr Commons: Internet Archive Book Images

¹ This quotation, and most of the information about Farlow herein, is taken from the lengthy obituary memoir of him by his student William Setchell, which appeared in the *Biographical Memoirs of the National Academy of Sciences, U.S.A.*, vol. 21 (1926), pp. 1–22.

summer of 1871 at Woods Hole working on marine algae, and during his two-year assistantship “introduced the study of the lower cryptogams into the Harvard curriculum” – an innovation in American education. He then spent the next two years traveling in Europe, where he visited herbaria and met many of the greatest botanists of the day, including J.G. Agardh, “the founder of phycological taxonomy” (who later bestowed the name *Farlowia* on a genus of marine algae that Farlow had collected and brought to him); Elias Fries; and Anton de Bary, in whose laboratory in Strassburg Farlow spent much of his time.

On his return to America in 1874 the Bussey Institution in Boston appointed Farlow instructor in cryptogamic botany – the first such appointment ever made in the United States – and there he “laid the foundation of American phytopathology”² through a series of publications on fungal pathogens, including “potato rot, diseases of oranges and olives, . . . downy and powdery mildews, . . . black knot [and] onion smut”.³ He moved to Harvard in 1879, and there built up the cryptogamic herbarium and library and instituted the serial publication *Contributions from the Cryptogamic Laboratory of Harvard University*, which continued through forty issues.

In addition to his research achievements, Farlow had the reputation of being a fine teacher in the Socratic tradition. Though very demanding, he was witty, had an encyclopedic recall of the botanical literature, and was “esteemed as a delightful companion and a charming host.”⁴ He was, however, very short in stature – so much so that “his own worktables and desks were made so low ... that no one else could work at them comfortably”; and since he was never able to “accustom himself to a secretary or to a typewriter,” his extensive correspondence was carried on in a “scrawly hand” for which he himself apologized.⁵

Farlow gave up undergraduate teaching in 1891 and graduate instruction in 1896, devoting himself thereafter to research, including the extension of his bibliographic compilation “Host index of North American fungi”, which had appeared in 1888.

In 1900, at the age of 56, he finally married. No descendants are mentioned in any of the memoirs of him. His legacy was rather through his research and teaching, and the collections that he built up, organized and administered.

2 Quoted from the article on Farlow in the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

3 Setchell, *op. cit.*

4 DAB, *op.cit.*

5 Setchell, *op. cit.*





Melanoleuca verrucipes(above)

Image provided by Lawrence Millman

Melanoleuca verrucipes(below)

Sage, Tim. 2014. CC BY-SA 3.0 via Observation 463931 Mushroom Observer



A Fascinating Discovery

by Lawrence Millman

One evening in early June BMC member Ben Maleson phoned me, and in an excited voice, he said, “I found a really unusual mushroom in the mulch just across from Walden Pond. I spent several hours trying to identify it, and I think it’s *Melanoleuca verrucipes*.”

I knew the species only by reputation. Gary Lincoff was scouting out a site in Western Pennsylvania for his eponymous foray, and he found a single specimen growing in mulch. And Michael Kuo remarks on his website that it’s the one *Melanoleuca* species that’s not an identification nightmare...for reasons that will soon be clear.

The day after Ben called me, I headed out to Concord and investigated the mulch near the imitation Thoreau cabin across Route 126 from Walden Pond.

Hallelujah! as the late, great Sam Ristich would say. For I soon found several hundred large fleshy mushrooms. While Gary's lone specimen was three centimeters in diameter, and while the South Vancouver Island Mycological Society's (SVIMS) key to *Melanoleucas* indicates that specimens of *M. verrucipes* don't exceed eleven centimeters in diameter, a few of these specimens were fifteen centimeters in diameter or more.

So it was that I collected several of the specimens and brought them home either to confirm or deny Ben's ID.

Morphologically, they matched the descriptions of *M. verrucipes* in the mycological literature. In older specimens, the thick-fleshed caps broke into irregular patches; the broadly adnate gills were white when young, but slightly pinkish with age; and — most significant — the stipe had black scabers that were very similar to the scabers on a *Leccinum*. Indeed, no other *Melanoleuca* is quite so scabrous! Also, the Walden specimens had an odor that was somewhat reminiscent of a bitter cheese rind.

