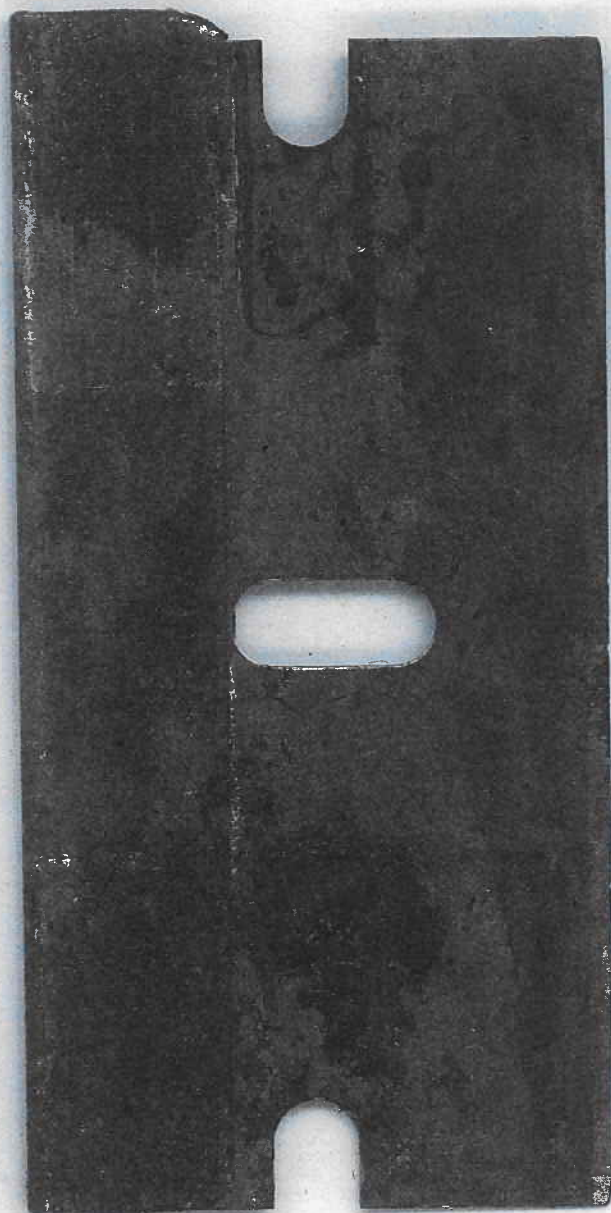


SANDUSKY REVIEW



Serial Number 302141
GRANTED MAY 1970
W. B. McCarty, Inc. (Owner)
JITNEY-JUNGLE

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

Serial Number 302141
GRANTED MAY 1970
W. B. McCarty, Inc. (Owner)
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. B. 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. B. 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 5 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 a 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.

