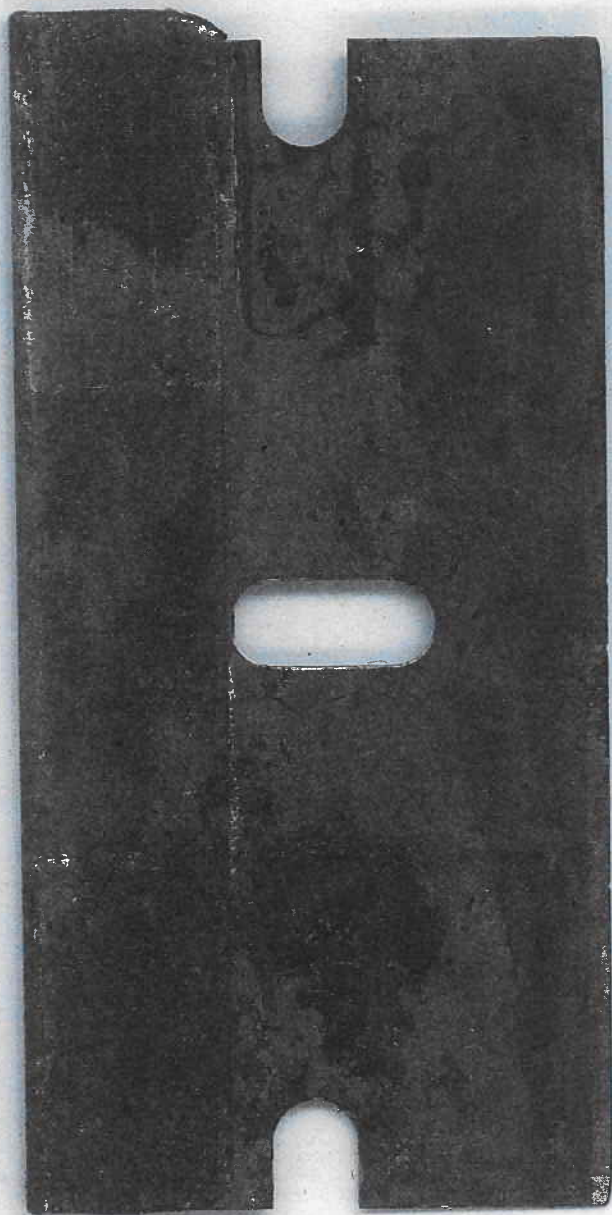


# SANDUSKY REVIEW



Serial Number 302161  
 GRANDED MAY 1959  
 W. E. McCarty, Inc. (U.S. Pat. 2,872,811)  
 An improved system of

**Groceries Will Be Cheaper,  
 Everywhere All the Time**

Serial Number 302161  
 GRANDED MAY 1959  
 W. E. McCarty, Inc. (U.S. Pat. 2,872,811)  
 An improved system of

JITNEY-JUNGLE

JITNEY-JUNGLE

# When There Is a Jitney-Jungle Store Everywhere

Because it is an improvement over all other systems of its kind now in existence, and because of its usefulness in lowering the high cost of living, the United States Commission of Patents has granted to W. E. McCarty a patent on the Jitney-Jungle system of retailing groceries. In the near future Jitney-Jungle fixtures and selling franchise will be offered to live operators in all parts of the country. For full particulars write W. E. McCarty, Jackson, Miss.

## What It Means To the Consumer

It means that groceries will be cheaper all the time, when there is a Jitney-Jungle Store everywhere. It means an easier, cheaper way to buy groceries on the self-serve plan.

Credits are eliminated and the operator is protected against loss from bad accounts; book-keepers and costly books are dispensed with; the clerk hire is reduced to 3 men to serve 3,000 to 5,000 people a day, more than 4 times the number than could be served on the old plan; there is no delivery wagons to maintain and no salaries to pay to delivery men; in fact, every item of expense that could possibly be saved has been saved and passed on to you.

If you are not already a Jitney-Jungle customer, become one at once and join the army of thousands of thrifty savers.

## What It Means To the Operator

Possession of a Jitney-Jungle franchise in any city will mean lots of money to the operator. Because it enables the operator to sell goods at lower prices than any other system of its kind. This will necessarily increase the volume of business, and in a like manner, the profits of the operator.