Microscopically, the specimens fit the descriptions in the literature, too. The spores were 7.5-10 by 4-6 microns and ornamented with very fine amyloid warts; the cheilocystidia were 30-70 by 8-12 microns and fusiform; and the cap was hyaline in KOH.

The SVIMS key indicated that fruitings of *M. verrucipes* can sometimes be "gregarious in the extreme." This was certainly the case here. As for the large size of the specimens, that would seem to be the result of a seldom documented aspect of fungal growth: if a substrate is sufficiently rich in nutrients, fruiting bodies can exceed their normal limits. Far exceed those limits, in fact. Several years ago, I found a 30cm. *Bjerkandera adusta* growing on a stump. This is a species that typically doesn't get any larger than three or four centimeters in diameter....

M. verrucipes has been found far more often on the West Coast than on the East Coast, although it's not common there, either. Could the species have arrived on mulch imported from the West Coast? Or could it have arrived from one of the several sites where it's now been documented in Pennsylvania? Maybe, but it's more likely that it came with imported plant material, a much-appreciated method of travel by fungi. Indeed, a Walden gardener told me that many of the plants I was seeing, while native, were brought in from elsewhere.

Ben's discovery would seem to be first documented instance of a *Melanoleuca verrucipes* fruiting in New England. Which proves that you don't need to go far afield to find rare or unusual fungi — you can find them more or less in your own backyard.



The Morel of the Story

By David Babik

Last week, I found myself examining the bin of fresh corn at Stop & Shop, hoping to spot some Corn Smut peeking out of one of the husks. I asked myself, “Has my fungus obsession crossed some kind of line?” The answer was probably yes, but, what the heck? Could be worse.

For the last three or four years, my friends and I have scoured countless trails and old apple orchards in April and May, searching for those elusive morels. Our success rate has been close to zero, especially if you don’t count an occasional *Gyromitra*. The internet is flush with photos of mountains of them from places like Illinois and Georgia. (Not to mention Gary Gilbert showing his West Coast slides of him laying on a mound of morels) So, how can it be that they are so hard to find in Eastern MA? I guess, it’s true, location is everything. I gradually came to the conclusion that maybe the best option would be to just give up and head West. Not just Western MA, (although that would definitely increase my odds), but really West. The question became, how could I make such a trip a reality?

Then it dawned on me....My Wife went to school in Ann Arbor, Michigan and she still has friends in the area, most notably her college roommate and family in Toledo, Ohio. These folks have become friends of mine over the years and would probably be happy to have us come visit. In addition, my wife’s birthday is in the second week of May, Morel season! Trying to be as nonchalant as possible, I posed the query, “How about if we visit your old roommate and her family for a birthday trip this year?” I’m fairly sure that my she knows me well enough to immediately look for an angle. I have to say, my wife deserves a lot of credit for putting up with my endless ten mile-per-hour detours down dirt roads and non-stop theorizing about where mushrooms may be popping. Nevertheless, I always approach things as if my clever schemes are not transparent.

Soon calls were being made to Toledo, plans were starting to come together and all was looking good for a trip to the Midwest. In fact, her roommate announced that she and her husband would love to go out morel hunting for the first time. Of course, this was purely coincidental and had absolutely nothing to do with the barrage of emailed pictures of morels or the “morel progression” maps, showing morels moving slowly North, that I had been regularly sending them.

Another obstacle to overcome was getting my mushroom knife, basket and other gear to Toledo. A long discussion about the hassles of

plane travel ended up with a decision to drive out by way of upper NY state. By this point, I'm pretty sure that my wife was onto me but she was still kind enough to play along.

As we were packing up to leave on May tenth, a friend sent me pictures from a small town in upstate NY where morels were supposedly popping up all over. Luckily, that was just about the right distance for a stopover to spend the night. They even had a nice Hilton Inn, right off the highway with adjacent conservation land.

