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Running for office is the worst type of gambling

Note to self: newsmen should never run for elected office – ever. It took me a couple of months on the campaign trail and a few thousand dollars up in smoke to realize this axiom of American politics. But then, you can't tell some folks like me anything. You have to live and learn. For you older folks, I should have taken a lesson from John Jay Hooker, former *Nashville Banner* owner who tried running for governor a couple of times and lost.

In case you aren't getting it from my tone, I lost my election over in Warren County. Well, I didn't just lose. I came in buck naked last, third out of three, back of the pack, trailing the field. I mean, had everyone who voted for me been allowed to vote twice I would have still lost by 200 votes. It was baaaaaad. A worst-case scenario. A real nightmare outcome. I should

have stuck to writing, something I'm reasonably good at.

Let's face it, I was the worst kind of candidate. Firstly, I've been a political agnostic for several years. I lost interest in politics back during the whole Clinton-Lewinski affair, when all the press could talk about was that mess, instead of focusing on things that mattered. I now avoid CNN, Fox News and any other national news coverage, focusing my television viewing on things like the Science, History and Weather Channels and especially ESPN.

I avoid political debates and discussions since, nowadays, they turn into arguments rather than a swapping of ideas and a discussion on how to make things better. People

are just seething when they talk about politics, and that goes for both sides.

I tell my friends to simply give me a call or text if there are missiles inbound so I can duck and cover since I don't want to waste brain cells wading through political opinionating to get my news.

Now don't get me wrong, I always vote, whether I'm inspired by the candidates or appalled by them, as I was this last election. Yes. I didn't like either choice so both Democrats and Republicans can hate on me. I'm not running for anything again. But, bottom line, I did vote and always will. Not because I'm political but because it is my duty. So many people have given their lives for my



THAT NEW GUY
by Duane Sherrill

right to vote that I make sure to go cast a ballot every time the polls are open. I can't say the same for voters this past week. They stayed away from the polls in record numbers. This was especially frustrating after I and many other candidates spent so much time and resources campaigning for office.

So what do I take away from my run at office? Politics is the worst type of gambling. You keep getting lured into betting more and more even when the odds are against you and then you're left penniless and broken. And, unlike Vegas, there's another hangover after it's though: what are you going to do with all those signs? Politics. Bah humbug.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com

Oldest spider ever

About six months ago, the world's oldest known spider died at the age of 43 after being attacked by a wasp. It was born in the outback of Australia in 1974, and was monitored by researchers seeking to study the behavior of trapdoor spiders. The spider was given the number 16 for identification purposes, and it outlived the previous Guinness world record holder, a pet tarantula in Mexico, by 15 years. The death was recorded last month on a scientific journal called the Pacific Conservation Biology.

Trapdoor spiders live in a single burrow and only come out of it to ambush their victims that happen to go past the burrow. They suddenly burst out of the burrow to snatch their victim and make it their meal. The reason they live such a long life is that they spend most of their time in the safety of the burrow. They only come out to attack their victim, but when they do come out, they risk being attacked themselves. It was when Number 16 came out of its burrow that it met its own death when it was stung by a wasp.

This story contains an important lesson for followers of the Almighty God of heaven and earth. When we become followers of God, and invite His Son Jesus into our lives, we fall under the protection of the Lord. The writer of Psalm 32:7 says about the Almighty God of heaven and earth, "You are my hiding

place. You preserve me from trouble." Like the trapdoor spider that hides in its burrow is protected from attack by its predators, followers of the Lord are protected by the everlasting arms of God from those who would attack them.

There are those who attack the followers of God for various reasons, and it is the devil who is our worst enemy. In James 4:7, we read, "Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." It is absolutely critical that before we ever think of resisting the devil, we must first submit ourselves to God. If we try to resist the devil on our own or in our own strength, we will quickly discover that we are no match for him.

We definitely need the help of the Lord to resist the devil, and He is more than willing to protect us against the enemy of our soul. The devil seeks to destroy our soul, and he likes nothing better than for us to step outside the everlasting arms of God where he can get his hands on us. He will sting us with a deadly sting that is far deadlier than the sting of a wasp on a trapdoor spider.

Larry R. Steffee is pastor of the Center Hill Brethren In Christ Church on Miller Road in Smithville. Everyone is welcome to attend. For information, you may email lrsteftee@yahoo.com.



GUEST EDITORIAL
by Larry R. Steffee

LETTERS TO THE
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Giant leap for mankind

I passed a 25-year-old kid in the mall this morning, walking with some of his friends. He was an average-looking guy, with the exception that he was easily a head taller than I am. All of his friends were taller than I am, too, but just by an inch or two. Some of the girls in the group were just about my height: 6 foot even.

Looking around, I noticed that all the kids in that age group seemed taller than the average person in my age group -- some of them much taller. Maybe it's just a sign of my dotage, but now that I'm paying attention, young people have suddenly started to look alarmingly gigantic to me.

I was in a grocery store not long ago, and there was a 6-year-old sitting in the cart his mother was pushing. "Isn't that a little old to be pushed around by your mom?" was my first thought, until I saw the Mylar balloon the child was holding. It read "Happy 2nd Birthday!" What are they feeding this kid? Magic beans? How big are HIS children going to be? King-sized anything simply won't be big enough anymore.

Apparently it isn't big enough already. Customers already complain to hotels that their feet hang over the edge of the bed, and to restaurants that their chairs and tables are too small. The back seat of most cars is a joke.

Traveling economy in an airplane today is like being loaded into an already full trash compactor. If you can, beg for aisle seat because then, at least, you'll be able to move one arm. Mum-mies have more legroom than

airline passengers.

When we visit a historic site, whether a house or a museum, the furniture all looks as if it came from a doll's house. Will our giant great-grandchildren think the same of today's couches and doorframes? Will we start to look like Hobbits to them? Will they have to watch where they walk so they won't accidentally crush us underfoot?

Then again, it's not just young people who look bigger to me lately; it's everything. Maybe I'm shrinking. Bed pillows seem to be the size of sofas now. Personal soda bottles look closer to two-liters. Coca-Cola introduced their "king-sized" bottle in 1955. It was 12 ounces. I think we were meant to share it. Coffee cups? You mean, like, one cup of coffee? I think I saw one in an antique store. Can you believe people used to drink coffee in those little things? Didn't they know about travel mugs? Can you imagine trying to drink your daily six cups of scalding-hot banana/hazelnut Kona fresh-ground gourmet coffee in a cup? In bumper-to-bumper traffic? I wonder if there's a statistical case to be made that humans have been getting taller since the gourmet coffee shop trend started.

My friend Pat says there are things I can do to make myself taller, like hang like a bat when I sleep. But that seems like a lot of effort with little reward. Besides, I have a creepy feeling that the younger, taller generation already thinks that people my age sleep that way.

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VILLAGE IDOL
by Jim Mullen