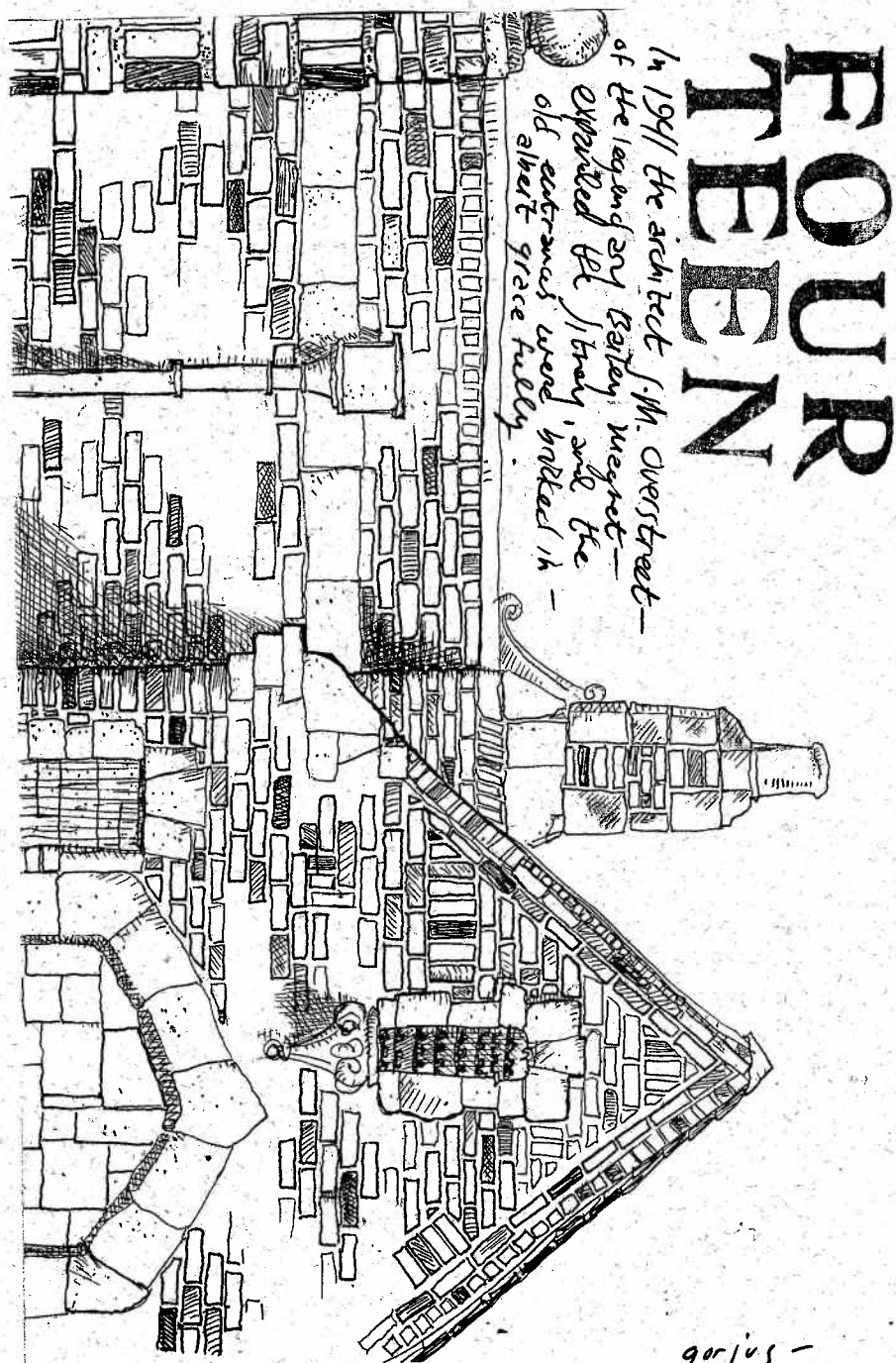
Like Vespa, I had to get the hell out, and I did make it farther than her but just four hours west on I-20. I was heading to Austin or maybe Denton but stopped in Jackson because it was already getting dark and I figured a drink would do me good, and right off the highway was this little bar that was 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.



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 Carrara 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.

THE FIRST JITNEY-JUNGLE #14

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI



Illustration taken from "Save a Nickel on a Quarter," by
 Wm. Henry Holman, Jr. (1974). Artist unknown.
 This view shows the original, pre-1940's store, which faced
 Fortification & had entrances on Fort. & Jefferson —

