



*Hygrophorus russula*

# NJMA NEWS

New Jersey Mycological Assn.

## NOV-DEC 1988 Vol. 18 No. 6

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payable to N.J.M.A. to Grete  
Turchick,

NEWSLETTER  
DEADLINES: Feb. 10, April 10, June 10,  
Aug. 10, Oct. 10, Dec 10

### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- |         |  |
|---------|--|
| NOV. 6  | CHANGE OF VENUE & DATE see announcement below.   |
| NOV. 12 | Culinary Group Dinner - see inside   |
| NOV. 13 | First winter meeting - Toadstours 1988, a mushroom tour of Scotland and England by Sue & Geoff Kibby |
| DEC. 28 | Talk by Dr. Homola, Millington Fire House - see inside for details.                                  |
| JAN. 8  | Winter meeting, SCEEC, Photo contest and election  |
| FEB. 5  | Winter meeting, SCEEC, Mycophagy   |

# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

The meeting originally planned for November 6th has, due to unforeseen circumstances, had to be shifted to Sunday November 13th. The meeting place has also been changed. Instead of meeting at the Somerset Environmental Education Center we are meeting at the Millington Fire House at the usual time of 2.00pm. A map for directions is on page 2 of this issue.

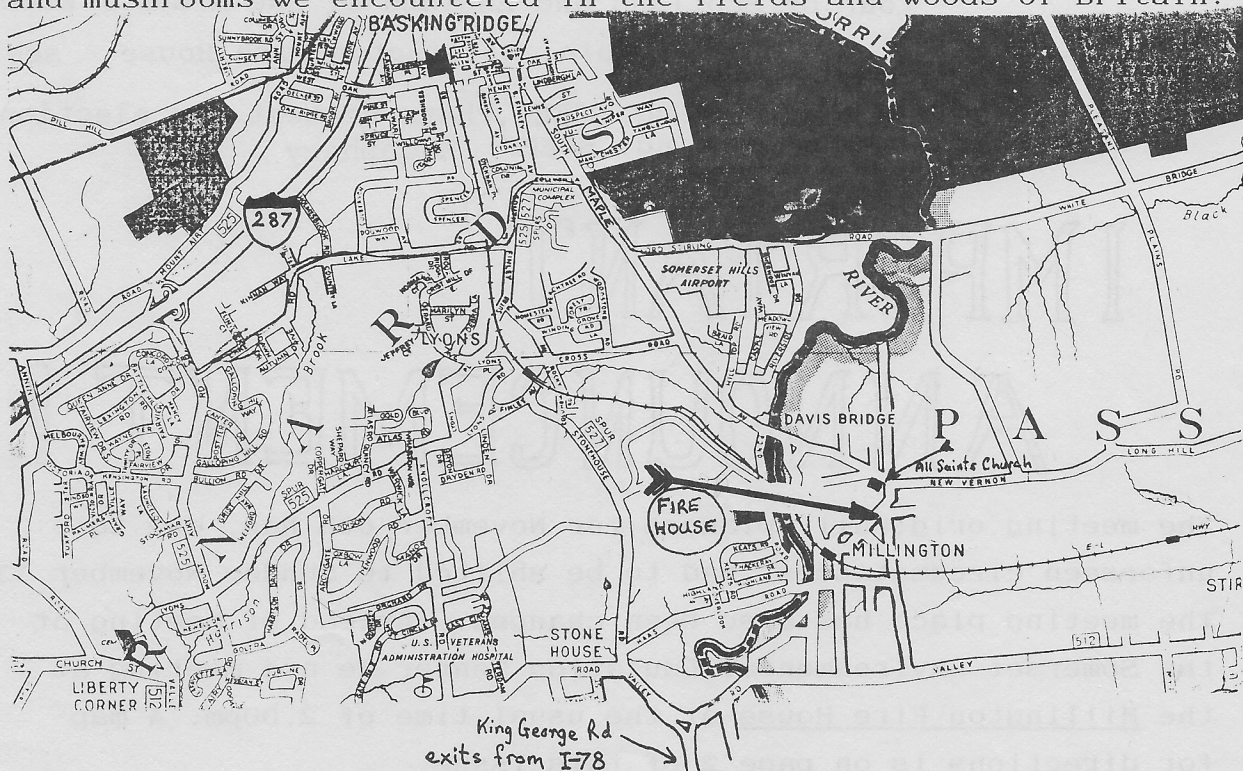
**WELCOME!**

If you are one of the many new members who have joined our club either at our recent Fungus Fest day or after attending one of our mushroom forays then this will be your first newsletter as a member. As the editors of this journal may we extend our warmest greetings to you all and our hope that you will enjoy its contents. Remember, the newsletter reflects its membership and we always welcome any contributions, comments, artwork or other input. Please do not hesitate to contact us at any time. We look forward to meeting you in person at a forthcoming meeting and sharing our joy in this fascinating subject with you all.

