

October 1, 2023

**Special points of interest:**

- What is a dwarf conifer?
- What were some of the lessons our mothers taught us?
- What is the relationship between snakes and conifers?
- What treasures are found at Hidden Lake?

**Inside this issue:**

Dwarf Conifer Confusion: **1**

Conifer of the Month: **4**

Tree of the Month **7**

A Remembrance: Chub **8**

The Dog Soldier, Part 2 **12**

Stack 'em Deep and Teach 'em Cheap, an excerpt **14**

A Little Humor **16**

# Bob's News & Musings



## Dwarf Conifer Confusion

Almost every retail garden center will have an area for dwarf conifers. However, each one will have a different concept as to just what a dwarf conifer is. All too often a person will go the local garden center looking for a dwarf conifer to fit into his landscape and leave with a dwarf mugo pine (*Pinus mugo* v. *pumilio*), a dwarf alberta spruce (*Picea glauca* 'Conica'), or a dwarf blue spruce (*Picea pungens* 'R. H. Montgomery'). Along with the plant the customer takes the assurance that they have purchased a dwarf conifer.

*Pinus mugo* v. *pumilio*, a.k.a. dwarf mugo pine, is nothing more than a variety of mugo pine grown from seed that grows slower than most of the other mugo varieties. Since it soon becomes a one to two meter (3-6 feet) wide globe, it hardly qualifies as a dwarf. If the consumer buys several of them for a formal setting where they all must be identical, that person has made a mistake. Since these mugos come from seed, they not only all grow a little bit differently, they will also

exhibit varying shades of green.

I remember visiting a large wholesale nursery in Oregon one summer and seeing a crop of 10,000 mugo pines in 5 gallon containers. The plants were identical in shape and size, (due to regular shearing), but exhibited a thousand different shades of green foliage. If a person wants to purchase an honestly dwarf mugo pine, they must select a named variety. The name will belong to a plant that always grows in the same manner and will have a published description. Of course, the consumer should purchase the plant from a reputable nursery because plant factories sometimes have unskilled laborers who mix up labels.

*Picea glauca* 'Conica', a.k.a. dwarf Alberta spruce, grows into an ultra dense, conical tree that is just what everyone pictures as a Christmas tree. Unfortunately it will eventually reach a height of two to three meters (3-6 feet). That is dwarfer than the species, *Picea glauca*, but it is questionable if it can be

considered a dwarf tree, especially since plants grown in the Northwest will often be fertilized and watered into a growth rate of almost 20 centimeters (8 inches) per year.

Then too, rare is the nursery that will mention the word spider mite around this plant. 'Conica' was a common plant in landscapes in the 1940's and 1950's throughout much of North America. However, it suddenly became very rare. Its overuse led to a plague of red spider mites that destroyed or disfigured plants throughout the country. It was "rediscovered" in the seventies and has once again become very common. In fact, one nursery in Oregon was once producing 300,000 'Conica's a year in various sizes for the wholesale nursery trade. They, however, were not the biggest producer in the state.

*Picea pungens* 'Glauca Globosa', a.k.a. globular blue spruce, is a very popular plant in the nursery trade. Many thousands are sold every year in garden centers as dwarf conifers. Unfortunately they are not



*Picea pungens*  
'Glauca Globosa' top  
and 'R.H.  
Montgomery' bottom.  
Both at the  
Longnecker  
Arboretum in  
Wisconsin.



## Dwarf Conifer Confusion

dwarf. The selection named 'Glauca Globosa' will eventually grow into a conical shape because it is actually a conical plant named 'R. H. Montgomery'. Why the confusion? Side shoots propagated from 'R. H. Montgomery' will tend to develop into globose plants when young and have great appeal for the consumer. However, 'R. H. Montgomery' eventually grows up to 25 centimeters (ten inches) per year becoming conical and tall. A gardener who puts this plant within one meter (3 feet) of his house foundation will have to remove it within ten years.

A friend of mine had planted a row of these for a border and after some years was able to cut one a year to use as a Christmas tree.

