

© 2018 NEWSDAY
 ANDREW HARRIS
 SMITHVILLE, TN



SMITHVILLE REVIEW

Established 1892
 Publication No. 499280
 106 South First Street, Smithville, TN 37166
 Phone: (615) 597-5485
 Fax: (615) 597-5489
 Email: news@smithvillereview.com
 Website: www.smithvillereview.com

Angie Meadows
 General Manager/Advertising Director
Duane Sherrill
 Editor
Dale Stubblefield
 Circulation Manager

Published every Wednesday in the year at Smithville, DeKalb County, TN Entered at the post office in Smithville as periodical mail. **POSTMASTER:** notify publisher on Form 3579, of undeliverable copies, Smithville Review, P.O. Box 247, Smithville, TN 37166.

Print Subscription Rates:
 (DeKalb and adjoining counties)
 \$45 annually · \$27 six months ·
 Senior Citizen \$39.75 annually ·
 \$25 six months
 Elsewhere: \$55 annually ·
 \$38.50 six months ·
 \$50.50 Senior Citizen annually ·
 \$34.50 six months

Online Only Edition:
 \$30 annually · \$17 six months

Copyright Standard Publishing Company
 All Rights Reserved 2001



Hot-dog eating champion

I've been editor for just two weeks here at the *Smithville Review* and I'm already amassing records that may never be broken.

That's right, I ate nine hot dogs during Customer Appreciation Day this past week. I'm sure that has to be some kind of company record and likely a violation of the wellness policy at the same time as I see no scenario where ingesting that much processed meat in one sitting could be healthy. Actually, after a short Google of the question I found that hot dogs are often high in sodium (not good for my high blood pressure) plus they are packed with fat and nitrates.

I didn't wake up planning to down that much pig, cow or whatever they were made of. I was simply chosen to be the chef, something I immediately agreed to since I'm a bit of a grill master

when it comes to the barbecue. I even brought my own grilling tools and a red, white and blue apron, ready to put on the dog, so to speak.

However, much to my chagrin, the day wasn't exactly designed for grilling. When I topped the hill coming into Smithville that morning, it looked like the end of the world with foreboding clouds suggesting a massive storm was heading our way. I think I even passed an old bearded man herding animals two-by-two into an ark near Whorton Springs.

But, the show must go on so I went to prepare the grill before customers began to arrive. I say grill loosely as it was something like my dad used when I was a kid. Don't worry,

the grill was squeaky clean but as far as stability, well, it could have collapsed at any time and the chances of the lid closing fully were slim to none. Along with the grill, the weather began letting loose, leaving me looking at my watch, knowing hungry customers were coming, expecting a hot dog lunch. And, let me just point out, my pride as a BBQ chef would not allow me to serve our customers microwaved hot dogs.

Thankfully the skies parted like the Red Sea just in time. I immediately poured in the charcoal and tried to light the fire. The self-starting charcoal, well, it wasn't self-starting, prompting me to hustle to the store to

get some starter fluid.

With the grill finally going, I began shuffling hot dogs on the grill. That's when the record-setting hot-dog consumption began. If one rolled off the grill, well, five-second rule. Don't worry, I'm the one who ate it after a good brush off. Or, if the dog was a little too black, well, I wasn't going to serve it to the customers and I wasn't going to waste it so, down the hatch.

In the end I ate nine dogs of the umpteenth number I grilled, not counting the sampling of side dishes I had. Surprisingly, I had no guttural issues but I did smell like hot dogs for the next two days. That scent is hard to get rid of even with Lifebuoy.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com



THAT NEW GUY
 by Duane Sherrill

Celebrating true freedom

Ever since July 4, 1776, when America adopted the Declaration of Independence, we have been celebrating its freedom as a nation. Of course, we have often heard that "freedom isn't free" because it has required the blood of brave and courageous soldiers to achieve and maintain it. But there is an even more important freedom that required the blood of only one person, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

The freedom that Jesus provided is a spiritual freedom, which He made available through His sacrificial death on the Cross of Calvary. He willingly gave His life for the sins of the entire world, so that we would not have to die in our sins. His death has made it possible for us to be free from the power of sin and spiritual death. It is a true freedom, and it comes when we realize the reality of what Jesus said in John 8:32, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

What He meant by this statement is made more clear in John 14:6, where Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man comes to the Father except by me." In John 17, Jesus prayed for His disciples prior to His departure from this earth, asking His father to keep them from the evil that is in the world. He particularly asked His heavenly Father to "sanc-

tify them through the truth" and concluded, "your Word is truth." If we want to know what is true in the world today, we simply need to search the Word of God, the Bible.

