

January 25, 1940

TO MISS MCCLEARY

Needed by each human being
When the path of childhood ends
Is an understanding person,
Best of teachers, best of friends.

Just to guide each straying student
And to keep each wandering soul
On the pathway of the righteous
Towards a finer, better goal.

When this term we first did meet you
All our minds and every heart
Was a mottled bit of metal
That your understanding art
Turned into far richer sculptures,
Every contour, every line
Made by you, dear Miss McCleary,
Into something far more fine.

Now the dreaded time for parting
Comes, and all of us must go,
Through our lives we'll all remember
How much gratitude we owe

Just to you, dear Miss McCleary,
And as now our contact ends,
May we smile through tears and thank you,
Best of teachers, best of friends.