

RECEIVED JUN 10 1985

Jumbo.

Just one hundred years ago, our Jumbo came to town,
The place that it happened, was one of some renown.
Barnum and Bailey's circus, was touring the countryside,
Stopping at all the cities, at least those they could abide.

St. Thomas had the pleasure of their company that day,
They walked through the town, and down to the railway.
Jumbo and his friend Tom Thumb, needed their exercise,
And of course, big Jumbo was both old and wise.

His keeper tried to move Tom from the track,
In playfulness though, he ran right back.
A train was coming, much closer than they thought,
So Jumbo leaned on Tom, and pushed him from the spot.

Before anyone could do much more,
The train hit Jumbo, and shook him to the core.
His great grey bulk slid harmlessly to the side,
But Jumbo himself, just lay there and died.

Today a sculptor has brought him home again,
To stand by St. Thomas and forever reign.
His great ears standing out from his head,
As if guarding the city, or so it is said.

A year to assemble him, so it did take,
From start to finish, for everyone's sake.
The long trip from the Maritimes, the most dangerous of all,
To put it bluntly, it was a hell of a haul.

Now he stands by the wayside, looking over the city,
All sorts of lights shining, ever so pretty.
Jumbo's trunk is up, and he looks quite regal,
He has that look, just like an eagle.

Winston Bronnum is the man to whom the credit goes,
A whole year of standing, away up on his toes.
That elephant is sixteen feet in height,
Get close to him, and he's quite a sight.

He got special attention to come to his new home,
His legs were chopped off, right to the bone.
The bridges were not high enough, you see,
But we had all the pieces, that was our guarantee.

Well, the trip was over, and the dues all paid,
The legs were rescued, and an effort made,
To reassemble his parts, all as good as new,
And everyone cheered, the whole darned crew.

The lights were shining, away up on a hill,
As Jumbo prepared to fill the bill.
His trumpeting could almost be heard,
As he seemed to warn his subjects of what had occurred.

Your imagination is a wonderful thing,
As you feel the first soft breath of spring.
It now seems that the city is secure,
As now it has the answer.

Now if we happen to pass that way, at some time in the future,
We'll stop and have a look, and definitely nurture,
Our thoughts about St. Thomas, better late than never,
A home for a tired old elephant, who was so very clever.

by: W.R. Lundy. (Ray)

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I read the article in the Star quite a while ago. When it became news again, I just had to write something in honor of Jumbo. I have been following the story in the Daily Star for the last three days, and hope that it turns out the way you have planned.

If you get a chance to place this poem somewhere appropriate, I would be very pleased. I'd like some of your citizens to be able to see it.