It is not easy to find dwarf conifers with any size for obvious reasons. Dwarf conifers grow slower so they are expensive to produce by the nurseryman. Since most people want to buy cheap plants, nurseries tend to grow plants that are of a landscape size within three to five years. The consumer who buys this cheaper plant doesn't realize that the growth will not magically slow down once it goes into the landscape. Typically, in a few years it will outgrow its place and must be removed. Then the whole cycle repeats itself.

So how does a person manage to obtain true dwarf conifers? Mail order catalogs

or web sites are one possibility. Anyone can order younger plants for shipment. Otherwise, a person must explore real garden centers, not the local discount centers. Plants may cost more at garden centers, but the consumer is much more likely to get service from a person who knows something about what they are selling. Look for plants that have cultivar names and have good, understandable descriptions about those cultivars.

A cultivar name is the name inside the single quotes that follows the scientific name. For example, *Pinus mugo* 'Valley Cushion' is the full name of a truly dwarf mugo pine. *Pinus mugo* is the scientific name. 'Valley Cushion' is the cultivar name. This cultivar name belongs to a selected seedling of mugo pine that grows according to a published description. All 'Valley Cushion' plants originated from a single seedling, and they all grow identically to it.

A dwarf conifer will be more expensive but if it is a true dwarf conifer, it can stay in its home for as long as twenty years or more. In the long run, such a plant not only costs less, but it also means the landscape is much more permanent.

All this discussion leads me to a definition of a dwarf conifer. Ten different people will have ten different definitions. My own goes

like this: "A dwarf conifer will not attain a size of more than two meters (six feet) in any one direction within twenty years of normal growth. Normal growth being defined as how it would grow in its native range and soil without any special treatment." Any plant can exhibit an abnormal growth rate if it is heavily fertilized and watered in a milder climate.

If a conifer is extremely dwarf, it can be referred to as miniature. A miniature conifer will be smaller than one meter (three feet) at twenty years under these same conditions.

If other people want to use different definitions, that is all well and good. But be certain to know those different definitions, especially as they apply to plants you may wish to buy.

It is also very important to refrain from fertilizing dwarf conifers, since such an action will accelerate its growth. The exception would be fertilizing to meet specific needs of the plant as evidenced by abnormal coloration of the foliage.

When purchasing a dwarf conifer, it is wise to check how it was propagated. If it was propagated by grafting, the growth may be accelerated, especially for the first few years. Generally, but not always, the growth will slow once the root system and the top of the plant attain a normal balance.

## Dwarf Conifer Confusion

If the dwarf plant is grafted onto a stem, its growth will be accelerated for a long period of time.

When we owned a wholesale propagation nursery in Oregon, I established a block of fifty *Picea abies* 'Little Gem' grafted standards for cuttings. We stuck about ten thousand cuttings a year and these standards produced excellent cuttings for sticking into rooting media. Once they rooted, they grew in a normal way.

The exceptions appear to be when the graft is above 18 inches (50 cm). Then the growth rate is similar to a low graft since much of the energy produced by the small top is utilized by the stem itself. Once again, however, there is the exception of high grafting onto an exceptionally large understock. Then the grafted portion acts as if it is on steroids.

I recall a test performed by Eddie Rezek. He believed that *Picea abies* 'Cessarini's Broom' was a *Picea pungens*. He grafted it about fifteen feet above the ground onto the top of a large spruce. The resulting plant became a large dome that looked very much like a *Picea pungens* 'Glauca Globosa'.

When searching catalogs to locate dwarf conifers, be sure to have a good reference source handy. Catalog and internet descriptions can be questionable.



The *Picea glauca* 'Conica' shown above was planted in a bad spot. Below, left, is a *Pinus mugo* 'Valley Cushion' and below, right, is the graft done by Eddie Rezek as described in the text..



## Conifer of the Month: Norway Snake Spruces

### *Picea abies* 'Cranstonii'

A large tree with an open branch structure, *Picea abies* 'Cranstonii' is thoroughly confused with *Picea abies* 'Virgata'. Its branches are long and thick, with only a few lateral branches, often crossing one another. It can be identified by this characteristic. If the side branches near the top are more vertical than horizontal, then the tree is *Picea abies* 'Cranstonii'. Its dark green needles are often somewhat wavy and very similar to those of 'Virgata', but much more laterally compressed. *Picea abies* 'Cranstonii' originated from seed in the Cranston Nursery of Herfeld, England about 1840. It will grow 1 foot (30 cm) per year. (Picture is from the Von Gimborn Pinetum in Holland)



***Picea abies* 'Viminalis'**

Sometimes called the foxtail spruce, *Picea abies* 'Viminalis' becomes a large tree with a broad conical habit. It will grow 1 foot (30 cm) or more per year. Its branches are long and horizontal, later more drooping with long twigs that hang nearly vertical. The needles are light green and somewhat sickle-shaped. It was first found in 1741 in the vicinity of Stockholm. It is not uncommon in the wild.

