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SPORE PRINTS

MARCH 1974
Number 100

BULLETIN OF THE PUGET SOUND MYCOLOGICAL SOCIETY
200 Second Ave N, Seattle, Washington 98109



SURVIVORS' BANQUET

Traditionally the Annual PSMS Business Meeting has been held in conjunction with the Annual Spring Survivors' Banquet. These affairs have always been well attended, memorable occasions.

However, it has become increasingly difficult to economically put together such large functions. The 1974 Banquet could very well be the last of this type of celebration so let's make it another good one.

Round up your friends and y'all come and enjoy the evening of good food and fun entertainment that Roth Kinney and his committee have arranged for your pleasure.

The date is Saturday, March 30 at the Seattle Center Arena. Roundup time at 6:00 pm, dinner at 7:00. Come in comfortable Country/Western attire if you wish.

Tickets @ \$9.50 each are available by mail order from Gail Kinney, 9288 Points Drive, Bellevue WA 98004. Phone orders and questions will be handled by Belle Swaffield, CH 4-2559.

Belle Swaffield



Membership Meeting

There is no membership meeting in March. Go to the Survivors' Banquet and whoop it up. Next regular meeting is in April.

BACK BY POPULAR REQUEST

This photo appeared in the April, 1973 issue of Sporeprints, but has been re-submitted so often that here it is again. This time Dr. Betty Hay, Boston, Mass., has sent us a copy from the Turkish Daily News, which is printed in Istanbul.

Turkish Daily News



GOLFING HAZARD

Golfers are like fisherman — they sometimes tell whoopers. Like the two golfers who were playing on the Cheltenham course, near Melbourne, Australia, when on the 16th fairway the ball landed up in front of this giant toadstool. Golfers Jeff Davis and John Stephens brought in the evidence to prove their story. Their hazard turned out to be a brown toadstool, 14 inches high, 5 feet in circumference and weighing 22 pounds. Jeff gave it to his niece to take to school, and Nicole and Andrew Fox peep from under the giant



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| | Doris Paduano | Secretary |

TRUSTEES Jim Bennett, Beverly Bourgeois, Scott Chilton, Roth Kinney, Ed Nicholas, John Orth, Dee Poole, Henry Regeth, David Spath, Fred Wasson, And Robert W. Ramsey (Immediate Past President)

ALTERNATES Dorothy Conway, Everett Peavey, and Bill Pollard

SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR Dr. Daniel E. Stuntz

CALENDAR

Mar 18 Board meeting Monday 8:00 pm
Mar 30 Survivors' Banquet Saturday 6:00 pm
Apr 8 Membership meeting Monday 8:00 pm
Who will be the next Mystery Mushroom?



SPRING FIELD TRIPS? by Martin Hansen

We hope we will be able to have a field trip or two this spring—depends on if we can still get gas. We are not setting a date now, but be ready to roll.

If all goes well and the Verpas are out we just might have one the first part of April. Keep your fingers crossed and look for the date and place in the April bulletin.

JANUARY BOARD NOTES (communications gap noted)

President Melsen has received a call from a representative of the "Outdoor Living—1974" Ecological Fair asking if PSMS would be interested in participating with a booth on Mushrooms. The fair is being sponsored by the University of Washington and will be held May 18 & 19 at the Heck Edmonson Pavilion. After some discussion it was decided to give the fair a tentative yea for our participation.

President Melsen received a telephone call from Dave Largen, a mycologist in Arcadia, California (big Sasquatch country) regarding a joint invitation for a guest Expert Mycologist Dr. Watling of Scotland to visit PSMS and then go on to San Francisco, California. Dr. Stuntz has offered to host the good doctor while in Seattle.

PSMS has received a request from Hybred Press in California for copies of the PSMS Poison Pamphlet for resale. It is the first commercial request of this nature. After considerable discussion by the Board, it was decided the pamphlet would not be available for commercial resale.

(Mostly extracted from Doris Paduano's Board Minutes)

The Diffident Truffle

France's Gift to Gourmets



Dolsneau, Itaplo-Guillumette

A WINTERY sun smiles wanly on a farmer's wife and her sow as they roam the hills above Souillac in southwestern France. Together they search for truffles, a fungus fruit prized by gourmets the world over.

Tugging at the leash and sniffing like a foxhound closing on its quarry, the sow suddenly halts beside an oak. She grunts loudly and rubs her snout in the soil.

Hastily the woman tosses a few kernels of corn

to divert the animal's attention: then she bends and scoops up the earth with a trowel-like utensil. Several inches below the surface she uncovers a small, black, warty tuber—the elusive truffle, whose flavor long has made it popular in sauces, stuffings, and garnishes.

Human sense of smell can rarely detect the piquant perfume of the buried fungus. Most French truffle seekers hunt with pigs. In Italy dogs lead the search. Sardinians use goats.

