

North Eastern Fungus Study Group

Newsletter 33 July 2004



Lachnum virgineum Great Ayton

Photo Keith Cunningham

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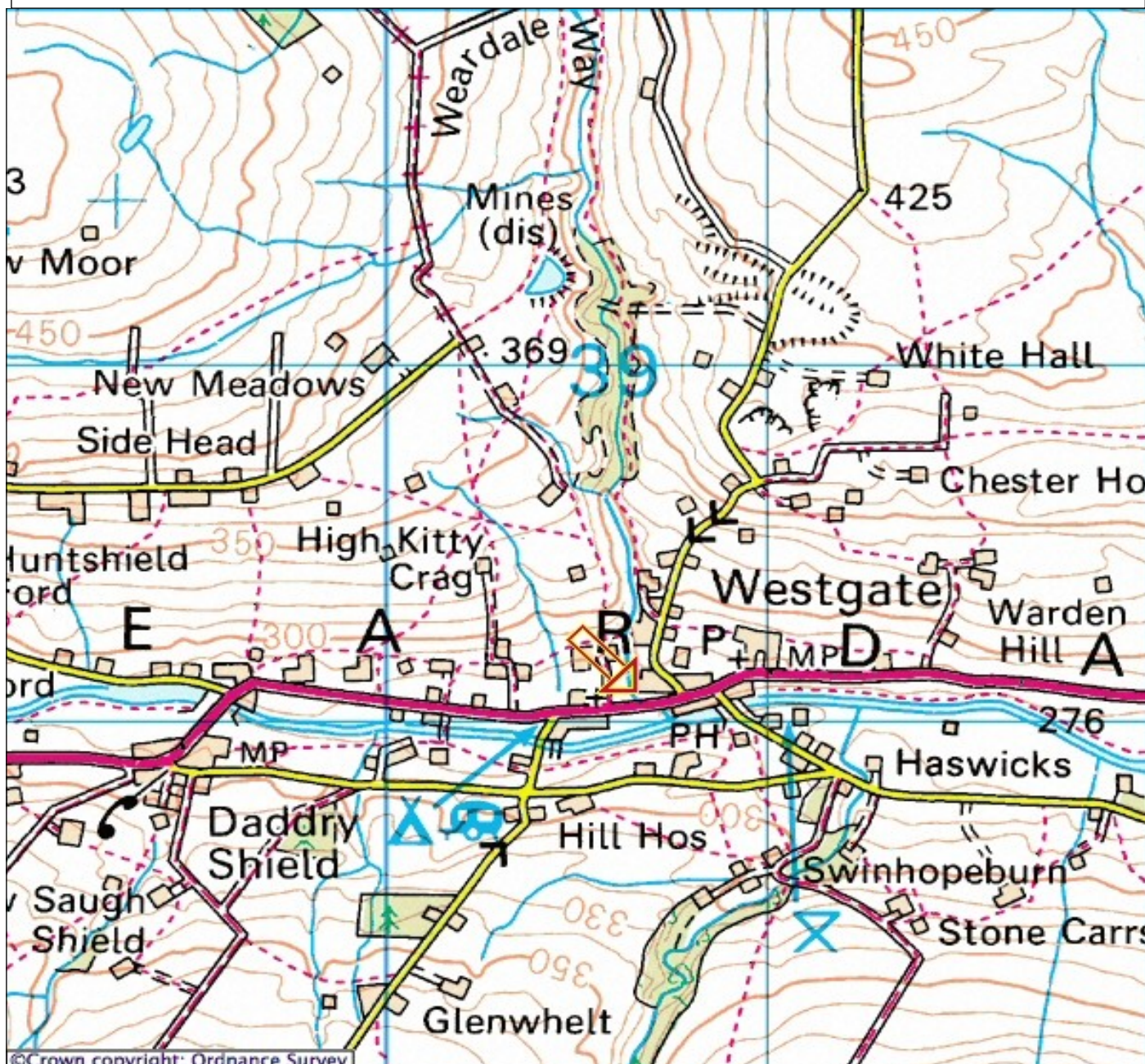
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Foray at Slit wood, Westgate, Weardale 11am July 24th

Grid ref NY906380

From the A68 travel west along the A689. Meet at Westgate (arrowed) and park on the wide pavement. Car share if possible. We will walk north to the woodland along the Weardale way



