

YA GOT TROUBLE

HAROLD: Either you're closing your eyes to a situation you don't wish to acknowledge or you are not aware of the calibre of disaster indicated by the presence of a pool table in your community.

Ya got trouble,—my friend, Right here, I say trouble right here in River City. Why sure, I'm a billiard player, certainly Mighty proud I say I'm always mighty proud to say it. I consider that the hours I spend with a Cue in my hand are golden. Help you cultivate horse sense and a Cool head and a keen eye. 'Jever take and try to give an iron-clad leave to yourself from a three-rail billiard shot? But just as I say it takes judgment, Brains and maturity to score in a balkline Game, I say that any boob kin Take 'n' shove a ball in a pocket. And I call that sloth! The first big Step on the road to the depths of deg-ra- Day—I say first—medicinal Wine from a teaspoon, then—beer from a Bottle. And the next thing you know your Son is playin' fer money in a pinch-back Suit. And list'nin to some big Out-a-town Jasper hearin' him tell about Horse-race gamblin'. Not a wholesome Trottin' race. No! But a race where they se' down Right on the horse! Like to see some Stuck-up jockey-boy settin' on DAN PATCH? Make your blood boil? Well I should Say. Friends, lemme tell you what I Mean. Ya got one two Three four five six Pockets in a table! Pockets that mark the Diff'rence between a gentleman and a Bum with a capital B and that rhymes with P and that stands fer pool. And All week long your River City youth'll be Frittern away, I say your young men'll be Frittern! Frittern away their Noon-time, Supper-time, Chore-time, too! Get the ball in the pocket, never mind gittin' Dandelions pulled, or the screen door patched or the Beefsteak pounded. And never mind Pumpin' any water till your parents are caught with the Cistern empty on a Saturday night and that's Trouble, oh yes we got lots and lots a' Trouble, I'm thinkin' of the kids in the knickerbockers Shirt-tail young-ones peekin' in the Pool Hall Winda after school, look Folks! Right here in River City Trouble with a capital T and that rhymes with P and that stands for Pool. Now I know All you

folks are the right kind a' Parents. I'm going to be perfectly frank. Would you like to know what kind-a conversation goes on while they're loafin' around that Hall? They're tryin' out Bevo, tryin' out Cubeb's, tryin' out Tailor Made's like Cigarette Feends! and braaaggin' All about how they're gonna cover up a tell-tale Breath with Sen Sen. One fine night They leave the Pool Hall, headin' fer the Dance at the Arm'ry! Libertine men and Scarlet women! and RAG-TIME Shameless music that'll grab your son and Your daughter with the arms of a jungle Animal instinct! MASS-steria! Friends, the idle brain is the Devil's Playground.

PEOPLE: Trouble (oh we've got trouble) Right here in River City! (Right here in River City!) With a capital T and that rhymes with P and that stands for Pool (*That stands for Pool*) We've surely got Trouble! (*We've surely got trouble*) Right here in River City! (*Right here!*) Gotta figger out a Way t'keep the young ones moral after School! (*Our children's children gonna have Trouble!*)

PEOPLE: Trouble-trouble Trouble-trouble

HAROLD: Mothers of River City! Heed the warning before it's too late! Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption! The moment your son leaves the house does he rebuckle his knickerbockers *below the knee*? Is there a nicotine stain on his index finger? A dime novel hidden in the corn crib? Is he memorizing jokes out of Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang? Are certain words creeping into his conversation? Words like "swell" and "so's your old man"? If so,

My friends—

Ya got trouble (Oh we've got Trouble) Right here in River City! (Right here in River City) With a capital T and that rhymes with P and that stands for Pool. (*That stands for Pool.*) We've surely got trouble! (*We've surely got trouble!*) Right here in River City! (*Right here!*) Remember the Maine, Plymouth Rock and the Golden Rule! (*Our children's Children gonna have trouble!*) Oh we've got Trouble. We're in terrible terrible Trouble—that game with the fifteen numbered Balls is the Devil's Tool! (*Devil's Tool!*) Oh yes we got trouble trouble Trouble! (*Oh yes we got trouble here we got big big Trouble*) With a T! (*With a capital T*) Gotta rhyme it with P! (*That rhymes with P*) And that stands for Pool! (*That stands for Pool!*)