After a hot breakfast at the Hilton Inn, I suggested a short hike before hitting the road. A mile or so into the woods, there were no signs of morels, and we needed to head back to the car. However, it turned out that they were just hiding. As we rounded a bend in the trail we had just come in on, there it was. My first real morel. A beautiful fresh yellow morel, peeking out from the leaf litter in a patch of golden sunlight. Two more were right nearby. Even my wife, clearly no longer pretending not to be fully aware of what I was up to, was caught up in the thrill of the moment.

I can't begin to count the number of times that I took the morels out of their wax bag to just stare at them, between the time we found them and when we cooked them up that night in Toledo. They were delicious and a great start to a fun weekend, because, in the morning, we were scheduled to hit the trails with a local morel hunter with decades of experience.

Whenever I am going to be traveling, I search the Internet for local mushroom clubs. I usually become a member and look through their website for tips on the area and foray schedules. Joining the local club is generally inexpensive (Michigan Mushroom Hunters only charges six bucks for an out-of-state member). Even if you don't manage to attend a walk, you'll still receive their club newsletter and often access to digital back issues. I currently belong to at least seven or eight different clubs.

After becoming an official member of the Michigan Mushroom Hunters, I emailed Antoine Delaforterie, past president and long-time club member. His lengthy response was full of tips on morel hunting in the area. He also graciously offered to take us out since the club had no scheduled forays the weekend we were coming.

We met up with Antoine the next morning at a parking area adjacent to an extensive trail running along an old railroad line. He was easy to spot with his woodsman's safari hat, hiking boots and big cigar. For some reason, you can always recognize another mushroom hunter even if they are not carrying an Easter basket.

Continued on page 34

Antoine explained that his method involved everyone piling into one car, driving several miles down the trail, then walking back to where we started and then taking the other car to a point even farther down the trail. By “leapfrogging” with our two cars, we could avoid cov-



This is a picture of myself along with our guide, Antoine Delaforterie
Image provided by David Babik



Massachusetts Morels
Image provided by David Babik


ering the same stretch of trail twice. Once we hit the trails, our sole focus was to spot dead elm trees. He explained how to spot the perfect elm. The elm's growth pattern is distinctive and the shape is further accented by a slight curl to the tips of the young branches. If a tree was almost dead, that would not be sufficient. I lost count as to how many times we would fight our way through heavy brush and stinging nettles to sadly discover that our "dead" elm still had one live branch, sprouting leaves. It was also essential that the tree not be *too* dead. If all the bark was falling off, it was probably too far gone for morels to grow.

At last we found an elm tree with just the right degree of death. Sure enough, there were beautiful fresh morels at the base of the tree and the outlying area. Antoine encouraged us to fan out around the tree because morels can sprout many feet from the base of the tree. The bigger the tree, the farther they can spread. I assume this is true for many fungi growing in association with particular type of trees.

We walked at least six or seven miles that day and never hit a mother-load. However, we ended up with enough morels to call the day a success. (Antoine was kind enough to toss his morels in our basket too). It was a great experience and a good example of the benefits of connecting with local mushroom enthusiasts.

At this point, I should mention, as we scoured the Michigan woods, my friend back home was repeatedly texting me photos of baskets filled with morels she had picked in Massachusetts. (Granted, she was in the Berkshires, but that still counts as Massachusetts.) I guess I have to admit that maybe there are some morels back in our state too.

Of course, two days later on the return trip, I was suddenly hit with the idea to go for a hike in the Berkshires. We found a beautiful trail in Tyringham, MA. As fate would have it, the top of the trail led to a long-abandoned apple orchard, the perfect spot for morels. We found zero morels there but lots of poison ivy. Luckily, on our way back down the trail, my wife spotted a flush of huge half-free morels to add some excitement to the day.

I guess I'm not sure what the moral of the story is, but it might be to always try to connect with the local mushroom people when you are away from home. They tend to be a generous and welcoming group of folks that are, more often than not, happy to help you experience mushrooming in their territory. And remember, if anyone from a far-off place comes to Massachusetts, don't be afraid to offer to take them to your secret spots. Just remember to always blindfold them for the ride. 

