

January 9, 1940

ODE TO MR. ANDERS
(My Geometry Teacher)

His round blue eyes that quickly snap
Are full of life and energy,
His grey head round and partly bald
Is crammed full of geometry.

Quite light in weight, he is not hard
Upon his twinkling elfin toes,
And only merriment shines forth
From out his upturned cherry nose.

His voice is gruff, his words are quick,
And yet quite often smiles appear
Upon his wise and shaven lips
That spread in glee from ear to ear.

His pupils love him, every one,
And yet a certain dignity
Surrounds each word and rule he speaks,
Our teacher of geometry.