We believe the lesson of thrift and conservation taught by the war will mean that a great portion of the grocery business will, in the future, be conducted on the self-serve plan.

With a Jitney-Jungle franchise you are entirely relieved of credits thus insuring you against loss from bad accounts. Three men can conveniently take care of 3,000 to 5,000 customers a day and handle small sales aggregating over \$2,500. The fixtures are so arranged that the cashier can see all parts of the store at a glance. The store can be operated with a 34 per cent overhead. You can readily see how much cheaper you can sell groceries under this plan and still make big money.

Get in touch with us and let us show you how easy you can own a Jitney-Jungle franchise.

JITNEY-JUNGLE  
 Jackson, Miss.

# A New Jitney-Jungle for Jackson

We will, within 30 days, open a new Jitney-Jungle Store in the old Green Grocery, location formerly occupied by T. W. Alford, 400 West Capitol street. Watch this paper for opening announcement.

# JITNEY-JUNGLE

*Saves You a Nickle on Every Quarter*

*From the Jackson Daily News*

I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD WHEN THEY FOUND THE BODY OF MY SISTER in a rent-by-the-hour motel in Fairfield, Alabama. If you're wondering how hard the cops try to find out who or what ended the life of a stripper with a heroin habit, let me give you a hint: Not much.

If you're wondering how much an elderly Baptist deacon and his trembling, mousy wife try to find out who or what ended the life of a daughter they could never seem to control, who always smoked Marlboro Reds, mumbled God Damn, busted curfew and laughed in their faces when they tried to ground her, let me give you a hint: Not much.

My parents wouldn't explain it to me at the time, would barely talk about it, barely look at each other. There was no wake, only a funeral, no obituary in the paper so no guests. She just went away. It was only once I turned sixteen and a friendly young Sewanee grad running the research desk at the library downtown dug up the police reports that I began to understand what happened.

My sister was named Vespa, like the scooter. Once I asked dad why she was named that and he stared at me like I was crazy, like it was just what you named a daughter, after a stupidly chromed mod accessory. Maybe he didn't even know what one was. In general he tended to hate music but he put up with Motown and bubblegum pop from the sixties. He couldn't stand the rock that throbbed out of Vespa's room. They call it hair metal now but I guess at the time nobody thought it was a joke, nobody wrapped bandannas around their thighs or wore too much blue eyeshadow to be laughed at, but because something inside said it felt right.

I'm nothing like my sister but growing up I always wanted to be. Vespa loved books; her room was filled with dozens of novels tromping up and down the science fiction and horror spectrum. Stephen King, Anne Rice, Dean R. Koontz, Kurt Vonnegut—she loved Vonnegut—poetry by Rimbaud and Jim Morrison, stacks of battered Harlan Ellisons and Sagans and Asimovs. She adored *The Stand*, treasured a tremendously battered paperback of the unedited version of the book which was passed like a secret from friend to friend. The cover was long gone and the spine had been reglued at least twice to

keep pages from sloughing off. That didn't prevent the last fifteen pages falling out in a clump, and Vespa guarded it like family silver, stapled and hermetically sealed in a Ziplock bag stuffed deep in her dull black leather purse.

If you were one of her friends reading it—and it seemed like she lent it out to dozens—you had to come ask her for the ending and she would grip your hands tightly and say—almost like a religious invocation—*are you ready? Can you handle this?* And her eyes would crinkle up like they always did when she smiled, like Stevie Nicks, and she'd laugh a teenage cigarette laugh. She always talked real fast like Rosalind Russell or Katharine Hepburn in an old movie, bantering with Cary Grant and tossing her hair over her shoulder.

Her friends, who I idolized, all wore black t-shirts and stonewashed blue jeans ripped at the knees. They all had old cars—like, real old, with no seatbelts or headrests—with these ridiculously huge stereos crammed in. The boys were mostly hopeless but the girls were majestic: poured into boot-cut Levis, white wifebeaters stretched tight over black lace bras, arms crammed wrist to elbow with cheap silver bangles, their left ears crowded top to bottom with hoops and diamonds. At lunch they traded pills raided from the medicine cabinets of a legion of spaced-out moms and aunts, sorted by color and size.