If you're planning a trip to Maine Michaeline Mulvey of the Maine Club, has generously offered an invitation. To find out where and when the Mainers are foraging, you can email David Babik <dbabik@rcn.com> to request that club's pdf newsletter with their foray list.

Eagle Hill Courses

There is one fungally themed Eagle Hill Classes left in 2017. Keep your eye out for next years schedule. If any courses here appeal to you and you are willing to bring information back to the BMC in 2018 we encourage you to apply for 2018's BMC The Eagle Hill's Scholarship.

Sept 7	Mushroom Microscopy
to Sept 10	Michaeline Mulvey and David Porter

Surrounding Forays

If you're going to be in **central NH**, you might want to contact Rick van der Poll <rickvdp@gmail.com> who runs forays in the Sandwich area.

If you're planning a trip to **Maine**, the President of the Maine Club, Michaeline Mulvey, has generously offered an invitation. To find out where and when the Mainers are foraying, you can email me, Bill Carroll <wm.l.carroll@gmail.com>, or David Babik <dbabik@rcn.com> to request a pdf of that club's newsletter with their foray list.

Our Website

<http://www.bostonmycologicalclub.org/>

This is an incredible resource created with the generous patience and extraordinarily talents of Scott Shaffer. Among past lectures and other resources you can use your account to readily view digital back issues of *The Bulletin*.

Free App From Chris for BMC Members

BMC members who email Chris (Chris.Neefus@unh.edu) will be given a code for a free download for iPhone (or iPad) only; not Androids.

The Next BMC Bulletin Wants Your Work

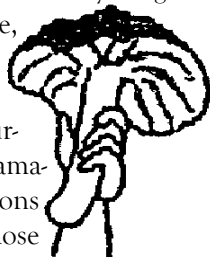
Please submit any and all contributions before **October 1** 2017.

We Want You to Lead a Walk

The BMC is always looking for new foray leaders to lead our Forays. We have streamlined the process, and it is easier than ever. Walk leaders welcome members, distribute maps, and help break down the ID table after the session. This is an excellent job for a new member to learn more about mushrooms and meet other members- no ID experience required. Please contact Bill Carroll for additional discussion at BMCForayCoord@gmail.com. Thanks everyone!

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Calling for submissions regarding the pursuits of amateur mycologists: we can receive these in any form from those who write, draw, and capture digital images. We need the utmost generosity of all your expressions to accurately reflect our passion. Remember, *The Bulletin's* most explicit purpose is to broadcast the grandest expressions of the amateur: those vital mycological pursuits whose motivations are far more various, and often profound, than those who pursue for money.



Generously submit all contributions to BulletinBMC@gmail.com

Hibbett Lab Exclusive BMC Offer

If you have a cool but mysterious fungus that you would like to ID, but can't make it to the Monday night ID sessions in Cambridge, please consider bringing it to the Hibbett lab at Clark University. We can't promise to put names on everything you bring in, but we are always happy to look at interesting finds from current BMCers. If you would like to consult, please get in touch by e-mail (David Hibbett: dhibbett@clarku.edu) and we can try to find a time to meet.

Since 1897

The front of every issue of *The Bulletin* reads "since 1897" and there has been some confusion over what this refers to. It's not the club. The first Bulletin was published on a single-page type-written document in 1897. To achieve this marvel of technology and organization took the 1895-founded BMC two years.

Membership for 2017

We invite any interested person to apply for membership. One of the ten best holiday gifts (refer to minutes from the BMC Hygiene Committee, May 11, 1896). Join the BMC online using PayPal or by mailing a completed Membership Application to

Brett Maguire (BMC Membership Secretary)

111 Williams St. Apt. 2

Boston, MA 02130

Annual Dues

\$20.00 - Individual member

\$25.00 - Family membership (all at one address)

\$10.00 - Junior member (individual under age 21)

Applications received after November 1st will include membership into the coming year.

The Fourth Annual White Mountain Fungal Foray

This year's White Mountain Fungal Foray will again take place at the World Fellowship Center in Conway, New Hampshire. It will occur during Labor Day Weekend Sept 1-3. Lawrence Millman will be the chief mycologist and coordinator again. This year he will be joined by Tom Bigelow, Dianna Smith, master chef Luke Smithson, and *The Bulletin* chief editor Zaac Chaves. For more information or to register, call World Fellowship at 1-603-447-2280.