This particular cultivar is sometimes referred to as the foxtail spruce. Its long needles tend to lie along their branches and are thickest toward the base of each branch. This taper reminds one of the tail of a fox. (Picture from Pinetum Dennenhorst in Holland)



Picture at left shows *Picea abies* 'Vigata' foliage at the top and *Picea abies* 'Cranstonii' foliage below at the Pinetum Dennenhorst in Holland. The difference was quite distinctive on these two trees during the winter.

## **Picea abies 'Virgata'**

A tall tree with a central leader, *Picea abies* 'Virgata' will grow 1 foot (30 cm) or more per year. It has a very sparse branch structure with them being usually solitary or in irregular whorls. They are long and horizontal, often intertwining, chaotic

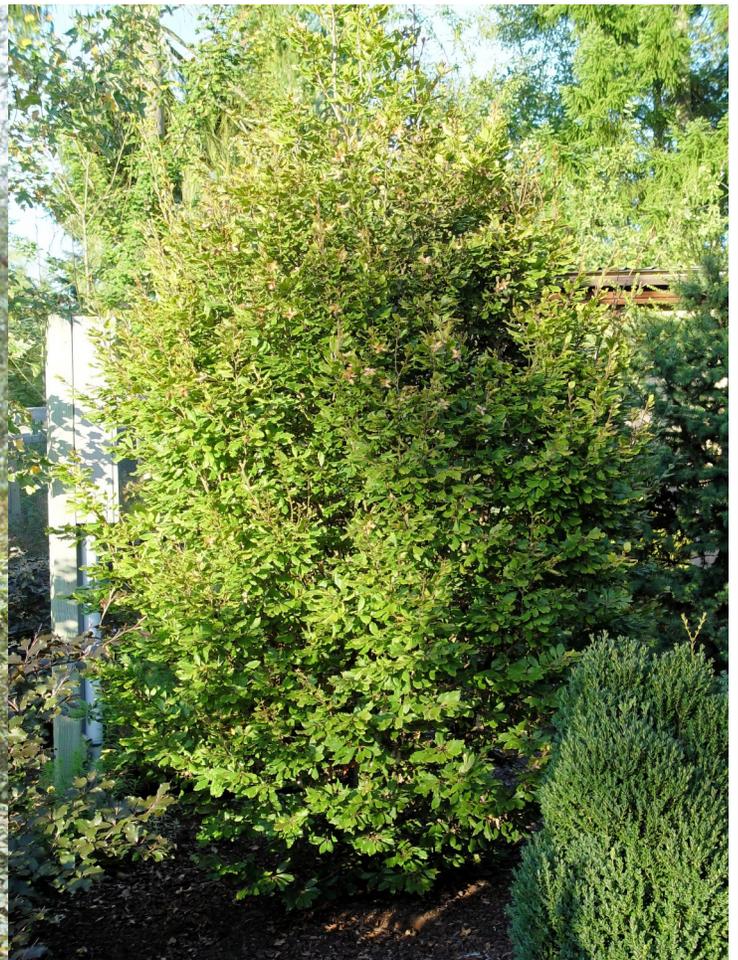
and "snake-like", the uppermost directed upward, the lower ones more pendulous, usually without side buds, therefore normally only growing from the branch tips. Fred Bergman had a large specimen that consisted of a single stem with just an occasional side shoot. The needles are dark green and often curve upward. They can last for up to ten years on a shoot. Originally found before 1853 in France, it is not uncommon in the European forests. It can be distinguished from 'Cranstonii' by the horizontal side branches near the top of the tree. They tend to be vertical for 'Cranstonii'. (Picture from Prhonice Arboretum, Czech Republic)



## Tree of the Month:

*Fagus sylvatica* 'Cochleata' is a very slow growing shrub and ideal for the small garden. The leaves are oval, toothed, and spoon-shaped. It is almost as if a *Fagus* had hybridized with an *Ilex*. Originating about 1840, 'Cochleata' is quite rare in the trade. In 70 years a specimen will be approximately 15 feet (5 m) tall and conical in shape.