NOVEMBER 13 - First Winter meeting. Millington Fire House 2.00pm.  
"Toadstours 1988, Mushrooming in Scotland & England."

Don't forget slides due for contest!

In September of this year Geoffrey & Susan Kibby led a small group of NJMA members on a mushroom expedition to the mountains and glens of Scotland and then down through England's Lake District and finally the ancient woodlands of southern England. This trip through time and space encompassed woodlands whose history stretches back 2000 years and more, mushrooms of sub-arctic mountain tops, scenes and landscapes straight from the canvas of Constable and Landseer; more edible mushrooms than anyone could hope to cope with and of a size to beggar the imagination! Share with us some of the scenes and mushrooms we encountered in the fields and woods of Britain.





December 28th, talk by Dr. Homola--Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. at the Millington Firehouse.

Once again we are privileged to have one of our most popular speakers during the holiday season. Dr. Richard Homola of the University of Maine will talk about "The most sought after fungi of mushroom hunters." This topic should be a special treat for beginners as well as long time pot hunters alike. Dr. Homola's are super and his talks are always informative. Don't pass up this chance to hear one of this country's leading mycologists.

CULINARY GROUP DINNER Sat. Nov.12 - French Harvest Dinner

The next Culinary Group Dinner will feature French Country Cooking. Emphasis will be on dishes like Country Pates, Rustic Apple Tarts, a Chicken and Artichoke Casserole, Beef Bourguignon and other rustic fare. Live entertainment will follow the meal.

Dinner will be held at 6.00pm in the Millington Fire House. For reservations and additional information call Jim Richards ( ) s).

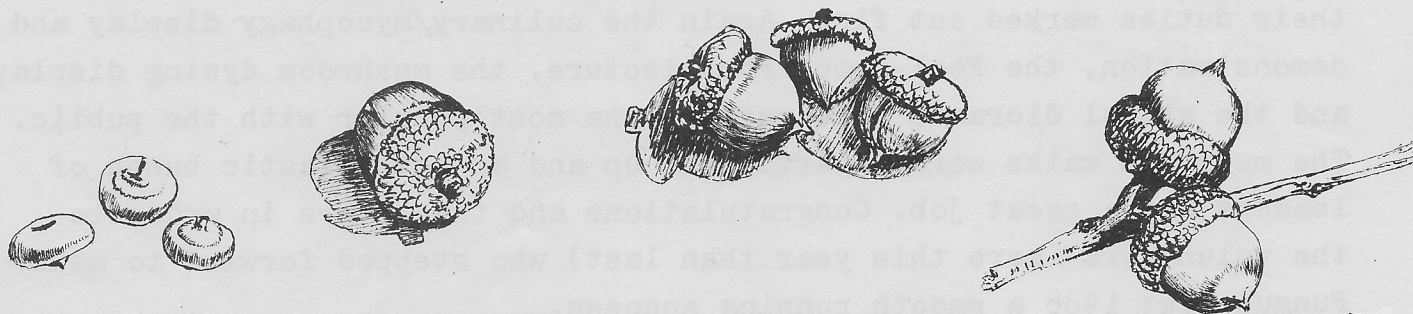
THE ELUSIVE WAX BAGS!

Do you know that one of our more enterprising members has finally obtained a bulk supply of wax bags? Joe Latorraca contacted the manufacturers and after some persuasion managed to get them to ship a full carton. Joe is bringing them to meetings and they are available from him while stocks last at a cost of \$1.50 per box. If you know of a supermarket in your area that still stocks them please let us and other members know. They are called Waxtex Microwave Convenience Bags and are in a bright yellow box with blue and red lettering.