Bower, F. O.; Wardlaw, C. W., Botany of the living plant, London, Macmillan and Co. , Ltd. Published May 1947, Page 460. Digitizing Sponsor: MBLWHOI Library, via Project Gutenberg.



Of Interest to Mushroom Foragers in Connecticut

AN ACT AUTHORIZING THE TAKING OF MUSHROOMS AT STATE PARKS AND ON OTHER STATE PROPERTY

Substitute Senate Bill No. 129

...the commissioner shall authorize any person to take mushrooms from any lands under the control of the commissioner provided such taking is for personal use only. The state shall have no liability to any person or the heirs or assigns of any such person who engages in the taking of mushrooms from any lands under the control of the commissioner.



To Take Effect October 1, 2017

UPCOMING EVENTS

July-October
Most
Weekends

The BMC's Weekend Walks

This list is available via the BMC website

July-October
Most
Mondays
7-9pm

BMC Monday Night ID Sessions

Harvard Herbaria Seminar Room. Look for email announcements. We will have open access to the BMC's Library while we endeavor to place more accurate names on our recent specimens.

Sept 1-3
Labor Day

Fourth Annual White Mountain Fungal Foray

World Fellowship Center in Conway, NH.

Contact:

<http://worldfellowship.org/>

Sept 1-4
Labor Day

COMA Annual Clark Rogerson Foray

Hemlocks Center, Hebron, CT.

Contact:

<http://www.comafungi.org/special-events/clark-rogerson-foray/>

Sept 7-10

NAMA Annual Foray

Hosted by NAMA and Britt Bunyard
Wisconsin. Registration is full.

http://www.namyc.org/nama_2017_northwoods_foray.php

Sept 16

Gary Lincoff Mushroom Foray

North Park, PA

<http://wpamushroomclub.org/lincoff-foray/>

Nov 4

Friends of the Farlow Event

Lecture and Reception

All BMC members are automatically Friends of the Farlow, affording you special privileges.

Nov 5

Annual BMC Banquet

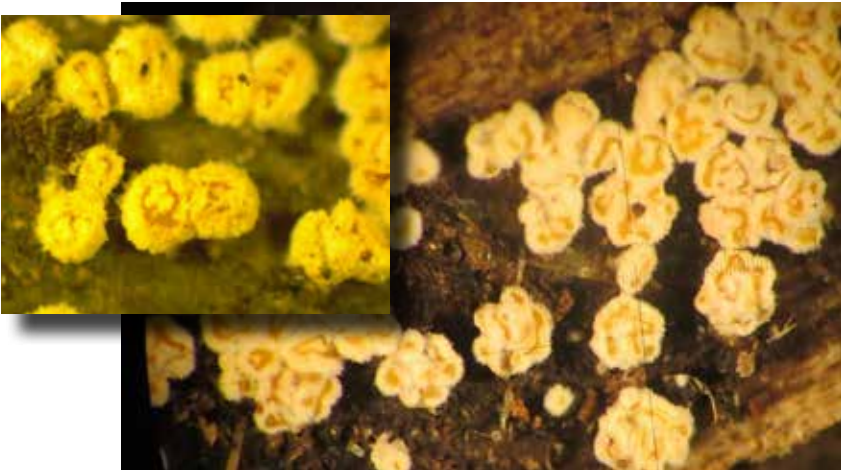
Join our efforts in sharing all regional mycology related events with
BulletinBMC@gmail.com

Mystery Fungus



Dear Mycophiles, The Mystery Fungus in the previous issue of *The Bulletin* was the ascomycete *Proliferodiscus earoleucus*, native to the southeastern US and Europe. The dramatically enrolled margin is diagnostic. As for the current mystery fungus (see photo above), it is commonly found in these parts and inhabits wood. The first person who correctly identifies it will receive a free copy of one of my books. Send your answers to: BulletinBMC@gmail.com Lawrence Millman

Photograph by Lawrence Millman



Proliferodiscus earoleucus
Image provided by Lawrence Millman