An Appeal

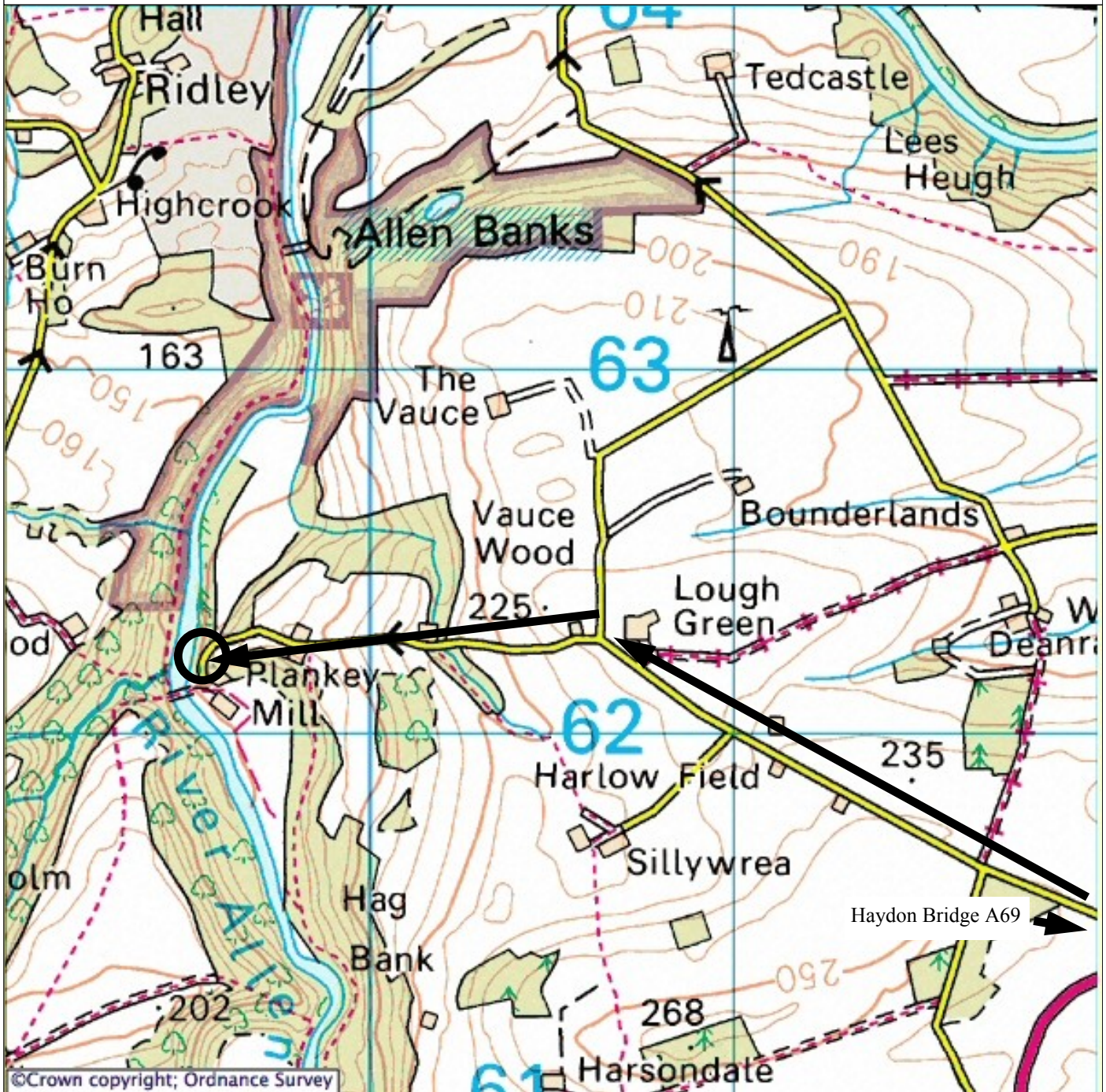
By Babs Walton.

Now I'm no writer! But I have had things printed in this newsletter. We now have 41 members who span the spectrum, from the specialist to the scrabbler! All of you must have a tale of some fungal experience which is worth reading about. Even perhaps, if only for the humour.