The apostle Paul also speaks about spiritual freedom in the Book of Romans, a letter he wrote to Christian believers living in the city of Rome. In Romans 7, he wrote about his struggle with the power of sin, saying that what he wanted to do he was not always able to do, and what he did not want to do, he often ended up doing. He said that this struggle was making him a very miserable person, but that he finally gained victory over it by completely submitting himself to the Holy Spirit of God.

He concluded in Romans 8 that he no longer felt condemned for giving in to the power of sin, because he now walked in the power of the Spirit. He explained that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and spiritual death." He came to experience true freedom, and so can we.

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 EDITOR POLICY

The *Smithville Review* encourages readers to express their views on subjects of interest. Letters to the Editor may be edited for length, libel and clarity. Readers should limit remarks to 300 words or less and should have a daytime phone number for verification. Letters without full address and signature will not be published. Mail to: Letters to the Editor, P.O. Box 247, Smithville, TN 37166 OR email to: news@smithvillereview.com

WHERE TO BUY THE REVIEW

- Sav-A-Lot
- Hardee's
- Food Lion
- DeKalb Community Hospital
- Green Hill Market
- On The Way Market
- Jewell's Market
- Wholesale Tobacco
- Dutton's Market
- K&M Jewelry
- Center Hill Restaurant
- Mystik Market
- Delores' Market
- Dollar General - Smithville, Dowelltown, Alexandria
- F.Z. Webb & Sons Pharmacy
- Walmart
- Johnny's Drugs
- Kilgore's Restaurant
- Larry's Discount
- Rite Aid
- Kwick-N-Ezy
- Mapco Express
- Village Chevron
- Los Lobos Restaurant
- D&D Market
- Dairy Queen
- Prichard Foods
- Stop & Buy Citgo
- C&C Market
- DeKalb Market
- Short Mtn Market
- Smithville Review Office

Faith, family business and the Fortune 500

When I was 11 years old, I sat on my uncle's front porch one lovely summer Sunday evening, absently gazing at our church across the street. In that moment, the words of the hymn "The Old Rugged Cross" came over me with real impact. "On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross." The jolting message for me was not just that Jesus had died for the world, but that He had died specifically for Cal Turner Jr. I had never felt anything like it. I knew I would be different from then on, and my faith became more compelling. Looking back, that moment was my first discovery of Jesus Christ as my greatest mentor.

Great things can happen for people when they have great mentors, and I have been blessed to have many. Our family business was Dollar General Corp. It grew from the original warehouse building in Scottsville, Kentucky to a Fortune 500 company in the 1990s. This was due in part to great mentorship. In its earliest stages, we were in entrepreneurial chaos, but it improved as we continued learning.

My father Cal Turner, Sr. and my grandfather Luther Turner, the co-founders of our business, were my early mentors. When I was a young boy, my grandfather always wanted me to go out with him to "check the cows." To this day, I don't know what we were checking, but we enjoyed our time together. From my grandfather Luther, I learned

joy of life and love of land. From my father, I learned that life and business can be very fulfilling, even when hard work is required.

My mother also taught me one of life's greatest leadership lessons. When I was a teenager, she would say, "Son, for a good boy, you get in a lot of trouble." That magic principle of separating the person from the wrongdoing impacted me greatly. It became a leadership principal.

Dollar General's story is a good one, but for years I resisted writing it. It had been my experience that many autobiographies were a little too full of the author's ego - even if they were good stories.

The book is titled "My Father's Business," because I'd wanted to incorporate the deep respect I found in those early years - for both my Heavenly Father and my earthly father. I hope you will find that reading about our path that led from entrepreneurial chaos to the Fortune 500 will be a fulfilling encouragement for your own pursuit of "My Father's Business."

Cal Turner Jr. is the son of Dollar General Co-Founder Cal Turner Sr. Cal Turner Jr. was second in command at Dollar General from 1965 to 1977 and CEO from 1977 through 2002. Today, Mr. Turner is Chairman of the Cal Turner Family Foundation and author of the forthcoming book, "My Father's Business." The book is available for pre-order at multiple online retailers.



GUEST EDITORIAL
 by Cal Turner Jr.