

## THE TRAIN WRECK AT DROCOURT

Mar. 20th 1929.

by Mrs. Ida Quackenbush and her son George Quackenbush

Come all you good people and listen while I relate;  
How two fast trains of the C.N.R. met with an awful fate.  
Twas on a Wednesday morning, the time was half past three  
When No. 4 from Winnipeg crashed into No. 3.  
The engineer from Parry Sound, Alexander was his name  
Climbed in beside his fireman to guide his speeding train.  
They sped along quite merrily through Waubamick did go  
And did not stop at Drocourt which proved their overthrow.

Waubamick was their passing place but No. 4 was late  
So No. 3 got orders at Drocourt to wait;  
At Waubamick, Alexander always met No. 4  
But for an instant he forgot and sped on as before.  
The engineer on No. 4 sped on thru sleet and snow  
All innocent of danger till he saw the lights aglow;  
And in that awful moment, what could his feelings be  
When he to his fireman gasped "My God, there's No. 3."

There was an awful crash when those two big engines met  
And all on board who still survive, I'm sure will ne'er forget.  
For two cars caught afire as they lay there in the snow  
How many perished in the flames, perhaps no one will know.  
So let this be a warning to people old and young,  
And get right with your Maker, for your time soon may come,  
When you'll be called in a moments time like those who've  
gone before  
On two trains of the C.N.R., the numbers three and four.