

It Pays To Be Ignorant

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Cast:

Johnny Roberts
Tom Howard (A'la Jerry Lewis' Nutty Professor)
Harry McNaughton (proper)
Lulu McConnell
George Shelton (Buddy)
Harry Hirschfield
Private Frankie Falco
Miss Vivian Elams

(MUSIC)

TOM HOWARD: Why is kissing a girl like opening a bottle of olives?

GEORGE SHELTON: The first is hard to get. But the rest come easy.

TOM HOWARD: Correct. Pay that man a dollar.

(MUSIC)

TOM HOWARD: What is an organ recital?

GEORGE SHELTON: A bunch of women talking about their operations.

TOM HOWARD: Correct. Pay that man *nine* dollars because....

JOHNNY ROBERTS: It pays to be ignorant.

(MUSIC)

TOM HOWARD: Thank you, Johnny and good evening ladies and gentlemen.

(MUSIC ENDS)

Well, it's here again, that quiz program which is the last word. But we're not permitted to mention the word. We have a board of experts that are so dumb they think the president's cabinet is a piece of furniture. First we have the celebrated author Mr. Harry McNaughton who just written a book entitled "New York Underground", or, "How to change at Canal street without getting lost." But here he is, Mr. Harry McNaughton.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: I have a poem, Mr. Howard.

TOM HOWARD: Yeah.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: A poem.

TOM HOWARD: (overlapping)

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: The boy stood on the Brooklyn Bridge

He knew he hadn't ought'a

He took his shoes and stockings off

And his feet were in the water.

TOM HOWARD: Fine.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Longfellow.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Longfellow. Yes. (aloud) All right, all right. Next we have a woman who never drinks anything stronger than pop. But Pop will drink anything. A woman who the day she was born, her father looked at her and said, "Is you is or is you ain't a baby?". Here she is, the surrey with a fringe on top, Miss Lulu McConnell.

LULU MCCONNELL: You know, Mr. Howard? You're lucky to be a man these days.

TOM HOWARD: I am?

LULU MCCONNELL: Oh you know it's almost impossible to get stockings?

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Oh, yeah.

LULU MCCONNELL: I shopped all over. I finally bought a bottle of that stocking make-up. That's no good at all.

TOM HOWARD: No good? What's the matter with it?

LULU MCCONNELL: Well, I tried it for over an hour, but I just couldn't get my leg in the bottle.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) you couldn't get your.... Yes. Miss McConnell, you couldn't get your leg in a barrel. Next we have a man who is a constant reader of the Hobo News—that's the only way he can keep track of his family. A man with the face of a ten year old boy, but he's had it so long it's all wrinkled. Here he is, Mr. George Shelton.

GEORGE SHELTON: Hey, you know, Mr. Howard, I'm getting to be quite a profit.

TOM HOWARD: Surprising. You're getting to be quite a prophet?

GEORGE SHELTON: Am I. You know before I went to bed last night I said to myself, "Well, tomorrow's another day." And when I woke up this morning...

TOM HOWARD: Well?

GEORGE SHELTON: Sure enough it was.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) It was: Ah, yes.

GEORGE SHELTON: (pause) Boy that's producing it.

TOM HOWARD: Too bad you woke up. Well that's our regular board of experts. Our special guest tonight, we have with us that noted cartoonist, author and after dinner speaker, that star of "Can You Top This?" Mr. Harry Hirschfield. (APPLAUSE)

Good evening, Mr. Hirschfield and welcome to our quiz program.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Thank you, Tom. It's a privilege really to be on this program. That is, up to now. (laugh)

TOM HOWARD: (Muttering) Up to now. I see.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: But you know... you know when you say "quiz program", do you know how I feel on a quiz program? Like Clancy. Clancy wanted to get a job in the city. So he had to go to a Civil Service examination. So they asked him a lot of questions. He went through the questions the best he could, he just went struggled through. Finally they said, "Now, Clancy, here's the final and vital question. What does the aurora borealis mean?" He said, "It means I don't get the job."

OTHERS (comment) Oh, I like that. Yes. I see.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: That reminds me.

TOM HOWARD: Oh, it reminds you of a story.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Once there were two Irishmen...

TOM HOWARD: Yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Now there are millions of them.

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, that reminds me of a story. Once there were three Irishmen...