What about letters? Enquiring? Observing? Even insulting? Well that may be a little strong, perhaps critical might be better. There must be something you would like to say even if it just achieves more brevity from Tom Kirby, whose articles I love but wonder if we see too many of his words filling these pages. Come on members, you may surprise yourself and enjoy writing a few words. Could you? Would you? Will you?

Briarbanks Wood Foray 11am September 11th

From Newcastle take the A69, turn left onto the A686 just before Haydon Bridge. After you pass Langley Castle on your right take the next turning right just over a mile further on, after another mile turn left to Plankey Mill. When you reach Plankey Mill you will have to drive through a gate into the field on your right. For this you will have to pay £2 but it's well worth it as this is an excellent woodland with mature Beech and Oak trees and hopefully lots of fungi. It is a Northumberland Wildlife Trust Reserve.



The March Foray in Mallygill Wood

Alan Legg

On March 13th, twelve members and one visitor assembled in the car park just off the main Durham – Sunderland road, despite indifferent weather conditions and an unusual day's programme. It was heartening to see people well equipped to "give it a go". Once at the site, clambering among the brambles, it became apparent that amore mature wood might have been preferable for the job in hand. Nevertheless we quickly gathered enough material to last us through the afternoon and beyond. Also apparent was an eagerness to get to Rainton Meadows – and not just for lunch! There was some keen anticipation of the microscope session to come.

It was a pleasure not to have to record every common fungus already known from the site and to be able to concentrate on the specifics. Material was gathered from the speciality tree *Carpinus betulus*, the common Hornbeam. I had forgotten that the trees in this wood were often rather untidy, unlike those of the "Fastigiata" variety usually planted in parks and gardens and an easier prospect for gathering dead attached twigs.

Once at Rainton Meadows some were so keen to get down to business that they proceeded on arrival with a microscope slide in one hand and a sandwich in the other! I was particularly pleased to note a bigger array of microscopes than ever before. It always seems to me that little progress is made but this is probably because I'm kept

o busy trying to help people that time goes nowhere and I don't get around to looking at my own collections until later in the day.

One of the collections from Hornbeam gave me the opportunity to use our posh new microscope. What we could see puzzled all of us and I was reduced to making guesses about the type of fungus we were looking at. The image was beautifully clear but the subject unfamiliar. Later at home, I discovered that I had material of the same fungus in my bag and was able to identify it as the asexual stage of what later (sometimes) develops into the discomycete *Pezicula carpinea*. If yo have access to Ellis & Ellis 1, you can find a drawing of both states on Plate 44, No, 431. One of the "stalked" spores we could see is clearly shown there. For recording purposes nowadays we only use the name of the second, "perfect" state. This fungus was, in fact, newly logged for County Durham, with only 10 records in the national database!

Also found were some tiny orange discomycetes growing on a dark patch on ash wood. When examined the little discs

proved to be immature and therefore unidentifiable, but the dark patch consisted of the dense felty growth of another fungus, a hyphomycete called *Pseudospiropes simplex*. This is probably fairly common and I had collected it twice before. In Shropshire and Yorkshire. There are 114 records in the national database but none from Durham or Northumberland. So as well as having an enjoyable and useful day, ewe succeeded in adding two more species to the County list for VC66.



A Tale of a Twig (or Two)

Alan Legg

In the last Newsletter, I happened to mention what was thought to be the first British collection of *Splanchnonema carpini* found in a Darlington park last summer. At this point Tom would probably have written “note the “ thought to be” gentle readers, note the “ thought to be” and he would have been right.

Here, in brief, is the story so far. On June 17th 2003 Ros and I collected a dead attached twig of Hornbeam – as one does – or as two do – as the case may be. Help! I seem to have been infected by the Kirby stylistic virus. This twig revealed a large-spored sub-cutaneous ascomycete, not in E&E 1 and therefore unrecognisable to me. Later, at Kew, Brian Spooner identified it as what was possibly the first British record of *Splanchnonema carpini*.

On June 18th, fired with enthusiasm for Hornbeam, I collected a fallen twig of the same species in Darlington West Cemetery and found on it another large-spored fungus, this time without asci and therefore a coelyomycete. This was also sent to Kew but, as sometimes happens, drew no response. Nothing daunted, I found another twig with the same fungus under the same tree on August 18th, i.e. two months later. This, with what must have been a certain amount of prescience, I kept for future reference.

