

STEAM ENGINE

As a tireless and ardent preserver of steam
Now whom but Norm Fawcett should finance my dream.
A rare sawmill engine from Poupore's at Skead
Of special restorers was greatly in need.
In the history of steam though I'm only a puff
But engineers tell me one puff is enough,
To set wheels in motion, so my puff of steam
Was enough to start this toward Fawcett's Museum.

We're drove by a strange uncontrollable urge
To resurect it and see it emerge,--
Emerge from crustaceans and decades of dust
Complete renovation an absolute must.
To see that old flywheel in motion again
A page from the past for the next race of men.
Where people look back to the glory of steam
And relive it all in the Fawcett Museum.

Since rare words I'm seeking are so hard to find
My imperfect grammar I hope you won't mind.
Obscure in the space age of diesel and jet
Our great steam armistice says, Lest we forget;
That steam had its day and in terms of Cost Plus
The next generation achieves a life's dream
To see it preserved in the Fawcett Museum.

One year I devoted to save it from scrap
And find it a merited place on the map.
So oft O'er its fate I reluctantly grieved
Now a sigh of relief says my dream is achieved.
When the annals of history are slowly compiled
And I can look back to when I was a child,
Some child by my side, Rapt, and lost in a dream
Both happy we visited Fawcett's Museum.

George Quackenbust
Capreol Ont., Nov 1, 1970.