Fifi: Geiger Counter on Four Legs

Dogs do not naturally seek out truffles, but they can be trained to track them down. Truffle shavings mixed with the dog's food familiarize the animal with the scent.

Although canines lack the pigs' keen nose for detecting the fungus, they are more obedient and tire less quickly. Curiously, they can sniff a trove when snow or ice covers the ground, a talent lacking in swine.

Alba, a town in northwestern Italy, boasts a school for training truffle hounds. A few American enthusiasts have imported trained dogs but have turned up few edible truffles.

Fifi works near Souillac, France.

Dolsneau, Itaplo-Guillumette



Truffles were prized by the Greeks and Romans, but the plant's origin and manner of growth long puzzled scholars. Cicero thought them daughters of the earth conceived by the sun. Porphyrius considered them children of the gods. Plutarch asserted they were produced by the conjoined action of lightning, warmth, and water on the soil. Pliny called them nature's most wonderful creations.

The ancients dedicated the black fungus to Venus, in the belief that it stimulated love. The legend still survives. Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, 18th-century French gourmet, declared in *The Physiology of Taste* that truffles make women more tender and men more affectionate.

Perhaps someday truffles will be as popular on American dining tables as they are in Europe. At its Agricultural Research Center in Beltsville, Maryland, the United States Department of Agriculture is conducting experiments in truffle raising.

Test beds, now five years old, are still not sufficiently mature to indicate whether or not truffles can be domesticated successfully.



French Farmer Sniffs a Prize; Its Earthy Aroma Earns a Smile

Truffles dominate a pastoral region known as Périgord. During harvest season, December to March, their subtle scent pervades the land. Here good cooking and good eating are prized among life's richest rewards. Truffle recipes are passed down for generations.

During World War I prices in Périgord fell to an all-time low, about 35 cents a pound. Scores of landowners chopped down their oaks, plowed up the fungus grounds, and cultivated more profitable vineyards and potatoes.

Prices have since skyrocketed, and demand far outstrips supply. Many repentant Périgourdins have now planted new groves of oak trees.

Mystery, however, surrounds the truffle's growth. Cultivation is difficult and unpredictable. A particular spot may yield a fine crop of truffles one year, yet be quite barren the next. In a single oak grove the tubers may appear among the roots of some 5-year-old trees; they may not show up among others until the trees are 20 years old; and some trees nourish no truffles during a lifetime.

Felner

This article is from Freida Paice's collection. We don't know the name of the magazine; National Geographic? More will follow in a later issue, we hope.

NASTY EDITORIAL

We were rather hurt to see that no choice of candidates was available for the positions of president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary this year. This is in no way a criticism of the candidates (who we can pick on after they are in office). The criticism must lie somewhere in the nether ground between the Election Committee and the membership (sorry, Ed).

It has been traditionally difficult to come up with a complete slate of officers and board members, and the hassle has been a continuing one. We think, however, that it is important to provide a choice, no matter the merits of the candidates.

In almost any organization there are a few people who make most of the decisions and/or do most of the work, and the rest follow majestically along in their wake. The depth of personal involvement must be determined by the individual. However, there is a point at which the individual must take an interest in what is happening. We might draw a certain parallel between PSMS and the federal government, not to scream 'Dirty Mushrooms!', but to point out that when a probing, sincere, concerned interest is not taken by those affected they don't get what they want.

Therefore we would recommend a resolve to have at least two candidates for each position. If those candidates cannot be mustered by fair means, we might just as well resort to a lottery system, with those refusing to play bounced out on their Boletus. Good Grief! Give us a choice!

Mystery Mushroom



Sporeprints is still looking for a writer and illustrator for the Mystery Mushroom. We are also looking for an artist to do mushroom drawings and illustrations for Sporeprints.

We are also looking for some individual who is interested in the editorship of Sporeprints. Maybe a team of two? You need not have an old trench coat and slouch hat to apply.

Further: It has come to our attention that in moving, which we did recently, some various notes were lost. Is there someone who was promised something and didn't receive it? Some submission that wasn't printed? Speak now or forever. . .

BAYOU RAMBLINGS

We have received our semi-annual communication from Jim (James A.) Young, and we quote (in part): "I lost part of a shirt and a small bottle of dark beer. We left thru a swamp-jungle (jungle swamp?). I lost boots and bucket. And then we found chantarelles. Spread out like a hundred stop-size puddles before a small boy. All we had to put them in was wife's panty-hose. After some discussion she gave them to me when I explained that I had promised to supply mushrooms for club spaghetti dinner. She had a headache that nite and didn't go. Or caught cold, I forget."

Once again Jim has raised many questions: Did his wife go with him mushroom hunting? If not, who is "we", if so, why was she wearing panty-hose in a swamp. Oh fearless woman. We must assume that she caught cold the nite of the spaghetti dinner and not the chantarelle hunt, who hunts mushrooms at night? We know why, though. Why she caught cold, that is.

