



## SMITHVILLE REVIEW

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# Forum flap a mystery to me

I never dreamed offering local political candidates a free opportunity to talk to the voters would cause such paranoia and controversy as it did earlier this month when we held the inaugural *Smithville Review* Forum.

I figured most folks who were running for office would love the opportunity to freely talk to their constituents and answer a few questions. Just this election season, we've had six such forums, hosted by various communities and groups over in Warren County, and the candidates flocked to them, eager to talk. And yes, this even included the folks who were shy about getting up before crowds.

However, on the eve of our forum here, I find out the chair of the Democratic Party had called for candidates not to go to the event. This after everyone had known for weeks about the forum. Puz-

zled as to why he would want to seemingly deny members of his party this excellent opportunity, I called him. Now, without going into the meat of the conversation, it was said that someone had already seen the questions. I told him that was impossible because, at the time, I hadn't even written the questions.

Now, this wasn't because I was trying to come up with the perfect questions after much research and deliberation. No. It is because I am a procrastinator. I didn't come up with the questions until an hour before the forum. I've helped host or moderated in over a dozen forums during my time at the Warren County newspaper so I'm well versed on the normal questions that are asked to the candidates. Oh,

and by the way, there are usually softball questions about basic parts of the office people are seeking. The questions at the Review forum were so easy a third-grader could answer them. I'm still trying to figure out what kind of question people believed I could ask that would be so horrible. I don't know anyone here so it isn't exactly like I have a bunch of dirt on anyone.

As for the forum itself, it was a pleasant event where candidates were able to communicate to voters. And, as far as I know, everyone went away happy but confused why others didn't talk advantage of the opportunity. The ones there also got their pictures in the paper.



**THAT NEW GUY**  
by Duane Sherrill

Also, another issue the chairman had with the forum was that I hadn't consulted with either party or the candidates. Well, that's not how forums work. The hosting party, in this case the *Review*, sets the rules and makes up the questions. Consulting either side or any candidate as to the questions or format would taint the process.

As a voter, my opinion is that if you want me to vote for you and have my tax dollars pay you in that office, you should be able to communicate with me and tell me your plans. If you have something so dark in your past or are so scared you can't stand up and talk to your constituents then maybe elected office isn't for you.

Contact Duane at the Review news@smithvillereview.com

# May Day!

The first day of May has been a special day in many countries, going all the way back to the days of ancient Egypt and India. This day is called MAY DAY, and is celebrated in many different countries in many different ways: decorating homes and churches with Spring flowers; dancing around a special pole called the Maypole, while holding bright-colored ribbons to wrap around it; serenading sweethearts at their bedroom windows; planting pine trees; and other such customs.

But there is a completely different meaning to the words MAY DAY when they come from a ship in trouble at sea, or an airplane in trouble in the air. If the words MAY DAY come across the air waves from a radio at sea or in the air, they are signaling a call for HELP, or in other words, a distress call. This would be similar to an SOS signal, which is a clear signal asking for HELP. SOS is the international Morse code distress signal. This distress signal, first adopted by the German government in radio regulations which became effective April 1, 1905, becoming the worldwide standard on July 1, 1908. SOS remained the maritime radio distress signal until 1999, when it was replaced by the Global Maritime Distress and Safety System. SOS is still recognized as a visual distress signal.

So the words MAY DAY have two very different meanings in

two very different situations. This a good reminder of how the Bible tells us how very, very important it is to choose our WORDS carefully, not only on May 1 or whenever we are in some kind of trouble, but every single day of our lives.

Yelling FIRE! In a public building when there is no fire can certainly get us into some big trouble. It reminds me of a teacher in high school who saw a fight one day in the hallway. Apparently she did not feel comfortable trying to break up the fight, so she started yelling "FIGHT". Unfortunately, that immediately drew a large crowd of bystanders who wanted to see the fight. So instead of helping the situation, the situation was made worse.

Jesus Himself spoke about this in Matthew 12:36 when He said, "I say to you, that every idle word that people shall speak, they shall give account of it on the day of judgment." So there are two important principles that we should follow if we know that this is true. First, we should mean what we say, and say what we mean. Second, we should do what we say we are going to do. It will too late to send out an SOS when we stand before God.

Larry R. Steffe 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 lrsteffeen@yahoo.com.



**GUEST EDITORIAL**  
by Larry R. Steffe

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR POLICY

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# Grounded for life

Almost every strange story I've read in the newspaper or seen on television these past few months seems to have happened on an airplane.

One woman makes a habit of sneaking onto planes without a ticket. She seems to get caught about twice a year. And does a day go by lately when someone doesn't have to be tied down by other passengers for trying to open the exit door at 30,000 feet? Does a day go by when someone isn't dragged off a plane by police, or gets kicked off for acting inappropriately?

We've all read the stories, and the first thing that comes out of our mouths is, "What were they thinking?" Unfortunately, that's the wrong question. The first question, when something happens with no reasonable explanation, should be: "Was there alcohol involved?"

I often wonder where disturbed people get the money to fly. I don't travel often, because it's expensive. Not so much the flight, but the bottle of water that costs 99 cents outside the airport terminal, but \$4.50 inside. Yet something tells me the naked guy trying to force open the exit door midflight has parked his Yugo in the \$24-an-hour short-term parking lot. What does he care? He's not planning to pay the bill.

I'm not trying to be unsympathetic. I can understand being claustrophobic on an airplane, or driven crazy by that one woman six rows behind you who sounds like she's sitting right next to you. I can un-

derstand wanting to get up and get into the aisle, but that still doesn't explain taking off your clothes and opening the exit door. That's a stretch I'm not willing to make. But I can see how a person can snap.

Still, from now on, if that guy needs to get somewhere, he should drive. Besides, he's been banned from that airline for life. But as a non-frequent flyer, I wonder: If you're banned from one airline, do they tell all the other airlines? Something tells me no!

The other thing that makes the news all the time is people trying to bring "emotional support animals" onto planes. Let me be clear about this: I am not talking about trained service animals. They are special beyond words. But recently someone tried to fly with a large peacock, claiming it was an emotional support animal. My first question would be, "Why don't you have an emotional support human? Is it because of the peacock?" The peacock may be causing your problem, not solving it.

I know, many of our pets are "members of the family," but that doesn't mean they all get to travel with us. Then again, I'm sure we'd all prefer animals in the seats next to us rather than some of our human relatives.

A 10-hour flight next to Crazy Uncle George? No thanks. Is that seat next to the peacock available?

Contact Jim Mullen at mullen.jim@gmail.com.



**VILLAGE IDIOT**  
by Jim Mullen