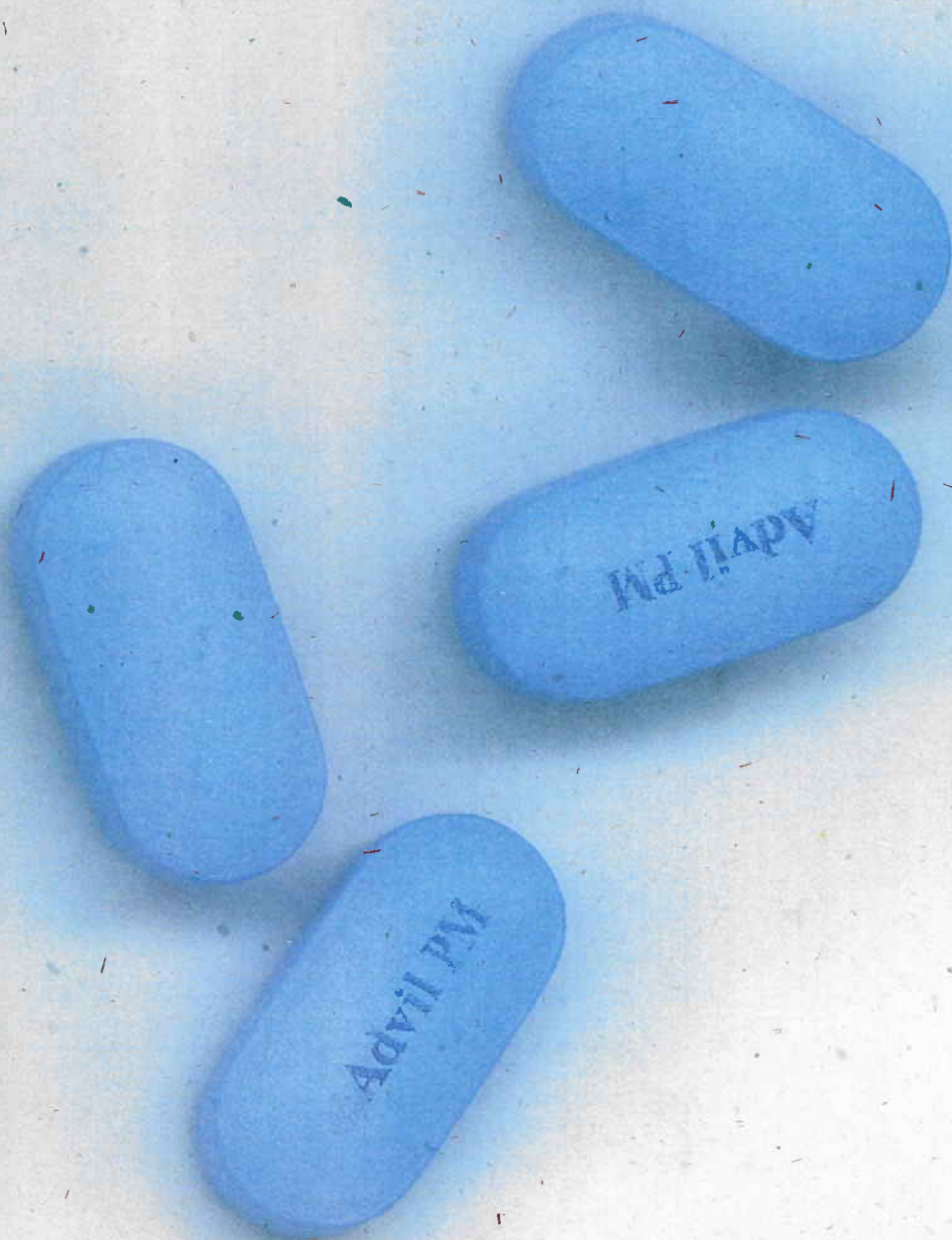
The Sandusky Review is by

GORJUS

an artist + writer from Sandusky, Alabama, who lives in Jackson, Mississippi. There's Polaroids, cartoons, stories and more at www.prettyfakes.com. Write gorjus at gorjus.prettyfakes@gmail.com. Issues of *The Sandusky Review* are available, post-paid, for five American dollars (or the equivalent in stamps) care of **Light + Glass Studio**, 523 South Commerce Street, Jackson, Miss., 39201. The short story in this artifact, "Sleeping Aides and Razor Blades," was composed in Jackson, Miss., during summer 2007, as were the accompanying illustrations. It is dedicated to the Exploding Hearts, a certain fourth-generation German American who was the son and grandson of Indianapolis architects, the year 1993, the Holman and McCarty families, E.A.W., and rock and roll girls from Pleasant Grove.