TOM HOWARD: (interrupting) Look, please. Will you cut it out? Mr. Hirschfield, let me remind you, don't let anything remind you of another story, you'll get these nitwits started. Now this is a quiz program and we're here to answer questions. Bear in mind this is not a comedy program, it's a serious thing. Here is the first question: What do they serve as a main course at a chicken dinner?

GEORGE SHELTON: I don't like chicken dinners. I don't like 'em. The feathers always get stuck in my teeth.

TOM HOWARD: I see, I see, too bad.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: I like chicken, you know, but I like the kind with sweaters on.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Sweaters on... yes... I see.

GEORGE SHELTON: Hey, speaking about sweaters, my sister bought me a black sweater for my birthday not long ago

TOM HOWARD: Yeah.

GEORGE SHELTON: I never saw a sweater stretch like that one did. First time I washed it, it stretched to way down to my knees.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Black sweaters always do that, you know.

GEORGE SHELTON: The second time it was washed, a lady came up to me and says, "Pardon me, but I want to tell you how I enjoyed your sermon last Sunday at church."

OTHERS: (laugh)

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: George?

GEORGE SHELTON: Yeah?

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: that gag reminds me of a story.

GEORGE SHELTON: there he goes again.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: There was an Italian minister. And he saw a girl he liked. So he went to her home and he says, :I like you and I'm gonna' be engaged to you for a year. I want you to know I am very, very precise. When I say black, I don't mean white. When I say one year, I don't mean Fifty-One weeks, I mean Fifty-Two. And I'm gonna call on you every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and I mean Monday, Wednesday and Friday. And when I call on you on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, I'm going to call on you from eight to ten. Not seven to nine, eight to ten. And when I call on you from eight to ten, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, we will employ the whole time in making love. As this is Sunday, goodnight.

TOM HOWARD: Goodnight, I see.

OTHERS: (comment)

TOM HOWARD: That is very good, but I must remind you again, Mr. Hirschfield, that we don't care to hear stories, we have questions here and we try to answer them so let's just dispense with the stories.

LULU MCCONNELL: What was the question, Mr. Howard?

TOM HOWARD: A-The... Miss McConnell, have you got any brains?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Why, have you, Mr. Howard?

LULU MCCONNELL: That's a good question, who sent that in?

TOM HOWARD: All right, all right. The question is "What's to be served as a main course at a chicken dinner." Now look, the answer is obvious.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Obvious. I don't believe I've ever eaten any of that.
What does it taste like?

TOM HOWARD: Never mind. "What's to be served as a main course at a chicken dinner."

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, you know, I used to be an after dinner speaker.
Yeah, would that help?

GEORGE SHELTON: You were... yeah? What'd you talk about?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh about ten minutes.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) About ten minutes.

GEORGE SHELTON: You know the best after dinner speech I ever heard?

TOM HOWARD: What was it?

GEORGE SHELTON: When the fella says, "Put is all on one check."

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) That is very nice to hear.

LULU MCCONNELL: My old man made an after dinner speech last night at our house.

GEORGE SHELTON: Yeah? What'd he say?

LULU MCCONNELL: He said, "Whoever cooked this meal, it's lousy."

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) It's lousy.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Who did cook it?

LULU MCCONNELL: Er, um... are there any other questions, Mr. Howard?

TOM HOWARD: O.K. never mind.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: You know I do wish you wouldn't talk about food,
Miss McConnell, I haven't been feeling so well lately. Everything I eat
tastes like beans.

TOM HOWARD: What have you been eating?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Beans.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) beans.

(MUSIC)

(MUSIC CHANGES TO Mendelssohn's "Spring Song.")

TOM HOWARD: (pause) Ah, they're off already.

GEORGE SHELTON: (pause) Should go back in the stockyards, too.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: (pause) That's what I like, Gilbert and Sullivan.

TOM HOWARD: (pause) Sounds like Heart, Shatner and Mark to me.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: ?

(MUSIC SWITCHES TO JAZZY)

TOM HOWARD: ?

(MUSIC BACK TO SLOW)

TOM HOWARD: Ah, the spring song is turning to winter.

(MUSIC SWITCHES BACK TO JAZZY)

(MUSIC BACK TO SLOW)

GEORGE SHELTON: It was a balmy summer evening and a good crowd was there. It's well...

TOM HOWARD: That makes me feel like reciting, now.