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The New Jersey Mycological Association wishes to thank Irving and Marian Brenner for their generous donation of \$501.13 to the club. The funds will be used to improve the educational resources of the NJMA. The executive board is now in the process of deciding the acquisition of materials for this purpose.

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ANNUAL PICNIC STOKES STATE FOREST

Reported by Genia Hosh

Club members attending the annual picnic in Stokes State Forest on September 25, 1988 enjoyed a beautiful sunny autumn day. Little rain the preceeding two weeks prevented the usual bumper crop of mushrooms. However, the foray finds did yield some rare curious and fascinating fungi such as *Lactarius paradoxus* (with silver-blue and green colors) and *Dacrymcyes palmata*, a mass of bright orange jelly.

The pot-luck picnic lived up to it's "groaning board" reputation. Among the tasty dishes were Chicken mushroom soup (*Laetiporus sulphureus*) and Mock Chicken and rice also made with *L. sulphureus*; stuffed cabbage, Macaroni cheese chicken, baked beans, sauteed Honey mushrooms (*Armillaria mellea*), curried Hen of the Woods (*Grifola frondosa*) and Hens in sour cream (*G. frondosa*). Salads were bountiful: greens, aspics, cucumber, pasta, potato etc. There was a tasty spinach spread and delicious breads like Cottage bread and spicy batter bread. Among the first rate desserts were Praline cake, chocolate cake, Peanut custard pie, Sugar Plum cake and wild crabapple pie.

The good food and camaraderie enabled club members who had not seen each other over the mushroom season to get reacquainted. There was socializing around the camp fires, ably built by Linda Meyer and yours truly. This annual task was made easier by the ingenious benefactor who thought (after all these years) to bring a saw to make fire feeding easy! Next year, we may remember the marshmallows--although, after such a picnic, I can't imagine who'd have room to eat them (fun to roast, anyway).

FUNGUS FEST - October 2, 1988

reported by Bob Hosh

Although attendance was less than half of Fungus Fest 1987 our efforts were well received. Club pundits pointed out that we did not have a national football strike to help boost attendance. Both previous sports strikes seemed to have that effect.

None-the-less, the pleasant weather was a plus. Best of all were the improvements made in the layout of the displays which resulted in a smoother traffic pattern. Also, having Fungus Fest volunteers rotate their duties worked out fine. Again the culinary/mycophagy display and demonstration, the Fool-proof Four lecture, the mushroom dyeing display and the artful dioramas were perhaps the most popular with the public. The mushroom walks were expertly set up and an enthusiastic bunch of leaders did a great job. Congratulations and thanks are in order to the volunteers (more this year than last) who stepped forward to make Fungus Fest 1988 a smooth running success.



## Mushrooms in the City

The wind, coming to the city from far away, brings it unusual gifts, noticed by only a few sensitive souls, such as hay-fever victims, who sneeze at the pollen from flowers of other lands.

One day, to the narrow strip of ground flanking a city avenue came a gust of spores from God knows where; and some mushrooms germinated. Nobody noticed them except Marcovaldo, the worker who caught his tram just there every morning.

This Marcovaldo possessed an eye ill-suited to city life: billboards, traffic-lights, shop-windows, neon signs, posters, no matter how carefully devised to catch the attention, never arrested his gaze, which might have been running over desert sands. Instead, he would never miss a leaf yellowing on a branch, a feather trapped by a roof-tile; there was no horsefly on a horse's back, no worm-hole in a plank, or fig-peel squashed on the sidewalk that Marcovaldo didn't remark and ponder over, discovering the changes of season, the yearnings of his heart, and the woes of his existence.

Thus, one morning, as he was waiting for the tram that would take him to Sbay and Co., where he was employed as an unskilled laborer, he noticed something unusual near the stop, in the sterile, encrusted strip of earth beneath the avenue's line of trees; at certain points, near the tree trunks, some bumps seemed to rise and, here and there, they had opened, allowing roundish subterranean bodies to peep out.

Bending to tie his shoes, he took a better look: they were mushrooms, real mushrooms, sprouting right in the heart of the city! To Marcovaldo the gray and wretched world surrounding him seemed suddenly generous with hidden riches; something could still be expected of life, beyond the hourly wage of his stipulated salary, with inflation index, family grant, and cost-of-living allowance.