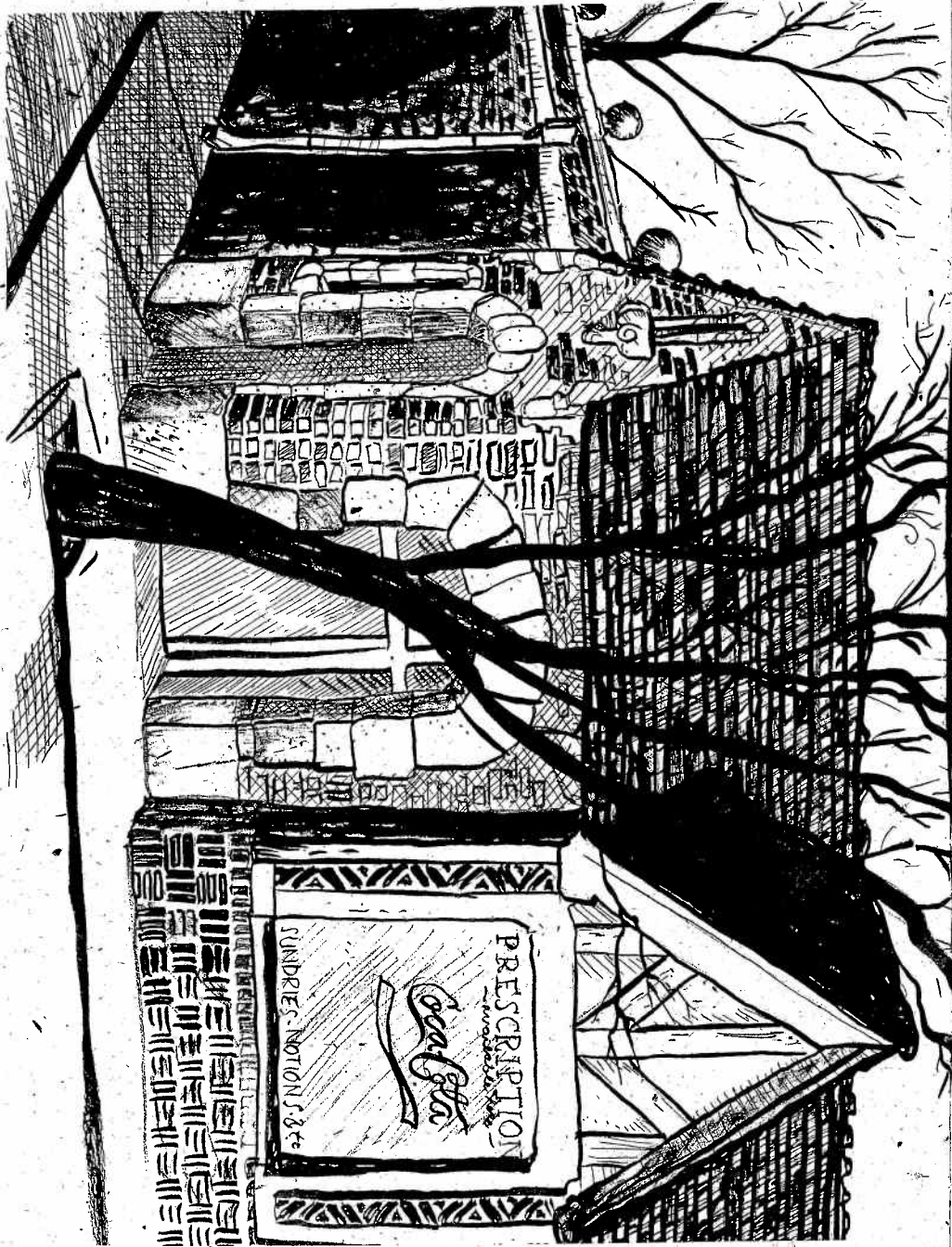
"So don't you die on me."—Andrew Wood, 1990.

SANDUSKY REVIEW



HULL

Designed by architect
Emmett Hull, the Jitney #14
was an air-conditioned marvel in
the time it was built - 1931.



IT WAS A SUNDAY LIKE ANY OTHER, AT LEAST like every other for the past four months. He woke up in bed alone, no alarm needed, thoughts rustling around through his head like cats. It was nearly eleven. "Dammit," he mumbled, looking for a pair of decent socks by kicking through the pile of clothes beside his mattress, which was placed on the floor beside a beggar's shelf of splintered two-by-fours run through cinder blocks.

He was out of milk, out of can soup, out of can beer, even out of water: the pipes in his crumbling asbestos-shingled walkup in Belhaven were like an ancient magus of incredible alchemical ability, capable of transforming even the most crystalline and virgin of waters into a viscous, nosebleed-colored flow. The water people said it was just solids in the water, which even through his Xanax-dampened yawn this morning he recalled meant it was a *solution*, no longer just water, not to mention that they never said what the solids actually were.

The faucet nosebleed necessitated the purchase of water, which galled him, and that frustration stewed in the June heat, bubbling over and under into a thick stew of suspicion. There were several conspiracy theories tumbling about—not the least of which was one that somehow tied the dirty water into how the Governor wanted the city to flood again like it did in 1979. It didn't make any damn sense but after Katrina and an endless supply of numbing horrors, of National Guardsmen stepping over bodies in the French Quarter; of twisted stanzas of mold and waste scribbled across the living rooms and porches of Bay Saint Louis and Waveland and Gautier, of folks swimming down boulevards with a case of Budweiser hitched up under their arms: that a post-millennial Deluge might come and scour Jackson clean didn't just seem plausible. On the worst days of the summer, the kind where you could wring sweat out your eyebrows like from a washcloth, it seemed not only possible, but welcome.