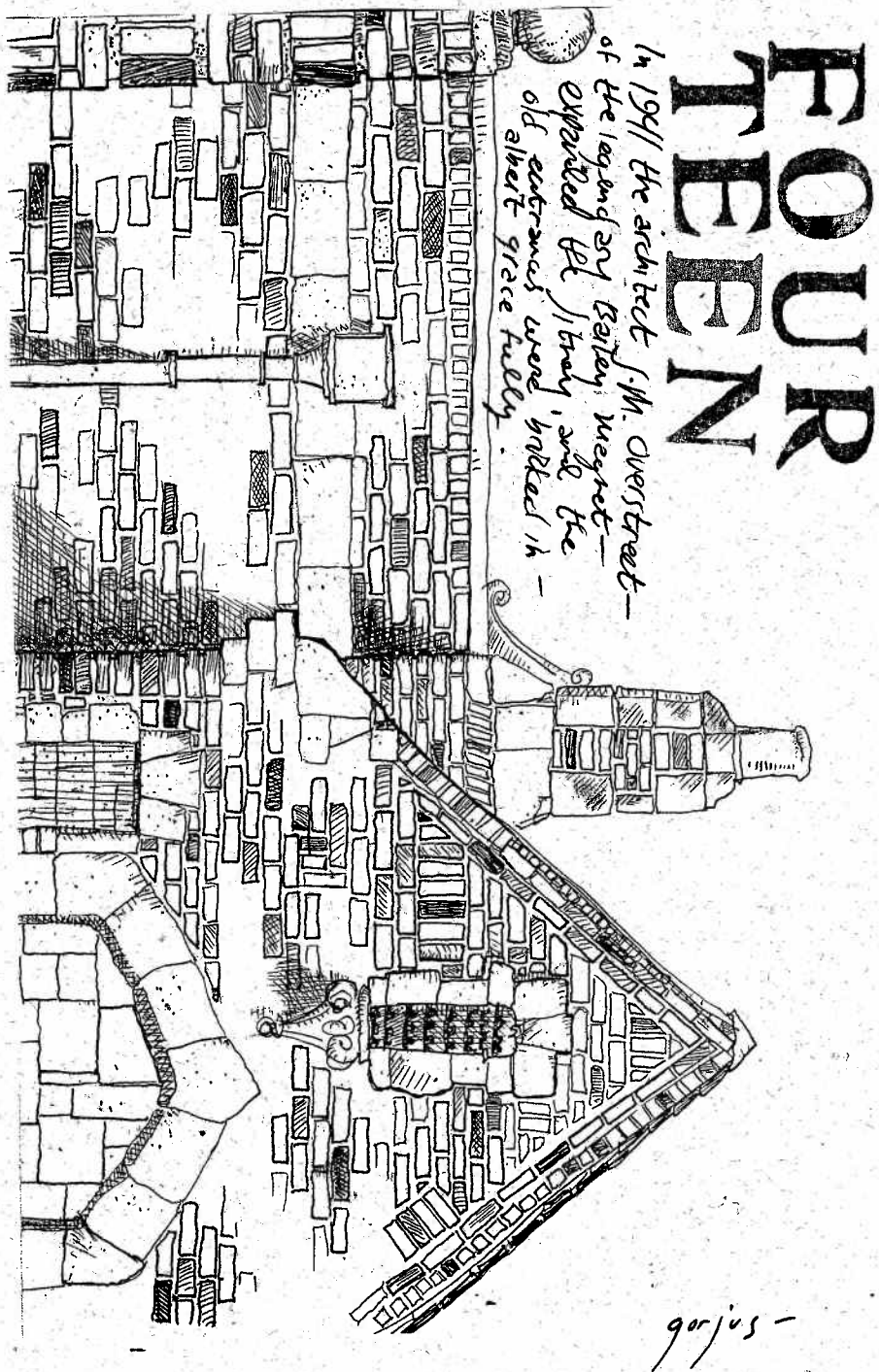
Like Vespa, I had to get the hell out, and I did make it farther than her but just four hours west on I-20. I was heading to Austin or maybe Denton but stopped in Jackson because it was already getting dark and I figured a drink would do me good, and right off the highway was this little bar that was pitch-black dark and the bartender was on the short side and didn't have a lick of hair but he had a cute smile and asked me what kind of music I liked. I told him everything, but that I hated jazz and country and he laughed and said they had a country jazz band playing that night, which was a stupid line, but he started pouring me a double Grey Goose when I'd asked for a single from the well, and come on, you would have laughed, too.