OTHERS: (laugh)

(MUSIC BACK TO JAZZY)

(MUSIC BACK TO SLOW)

(MUSIC ENDS JAZZY)

TOM HOWARD: Fine, thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: Thank You. There is that orchestra again. You'd think that orchestra would improve a little bit, wouldn't you?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Mr. Howard, don't you know old boy music is good for the soul?

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, I love music.

TOM HOWARD: It's good for the heel too. (new subject) Mr. Roberts, what have we in the way of contestants tonight?

JOHNNY ROBERTS: Well, first tonight , Mr. Howard, we have Private Frankie Falco of the United States Army.

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: (under applause) Well, well. (after applause) Good evening Private Falco, this is indeed a pleasure. How do you feel, sir?

PRIVATE FALCO: Oh, I feel fine.

TOM HOWARD: Well, that's great. Where is your hometown, would you care to tell us?

PRIVATE FALCO: I come from Brooklyn.

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: Brooklyn.

GEORGE SHELTON: (after applause dies down) Brooklyn. Well, spin me around and call me topsy.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) yes.

GEORGE SHELTON: You know, I used to work in that town. Yeah, I was a Banker in a Baker shop.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: You were a banker in a baker shop?

GEORGE SHELTON: Yeah, I used to handle all the dough.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Isn't that terrible? Mr. Sheldon, remind me to shave you some morning when I'm nervous.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Tom, that reminds me of the gag...

TOM HOWARD: Aw, will it never cease?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: A fella goes into a barbershop. And his nails are so long, they're like one of those wolves. You know?

TOM HOWARD: Wolves.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: And he gets in and he call to the manicurist, she's working on his nails, and finally he says, "Listen, Toots. How bout you and I steppin' out tonight?" And she says, (Brooklyn accent) "Cain't. I'm Maaried." And he says, "Well, can't you ask your husband if you can step out tonight?" She says, "Ask him yourself. He's shaving you."

TOM HOWARD: Very humorous, but please I wonder can we say something on this program that won't remind Mr. Hirschfield of a gag

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Well, that reminds me of a story...

TOM HOWARD: All right! Please, Mr. Hirschfield. Pay no attention to him, will you Private? Now how long you been in the service?

PRIVATE FALCO: I been in the army six months now.

TOM HOWARD: Six months. Well, more power to you. Congradulations, I'm sure.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: You know, I was in the last war. Yes. Yes, well. I'll never forget the time I went to Paris on a furlough. I met a Frenchman. Mm-hm. He and I talked for over an hour and the amazing thing is, I don't know a word of French. And yet I understood every word he said.

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, I don't believe that. How could that be?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Perfectly simple, old boy. The Frenchman spoke English.

TOM HOWARD: Mr. McNaughton, I hope all your teeth fall out but one, and that stays in for a toothache.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Thank you, thank you so much.

TOM HOWARD: Yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Carry on.

TOM HOWARD: Look, we have a guest standing here, so let's give him the respect he's entitled to. What did you do before you entered the service, Private?

PRIVATE FALCO: I was an Assistant Sales Manager.

TOM HOWARD: Assistant Sales Manager.

PRIVATE FALCO: That's right.

TOM HOWARD: For a certain firm. What did you sell?

PRIVATE FALCO: Uh, well we made telephones for ships.

TOM HOWARD: Telephones for ships. I see. That's great. Telephones for ships.

GEORGE SHELTON: Make a lotta nice connections that way.

TOM HOWARD: All right, that's enough!

LULU MCCONNELL: Mr. Howard?

TOM HOWARD: Yes?

LULU MCCONNELL: Are you gonna sit up here with me like you did last week?

TOM HOWARD: I'm not gonna sit up there with you like I did last week. No.

GEORGE SHELTON: Say, Mr. Howard, D'you know when you were sitting up here last week, beside Miss McConnell, you reminded me of that radio program.

TOM HOWARD: What radio program?

GEORGE SHELTON: Double or nothing.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Double or nothing

LULU MCCONNELL: OH, yeah? Well if you sit here beside me, we all look like a book I read once

GEORGE SHELTON: Yeah, what was the name of that book?

LULU MCCONNELL: Beauty... and the Beast.

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, how can you say that, Miss McConnell? I'm no beauty?

TOM HOWARD: Aw, cut it out.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, I don't know Mr. Shelton, I wouldn't say that.
You know I think you're pretty.

GEORGE SHELTON: You do?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: You're much prettier than Mr. Howard.