His socks didn't match real good so he put on some high tops, gargled Dollar Tree mouthwash but didn't brush, slid on an old jersey and hustled down the steps, two at a time, jumping the landing and heading down towards the Jitney 14, trying to beat the church crowd.

The Jitney wasn't called that anymore, not for a long time, but he had vowed long ago to never call it by another name. He couldn't ever manage to scour the shame out of his voice and say "Winn Dixie" after they had bought it around the turn of the century and he was secretly happy when that icon of Southern food went bankrupt, finally selling the store to a local family. On multiple occasions he hoped the bankruptcy was because there actually was karma, or kismet—he'd slept through a course on Religions of the World at Millsaps at least ten years before and wasn't exactly sure what the difference was—some sort of cosmic payback for the company having basically endorsed a cheesy movie called *Because of Winn Dixie*, which he thought was maybe based upon a kid's book, and was probably, he thought, about a damn dog, although you never could be sure.

If I had ever known a kid growing up named their dog after a grocery store, he thought, I'd'a beat the shit out of them, and the doors hissed open and the cold air washed over him.

He slid in before the church crowd. That was the whole point on Sundays, to just beat the damn church crowd. The sight of families wrapped tight in their best clothes, the men awkward in their ties (even though the ties were perfectly knotted), the women exasperated in lace and shoulderpads, the girls in scuffed and ruined black patent leather shoes and the boys in short pants and thin white socks, tiny blue blazers with cheap metal buttons colored like brass and gold: it shamed him like a confession. That made him mad, both because it existed and because there was a part of him that even wanted to go to church, not for the sake of devotion or faith or the saltine and grape juice communion, but because somewhere in him there was the idea that if you were really, truly a good person you were just supposed to go.

He jangled the change in his pocket and tried to remember how much he had, even though he'd laid it out the night before in the top drawer of the busted dresser she'd left him. More than a splash of OCD skittered around in his brain, little bits of idiot lightning confining him to ritual and routine. He always counted his money out and left it in perfect stacks before going to bed, tips placed perfectly in stacks of fives

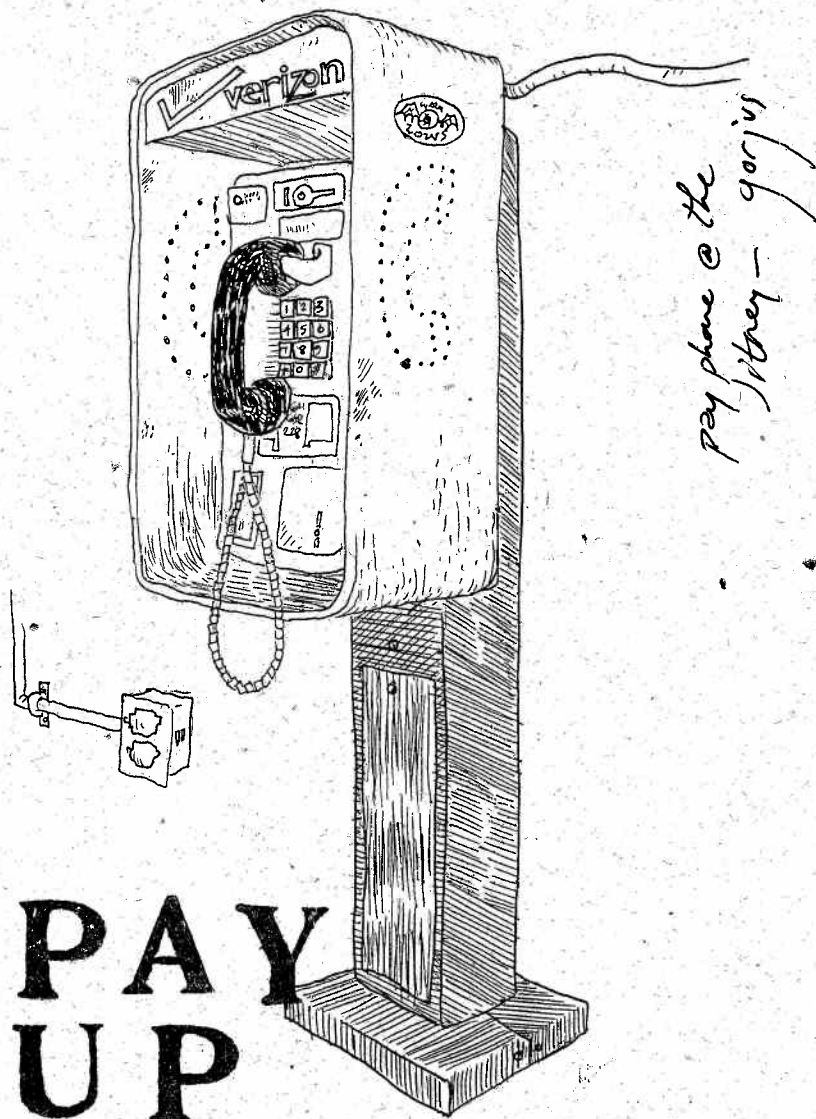
and ones (rarely a ten), the president's face up and upwards, the change in descending order of value and stacked in groups of a dollar. Even after the double he'd pulled yesterday and the clutch of malt liquor he'd drank there was still more than forty-seven dollars in the top drawer of the busted dresser.