One thing lead to another and I fell in love—not with that boy (I have to swear off service industry boys every few months, they just get me into trouble), but with the city. It was broken and empty and drunk and friendly and was ready to start over as something new, and so was I. There were jobs to be had and decent apartments in the Heights or around the Jitney and the boys were plentiful and sweet. There were only a few indie rock girls around, always with tiny waists and fuzzy vintage cotton tees, spiked belts and sneers.

I got a little static, but what were they going to do as their trembling boys tried to talk to me? You can never underestimate the territorial habits of a townie, but seriously: were they going to hit me with their private school diplomas? Their trust fund disbursements? Listen, even with my half-sleeves and rusted-red hair, most the time all I got from the boys was a couple of drinks or a shot before those little Bambis ran off blushing. Jackson was a helluva place to get a drink or listen to a story but a pain in the ass to get laid.

I've been all over the place and was never jealous of a townie before, but Jax was different. Knowing the stories and histories, the words the bricks and asphalt whispered at night: that was what you wanted, and the people that had lived there longest spread their stories like iridescent plumage. I knew this boy once who was from Jax, and he told stories about holding the door open for Miss Welty when she went to Bill's Greek Tavern, and how once she went to the ninth birthday party of a friend of his, in Belhaven because his buddy's mom was a member of one of the garden clubs.

I wanted those stories so badly—the rusted and lonely pride of them, the confidence that comes from knowing that Mr. So-and-So Started That Business in Nineteen Whenever (You Know His Wife, She Had a Little Problem with the Drinking, and a Slightly Bigger One with the Pool Boys at the Country Club), the offhanded connection that the people from Jackson had with their friends, their family, their myths. Maybe the looming, majestic wreck of the King Edward calmly gazing out over the city, from the train tracks to the Pearl, was my favorite, filled as it was with cobwebs and music and pigeons and broken bottles.



# FOUR TEEN

*In 1941 the architect J.M. Overstreet -  
of the legendry Eastern, West -  
expanded the study, and the  
old entrances were hidden in -  
old shaft grace fully.*

*garjus -*

But of all the stories, my favorite was the one of Miss Welty at the Jitney 14. She would go to the Jitney every Saturday to buy her week's worth of groceries, and instead of following the gentle path to the right as intended by whatever unknown grocery architect, the one that took you past the cut okra, the mustard greens, and the Pink Ladies, she'd veer hard left to the frozen section. There she'd call over a stock boy to pull her down a six pack of Old Milwaukee from the top shelf, one from the back, where it would be coldest. She'd set the six of cans in the top of her buggy and pop one open and do her shopping.

For a long time after hearing that I'd only drink Old Milwaukee because of that story (even though it tastes like metal soaked overnight in rusty water) just because I wanted to feel what she felt, share something with her, even though she died the month before I moved here and—I'm going to be brutally honest here—I don't really read her stories and the two I read I didn't think much of. But a bunch of kids here now wear these little pink buttons on their shirts, a painted portrait of her centered in the middle, and I wear one, too. I don't know who made the picture but it's perfect, her skin and hair roughly the same color white (like she's a ghost, or hewn from Carrera marble), eyes wandering to the right and her mouth slightly open, about to tell you a story, one you know but could listen to again and again.

The feeling I had when I moved to Jackson was one of those possibly reptilian twitches soaked in our blood and bone, an instinct so subtle you don't normally recognize it's needed or even extant: like when you're at a bar and having a good time and talking to a beautiful boy, and his hand is gentle at the small of your back, and the jukebox is playing that Rolling Stones song your first boyfriend always liked, and you know that the next Corona is going to be the one that splits the difference between you going home and you waking up in a strange queen-sized bed.

Whatever tells you to take that next swig, grab the back of his head with your hand, and kiss him until you run out of breath: that's what Jackson feels like.