On the job he was more absent-minded than usual; he kept thinking that while he was there unloading cases and boxes, in the darkness of the earth the slow, silent mushrooms, known only to him, were ripening their porous flesh, were assimilating underground humors, breaking the crust of clods. "One night's rain would be enough," he said to himself, "then they would be ready to pick." And he couldn't wait to share his discovery with his wife and his six children.

"I'm telling you!" he announced during their scant supper. "In a week's time we'll be eating mushrooms! A great fry! That's a promise!"

And to the smaller children, who did not know what mushrooms were, he explained ecstatically the beauty of the numerous species, the delicacy of their flavor, the way they should be cooked; and so he also drew into the discussion his wife, Domitilla, who until then had appeared rather incredulous and abstracted.

"Where are these mushrooms?" the children asked. "Tell us where they grow!"

At this question Marcovaldo's enthusiasm was curbed by a suspicious thought: Now if I tell them the place, they'll go and hunt for them with the usual gang of kids, word will spread through the neighborhood, and the mushrooms will end up in somebody else's pan! And so that discovery, which had promptly filled his heart with universal love, now made him wildly possessive, surrounded him with jealous and distrusting fear.

"I know where the mushrooms are, and I'm the only one who knows," he said to his children, "and God help you if you breathe a word to anybody."

The next morning, as he approached the tram stop, Marcovaldo was filled with apprehension. He bent to look at the ground and, to his relief, saw that the mushrooms had grown a little, but not much, and were still almost completely hidden by the earth.

He was bent in this position when he realized there was someone behind him. He straightened up at once and tried to act indifferent. It was the street-cleaner, leaning on his broom and looking at him.

This street-cleaner, whose jurisdiction included the place where the mushrooms grew, was a lanky youth with eye-glasses. His name was Amadigi, and Marcovaldo had long harbored a dislike of him, perhaps because of those eye-glasses that examined the pavement of the streets, seeking any trace of nature, to be eradicated by his broom.

It was Saturday; and Marcovaldo spent his free half-day circling the bed of dirt with an

absent air, keeping an eye on the street-cleaner in the distance and on the mushrooms, and calculating how much time they needed to ripen.

That night it rained: like peasants who, after months of drought, wake up and leap with joy at the sound of the first drops, so Marcovaldo, alone in all the city, sat up in bed and called to his family: "It's raining! It's raining!" and breathed in the smell of moistened dust and fresh mold that came from outside.

At dawn--it was Sunday--with the children and a borrowed basket, he ran immediately to the patch. There were the mushrooms, erect on their stems, their caps high over the still-soaked earth. "Hurrah!" - and they fell to gathering them.

"Papa! Look how many that man over there has found," Michelino said, and his father, raising his eyes, saw Amadigi standing beside them, also with a basket of mushrooms under his arm.

"Ah, you're gathering them, too?" the street-cleaner said. "Then they're edible? I picked a few, but I wasn't sure... Farther down the avenue some others have sprouted, even bigger ones... Well, now that I know, I'll tell my relatives; they're down there arguing whether it's a good idea to pick them or not..." And he walked off in a hurry.

Marcovaldo was speechless: even bigger mushrooms, which he hadn't noticed, an un hoped-for harvest, being taken from him like this, before his very eyes. For a moment he was almost frozen with anger, fury, then--as sometimes happens--the collapse of individual passion led to a generous impulse. At that hour, many people were waiting for the tram, umbrellas over their arms, because the weather was still damp and uncertain. "Hey, you! Do you want to eat fried mushrooms tonight?" Marcovaldo shouted to the crowd of people at the stop. "Mushrooms are growing here by the street! Come along! There's plenty for all!" And he walked off after Amadigi, with a string of people behind him.

They all found plenty of mushrooms, and lacking baskets, they used their open umbrellas. Somebody said: "It would be nice to have a big feast, all of us together!" But instead, each took his own share and went home.

They saw one another again soon, however; that very evening, in fact, in the same ward of the hospital, after the stomach-pump had saved them all from poisoning. It was not serious, because the number of mushrooms eaten by each person was quite small.

Marcovaldo and Amadigi had adjacent beds; they glared at each other.