She didn't even take her own things when she moved out—left clothes and shoes and pictures and even records, just about everything but a pale blue scarf her sister lent her once for a school trip to Boston. She'd wear the pale blue scarf every day of the one or two months that comprised a Jackson winter, even the ones when it was in the sixties. She took a couple of his t-shirts, not even band t-shirts, just plain white ones. And some books. If you could ever ask the Holy Ghost a-why, he'd tell you plain and true: *The ones that leave you, boy, they always take the best books. That's just one of the rules.*

Once he'd tried to get her to read a Vonnegut book, and she thumbed through it one afternoon, finally tossing it to the floor and clicking on the television. Before he could say anything she told him she wasn't going to read a book filled with lousy bathroom-wall drawings of beavers and asterisks. She never read anything and over the series of months it began to gall him, make him blush so hard when he thought about it he could feel the blood in his ears. He committed the ultimate betrayal, the one that a lover must never do: he was embarrassed of her in front of his friends.

(When she left she took these books with her: *Breakfast of Champions*, *Mother Night*, *Sirens of Titan* (in first edition hardcover), *Slaughterhouse-Five*, *Bluebeard*, *Player Piano*. She left *Timequake* and for weeks all he could think was, *I really goddamn hated Timequake.*)

He did the normal dance: lost a few pounds on the Break-Up Diet ("Simply replace your regularly scheduled meals with vodka and regrets!"); tried too hard to get the phone number of his neighbor, who had a red-and-green dragon tattoo that encircled her neck and reminded him of Christmas; started watching too much TV after she left because he knew that somewhere, maybe, she was watching the same shows and it made him feel close to her in a sad, weak way and also like an



PAY UP

After the collapse of the Jitney-Hallman empire in the '90s, Winn-Dixie snapped up the #14 location... then proceeded to go bankrupt. Fears of abandonment were laid to rest courtesy of the McDade family - and #14 was owned by Mississippians again.

apology, because he'd never watch them with her when she was around; cried so hard he threw up once after noticing three of her bobbypins beside the tub and a tangle of hair in the drain. You know, the usual stuff.

And it's one of those bobbypins he's tumbling in his left pocket as he walks, fingers rubbing up and down its curves as he scans for what's eligible in the 2-FOR-1 deal on Selected General Mills Items. He's thinking about Lucky Charms or Cinnamon Toast Crunch when something tickles his throat, and he looks down and realizes the tag from his shirt is sticking up in front.

So of course it is today of all days, teeth not brushed, shirt on inside and outward, eyes bright red courtesy of the fine folks from Silver Thunder Malt Liquors (now only \$1.98 for thirty-two ounces), that he sees her turn down the aisle, biting her lip and brushing her hand through her hair. It was longer than he remembered.

He's staring and he knows it as she browses the Kashi on the end cap, and he momentarily recalls those awful styrofoamy pellets spiced with cinnamon and Splenda she'd eat endlessly. Then she's staring at him and talking and he's dead in the water, a Shark Week photographer caught unawares: no chance to act cool, no way to turn and walk away, and she's talking:

"I said, 'how's everything been going?'" He barely catches her words—she always talks like an actress in an old movie, words slipping over and under each other, faster than any other Southern girl he'd ever met.

"Did you hang new posters on the wall?" She asks, and he thinks she's telling a joke that he doesn't get: "Does the dog not remember my name?" And now he knows she's telling a joke, because she's laughing, and they never had a dog, but he still doesn't get it, and her eyes crinkle when she smiles just like Stevie Nicks, and then she rolls her eyes and pushes past him and walks down the aisle.