The foliage is very deceiving and only the buds prove this to be a *Fagus sylvatica*.





*A midwestern icon,  
Chub was  
instrumental in  
establishing two  
important conifer  
collections in that  
area of the country.*

## **A Brief Remembrance: Chub Harper**

I first heard about Chub Harper soon after starting Coenosium Gardens in Lehighton, Pennsylvania. A contingent from Michigan State University's Hidden Lake in Tipton, Michigan visited me to purchase plants to add to the Harper Conifer Collection. They had a van that was partially full when they arrived and overloaded when they left. They told me about their new conifer garden and how the plants had all been donated by the Grounds Supervisor at the John Deere Headquarters in Moline, Illinois.

Later, I had my first meeting with Chub at an American Conifer Society meeting.

We became acquaintances through the society and as his involvement with the society grew, so did our friendship. Chub was a driving force behind the creation of its Central Region and its large, enthusiastic membership.

Chub knew his conifers and was a very active hunter of witches' brooms. He was also an expert at mapping out mole tunnels and placing

traps to prevent lawn damage.

We once spent five days together running around the Midwest in his van. He welcomed me into his home and gave me a room in his finished basement. It was a difficult time for him because his wife, Anna, was ill and pretty much confined to her room. I was not able to meet her while I was there. Chub was very much devoted to her. Staying with him and Anna made the visit a real delight.

I got special treatment visiting his garden donations and some of his many friends throughout the area. I saw a number of his broom discoveries and a few of the other kinds of unusual plants that he also discovered. We spent a day at Hidden Lake and another day at the Bickelhaupt Arboretum in Clinton, Iowa where we toured the Heartland Conifer Collection. The Heartland Collection came about because Chub had a second conifer collection that he donated to the Bickelhaupt Arboretum. He was dedicated to both of his

collections and he was always buying or finding new conifers to add to them. Chub was also very realistic and knew that plants did not live forever. Whenever a plant was suffering in one of the gardens, Chub would always say that it was time for it to take a ride in the "chipper truck."

Dianne and I were able to spend time with Chub at the 2008 ACS National Meeting in Iowa where he received a much deserved award for his role in plant introductions and support of the society, an award he much deserved. Dianne and Chub spent a lot of time at that meeting sharing stories about the earlier days of the American Conifer Society.

Chub died in 2009 while traveling with one of his many friends.

### ***Picea abies* 'Chub'**

I named this plant in Chub's honor and gave the original to the Harper Collection at Hidden Lake. It is one of my selections from crossing *Picea abies* 'Gold Drift' with *Picea abies* 'Acrocona'. It is broadly conical in shape with bright yellow foliage and red male strobili in the spring that are formed at the ends of their branches. It should be getting quite large by now and it would be interesting to germinate seeds from its cones to see what results.



*Picea abies* 'Gold Drift' above and 'Acrocona', below. *Picea abies* 'Chub' got its color from one and its cones from the other.



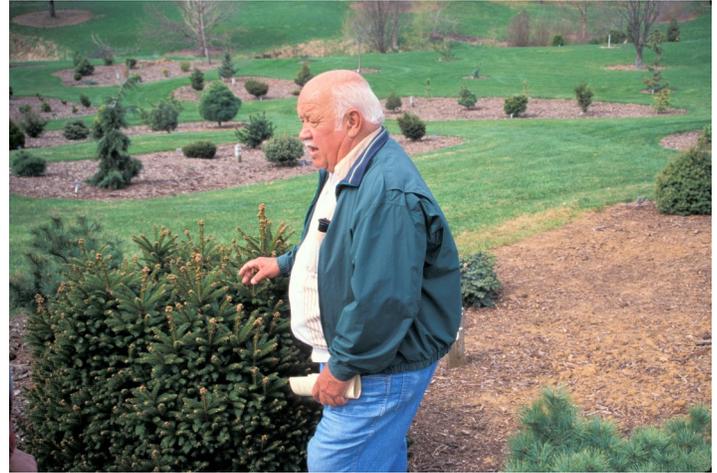
## Hidden Lake

In 1981, Justin C. Harper gave Hidden Lake Gardens a major gift of over 350 dwarf and rare conifers (cone-bearing plants) which now comprise the Harper Collection. These plants were transported from Chub's home in E. Moline, Illinois to Hidden Lake Gardens by the Davey Tree Company of Ohio. The pictures below show the collection during the early years.