GEORGE SHELTON: Well is that good?

TOM HOWARD: Will you cut it out?! Please! I suppose you're on a furlough
here in New York

PRIVATE FALCO: No, I'm stationed at the Long Island Post Office.

TOM HOWARD: Oh, you're stationed at the Long Island Post Office.

(APPLAUSE)

Well that's fine, that brings you right near home.

PRIVATE FALCO: That's right.

TOM HOWARD: That is wonderful. We're mighty glad to have you with us
tonight, Private, I must say.

LULU MCCONNELL: Sure are. What's your first name, honey?

PRIVATE FALCO: Frankie.

LULU MCCONNELL: What?

TOM HOWARD: Frankie.

LULU MCCONNELL: Frankie.

TOM HOWARD: Yes.

LULU MCCONNELL: Oh, Frankie. Ooooh. You can just call me "Teddy Bear."
I like to hug.

TOM HOWARD: And you're just as fuzzy, too. Will you reach into the dunce cap
there, Frankie, and pick out a question for us, please? And would you be
kind enough to read the question? Just take your time and read it.

PRIVATE FALCO: What college has a stadium called the El Bowl?

TOM HOWARD: Very good. Please, no coaxing from the audience. You heard
the question. "What college has a stadium called the Yale Bowl?"

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Mr. Howard, what's the name of the college?

TOM HOWARD: I'm asking *you* that.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, no. I asked you first.

TOM HOWARD: Mr. McNaughton, why don't you take your head out and have it
recapped?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: I tried to, but they told me the sidewalls were no good.

TOM HOWARD: I see. The question was and still is, “What college has a stadium called the Yale Bowl?” Would you know, Mr. Shelton?

GEORGE SHELTON: No, no. I wouldn't. But I would know plenty about Yale locks though.

TOM HOWARD: I see.

GEORGE SHELTON: I wouldn't know anything about Bowls.

TOM HOWARD: Naturally, Mr. Sheldon. You can't kick a bowl.

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh.

TOM HOWARD: Let's get on here. Mr. McNaughton, would you know what college has a Yale Bowl?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: To tell you the truth, Mr. Howard, you see, I don't bowl much.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) You don't bowl much. (aloud) You don't *bowl* there, you play *football* there.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, you're wrong, I don't play football anyplace.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) I see.

LULU MCCONNELL: I love football. Always go to football games.

GEORGE SHELTON: So you like football games, Miss McConnell, huh?

LULU MCCONNELL: No. I just go to see if any of the players will make a pass at me. Ain't I the one?

TOM HOWARD: The one? You're the whole stadium.

LULU MCCONNELL: Is that so? Well, when I was a girl I used to play on the girl's football team.

TOM HOWARD: Yes.

LULU MCCONNELL: I was fullback.

TOM HOWARD: Yes.

GEORGE SHELTON: You're pretty full in the front, too.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: You know, Tom, that reminds me of a...

TOM HOWARD: (overlapping) That reminds you of a gag, yes. Yes.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: (Overlapping) Yes it does. You know in this Army/Notre Dame game how hard tickets were to get?

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Yes.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Well Max and Sam had never seen a football game, and they got in their car, rushing to the stadium, hoping they could still get

tickets there. And as they were rushing at a terrific speed, a cop grabbed them and said, "Get over! What's the rush?" He says, "Well, my friend, Max, and I, we want to rush to the stadium to see the football game before it's too late, and we're hoping we can get in. Cop says, "I think I'll give you a ticket." He says, "Thanks, have you got one for my friend, also?"

TOM HOWARD: Marvelous, Mr. Hirschfield.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: You know, I'll never forget the last football game I played in.

TOM HOWARD: Aw, please.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: There I was, out on the fifty yard line.

TOM HOWARD: Uh, huh. What were you doing out there?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Hanging up my socks.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Hanging up your socks.

GEORGE SHELTON: You know, I tried to play football. But I wasn't a good enough contortionist.

TOM HOWARD: Ah-hum?

LULU MCCONNELL: You have to be a contortionist to play football?

GEORGE SHELTON: Well, you have to be able to run around your rown, your own end. (he stumbles over the line)

OTHERS: (comment)

GEORGE SHELTON: Yeah, fix that one.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: You know Miss McConnell would never make it.

TOM HOWARD: No, I imagine not. That was very good, Mr. Shelton.

