

Ruminations of a Roulette Dealer
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In the early days of Skagway, in
ninety-eight and nine,
When the sport and tinhorn gambler
Off the rough-neck used to dine,
I was one among them and like the rest
I made
A living dealing Roulette, at the Old
Board of Trade.

In those days things were booming,
The "bright lights were aglow,"
The city fined the gamblers
And the "girls up on the row."

I dug up my monthly fine
The same as all the rest,
Nothing was too good for me
I always had the best.

I patronized the tailor,
For I always had the coin,
I either ate a porterhouse
Or a juicy tenderloin.

The dance halls then were flourishing,
The girls were selling wine,
The "sucker got his hide full"
And had to pay a fine.

When the "rough-neck" came to town
And brought along his poke,
A few turns of the roulette wheel
Would send him back home broke.

He got something for his money
When he went and bought a dance,
But when he played the roulette wheel
He never had a chance.

You really can't imagine
How good it made me feel,
To win the "sucker's" money
Then listen to him squeal.

Conditions then were different,
Things now are not the same,
For "the milk of human kindness"
Didn't figure in the game.

So, I had to change my system,
I earn an honest living now,
I drive the Skagway Street Car
For my "daily chow."

Every dog must have his day,
As everybody knows
So, I cut out the porterhouse
And put on working clothes.

Soapy Smith and many more,
Have long since gone to rest,
But, I through honest dealing,
With many friends am bless'd.

I'm an authorized Ford dealer,
An undertaker, with all kinds of
supplies,
And hope to be a "Doctor"
Before many years go by.

But, I'm quite well satisfied
With the progress I have made,
For I designed and built a street car
For the Skagway tourist trade.

But I am still "a dead game sport,"
And you'll never hear me squeal,
For I never was the "sucker"
I always ran the wheel.