Nothing happened until March 2004 when Alick Henrici rang me from Richmond, Surrey, where he now lives, close to Kew. He had taken a sudden interest in *Splanchnonema* and closely related genera, done some fishing around in the herbarium and found out that *S. carpini* had in fact been found once before in Britain, by C.E. Broome in 1860, before it was actually described! This collection is at Kew together with clearly recognisable spore drawings.

That is not the end of the story though. Whilst discussing other *Splanchnonema* species on the phone, Alick mentioned a large-spored coelomycete he had found on Hornbeam in Kew gardens which sounded very much like the unidentified species I had found in Darlington the previous June and August. We both thought that this might be the anamorph or asexual state of *S. carpini*. I sent him my retained sample which he soon declared to be the same as his but in much better condition.

Research goes on and, in a new twist, Alick tells me he has found an earlier name for the fungus - *Splanchnonema carpinicola*. If only he could find an alternative name for the genus, less jaw damaging than *Splanchnonema*! At the moment all I can say is “Watch this space”

Another Twiggy Tale

Alan Legg

On the 17th of March this year, on one of my peripatetic perambulations (Down, Tom, Down! I mean a walk) in the West cemetery. I found little of interest but happened to examine a wind-pruned branch of Deodar, *Cedrus deodara*. On one of its twigs were two small fungi – both new to the site – which I thought I had identified correctly as the anamorph of *Nectria curcubitula*, usually on Pine in this country, and *Lachnellula subtilissima* also usually on Pine. Since I was writing to Alick Henrici the next day, I took the opportunity of enclosing these fungi with my letter. The upshot was that my identifications were confirmed and the specimens kept at Kew.

Now came the surprise. Whilst examining my fungi, Alick came across yet another, which he himself had found on cedar and identified as the hyphomycete, *Bacrodesmium cedricola*, not in E&E1, as it was

only the second British collection! My unwittingly collected specimen was therefore the third. Three new fungi for the Cemetery on the same twig, two of them new to me and for VC66, and one a third British record, must be a record of another kind! You *must* see now why I can get so excited about the apparently lunatic business of collecting dead twigs!

Spring Foray at Great Ayton

Alan Legg

A poor forecast and lowering weather conditions may have put a few people off this excursion. So it was a select group, reinforced by two keen newcomers from Hartlepool, who met in the middle of Great Ayton to walk up into a nearby oak wood on the lower flanks of Roseberry Topping. The day remained misty and dank but we had no rain and the mist seemed to actually enhance the magical colour of the bluebell haze emergent from the rust of dead bracken and reaching away up the hill among the oak trees. We had to do without the lovely views but were arguably more focussed on fungi as a result.

Tom seemed delighted to usher us around the site of his now legendary boyhood discovery of stinkhorns! There were lots of St. George's Mushrooms to satisfy the mycophagists in our group. Other toadstools included the little, yellow-gilled Hawthorn dweller, *Tubaria didpersa* (*autochthona*), the inevitable *Pluteus cervinus*, Liberty caps and Fairy Ring Champignons in the approach meadow, and a rather atypical looking *Entoloma clypeatum* found by Peter Manuel with Hawthorn. One remarkable feature

was the amount of Bluebell Rust, *Uromyces muscari*, noticeable on leaves throughout the wood. Some little cup-fungi, usually hidden from sight, had opened to show their soft flesh in the humid atmosphere. These included *Colpoma quercinum* on oak twigs, *Pyrenopeziza petiolaris* on sycamore leaf-stalks and cup clusters of ripe *Rhytisma acerinum* on over-wintered sycamore leaves. The tiny white goblets of *Lachnum virgineum* (*Dasyscyphus virgineus*) were, as usual, much admired.

Nothing uncommon or unexpected was found but 51 species for the day was very satisfactory for Spring Foray in an upland oakwood site. We are all grateful to Tom, whose careful preparation (including rustic seats at lunchtime) and able leadership ensured an attractive walk in beautiful surroundings.



Dream on.....