## Heartland Collection

The Heartland Collection of Garden Conifers is the largest and most well-known collection at the Bickelhaupt Arboretum in Clinton, Iowa. The initial planning, bed layout, and plant selection were done during the summer and fall of 1990. The first plants, donated by Chub, were planted in the spring of 1991. The pictures below show the collection during its early years. The top left picture was some years later.



## BUFFALO HUNTERS: The Dog Soldier (July 1866) Part 2

"I'm kinda busy here myself," he replied as he removed the first arrow and showed it to me before throwing it aside. Then, with his bloody hands, he grabbed the iron rod from the fire and put the red-hot end of it against the bleeding wound. Cauterizing the injury, filled the air with the sweet, pungent smell of burning flesh. The Cheyenne moved slightly but never even groaned a bit.

I started to drag the third Sioux away when Carter explained how to remove a scalp as he put the iron rod back into the fire. "Wrap his hair around your left hand and use your Bowie to cut through the skin around the top of his skull. Then tug hard and fast with your left hand like you was crackin' a whip. It should come right off with a poppin' noise."

"You sound like you done this before."

"A few times when I was ridin' for the Pony Express. I'll tell you about it some-time."

As he turned back to work on the Cheyenne some more, he added, "Oh. I almost forgot. You might have to hold a foot against his shoulder when you snap the scalp off, or the body might do all the movin'."

Leaving him working on the Cheyenne I laid the third Sioux by the other two. Then I stood there thinking about how to go about doing the scalping. I'd have to do it three times, even though I had never done it before. Afterward, I'd have to bury them and hope they don't have any friends hereabouts. The scalps we'd would hide in the wagon until the Cheyenne either died or went on his way with them.

I figured I would do the Sioux with the longest hair first. That way I could get a better grip for jerking it away from the skull.

Before starting, I reached up and grabbed my own hair, pulling it in different directions. The skin of my scalp seemed to move across the top of my skull as I pulled it back and forth. It was not tightly attached, and by cutting the skin around the top of my head, I could probably scalp myself.

I stood at the head of the first warrior and grabbed his hair. I was able to wrap it around my hand twice, giving me a good grip on it. It was greasy and slippery, so I needed the extra wrappings. I pulled on the hair, raising the upper part of his body off the ground. I saw that the scalp showed some separation from the top of his skull as I pulled.

Easing up a bit on the tug, I let the body regain contact with the ground. Then I took my Bowie from its scabbard and placed its edge on the hairline at the front of the skull. I knew it was razor sharp and would do its job. I just had to be careful not to cut deeply into the bone of the head.

I made an incision around the top of the warrior's skull, cutting slightly into the bone. After cutting, I pulled on the hair with my left hand, and nothing happened. I wondered what I had done wrong. There was no blood where I had cut through the skin, so maybe the lack of fresh blood was causing the problem.

Then I remembered that Carter had told me to jerk the hair off the head like I was cracking a whip. Pushing on one shoulder with my foot, I relaxed the tension on the shock and gave it a sudden, hard jerk. It came loose with a moist, sucking sound and a sudden loud plop just before it hit me in the face.

I sputtered and cursed myself for not being more careful. I should've known better. Now I had bits of flesh and coagulating blood on me. But the scalp was off, and I held it up in my left hand. I didn't take the time to admire my handiwork. I had two more to do. They came off a lot easier now that I sort of knew what I was doing. I can't say I liked scalping, but over the years I have become quite proficient at it.

I buried the three Sioux in a shallow grave and went back to camp to get the mules. When I got there, Carter was rinsing blood from his hands. The Cheyenne was bandaged and laying quietly on the old buffalo hide. His breathing was shallow, and he was

As he turned back to work on the Cheyenne some more, he added, "Oh. I almost forgot. You might have to hold a foot against his shoulder when you snap the scalp off, or the body might do all the movin'."

