



Train wreck, Dushore

Sept. 30, 2020

TOURING SULLIVAN COUNTY'S MUSEUM . . . while dusting

From the annals of history we've found a newspaper clipping but know not the paper nor the date. And although it is yet another poem, we thought you might enjoy this piece of history entitled Dean Bond. It was written by Wellman Lyman

Wolcott who prefaced the piece with an intro:

"The following lines were written in memory of a brave young brakeman, who was killed November 24, 1905, in a wreck on the Susquehanna & New York railroad near Wheelerville, Pa.:

-Up among the Alleghenies,
Far from din of city strife,
Dwelt a youth of noble bearing,
Genial, Jovial, full of life;
Much beloved by all who knew him,
Ever held in high esteem.
Life, so full of joyous sunshine
Was to him a pleasant dream.
-He had seen but eighteen summers,
Yet a manly youth withal;
Frank and kind in deed and manner,
Large and handsome, straight and tall.
But of all these winsome graces,
He appeared to take no heed;
Never showing vain ambition
By an act or word or deed.
-Daily past his father's cottage,
With a rumble and a roar,
Trains went rushing o'er the railroad,
Opposite the cottage door;
On the road young Dean was working,
And he passed his home each day,
Always waving loving signals
Every time he came that way.
-Tuesday, in the bleak November,
When the days grow cold and drear,
He had visited his mother
At the home he loved so dear;
There he spent the happy moments,
Till from her he had to part,

Then within his arms he clasped her,
Kissed her, pressed her to his heart.
-“Dean,” she said, “be very careful,
For with danger you’re beset;
Please be cautious every moment,
Goodby, son! Now don’t forget!”
“In the Lord I’ll trust, dear mother,
And I’ll not forget to pray.”
Thus he answered on departing
From his home and friends that day.
-Then on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Came the signal as before,
To the loved ones stand, waiting,
Watching by the cottage door;
But alas! That son and brother
Here on earth no more will wave,
For beneath the sod he’s sleeping,
In the cold and silent grave.
-From that form all crushed and mangled,
In a wreck that Friday night,
His grand spirit fled forever,
And to heaven it took its flight.
Ah, dear parents! Cease they weeping,
Lift thine eyes and thou may see,
From his place up there in heaven
He is beckoning still to thee.”

Then from Dean Bond’s obituary in the Sullivan Review of 11/30/1905, we learn that his cottage home was in Ellenton. And that he’d lost his life on Friday evening when two freight cars got loose when “left on a switch at Wheelerville and ran down on the main line, while the train on which Bond was a brakeman ran into them while backing down to the Y to turn the engine and caboose. The impact was tremendous, and Bond was caught, and his head crushed and one hip broken.” He’d been on the job for two weeks. No matter the time employed, accidents like this could have happened to anyone on the railroad.

For this and more of the history of Sullivan County you may call the museum at 570-946-5020 or email museum@scpahistory.com for an appointment. Or visit our website at www.scpahistory.com and see us on Facebook.

Closing thoughts from the 1913 Almanac: The fellow who looks wise and is silent doesn’t always make good.