From: Marcovaldo. by Italo

Calvino

Submitted by Herb Harper

Originally appeared in the  
Minnesota Mycological Society  
Toadstool Review

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WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE (ALIVE PLEASE!): AGARICUS BISPORUS

Richard W. Kerrigan of the University of Toronto is seeking any fresh material of *Agaricus bisporus*, preferably young, fresh specimens plus spore-prints. He is working on developing new strains of edible mushroom and needs as many different genetic strains as possible and so is seeking wild populations. He suggests sending fruit-bodies wrapped in paper towel and covered with wax paper, placed in a crush-proof box sent over-night by express mail or courier. He will promptly reimburse all mailings. Spore-prints should be made on new aluminum foil or air dried before mailing. Mark all shipments "Material for research: no commercial value". The most important strains may receive a cash reward between \$25-100! Address is R.W. Kerrigan c/o Dr James Anderson, Dept. of Botany, Univ. of Toronto, Erindale Campus, Mississauga, Ontario, CANADA L5L 1C6.



# Mycophagist's Corner

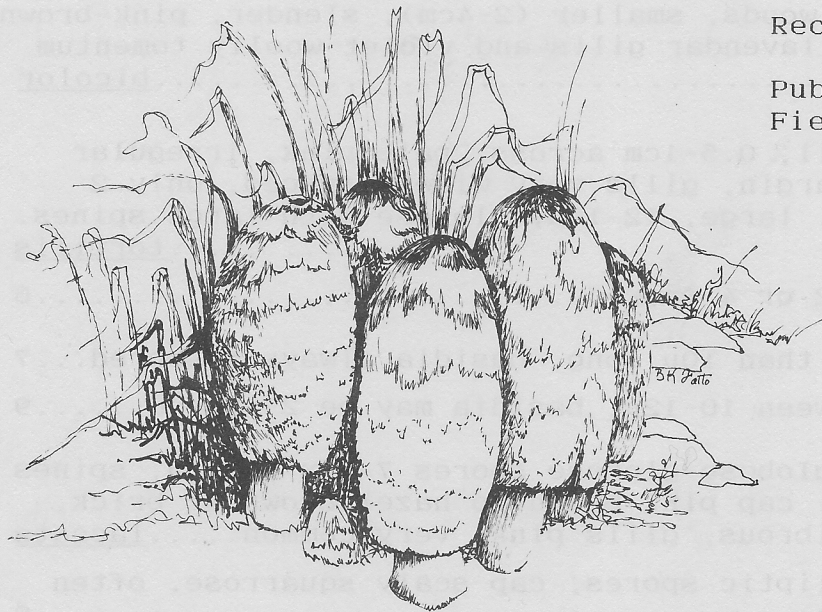
## SHAGGY MANE SOUP

1 qt. chopped, cleaned shaggy manes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup (1 stick) butter  
2 beef bouillon cubes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. dry mustard  
1 tbsp. cornstarch  
1 cup light cream

Press chopped mushrooms in the measuring cup firmly before measuring, then place in a large saucepan. Press firmly in the saucepan before adding just enough water to cover them. Add butter, bouillon cubes, and mustard to the saucepan and turn the heat to high. Once the mushrooms start to cook, lower the heat to medium and continue cooking them uncovered, for 10 minutes, stirring them occasionally.

Remove the pan from the heat and reserve  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of the cooking liquid. Place half the mushroom mixture in a blender and purée. Purée the rest of the mixture and return it to the saucepan. (At this point the purée can be frozen for later use in soup or sauces.)

Cool the reserved  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of liquid and mix it with the cornstarch, blending it well. Place the purée back over medium heat and add the cornstarch mixture, stirring constantly until the mixture bubbles. Add cream to the pan and lower the heat to simmer. Simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to blend the flavors. Cool slightly and serve. Serves 6. The soup is very rich with a very strong mushroom flavor.



Recipe by Sylvia Bashline

Published in the  
Field & Stream, Sept. '87

THE GENUS LACCARIA IN NEW JERSEY.....G.Kibby

It is difficult to think of a mushroom group more common than Laccaria that causes so much confusion and doubt. L.laccata in particular is so variable and is surrounded by such very similar "sister species" that very few mycologists are happy at putting a name on a collection. However with some careful notation of field characters and microscopic details, some headway can be made and a reasonable attempt at identification made. Recent work by Dr Greg. Mueller has helped immensely in resolving some of the problems in North American species.

The following notes and key hopes to give some help in sorting out species found in New Jersey.

