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REVIEW

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2018 PRESS AWARDS WINNER

# Defeat leads to exciting opportunity

After working four months as interim newsman for the *Smithville Review* during my ill-advised campaign for elected office, management has put a ring on my finger and made it official – I’m now editor.

For those who don’t know my back story, I worked at the paper in McMinnville for 28 years until I came up with the idea of seeking elected office. I figured “hey, I’m well known; people will vote for me.” Yeah, right. Unfortunately, my run for office meant I had to leave the only significant job I’ve had since college.

“What’s your back up plan if you don’t win?” folks would ask me on the campaign trail.

Frankly, all I could do is smile and give them the old “I plan on winning” response since, truth be told, I had no

back up plan. There was no Plan-B.

Yeah, I know that’s irresponsible but sometimes you’ve got to take a chance and step outside your safe zone. I did that for once in my life, leaving my job in an attempt to gain elected office. Of course, the problem in running for office is there can only be one winner and I wasn’t it.

That’s where my move up the road comes in. I was approached and asked to work here under contract until something permanent was decided. I agreed, since even during the campaign, I had to keep funding my habits like eating, making my car payments and keeping the lights on.

So, about a month and a half ago, the people of Warren County decided, emphatically, that they didn’t want me

to be their circuit court clerk, ending my political career scarcely before it began. I licked my wounds and continued working, the trips to Smithville becoming an escape from the humiliation of political crushing. It was during that time, even as I recovered from my thrashing at the ballot box, that I decided I really like it here and requested I be considered for the permanent position.

I have to admit, I had considered getting out of the news business after the election and trying my hand at something else. But then I got to thinking, why would I want to do that. I’ve forgotten more about the news business than most folks will



learn in a life-time and I’m fairly efficient at doing it. The specter of deadlines and the constantly blank page are nightmares to some but challenges to me.

So, Sherrill? What’s all this mean to me? It means that I like writing content and I’ve got a life-time of experience doing it. Plus, my goal for the coming year is to make the *Review’s* editorial department (which consists of me) an award-winning publication. I’ve won a few Tennessee Press Awards in my career and I think it’d be really cool to win a few for Smithville. If nothing else, hearing the *Review’s* name called at the awards dinner would help soothe my ego after my defeat. I may not win at politics but at the end of the day, I’m not a bad writer.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com

# Custer's last stand

Almost 150 years ago federal troops led by Colonel George Armstrong Custer set out to confront Sioux and Cheyenne warriors near the Little Big Horn River in Montana Territory for missing a federal deadline to move to reservations. The warriors under the command of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse vastly outnumbered federal forces, and defeated them in what is now known as Custer’s Last Stand.

In the Book of Revelation 16, the apostle John describes the greatest battle of all times, called the Battle of Armageddon. An angel of God will cause the great river Euphrates to dry up, which will allow the kings of the East to gather in the plains of Megiddo for the final world conflict. These kings will be controlled by the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet mentioned in verse 13. Out of their mouths will proceed the spirits of devils with the ability to perform miracles, so that the kings of the East will follow their instructions.

The kings of the East will seek to defeat the armies of God, having been deceived by the devil that they can be victorious. They will be greatly deceived just like Adam and Eve were deceived into eating the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, thinking that they could become like gods and have the knowledge of good and evil. Likewise, if we think we are

wiser than God, and that we can do whatever we want to do with no consequences from God, we too are greatly deceived.

In this final battle between good and evil, the devil and his demons, along with the kings of the East, will be defeated. In Revelation 20, we are told that the devil who deceived the nations of the world will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone along with the beast and the false prophet, and they will be tormented day and night forever. We are also told that the dead will stand before God, and they will be judged according to their deeds during their lifetime. Furthermore, if our names are not written in the book of life where God records the names of all His saints, we will be cast into the lake of fire.

Ever since the devil was cast out of heaven for rebelling against God, he has been trying to destroy the souls of those whom God had created in His image and after His likeness. This he would consider to be his ultimate revenge, but God has no intention of letting him get away with it. So let’s put ourselves in the hands of God in order to preserve our souls for eternity.

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



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# A memory problem

They say that most people under the age of 30 these days wouldn’t recognize the sound of a needle scratching across a record.

And why would they? I wonder how many of them have even seen a record player. Would they know how to use it? Would they know the difference between a 33 and a 45? Would they know how to change a needle, how to lift the arm to put it on the right track?

I haven’t owned a record player for 30 years. Which is why it bothers me when I hear people say that vinyl records sound better than digital playbacks. I guess some people enjoy pops and clicks and skips in their music, but not me.

There will always be some people who think the “good old days” were better. I used to work with a guy who insisted on using a fountain pen long after computers were common at the workplace. Sometimes I think about him and wonder where he’s starving now.

Every album and every song I ever bought as a kid is now on my phone, instantly available. I can access any music I want from the past, the present and from all over the world, instantly -- all of it in pristine condition, in digital files that will never wear out, pop or skip. I do not want to go back to the good old days of going to a record store, flipping through albums for hours, coming home and stacking three or four albums on the record player at a time, then having to be careful not to touch or scratch the record while sliding it back into its cover. And don’t leave it in the sun, because it will warp.

In August of 1965, I saw the Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl. It was the next-to-last show they would play in the U.S. that year. My ticket cost \$5, or as Roger Miller put it, “three hours of pushin’ broom.” From my seat, I caught a glimpse of an armored car driving to the rear of the bandshell during one of the opening acts. When they took the stage, you could actually hear them over the screaming, even though they used small amps, no monitor speakers, no earpieces and no mixing boards. The vocals came through the PA system.

In my memory, it was a great, unforgettable concert. That probably had more to do with the energy of the audience than the sound. The reality was probably more like a great bar band playing in a stadium. During Paul McCartney’s last concert tour, in 2017, the average ticket price was \$145, or 20 hours of minimum-wage work. But he played for over two hours and he had the best equipment money could buy. I doubt he was nostalgic for the old days.

So when people long for the sound of vinyl, or anything else from their past, I have to wonder: Do they miss the thing itself, or the way they felt back then? Because it probably wasn’t nearly as good as they think it was.

It’s getting harder and harder to separate real memories from rose-tinted nostalgia. That may be part of the vinyl revival. I do miss the album covers and the liner notes, the credits of writer, producer and engineer.

But I don’t miss the sound.

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