Tom Kirby

Beetroot chutney. I woke up on Sunday morning and said to Annie, my wife, "Beetroot chutney." I just knew we had to get up, out and off to Tesco for the weekly shop...and that beetroot chutney should be on the list. We are at that stage of life when any important thought which presents itself should be written down or acted on immediately or shared with someone as a kind of back-up. In this instance, though, I was not sure where the thought had come from. I mean, it is NOT a normal thought like milk, eggs or orange juice. Even the sudden introduction into a normal conversation of anchovies or palm hearts would not cause a flicker of concern on Annie's face..but beetroot chutney?

So off we went, she obviously convinced I had suffered a mini cerebral stroke, me happy in the certainty that the sight of a jar of the stuff would re-open the pathway back to the sauce...sorry, source. No such luck. No such chutney. I was like a man possessed. Aldi, next. No luck. Surely Sainsbury's. Not a hope. I was encouraged, nay, ordered to give up the quest. I resisted. I wrestled. I prevaricated. I caved in.

OK.OK. Yes, I know it will come to me in a flash. Yes, I know someone MUST have planted the seed in my head. Yes, I know it is of no consequence....but why did I long for a jar of beetroot chutney? Annie, as logical as any woman, suggested I went over the last twenty-four hours in my head. Quietly. No talking. In the corner. I tried. Believe me I tried. It is not easy trying to get a handle on beetroot chutney. After all, yesterday had been a busy day. Many things had happened. There were a load of memories to sift through. Those of you who were there will know how true this is. Where? Oh, sorry, for those of you who **weren't** there I am talking about the NEFSG annual Social Event. Judges Hotel and Restaurant. A great day.

Just let me recap. It may help. We got there at about 11:45. Blow me, we were the late arrivers! Everyone was on board and milling about in the sumptuous surroundings of the day-room. So the drinks got organised. The sun tried to shine but didn't succeed. It rained outside but no one cared. We were inside with good company and lunch in the offing. Ah, it's coming back to me...But no...no....that was surely a dream. Yes. I'm sure I dreamt last night that we, the hardies of the group, were walking through a willow-pattern landscape flanked on each side by enormous dead man's fingers (*Xylaria polymorpha*) sticking out of the leafy pathside. There were hundreds of them....No mystery there, though, because it was true. We DID find them in profusion on the post-prandial foray, when the sun DID shine. So the method worked but I had dreamt not of beetroot chutney trees, or vast lakes of the purple potage. Remembering the technique of J.W. Dunne in his much discussed classic "An Experiment with Time" (Faber and Faber) I decided to go to sleep that evening thinking hard about beetroot chutney in order to trigger a dream-recall. I would "program" myself to waken in such an eventuality and to immediately write down the scenario as dreamt. This pleased Annie as I was becoming quiet and introverted. She knows from experience that this means that either I am plotting something or I have wind.

I decided to make ready the bedside table by adjusting the lamp so that I could a) easily find the switch in the dark without causing an avalanche of books and b) to set the angle at some suitable position that did not cause instant blindness followed by myocardial infarction. I also placed a pen and pad beside the bed. The pen was one of those much beloved of astronauts that will write upside down and without gravity. It will also write underwater and all in all has proved invaluable over the years. Money well spent.

So on Sunday night we retired early. I ate two ounces of Extra Mature Cheddar at about eight, to encourage dreaming, and we retired at nine. The cheese began doing something quite quickly as Annie observed that I had gone quiet.

The tennis droned on in the heavens above our bed (ceiling mounted TV) and I only just remembered to program myself before nodding off. To do this you must concentrate hard on beetroot chutney (but not if you are wishing to dream of something else, of course) and then imagine a 12 bore gun going off or a petrol lawnmower backfiring or a greenhouse blowing over. Anything which would be the cause of a **normal waking** in your household. The two events will become linked in your mind and when the beetroot chutney “presents” you will simultaneously be awakened by your chosen linked event. Its best not to overdo the linking, or to use the same linking twice as you could end up with a serious psychological condition which would be difficult to diagnose. Furthermore, you should not choose as a link any natural event which could occur during your sleeping hours, like lightning or the screams of your partner in the throws of cramp as this may trigger waking at the wrong *temp juste*. Anyway. To sleep.