1. Fruit-body with violet colors in some part or overall, ie. the gills, stem base or whole mushroom.....2
  - Fruit-body pinkish-brown to brick without obvious violet hues .....5
2. Fungus entirely violet-amethyst, fading to gray-violet, cap 2-5cm, stem not over 1cm thick.....amethystea
  - Fungus much larger, robust (5-10cm across) or only violet in some part ie. gills, stem base.....3
3. Fungus large and stout, violet-brown soon fading to buff-brown and then whitish-buff, gills thick, violet, dusted with white spores.....ochropurpurea
  - Fungus growing in sand, very robust or if in woodlands then much smaller, slender with violet at base of stem.....4
4. Fungus often buried in sandy soil, base of stem swollen, crusted with bound-up sand grains, cap pink-brown to pallid-buff, spores 16-22 x 6-9 $\mu$ , smooth!.....trullisata
  - Fungus growing in woods, smaller (2-4cm), slender, pink-brown cap and stem with lavender gills and violet woolly tomentum at stem base.....bicolor
5. Fruit-body very small, 0.5-1cm across, pale pink, irregular with striate-wavy margin, gills very widely spaced, only 2 spores per basidium, large, 12-16 $\mu$ , globose with large spines. ....tortilis
  - Fruit-body larger, 2 or 4 spored.....6
6. Spores usually less than 10 $\mu$  long, basidia always 4-spored...7
  - Spores usually between 10-12 $\mu$ , basidia may be 2-spored.....9
7. Fruit-body with subglobose-globose spores 7-9 x 6-7.5 $\mu$ , spines rather blunt 0.3-1 $\mu$ . cap pink-brown to hazel-brown or brick, surface smooth to fibrous, gills pink; very common....laccata
  - Fruit-body with elliptic spores, cap scaly squarrose, often large to very large.....8