## BUFFALO HUNTERS: The Dog Soldier (July 1866) Part 2

not in very good condition, but at least he was still alive.

“That second arrow was a bit of a problem, but I was able to snap the feathers off and push it all the way through. Then I cauterized both wounds that it made and bandaged him up. Now we wait and see what happens,” Carter said as he looked at the scalps I was carrying.

“Let me look at them there scalps and see how good a job you done on them,” Carter said as he reached out for them.

I handed them over, and as he took them, a big smile broke out on his face. “I see you had a problem. Rinse those pieces of Sioux off your face. There be some hot water left in the pot.”

“I got the hang of it after the first one,” I grumbled back at him.

After rinsing off my face, I said, “I’ll go stake the mules out over the graves, and when we leave, we can drive the wagon over them as well. That way if any of their friends come around, it will be difficult for them to find the graves.”

Later, when I returned to camp, Carter had stretched the scalps by attaching them to willow hoops. He was scarping them clean of any bits of flesh. When he saw me watching, he said, “We have to clean them good and let them dry, so they don’t go bad. If the Cheyenne lives, he will want them in good condition when we give them to him.”

The night passed without any problems. There were no smells to attract scavengers, and the wounded man slept, although somewhat fitfully at times.

As soon as the sun brightened the eastern sky, we got ready to move out. Some bacon and greasy hardtack for breakfast sat heavy in our stomachs, but it was nourishing. At least we had some coffee to wash it down. Our patient was still unconscious but breathing. Since he had lived through the night, his chances of survival were improving.

We put extra buffalo robes in the wagon bed and laid him on top of them. He was in for a bumpy ride, but we would be taking it slow as we continued to search for any sign of buffalo. I planned on riding close to the wagon a bit more than usual to keep an eye on him.

As we pulled out of camp, the pinto followed close behind. I had tried to grab him several times during the night without any success. Even now, he avoided my attempts as he followed along.

Summer wasn’t the best time to be hunting buffalo. The hides were in poor condition, and the meat quickly spoiled in the summer heat. It was hardly worth the effort, especially since the herds seemed to have moved out of east Nebraska Territory.

The lack of buffalo also meant a lack of Indian signs. The Sioux and Cheyenne appeared to be more active toward the western parts of the territory. Game was more plentiful and the army was stirring up trouble with the tribes. The discovery of a fight between a lone Cheyenne Dog Soldier and three Sioux warriors was a vexing problem.

I had been thinking about the Cheyenne as I scouted ahead of the wagon. It was about five miles behind me when I saw a dust cloud farther ahead. I decided to check it out before Carter caught up to me. Going as fast as I could without kicking up a lot of dust, I reached a small hill with a few trees scattered about its top. Leaving Nightshade on the slope, I worked my way to the top where I knelt next to one of the trees.

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## Stack 'em Deep & Teach 'em Cheap

### Teaching is a Great Job with Summers Off and Lots of Holidays: Days Not Worked are Days Not Paid

Nobody gets rich as a teacher, and people go into the profession for various reasons unrelated to financial gain. The pay is not very high, but the benefits appear great.

The average person envies a teacher's work schedule. They do not envy the job of working with a room full of pubescent teens or a mob of little ones needing their noses wiped every few minutes. While they see an eight-hour workday (7 ½ in many cases) with summers and holidays free from work, they often fail to consider the hours teachers work outside of school, preparing lesson plans, grading tests, etc.

Pay varies across the country and is generally much lower than other professionals. I always chalked that up to the fact that we were the only professionals paid with tax dollars. Therefore, we could not charge whatever we thought we could get.

Salaries are generally

paid in twelve monthly installments, although no salary is earned on holidays or during the summer. In all their benevolence, most school districts help teachers with their budgeting by spreading out the payments. It is just a coincidence that districts can make money on the delayed salary payments through wise investing. I suppose it is a win-win situation.

When I started teaching at Weatherly Jr.-Sr. High School in 1967, my contractual yearly salary was \$5,200.00 spread over twelve months. Since I worked 183 days for that income, I made \$5.00 per hour and received about \$100.00 per week. However, since I spent many hours working on lessons and grading papers independently, I earned about \$3.00 per hour.

