

## **Allen's Alley: Used Cars**

**Portland:**

What is your question tonight?

**Allen:**

Well, recently license commissioners around the country have been investigating used-car dealers and others who have been forcing accessories on automobile buyers.

And so our question is: have you had any unusual experiences trying to buy a used car?

**Portland:**

Shall we go?

**Allen:**

As the little boy's lips said to the bubble gum— the time has come to blow.

*(ALLEN'S ALLEY THEME MUSIC)*

**Allen:**

What a night in Allen's Alley, Portland. I guess the Senator's cooking dinner. I can smell the yamburgers from here. Let's knock.

*(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)*

**Claghorn:**

Somebody— Ah say somebody—  
somebody whammed mah what's-this.

**Allen:**

Yes. I ...

**Claghorn:**

Claghorn's the name. Senator Claghorn, that is.

**Allen:**

Look—

**Claghorn:**

Son, why don't you go away? Go button your nose. Go hem a hanky, son.

**Allen:**

I'm sorry, Senator. If you're busy—

**Claghorn:**

Ah jest come back from mah college alma mammy. They gimme a degree.

**Allen:**

You must have had some commencement day.

**Claghorn:**

They gimme a muleskin diploma and mah degree. What a sight! The entire faculty of

Yazoo Normalstandin' there— me wearin' mah mortarboard and seersucker robe.

When Ah finished mah talk on "Is the Magnolia Doomed?" the student body rose and gimme three cheers and a possum.

**Allen:**

A degree— for what?

**Claghorn:**

Research. Ah wrote a paper on Horace Greeley. Ah proved he was cross-eyed.

**Allen:**

Horace Greeley cross-eyed?

**Claghorn:**

Ah proved when Horace Greeley said, "Go West"-

**Allen:**

Yes?

**Claghorn:**

He was lookin' South.

**Allen:**

It must have been touching.

But tell me, Senator, what about this used car business?

**Claghorn:**

Ah hit the ceilin', son. But it didn't help. Ah had to pay over the ceilin'.

**Allen:**

What happened?

**Claghorn:**

Ah went to a used-car dealer: the Chucklin' Confederate.

**Allen:**

I see.

**Claghorn:**

Ah had mah name on a list four years.

Finally the Chucklin' Confederate sent word mah car had come.

He said along with the car I'd have to take some accessories.

**Allen:**

Accessories?

**Claghorn:**

There was linsey-woolsey seat covers, a weevil spray, swamp pontoons,  
a built-in hall tree, a canvas hammock, a sundial, a melodeon,  
two flyswatters and a set of musical jugs for a horn.

**Allen:**

I see.

**Claghorn:**

Ah was willin' to pay the swindler.

Ah had mah shoe off countin' out the money.

**Allen:** Uh-huh.

**Claghorn:**

Somethin' told me to take a gaze under them accessories.

**Allen:**

You did?

**Claghorn:**

Ah folded mah money, put mah shoe back on.

Ah called the Chucklin' Confederate a buzzard's whelp  
and stalked outta that junkyard.

**Allen:**

After waiting four years for a car you didn't take it? Why not?

**Claghorn:**

Son, the car was a LINCOLN! So long, son! So long, that is!

*(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)*

**Allen:**

Well, the senator solved his problem. I hope we catch Mr. Moody before he  
dozes off.

*(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)*

**Titus:**

Howdy, Bub.

**Allen:**

You look depressed, Mr. Moody. Is something wrong?

**Titus:**

My wife lost an ear.

**Allen:**

Your wife lost an ear? In an accident?

**Titus:**

She was carryin' a basket of corn in from the barn.

**Allen:**

And?

**Titus:**

My wife lost an ear.

**Allen:**

Fine. Tell me, Mr. Moody, have you had any experience buying a car recently?

**Titus:**

I was rooked to a fare-thee-well. I was trimmed nearer than a floorwalker's mustache.

**Allen:**

No kidding?

**Titus:**

Effen I ain't a rube, I'll do till one gits here.

**Allen:**

What happened?

**Titus:**

Well, 'bout two months ago I sold my collection of wishbones.

**Allen:**

You collected wishbones?

**Titus:**

I had all kinds of wishbones. Mouse wishbones, rabbit wishbones, ferret wishbones. I had a horse's wishbone. 'Twas nine feet long.

**Allen:**

And you sold your wishbone collection?

**Titus:**

I was plannin' to buy a car. I sewed my money into one of my mittens and jumped a Greyhound bus for New York.

**Allen:**

What about the car?

**Titus:**

I was winder-shoppin' around, sizin' things up.

I was lookin' in a winder on Broadway.

Somehow a stranger standin' next to me got his thumb caught in the buttonhole of my lapel.

**Allen:**

I see.

**Titus:**

Next thing I knowed

he was pullin' me into a doorway.

**Allen:**

What did this stranger want?

**Titus:**

At first I thought he was lonesome and jest wanted company.

Then he says, "Fixin' to buy a car, Rueben?"

**Allen:**

Uh-huh.

**Titus:**

I says, "What's it to ye?"

He says. "Don't git in a pucker.

**Allen:**

The stranger was a car salesman?

**Titus:**

He took me over to the river. There was a big yard.

Twas full of fenders, bumpers, engines, bodies and all kinds of parts.

I says. "What's this?"

He says, "It's a car cafeteria."

**Allen:**

A car cafeteria?

**Titus:**

He says. "Tell me what kind of a car ye want. I'll go into the yard and assemble the pieces. "But 'fore I start makin' yer car to order." he says, "you kin pay me the money."

**Allen:**

Uh-huh.