After a few false alarms caused by dreaming of lime and chilli chutney with linked images of me being shot at by my neighbour for driving his damnably noisy lawnmower into his dilapidated greenhouse, I drifted off in to high quality sleep. This was just as well as I was feeling irrational hatred (dream residue) towards my neighbour which was causing me to get hot. As I recall, I was not troubled by lime and chilli chutney again that night but I did waken with a start as a huge piece of cheddar cheese crashed to the ground in front of me, instantly fragmenting into little wooden cheese-boards, which on closer examination turned out to be *Peziza Sp*. Wishing to record the details of the dream, no matter how irrelevant they may at first recall, I turned in my sleep and groped for the light switch. This woke the wife who turned on the other bedside lamp and I woke, startled, when in the fading dream a bright bolt of lightning flashed in my eyes, partially blinding me and causing me to misjudge my grope.. My knuckles clipped a volume of “Larousse French/English Dictionary” (useful for dreams in french) and the teetering pile of books clattered to the floor. I could not immediately find the note pad and pen so my memory of the rest of the cameo was lost, as is the way of dreams. My wife was to later correct me in my listing of the night’s events in that it was not my turning over which caused her to put on the light, but that she had been screaming in agony with night cramps for some ten minutes and had finally felt the need to stand-up in order to relieve herself. This demonstrates the power of the technique. Nonetheless, the *Peziza* recall was obvious to me as we few, we foraying few, had found some quite substantial outcroppings of what I thought were *Peziza cerea* but probably were not.



The dream did nothing to fix the identity but I am sure we can rely on Gordon for clarification as he and others spent some time in debate over them on the previous day.

Monday came early as I myself got cramp a little later, which niggled away for the rest of the night. Every time I felt I the shower-cap of consciousness begin to slip from my head my calf would go into spasm and I would be forced to scream out in agony, leaping out of bed to perform the one-legged dance-in-the-dark. Miraculously, this did not appear to trouble Annie, who now slept soundly in what I could only describe as a selfish manner.

Needless to say, breakfast immediately brought back the beetroot chutney syndrome. So much had it been on my mind that I actually found myself unable to see the jar of honey for which I was searching in the cupboard, as my eyes were looking for beetroot chutney. I mention this because I wish to impress upon the reader the seriousness of the situation. I HAD to find out why this obsession, for obsession it surely was, had begun. There was at least twelve hours to go before I could decently suggest going back to bed, thence to dream, and so I determined to spend the rest of the day immersed in work. Take my mind off it. Distract myself. I fell at the first hurdle when a distant colleague phoned and asked how the NEFSG social event had gone. He particularly wanted details of the foray as he has had a lifelong interest in the natural world. After describing the setting, the splendid afternoon weather, the variety of trees, the enthusiasm of the forayers, the finds made... I found myself describing the lunch. This was a completely subconscious action on my part, although the lunch was splendid and by that measure, memorable.



“ We had enjoyed an *apéritif* of Chenin Blanc,” I began, “which followed us to the table, being pleasantly light and suited to what was looking increasingly like a summer day. Cool and wet but with a promise of sunshine. We had chosen our meals from an excellent menu, but I had forgotten my choice by the time we sat down. The waiters were, however, of a higher mental calibre than one is used to, and my Duck Parfait arrived without any intercession on my part. It was excellent though I noticed it was a little thinner in the slice department than the others, but I let this pass with only the minimum of comment, as is my way. It was accompanied as I recall with a swirl of reduced *balsamic de moderno* dressing and a near runcible spoonful of beetroot chutney. **NO ! NO! It was NOT. It was NOT. It was APPLE chutney. APPLE!** Have you got that? **NOT beetroot...APPLE.** Er.....apple.”

As I have written this account, so I related the tale to my colleague on the telephone. He was not surprisingly a little concerned. He made the huge mistake of attempting to calm me by suggesting that it didn't matter whether it was one or the other, and I only just succeeded in maintaining a grip on myself by intimating that I was merely being hyper-self-critical over my laxity. After all, who would serve beetroot chutney with Duck Parfait? The most elementary of culinary errors, so stupid of me, how could I have let such a slip occur? I think he believed me as he then asked about the foray again, bringing the subject of lunch to a rapid *plat de fromage* with the engender “I mean, who would serve beetroot chutney with *anything*?” For a moment I was speechless. It was that little emphasis on “anything” which rattled me. It implied that there was something inherently, generically, subjectively wrong with making chutney out of beetroot. He was almost questioning the very existence of the stuff. He had sown the seeds of wrath. I felt my angst rise as I parried, on reflection somewhat pathetically, with “...and what the hell do you know about beetroot chutney?!” before putting the phone down. Main course was chicken.

