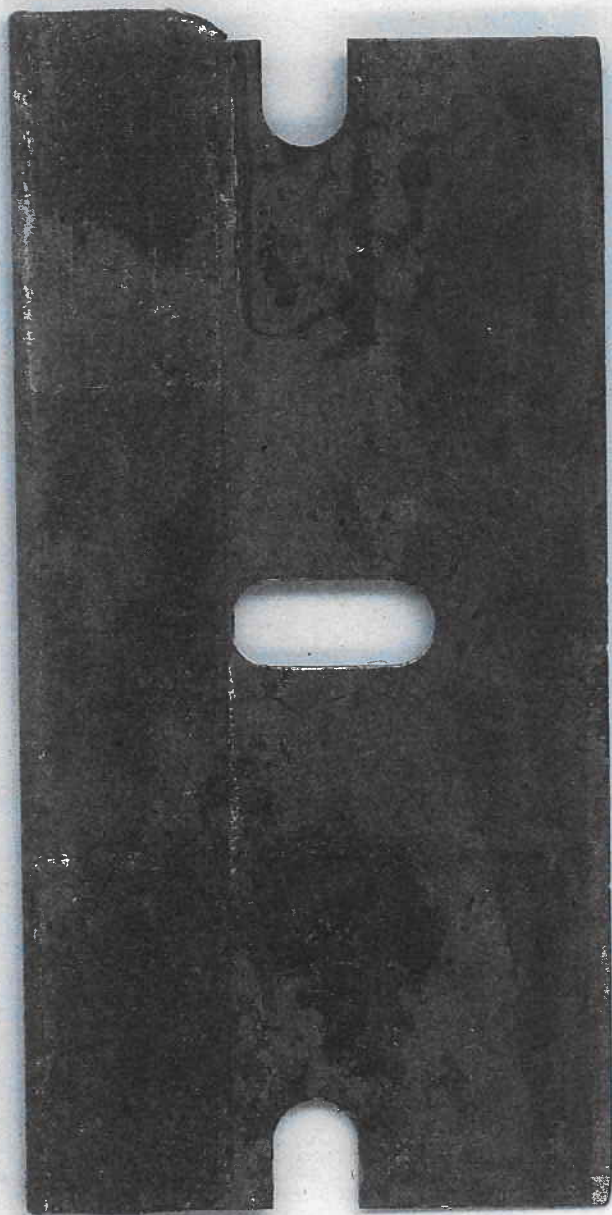


SANDUSKY REVIEW



Serial Number 302161
 GRANDED MAY 1959
 W. E. McCarty, Inc. (U.S. Pat. 2,872,000)
 An improved system of

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

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JITNEY-JUNGLE

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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