Salaries have come a long way since 1967, but so has the cost of living. In areas where teaching salaries have grown to remarkably high levels, the cost of housing often means they still cannot live within the district.

Summer vacation is a pipe dream for many teachers, especially the younger ones. Most teachers work for extra income to supplement

their salaries. Additionally, many states require teachers to earn college credits. Earning credits costs money and prevents any full-time summer employment for many teachers.

By 1969, I moved from Weatherly to the Tamaqua School District and benefited from Tamaqua having a higher starting salary than Weatherly.

Teaching salaries were still not great, and a typical teacher needed to find other sources of income. Several of the teachers even qualified for food stamps. Summer jobs were the norm rather than the exception. Some teachers formed a small company and spent the summers painting houses. Others would always volunteer to teach summer school for additional funds. Those who had to take classes during the summer had difficulty making ends meet.

One of the teachers served in the National Guard and was always trying to earn extra money. He would purchase military items of clothing to sell to other faculty members. He even sold tackle boxes. However, the most noteworthy things he sold were guns. He had a gun sales license and sometimes gave a

## Stack 'em Deep & Teach 'em Cheap (cont.)

sales pitch during lunch or his planning period. One day he even displayed a small pistol that he carried in one of his socks. He would not have lost his job in those days, but the principal would have reprimanded him for being armed in school.

Today, salaries have increased way beyond the levels of the sixties. The average school year is just over 180 days; a teacher contract is based on that number of days. If a teacher loses a day's pay, the money is deducted based on the 180-day agreement.

### Sick Days

Teachers have a certain number of paid sick days each year. It is usually ten or twelve, depending upon the contract. A teacher may have to take a leave of absence in the event of a long-term illness. Then the teacher receives no pay but can return when better. A full-time substitute teacher takes over the class temporarily.

Sick days can accumulate and, in some states, follow a teacher when they change school districts. Upon retirement, the district converts sick days into cash at a set rate. When I retired from Eatonville, I received one

full day's salary for every four sick days I had saved. I used it for health insurance premiums.

Some teachers treat sick days like holidays and use every one each year. There was a shop teacher at Tamaqua High School who followed that philosophy. Unfortunately, it backfired when he got extremely sick and did not have enough sick days accumulated to cover his missed days. It cost him 1/183 of his annual salary for each day missed.

Some contracts allow teachers to donate sick days to each other. So if someone uses up all their days and their illness persists, they can request donations, and teachers with many days may give them one or two to use. I noticed that the ones who consistently used up their days were the ones asking for donations. So I would donate my good wishes to those people.

We had one teacher who was pregnant three years in a row. She was after sick day donations all the time. I was approaching retirement, and each day would be worth almost \$100.00 when I cashed them in upon taking my "pension." I offered to donate some days to her if she reimbursed

me for the lost money. She was insulted that I mentioned such a thing. I felt I would lose a hundred-dollar bill each day while she would save over three hundred dollars in lost wages. I guess she did not see it that way. Since I was not the one who got her pregnant, I did not feel in the slightest way guilty for making that offer. I heard she did quite a bit of complaining when nobody donated sick days to her that third year.

### Sabbaticals

A sabbatical is a unique event when a teacher may take one semester or a full year away from teaching at half-pay. All the fringe benefits remain in place. In Pennsylvania, a teacher was eligible to take a sabbatical after ten years in a district and then every seven years afterward. I suspect that has changed since I taught in the state. I once took a semester-long sabbatical to travel and work on an educational project.

Washington State has something about sabbaticals in the school code, but getting one is next to impossible. I did not know any teacher who had gotten a sabbatical during the 19 years I taught in the state.

*Some teachers treat sick days like holidays and use every one each year.*



## Organization

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## Hilarious Things My Mother Taught Me...

1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE . "If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. My mother taught me RELIGION. "You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL . "If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
4. My mother taught me LOGIC. " Because I said so, that's why."
5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC. "If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT. "Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."
7. My mother taught me IRONY "Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."
8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS. "Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM. "Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. My mother taught me about STAMINA. "You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

## Steak Time: Before Winter Gets Here