And so the day wore on. Flashes of beetroot chutney in letters floated in and out of the computer screen graphics and once I thought I could smell the stuff. This led me down the route of brain tumours as it was obviously impossible that such a scent could be present. Disavowing myself of such atypical thoughts I became drawn to the conclusion that I must have had beetroot chutney sometime in the past, or in a past life, in order to know what it smelt like in order to imagine I was smelling it.....if you get my drift.....but I hadn't, or not that I could recall. With thoughts spinning I took some solace from my prevailing mental state as it was almost certain that I would dream tonight. J.W. Dunne believed fervently and convincingly that dreams, when inspired by waking thoughts, could take one backwards (recall) and even forwards (precognition) in time so it was with high hopes that I went to bed that night.

I took no cheese, being convinced that I could do this without artificial stimulants. I downed the large Glenmorangie which was my nightcap and put out the carefully positioned light. Then I put it on again to make sure pen and pad were handy then I put it out again. Annie was already asleep having taken too many Solpadeines for cramp and being exhausted still after the previous nights nocturnal manoeuvres in the dark. And so to dream.

It was after about half an hour of wakefulness that I began thinking I was never going to get to sleep, but that was the last I remember until the dreaming began. I was looking down on a map which seemed very legible but when you concentrated on it the places were never the same twice. At glance, I saw YARM, quite clearly. I looked away towards the A19 but when I went back to where YARM had been it was nowhere in site, being now a map of Iraq. This could have been quite alarming but I knew a lucid dream when I saw one and this was one. I could, to a degree, control events. I remember thinking that if the A19 ran through Baghdad it would probably take some time to get to Yarm from the Southlands Centre, what with insurgents and exploding Clios all around, and that this was obviously why John Wright had failed to turn up for the Judges' lunch. This would be an acceptable excuse. As I pondered on the difficulty of locating anywhere on my shifting map, it unexpectedly (this was a lucid dream after all) changed to an aerial view picture with great barrage balloons circa 1940 floating up from a silvery thread of water. Every now and then a balloon would be struck by lightning and a great fireball would engulf me, the observer. Of course, this was not a problem as I was aware that I was dreaming and light-

ning was not one of my links to wakefulness. What was of note, however, was what remained after the blimp had exploded. Each turned in to a huge *Xylaria longipes*, floating up on long thin stems. The significance of this was lost on me at the time but I was not trying too hard, being asleep you understand, and still inexorably searching, searching, searching for beetroot chutney. I grabbed at a passing *X. longipes* and even *felt* it in my hand, so real was the dream. I was being pulled earthwards by an unseen force but I knew I had to hang on. An overwhelming sense of destiny filled me and I knew, I just knew that this was the big one, this was the answer to the question which can never be answered. As I fell earthwards a great echoing chant began to rise up and I looked down to see a million...no...a million million Gordon Simpsons each holding on to a *Xylaria longipes* and chanting "What's its name....what's its name....what's its name?" (As you can imagine, dear reader, this was a great disappointment as it was just a rehash of a real event from the Saturday foray, when we found huge numbers of *Xylaria longipes* beside the silvery stream (*Get on with it.Ed.*), where the one and only Gordon was unable to recall the name!) He did, however, remember CALOCERA PALLIDOSPATHULATA!



It was only when a crash like the sound of a greenhouse collapsing entered my virtual world that I awoke to find that I had knocked the empty Glenmorangie bottle and glass to the floor where one had broken the other. I awoke immediately, of course, as collapsing greenhouses always do it for me, and grabbed my pad and pen in order to write down the latterly related dream. Unfortunately the upside-down-under-water-gravity-free pen was out of ink and so I had to press really hard on the pad then rub the paper later with a 3B pencil to decipher the notes. Even so, I felt that I had forgotten a great deal and that I was almost on the point of discovering where the damned beetroot chutney brain implant had occurred when glass hit bottle.