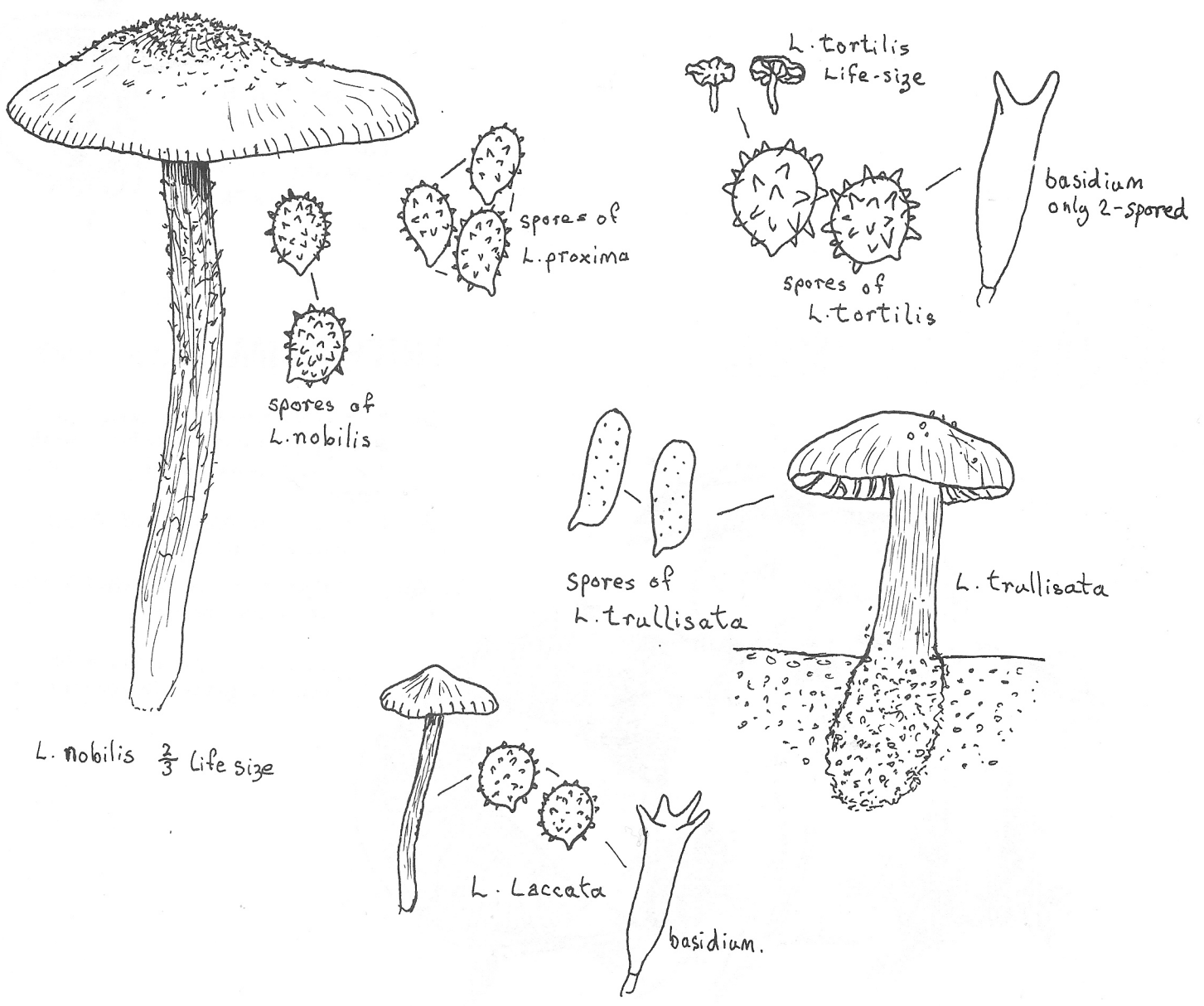


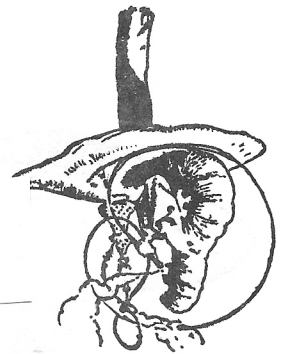
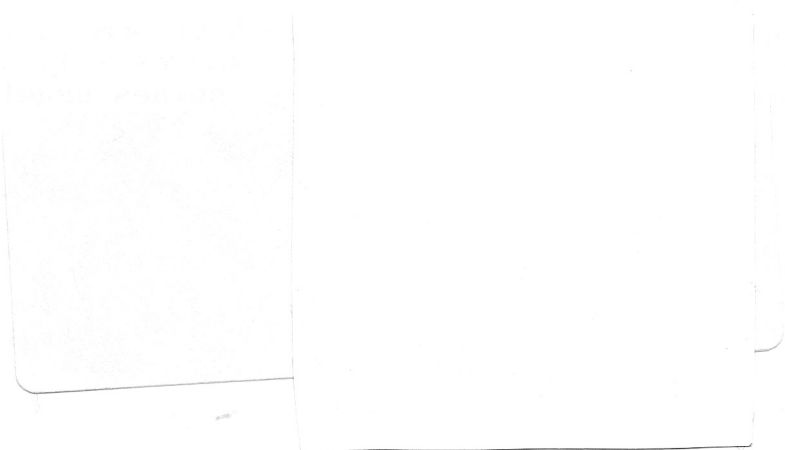
8. Fungus very large, cap 5-10cm across, scaly squarrose at center, stem tall, fibrous-shaggy, spores 7.5-10 x 6.5-8.5μ, spines up to 1.4μ, crowded, found in Stokes State Forest this year...  
 .....nobilis

- Fungus rarely as large although up to 5 or 6cm, also scaly but less so, also tall but stem smoother, spores 8-11 x 6.5-8.5μ, more elliptical than previous species, spines usually around 1.0μ, quite common, often in boggy areas in moss.....proxima

9. Basidia always 2-spored, spores 8.3-11.5 x 7.5-10.3μ, spines up to 1.5(2)μ, similar to *L.laccata* but usually small and noticeably striate.....ohiensis (=striatula)

- Basidia mostly 4-spored but some 2-spored present, spores 9-12.5μ, globose, spines only reaching 0.5μ, in damp places, river banks etc, small, laccata-like.....altaica





NJMA  
c/o Sue Kibby

# COLOR ME

## TRICHOLOMA *flavorirens*

Cap: 2-4" wide, convex to nearly flat, sticky, yellow to somewhat reddish tinge with brownish slightly scaly center.

Stalk: 1-2" long, 3/8-3/4" solid thick. yellowish-white

Gills: sulphur yellow, notched to near free, close, broad.

Found under pine in sandy areas August - November.

