

My Los Gatos recollections include a 14 year gap—since that’s how long it’s been since I’ve worked there—but here are some random memories involving Sandy that have survived the march to senility:

- Berry Days, of course! Little more needs to be said. Could that experience really have been as special as it seems? I think so.
- The “How can we solve the problems of misbehaving students after the recess bell rings Committee?” We had the perfect solution—that failed miserably.
- Why can’t we all let Mr. Russ teach our PE?
- What’s in the Berry water that is making everyone pregnant? (Oh, that’s not how it works.)
- If Sandy is going to bargain for LGETA then everything will be OK.
- What do you mean we can’t have an 18% raise?
- I still can’t get over how amazed you were when all I did was deliver lunch. Low expectations?
- Mr. Harder, what do you mean Jeremy Louthian is going to be in my class? His mother is a legend. What if he tells the truth when she asks, “What did you do in school today?”
- Oh, that’s right, boys that age always reply, “Nothing.” Well, there’s hope.
- How will my puns ever live up to her standards?
- Oh, puns don’t need standards.
- I’ve had Jeremy all year and you still like me? Russ does too? Jeremy even thinks it hasn’t been that bad? I’m going to stay on your Christmas card list?
- I’m off to Lex. Sandy’s off to Fisher. There’s still the Friday volleyball game.

As you can see below I’ve aged in the last fourteen years, but you are exactly like I remember you.

May your retirement be as filled with as many wonderful experiences as your teaching career.  
Best wishes,

George

George Manthey  
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