I did not get back to sleep. My mind was far too preoccupied and I had reached a crossroads. Work was burgeoning and I had deadlines to keep so I got up and made tea, hoping to break the back of a project I was committed to by lunch time. After lunch I would sit down and write up a few reports then probably slide into an NEFSG article on unseasonal finds. I would need some padding as I had only found two....

a huge *Agaricus campestris* (May) on a cut grass verge in Slinfold, Sussex and a *Boletus edulis* (early June) of similar proportions in Pevensey Bay, East Sussex. In the event, I didn't get as far as writing the article until late evening, but then fell asleep at the tiller, so to speak. Without over processing the metaphor I drifted off into the night and cannot recall a thing until Annie woke me from my coma to advise me that my snoring was setting off next doors dogs and she couldn't hear the tennis commentary. I only just mentioned that I had not dreamt of beetroot chutney again when she slammed my study door and rushed downstairs. I assumed it was match point but you can never tell with women. Or Henman. It was getting late so I made us both another cup of tea and I took mine to bed, trying really hard to forget about beetroot chutney whilst at the same time still trying to remember why I couldn't forget or worse yet, why I remembered it in the first place if indeed it was a memory. As you can imagine I slept fitfully and did not dream.

There was a bit of an atmosphere in the kitchen the following morning. I was none too bright and Annie was suffering from tennis cerebellum. I was also quiet. This is a dangerously provocative state in our house, particularly when it is known that there is no cheese involved, and so we were a little short of conversation. I was about to risk all by enquiring into her well-being (how could I be so stupid?) when the postman turned up. Saved by the bell. There was only one letter, addressed to me in a strange but beautifully written hand. I opened it in some puzzlement. Inside was a very nice little thank-you note from Dorothy and Jack, in which they expressed their pleasure in the luncheon at Judges...the food, the surroundings, the conversation....and Oh, Dorothy had included the promised recipe for the beetroot chutney.....

Three Snippets

Alan Legg

Un Ballet Mycologique

Restaurateur extraordinaire, Antonio Carluccio is reported to be working on a ballet – about mushrooms, for goodness sake! Well, if Enid Potter can write a fungus fairy story, why not a ballet? Apparently inspired by the film *Tales of Beatrix Potter*, Antonio thinks that if animals can dance so too may mushrooms. The ballet purports to be allegorical and features il Signor Porcino and Madame Chanterelle. Eat your heart out, John Bunyan! It is rumoured that Andre Previn, no less, is interested in composing the music.

Fungi good for your health?

Yes you always knew it; now it's official. The American Physiological Society is hosting a presentation of research purporting to show that consumption of fermented extract of Chinese *Cordyceps* fungi can significantly improve your health and fitness. You've all heard of *Cordyceps militaris*, the Scarlet Caterpillar fungus, which grows from buried pupae and larvae of various Lepidoptera. Alan Legg found a specimen on one of our July forays – to May Beck, near Whitby.

An old Chinese remedy is based on the related fungus, *Cordyceps sinensis*, found in remote mountainous areas of China, Tibet and Nepal. It is said that Chinese herdsmen noticed that

the condition of their livestock improved when they grazed the hillsides where these fungus grew from buried larvae. This old knowledge has recently been put into commercial use in the production of Cordy Max, a remedy derived from the fungus and sold as a treatment for various medical conditions. It this remedy that has been tested by a California based company whose spokespersons are reported as saying “This study provides scientific evidence that Cordy Max is effective in enhancing aerobic exercise performance, endurance exercise performance and exercise metabolism and alleviating fatigue in healthy humans.” So there.

Fungi down on the Farm

Your Executive committee never rests! After an exhausting business meeting at Stodhoe Farm, regaled by one of Babs’ delicious lunches, Committee members indulged in an impromptu foray in the garden by the pond. Their most notable find was the resupinate polypore, *Physisporinus sanguinolentus*, found recently on the NEFSG foray to Thornley woodland. The Stodhoe collection is the second for VC66.

Three days later, Gordon Simpson and Babs found a specimen of *Phaeomarasmius erinaeus* growing on Crack Willow also at the Farm. NEFSG forayers may remember this uncommon little toadstool from Minsteracres in 2002 (see newsletters 19 and 26). The Stodhoe collection seems to be the first for VC66.