**Titus:**

I took out my mitten. He puts the money in his pocket.

He handed me an automobile horn.

He says. "Hold this horn. Hayseed. I'll git the rest of yer car together."

With that he walked into the yard.

**Allen:**

What happened?

**Titus:**

I was there holdin' the horn. The stranger never come back.

**Allen:**

Didn't you tell the police?

**Titus:**

Long 'bout midnight a constable come by.

I told him about the automobile.

I showed him the horn the stranger gimme.

I was wastin' my time.

**Allen:**

The policeman didn't give you any satisfaction?

**Titus:**

He says, "You got the horn, ain't ye?" I says. "Yes, I got the horn."

**Allen:**

Uh-huh.

**Titus:**

He says. "Well. blow, brother!" So long, Bub!

*(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)*

**Allen:**

Titus is like medicine. He's always being taken. Let's try this next door.

*(SOUND: DOOR KNOCK, DOOR OPENS)*

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Howdy doody!

**Allen:**

Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum. That's a pretty gown you have on.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

It is mine cocktail dress.



**Allen:**

I didn't know you went to cocktail parties.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

We are only living once. *N'est-ce pas?*

**Allen:**

That is true.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Why not enjoying? *C'est la vie.*

Life is a deep breath. You are exhaling, it is gone.

**Allen:**

How true. I didn't know you were given to tippling.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Tippling? I am reading everything Tippling is writing.

*Boots, Fuzzy Wuzzy, Gunga's Din.*

**Allen:** No, no. Tippling is drinking.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

I am drinking only cherry soda—Dr. Brown's—  
with occasionally a Catskill Manhattan.

**Allen:**

What is a Catskill Manhattan?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

A glass beet soup with inside floating a small boiled potato.

**Allen:**

I hate to break this up. Mrs. Nussbaum, but have you had any experience  
buying a car?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Pierre, mine husband, is buying secondhand.

**Allen:**

Really? What car did you finally buy?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Pierre, without the glasses, is going to a friend, Pincus, a used-car baron.

**Allen:**

Pierre bought a car without his glasses?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

He is bringing home a limousine. It is long and black.

**Allen:**

Fine.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

All around four sides is windows—glass. Hanging down inside is black drapes with also tassels.

**Allen:**

Black drapes?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

On the sides is silver lamps. It is riding six people.

**Allen:**

Six people?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

While one is outside driving-

**Allen:**

Yes?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Inside, on the floor, is laying five.

**Allen:**

This isn't a limousine. It's a hearse.

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

This I am telling Pierre.

**Allen:**

You refused to ride in it?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

I am saying, "Pierre, darling, foist you are doing one thing and I am riding!"

**Allen:**

Before you would ride in the hearse with Pierre, what did you tell him to do?

**Mrs. Nussbaum:**

Drop dead! Dank you!

*(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)*

**Allen:**

And that brings us to Mr. Cassidy's shanty.

I wonder what is happening at Chez Cassidy tonight?

*(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)*

**Ajax:**

What's all-the fiddle-faddle? Who's instigatin' the din? Oh ... how do ye do?

**Allen:**

Well. Mr. Cassidy. How are you tonight?

**Ajax:**

Terrible, terrible, terrible. Me right leg is so heavy I can't lift it up.

**Allen:**

Your right leg is heavy?

**Ajax:**

It's full of iron. Pig iron.

**Allen:**

That's silly. How could your system get full of pig iron?

**Ajax:**

I've been eatin' pork chops. *(Coughs)* I'm not long for this world.

**Allen:**

What is that ladder you have there?

**Ajax:**

I'm going over to Sweeney's for dinner.

**Allen:**

And you have to carry a ladder?

**Ajax:**

The dinin' room table is too high. You can't sit on chairs. Everybody eats on a ladder.

**Allen:**

Why is the dining room table so high?

**Ajax:**

Sweeney is a mounted cop. He always rides in to dinner on his horse.

**Allen:**

Oh!

**Ajax:**

Sweeney never uses a napkin. He wipes his hands on the back of his horse. There's so much food on the back of Sweeney's horse, he has mice under his saddle.

**Allen:**

Fine. Well, tell me, Mr. Cassidy, what about this used-car dealer business?

**Ajax:**

We're livin' in an age of high pressure. People are hounded into buyin' cars with slogans. "There's a Ford in Your Future."

**Allen:**

I see.

**Ajax:**

Where I'm goin' in the future, a Ford won't help. What I'll need is a fire engine. With an asbestos hose.

**Allen:**

Uh-huh.

**Ajax:**

"The Pontiac Is the Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels!"

**Allen:**

What's wrong with that?

**Ajax:**

The most beautiful thing on wheels is Maureen O'Hara on a bicycle.

**Allen:**

I see your point.

**Ajax:**

"Ask the Man Who Owns One."

**Allen:**

That's Packard.

**Ajax:**

Have you ever tried to talk to a man in a Packard?

**Allen:**

No.

**Ajax:**

"Ask the Man Who Owns One." He won't even answer you.

**Allen:**

Don't you ever use an automobile?

**Ajax:**

After many years of contemplation, during which I have studied the various means of transportation, and weighed their merits pro and con, I have arrived at one conclusion.

**Allen:**

And what is your conclusion?

**Ajax:**

That it is best for me to restrict my travel to one type of vehicle.

**Allen:**

And that is . . . ?

**Ajax:**

The station wagon.

**Allen:**

The station wagon?

**Ajax:**

Every Saturday night when they take me away to the station

**Allen:**

Yes?

**Ajax:**

They send the wagon. Good-bye to ye, boy!

*(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)*