

Newport Forest

August 2 2000

2:00 - 5:45 pm

Weather: intermittent (heavy) rain, cool 22C, light west wind

Purpose: to extend trails

Participants: Kee, Nick

As we arrived at the property, it looked like the third massive cell to pass through the southern part of Southwestern Ontario was on its way in. We stopped in Edgar Hurdle's garage at his invitation to wait for a lull. He told me that two men had gone fishing on the property last weekend. They had climbed the fence and gone down to the river. I asked him what he thought I should do about it. His answer: "Nothing."

We brought in four bags of chips, supplementing the two bags already on site. I became soaked to the skin very quickly, owing to the fact that what I thought was a rainproof jacket was only a windbreaker, after all. Mosquitoes hovered about us in visible clouds, at times covering our skin in a grey film. It was very difficult for me to exercise my "Indian technique" (ignore them) at times.

In spite of conditions, we extended the OCF trail by about 30 metres, taking it to the foot of the Hogsback, where it now joins a game trail, which will be much easier going. We are now also getting into the rear half of the forest, where the trees are older, the canopy denser and the shrub layer much less of a problem. I picked a few plants for Pat, including a sapling which I later identified as a Bladdernut. Another plant is herbaceous and one of the most common along the trail. (From my description, Pat fears it might be an alien Knotweed of some kind.)

We ate a hurried lunch after re-emerging to the river track, then proceeded to the Landing where Nick began to re-chip some of the balder portions of the Riverside Trail. The River is back up over the gravel bars again. What a summer! Again, however, I succeeded in surprising two basking turtles (the sun had broken through), but they disappeared before I had a good chance to look at them.

I went on ahead to the RSF, carrying my heavy field pack and a bag of chips. The bag was very heavy, the chips being wet from their soaking from earlier rains in London. Consequently, I nearly lost my balance on a few occasions as I made my way along the bank. I re-chipped portions of the entrance trail in the RSF, then made my way directly to the end, where I chipped another 20 metres before I ran out. Just then Nick came along and chipped the next 20 metres. We continued

the short distance to “Fallen Timbers,” my name for an accidental aggregations of dead limbs and rotting trunks. This is a pretty good spot for fungi and we picked up another four or five species, aided greatly by Nick’s sharp eyes. We found Dead Man’s Fingers, Carbon Balls, some more “Rubber Cups,” a Psathyrella, and some strange, translucent white mushrooms growing on a well-rotted log. The upper surface of the same log was encrusted with Turkeytails.

New Species:

Dead Man’s Fingers

Xylaria polymorpha

Carbon Balls

Daldinia concentrica

Common Psathyrella

Psathyrella candolleana

“Wax Drops”

(See description in biolist.)