

Roosevelt school; Daly City, on the other



the reactor

by Paul Azevedo

When I asked for nominations for "Pacifica's Book of Lists" (with a tip of the hat to David Wallachinsky) I thought I might get a few nominations in each category. Curiously enough, the response has been almost entirely "Pacifica's five best teachers."

On reflection, I think that shows the great importance that teachers hold for both children and parents. Teachers' skills, character and personality affect more people in town, little and big, than the same qualities in any other category of job holder.

Mary Lou Linman nominates Kathi Scott and Katie Stasun, followed by Pat Ladner and Art Johns. (She also nominated herself as one of Pacifica's happiest people, and what a great thing that is to be able to say about yourself.)

I'VE HAD SOME other nominations from some responsible, though anonymous, callers about teachers at San Andreas school.

Norma Schultz of San Andreas was nominated. I'm told she is an upper grade science, math and p.e. teacher, and it's a pleasure to put her name on the list. Also nominated, by a different parent, was Walter

Corriea of San Andreas.

I don't know whether these are the best teachers in town, but I'm happy to acknowledge them. It's good to know that those who know their work at first hand have such a high opinion.

I MUST ADD Ingrid Lacy of Ortega to this list. I have heard for so long, and from so many sources, of her skill, hard work and dedication, that I'm sure she belongs way up in this elite group.

To the list of Pacifica's most famous singers I must add Mildred Owen Simon and Yvonne Lorvan.

I've enjoyed the singing of both. They are part of our cultural milieu.

ON ANOTHER subject, I hope that the city officials responsible will take the hint of Standard Oil as reported in last week's Tribune and make a decision to spend Standard's \$18,000 gift on a worthwhile public project.

Whether it's 4-H community pride, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, handicapped kids, paying the car insurance of volunteer drivers for the Red Cross, or a dozen other worthy projects, there must be something we could use the money for.

Each year at this time I look forward to the Tribune ads from the several Christmas tree farms to the south of us. Driving to a Christmas tree farm and cutting a tree of the family's own choosing is a real plus experience.

When my family first did that, a number of years ago, our youngest son, who was about four or five, discovered and fell in love with the scrawniest, most bedraggled tree in the place. He must have felt sorry for this pitiable growth. It took a lot of talk to persuade him to leave without it.

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