GEORGE SHELTON: Thank you, Mr. Howard.

TOM HOWARD: Next time you get a chance, stop in and see your dentist and have your bridgework fixed. I'm also surprised at you, Mr. McNaughton, making a crack like that. An urban gentleman like you.

GEORGE SHELTON: Urban? That's a hat, ain't it?

TOM HOWARD: No. You're thinking of turban, Mr. Shelton.

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, oh.

LULU MCCONNELL: Sure, turban.

TOM HOWARD: Turban.

LULU MCCONNELL: The most wonderful thing for a cold. You just rub it on your chest.

TOM HOWARD: Turb... eh, what are you talking about?

LULU MCCONNELL: Turban. Turbantine and goose grease.

TOM HOWARD: Aw, cut it out, please! (muttering) Turbantine and goose grease.

GEORGE SHELTON: Will you pardon me, Mr. Howard, for butting in here. But turban is a drink.

TOM HOWARD: A drink?

GEORGE SHELTON: Sure, haven't you ever heard anybody say, "Gimmie a drink of turban?"

TOM HOWARD: Mr. Sheldon, that's *bourbon*!

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, no, Mr. Howard. No. A bourbon is a sort of a car, you know, they use in the country. I think they call them station wagons.

TOM HOWARD: Mr. McNaughton, that's *suburban*! A sort of a truck with a low slung bulky body and a big seat.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Now we're back to Miss McConnell again.

(MUSIC)

TOM HOWARD: Thank you. And now, ladies and gentlemen, comes the only sour note in our program. Dr. Novak and his Orchestra. The latest gala poll was voted that Nat Novak's Orchestra was the most likely to get ahead. They all need one. Here he is, Dr. Novak and his Ferryboat Philharmonic Five, playing under... er, over the waves, rather.

(MUSIC)

TOM HOWARD: (over music) oh, it's worse.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(HORNS START BLARING)

GEORGE SHELTON: Happy new year!

(MUSIC ENDS)

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: And now, do we have another visitor, Mr. Roberts?

JOHNNY ROBERTS: Yes, we have, Mr. Howard. We have a very lovely and charming young lady this time. Storekeeper Third Class, Vivian Elams, of "The Stars."

TOM HOWARD: How do you do, Miss Elams, and welcome to "It's Pays to be Ignorant." We're mighty glad to have you with us this...

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: It *does* pay to be ignorant. You know that, don't you?

TOM HOWARD: Oh...

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: I got a gag on that.

TOM HOWARD: (overlapping) Oh, it reminds you of a story, I see.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Yeah. To me, it's one of my favorites, because it fits.

TOM HOWARD: I see.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Uh, a fellow went on a boat, we'll call him Ginsburg, and he goes on this boat, and when he goes to the dining salon, sitting ahead of him at the same table, is a Frenchman. And as Ginsburg comes to the table, the Frenchman gets up and says, "Bon appetite." And he says, "Ginsburg." Every time he comes to the table, the Frenchman is there first. He always gets up and says, "Bon appetite." He says, "Ginsburg." So Ginsburg goes to one of the officers and says, "What is this thing? Every time I come there, the Frenchman is sitting there. And every time I come there, he gets up and says, 'Bon appetite,' and I say, 'Ginsburg.'" "Well," he says, "he's paying you a high compliment. He means, 'Good appetite'." "Oh," he says, "that's fine." The next meal Ginsburg is in first. He's sitting at the table, the Frenchman comes in, Ginsburg jumps up and says, "Bon appetite." And the Frenchman says, "Ginsburg."

TOM HOWARD: Fine, fine. Thank you Mr. Hirschfield. We have a guest standing here. As I said, Miss Elams, we're very glad to have you, uh and uh, may I ask you where your home town is?

MISS VIVIAN ELAMS: Chicago.

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: Chicago. Good for Chicago. Been there many a time. Lovely place.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, she certainly has.

TOM HOWARD: She certainly has what?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: A lovely face.

TOM HOWARD: I said *place!*

GEORGE SHELTON: Well, the place is all right, too.

TOM HOWARD: Aw, please, Mr. Shelton, why don't you rent yourself as a decoy out to a duck hunter?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Say, you know, that reminds me. There were two ducks once, and they used to run around with a couple of geese.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: And these geese used to live under an old porch.

