

WE HAVE RETURNED!

Sept. 1957

Here comes JAGBENZ again, with his
"CORVETTE CONFIDENTIAL NO. 3"

Friends, Romans, and Corvette-trymen, lend me your wives, er,, eyes!!! You again have the unexcelled pleasure of being selected to receive the C.C. As you know, this literary masterpiece is published by the one and only JAGBENZ, illustrious leader of the 'disturbers'....Ever since this scandal sheet began, Poverty Flat hasn't been the same.

SERIOUS NOTE: Some of you are guessing to close. So, if you find out for sure who I am, keep a secret. Don't spoil the fun. I've pages and pages of goodies awaiting publication, and all you would do would be to put the stops on me. (Who knows, maybe that would be good)

NEWS!! I have been contacted by one of the world's foremost individuals who wishes nothing more out of life than to be the guest of the NCCA at the next dinner meeting. This gentleman is none other than J.D. Stretchcrack, world's top driving instructor. (Formerly with the Stretchcrack Torture Machine Mfg. Co.) He left them after one of his great ideas backfired. He was testing his new rack which, as I understand it, would revolutionize the business. It was made from four corsets, each having a four way stretch. In the middle of the test, one broke. The impact hurled J.D. 680 miles. Landing in Poverty Flat, he stood up and said: 'I lost my wallet on the way, got a job?' So, it was due to this accident that he embarked upon the most fabulous career the world has know since Van Gough was a twinkle in his Daddy's eye.

I went to the home of J.D. to interview him. There I met his lovely wife, Elsa Markedwell, one time queen of the circus. She even showed me her tatoos! I mentioned in a very quiet voice to J.D. that his wife resembles a road map: He agreed, and added that driving those curves was a challenge to any man, with \$50.00 being awarded to anyone completing the course. J.D. then proceeded to tell me of the pleasures of teaching people to drive. He said: "My greatest pleasure came last month when I taught Elsa to drive. You see, she gave me a choice. She said: 'Teach me to drive, or Elsa.' I taught her to drive." "Well, we went out to a lonely road, and she took the wheel. As a matter of fact, she took it right off. After arguing with three ditches, two trees, and a cow, she got going down the road. We came to a fork, at which time she chose the middle. Unfortunately, there was a slight embankment of some 4500 ft. there. Well, Elsa was thrown clear. She managed to roll into a ball and careen down the mountain side at speed. She reached the bottom quite intact, altho in the process she destroyed more dollar value of property than all the wars of the post-1812 period. Me? OH! I'm alright." he said, as he adjusted his back brace with his one good hand while resting his broken leg on the siderail of the bed. At this time, I left J.D. to his sweet, demure, innocent eyed bulldozer,...I mean wife, and beat it out of there so fast the cops are still trying to decide if that meteor did any damage down river.

How did you enjoy last issue's joke? A real killer, huh? I must admit I really got a bang out of seeing you people at the next event (yes, I was there) while you tried to decide if Jagbenz forgot to send the second page, or what? Ha, Ha, Ha. Panic reigns supreme!!!

Here comes a real break. Busby Fastwego and I went to Europe a short time ago (this is not a clue to my identy, so don't go off on the wrong track) and gathered enough material for a new book, which we believe will be the best seller since Marie Windsor's Forever Amber proved sex would replace night baseball. We are entitling it: "Touring Malta,....on a centipede." What a catching title. (sounds like it caught pnuemonia) To begin with, I will ~~describe~~ describe a centipede for the benefit of those who are city folk. A centipede is a tubular shaped bug similar to those seen frequently

