

*Waiting for the "Ida May"*

It was a calm and peaceful evening in a tent called "Seldom Inn,"  
 There were pies and cakes and cookies where there hadn't oughta been.  
 The boys were all atellin' of the things they'd done that day,  
 You could hear old Trinkaus singing in the "Morgue" 'cross the way.

The "Ida May" had gone to Tomahawk to get the daily mail  
 And Kiene went along to get a glass of ginger ale.  
 Penn and Al had gone afishin' to get a mess o' pike,  
 An' "Lindy" was spielin' tales of which we'd never heard the like.

There was one man at the table and his name was Siedenstrang,  
 A better man than "Sieder" there wasn't in the gang;  
 He never hunted trouble but on this particular night,  
 Someone'd sprung a joke on him and he was spoilin' for a fight.

His corns had been a' achin' from a'brekin' in new shoes,  
 His "Dolly" hadn't writ him and his heart was filled with blues;  
 He rose up from the camp chair and a cooky threw away  
 As he bent his ear to listen for the chug of "Ida May."

Smithy got an inspiration, "Let's play some pitch" he said,  
 "Before the Ida May comes back and it's time to go to bed."  
 "You're on," said many voices, and a smile lit Sieder's face;  
 The cards were brought, the chairs arranged and each man took his place.

Then Kornfeldt did the dealing, he did it mighty slick;  
 Zeman led the ace of hearts, that gave him the first trick.  
 He led back the ten o' hearts and Sieder took it with a queen;  
 "A few like that," said Sieder, "and the game I'll surely clean."

But Sully, the lucky cuss, won at everything he tried,  
 (A rattlesnake once bit him; they say the pore thing died!)  
 An' so he took the winning trick and put the game at end  
 Just as the "Ida May" was heard achuggun' round the bend.

Knuepfer made for the eat-house and Pa Phillips for the sack,  
 The boys were also on the job "Ida May" to welcome back.  
 Art Alter drew a long one big enough to fill a book.  
 Hello, what's this? Why sure enough, a letter for the cook!

Here's a letter from Missouri, I wonder who it's for?  
 It kind o' seems to me, Gillie, I've seen that scribe before.  
 A letter for Siedenstrang! I'll be jiggered if it aint!  
 And if Sieder wa'nt happy, he was far from feeling faint.

The writing looked familiar; 'twas Dolly's without a doubt,  
 So quickly Sieder opened it and drew the contents out:  
 'Twas only worthless mining stock some grafter wished to sell,  
 And it gave the names of many men that for their game had fell!