LULU MCCONNELL: What kind of geese were they?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: They were Porch-u-geese.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) They were Porch-u-geese. Yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: (laughing uncontrollably. Then stopping suddenly.) I don't get it.

TOM HOWARD: All right. Pay no attention to them, Miss Elams. Would you do us a favor at this point? Would you kindly help us out by reaching into the dunce cap there and picking out a question for us? If you will, please. And would you kindly read the question right in the microphone?

MISS VIVIAN ELAMS: What do they use when they stuff feather pillows?

TOM HOWARD: Did you hear the question, gentlemen? What does... what... no help from the audience... What do they use when they stuff feather pillows?

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, that ought to be a soft place to work.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering and overlapping) Oh, that ought to be a soft place.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Mr. Howard? Did you say feather pillows?

TOM HOWARD: That's right.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Oh, I like that question. It tickles me.

TOM HOWARD: Miss McConnell. Do you know what they use when they stuff feather pillows?

LULU MCCONNELL: Who wants to know?

TOM HOWARD: I want to know!

LULU MCCONNELL: What do you care what they're stuffed with, as long as you're comfortable?

TOM HOWARD: I see. Miss McConnell, if I was your husband, I'd give you poison.

LULU MCCONNELL: If you were my husband, I'd take it.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) You'd take it. I see.

LULU MCCONNELL: And without orange juice.

TOM HOWARD: Without orange juice.

LULU MCCONNELL: There, I said it, and I'm glaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad

TOM HOWARD: (interrupting) All right, all right. All right, let's get one here. Now look. The question is about pillows. Let me give you a hint. Ah, they come from a bird.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: What kind of a bird?

GEORGE SHELTON: Oh, is there more than one kind?

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: Rather, yes. There's the canary, you know. And the canary. And then there's the canary.

TOM HOWARD: Don't forget the canary, Mr. McNaughton.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: That's right, the canary

TOM HOWARD: Yes, yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: How many does that make, Mr. Howard?

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: You know, that reminds me of a gag about birds. I'm not kidding you.

TOM HOWARD: (muttering) No, please, please.

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: There's a drunk and the drunk sees a little skinny pigeon. He says, (drunk) "oh, poor little skinny pigeon, he's starvin' the poor little skinny pigeon." So he staggers into a restaurant and gets some bread and he starts to throw it to the bird and the pigeon is eating it. And he's throwing it to the "poor little starving pigeon," and he's eating it. And he finally says, "How do you like the bread?" He says, "I say, how do you like the bread? How do you like the bread? Oh," he says, "the poor little thing. A deaf and dumb pigeon!"

TOM HOWARD: All right. All right.

(MUSIC)

(MUSIC: S' Wonderful)

(APPLAUSE)

TOM HOWARD: Thank you. And now before we call the whole thing clinched, I'd like to thank our god friend Harry Hirschfield for adding to the fun tonight. Thank you, Harry Hirschfield, and give the rest of your gang our regards. Our guest next week, ladies and gentlemen, will be Miss Constance Bennett

HARRY HIRSCHFIELD: Miss Con...ohhhhh, my.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: (overlapping) Oh, Miss Constance Bennett

GEORGE SHELTON: (overlapping) Oh, Connie. Oh, I got to get my toupee marked down.

TOM HOWARD: Yeah, I imagine, yes.

HARRY MCNAUGHTON: I'll have to get my eyebrows plucked.

TOM HOWARD: All right. It'll suit me if you both come with your shoes on.

(MUSIC)

One day as I was walking

*Down the avenue,
I met a funny fellow*

With a funny point of view. (TOM HOWARD: (muttering) Sing it now,
folks.)

*He didn't have a brain cell
Working in his head,
But he was very happy
And this is what he said:*

*Chorus: It pays to be ignorant,
To be dumb,
to be dense,*

To be ignorant. (TOM HOWARD: What do you think of that?
The song is the title of the show.)

*It pays to be ignorant,
Just like me.*

*It's best not to know too much,
Be a dope,
Your I.Q.
Shouldn't show too much.
Your brain shouldn't grow too much,
Wait and see.*

*I took my girl to dinner,
We had a wonderful feed.
They had to give my girl the check
Because I couldn't read.*

*Chorus: (So you see)
It pays to be ignorant,*

Have no brain,

Be insane,

Just be ignorant.

It pays to be ignorant

Just like me

JOHNNY ROBERTS: This is the Armed Forces Radio Service.