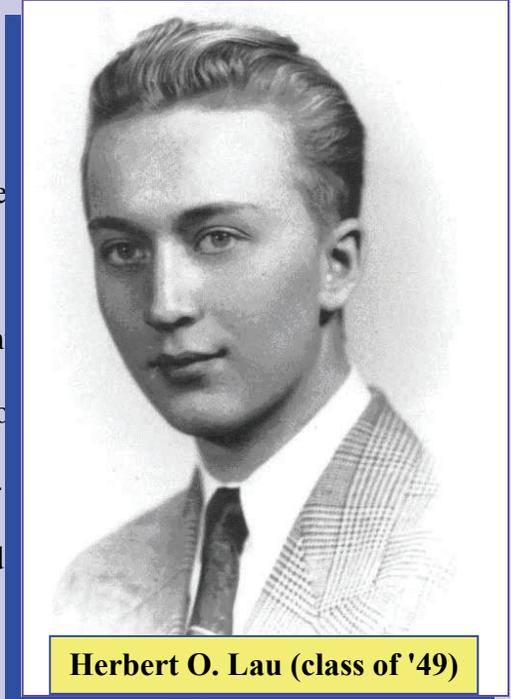




Good News Honored Teachers

Dear Mr. Scarola,

This letter is a little late---almost sixty years late and most of my teachers are probably now dead, but perhaps you can pass it on to some teachers who feel that their efforts are not appreciated. To be honest, I started thinking about writing it almost after I graduated with my Associate degree, but then came six hectic mouths at my first job, two years in the Marine Corps, marriage, four children, a full and part time job, an old house to fix up, and five years of night school to get my bachelors degree in Civil Engineering. Then within a year of my goal, my company moved me and my family to Connecticut. With a new position and responsibilities I decided that I really didn't need a degree since I was already doing civil engineering work. The decision not to finish my studies at night and get my degree was the biggest mistake I ever made. It did not hold me back with promotions, but I always felt inferior to others who did have a degree. Perhaps you can pass on some advice to people who don't feel that a degree is important.



Herbert O. Lau (class of '49)

I was very fortunate to attend a great school like Grover Cleveland H.S. with all the dedicated and caring teachers. I especially wanted to write a letter to Miss Keyes who taught me that the after dinner treat desert had two s's because it was double sweet versus the sandy desert with one s. The school principal ended in *pal* because he was our pal. The drill sergeant wore a blue *serge* suit and he had an *ant* on his shoulder. She made English, which I never cared for, bearable. Doctor Lashley taught me patience and understanding. He was the gentlest person I ever met. Mr. Kitts treated us as adults and not children. Miss Brown, the music teacher, spent hours and hours of her own time after hours working with us on the various musical productions. There was one civics teacher who assigned different students different newspapers (liberal, conservative, communist, etc,) to read each day. He would then have us discuss the different slants and teach us how to study all sides of an argument. He was completely unbiased and I learned a lot from him. Sorry, I can't remember his name. I could go on and on about how my many teachers never gave up on us and how they spent many hours after school leading the dozens of after school clubs and activities. Teachers are truly dedicated servants who never get credit for all that they do for their students. Know that although you teachers may not get all the thank you letters you deserve, there are hundreds of ex students like myself who often think about you and talk about you and how you shaped our lives for the better.

Herbert O. Lau (class of '49)
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